

The Colby Echo.

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No. 4.

The Colby Echo.

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THE STUDENTS OF

COLBY UNIVERSITY.

EDITORS.

C. M. COBURN, '81.

L. H. OWEN, '82.

F. C. MORTIMER, '81.

F. W. FARR, '82.

Managing Editor.

H. B. KNOX, '81.

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THE SANCTUM.

To all its friends the ECHO wishes a Merry Christmas. It comes once a year to most people, but, owing to the former arrangement of terms, this is the first time that the ECHO has ever enjoyed its genial influences. While it will bring but little respite to us, we can imagine the merry-making, which is going on in other places during the holidays. But it is not merry-making alone which characterizes these festive days. A feeling of universal good-will prevails. Christmas is a great January thaw—only it comes in December—which warms up the icy heart of many a Scrooge, awakening within him love for his fellow-men, as the crystal flowers are formed in the melting ice.

ON Friday, December 17th, the Trustees had a meeting at which it was decided to give Dr. Robins a vacation during the remainder of the college year. While this will cause regret to the members of the Senior class, it is probably the best thing which could be done under the circumstances. In another column will be found a letter which the class addressed to Dr. Robins before the meeting of the Trustees took place. It expresses the sentiments not only of the class, but of the college. As we write these lines we are reminded that we shall never again know him as our teacher; and we are led to look back and recall the many words of encouragement and advice which have fallen from his lips. Not only in the class-room, but in the college prayer-meetings and in the daily associations of college life, we shall miss him. That stirring enthusiasm, which he has carried into everything he has undertaken, that wear-out rather than rust-out spirit, which he has exemplified too well, and above all that thorough consecration, which he has manifested in even the slightest act, will not soon fade from the memory nor cease to inspire to noble purpose. His influence on the students has been like that which Dr. Arnold had over the school boys at Rugby. We wish that he may remain many years more in the position which he is so well fitted to fill.

OWING to the vacation which has been given to Dr. Robins, some special provision will be made for instruction in his department during his absence. Hon. J. Warren Merrill, Drs. Shailer and Ricker, have been appointed as a committee to make such arrangements as are necessary. While we feel sure that they will consult the best interests of all, a word of suggestion may not be out of place here. We believe that it is the general desire of the Senior class that Professor Smith, who has been conducting Dr. Robins's department this winter, continue to act in that capacity during the remainder of the year. In order to do this, he

will be obliged to give up a part or all of his own work with the other classes. But it will be easier to remedy this difficulty than to supply a new instructor for the Senior class. Professor Smith is most fully qualified to do this work, and will have the advantage of knowing personally the students and the methods used in college. We cannot see how a new instructor, however well qualified he may be, can do justice for so short a time, in a department where classroom discussion and personal conversation are so useful adjuncts to the recitation.

THE *Oracle* editors have been elected and sent out on their annual voyage to the temple at Delphi. A few words of parental advice may not be out of place in these columns. The besetting sin of the *Oracle* for the past few years has been lack of originality. One brilliant exception to this rule was so well advertised that the world at large were forced to confess its merit. But subsequent editors have not liked that kind of an advertisement, and so have exemplified the words of Horace, "*Serpi humilitus nimium timidusque procellae.*" We would not advise the present Board of Editors to attempt anything similar. That would not be original. But we do urge them to leave the rut in which their predecessors, with this notable exception, have traveled, and give us something worthy of our college. Specific advice we will not give. In general terms we say, "Be bold, be bold, be bold, be not too bold."

WE hear it often urged that we should use the Anglo-Saxon words in our language more than we do. There is undoubtedly more strength and beauty in them than is usually supposed. They form the backbone of our language upon which are built the softer fibres of the French and Latin. It is not often, however, than an improper use of either class brings unhappy results; but the following incident should serve as a warning to coming ages:

A student of Colby has been teaching this winter on the sea coast. He had a class in Physiology who were studying about bones. He thought that he would show them some specimens. So he asked his landlady to preserve a bone for him to show to his class. She, desirous of doing all she could for the teacher,

replied that she would. He went to his school, and she proceeded to comply with his request. "Preserve a bone," she muttered to herself. "What, for pity's sake, can he want me to do that for? I never heard of such a thing before. I'll do it, anyhow." At noon the teacher returned and ate his dinner. After dinner the landlady beckoned him into the kitchen and handed him a dish. Careful analysis showed that it consisted of a bone crushed into fine fragments, and covered with vinegar, pepper, nutmeg, and other articles which abound in the preserve dish. It is probable that no king ever had such a dish upon his table. No such dish is mentioned in history. The only approach to it is the contents of the witches' cauldron in Macbeth. The teacher's first impulse was to laugh, his second was to take the dish and thank her for it. What he *did* do cannot be told in words. It resembled the spelling of the small boy, who, not knowing whether *ei* or *ie* should be used in a certain word, made both letters alike and put the dot between them.

His subsequent history has not been learned. Whether his scholars ever saw the bone, which had been preserved, or remain to this day in blissful ignorance, we cannot say. We hope that he taught them the simple yet forcible style, which a use of Anglo-Saxon words will give, and told them that, whenever they wanted a bone, they should not request the mistress of the domicile to preserve it, but ask the lady of the house to keep it.

IN our last number we discussed the purpose of a college paper. We propose now to discuss the purpose of something more important, viz., a college education. Upon this subject there are different opinions. Yet the good, which is derived while at college depends in large measure upon a right opinion here. One opinion is that the training got in college will fit a young man for some one pursuit in after life. Another is that the object of a college education is to give the intellectual powers a symmetrical training, without special reference to any pursuit in life. A third is that going to college is popular, and that a diploma is a passport into the higher walks of life. This last view does not need considering, as none hold it whose opinions are worth the asking; between the first two is the real difference of opinion.

Some students pursue their course with special reference to their future professions. Others do not consider their professions at all in doing their college work. The same difference of opinion is manifest in the courses of study in different colleges. In some the studies are largely elective, thus allowing the student to specialize his course. In others, among them Colby, the studies are chiefly compulsory, since it is thought that all students, whatever their prospects in life need substantially the same education. The second is, we think, the true view.

In civilized life the different classes and professions are brought into close relations with each other. One is not a doctor merely, another a minister, another a lawyer, but all are members of one society, and as such have common interests,—social, political, and religious. As we advance in civilization these common interests assume a more important place. As members of society men should have broad, not narrow, views. Yet narrow-mindedness is the character which a special education in college tends to give. But not only are we in our common interests brought into close relations with one another; each in his own pursuit must necessarily come in contact with subjects which belong to another man's department. A general education will enable him to comprehend those subjects, so far as they immediately concern him, and, which is better, will enable him to know what subjects he, in his profession, is not competent to decide.

It is said that the world has profited by men of one idea, fanatics. Be it so. College life is not intended to develop fanatics. They are wanted few and far between. Fanaticism is far oftener a cloak to cover up natural inability than a real help to mankind. The great men of the world have not been fanatics. No men in science, for example, stand higher than Bacon, Newton, and Franklin; but they were all politicians in their day, and men of letters.

But not only is a general education an indispensable basis for our professional life, it is for a higher reason of the utmost importance. Men are not merely members of society and members of professions, they are individual moral beings. It is to them a duty, and should be a pleasure to do all, which their special pursuits will permit, in advancing their own general culture. It is this view which is so often exemplified in the

lives of some of our greatest men. It is perhaps less practical than the former, and if carried too far may lead to mysticism and selfishness. We are aware of this danger, but we think that in this modern, bustling world people are more often led to the other extreme.

LITERARY.

THE GIFT AND THE GIVER.

'Tis Christmas eve.

My heart, to-night, with holy love o'erflows,
Jesus, thou gav'st thyself for me, though midst thy
foes,

I thee receive.

A gift divine,

A precious gift, 'tis one that knows no cost,
Yet, Heavenly Father, 'tis not this I treasure most—
The gift is thine.

A. H. E.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

The night is coming on, but in the gathering darkness I feel no sense of loneliness. Fire in the grate, books, furniture, and the knickknacks which grace only college walls, are the companions of whom I never tire. I am glad no babbling fellow is with me, for these hours of solitude are the happiest of my life. To-night I will live in the dreamy blissful Past. Yes! settled here in my easy chair I am, thank goodness! alone.

Bah! there is a knock on my door even now, so good-bye dreaming and "Come in" intruder.

I can hardly hear the footsteps of my visitor, and a peculiar sensation creeps over me as he so noiselessly enters and takes a seat beside me.

What! am I a second Scrooge? Must I flit over the earth, unseen and unheard, seeing all that spirits see and hearing all that spirits hear? For surely this visitor of mine is a semblance of Old Christmas. As yet I cannot tell if he be the Ghost of Christmas Past, Present, or Future, I only know, although he has not yet introduced himself, that Christmas is with me.

"Halloo! Don't look so frightened. You have known me for more than a score of years, although you perhaps never saw me before."

"Yes—that is—I suppose I know you. Is your name Christmas Day?"

"No, my name is only Christmas; the Day

is all the time allotted me now in which to be remembered, and that time even, some people seem loth to acknowledge as mine. Don't confound me, please, with the Day on which my presence is celebrated."

"I beg your pardon. I am glad to see you. Will you stop with me a while? I should like to ask you some things about—well I should like to have you tell me all about yourself and the Day which your existence has instituted."

"Well! its an old, old story that tells men why there ever was a Christmas or a Christmas Day. I, Christmas, am the spirit of Him who came to cheer the hearts of saint and sinner, who came to teach the way to forgiveness, to reveal more clearly Divinity's love for humanity and to lift the world up nearer to the Gates of Heaven. I am a spirit. Although my origin was divine I am not incorporated into any Trinity, but my place is in the hearts of men. My right to my resting place is never disputed by orthodox or heterodox. My influence, wherever I am known, forms one of the factors in the problem whose answer reads 'Man's Happiness.' But I am getting egotistical, so I guess I will tell you less about myself and more of my Day and its connection with those people who observe it."

I am now somewhat recovered from the surprise that the coming of so strange a visitor had given, and rather fancy his appearance and the bluff way in which he had spoken. Nay, more; I believe it would not require much persuasion for me to love him on further personal acquaintance, for he really, in this new phase, seems a stranger, although, as he himself says, I have known him for more than a score of years.

After a little hesitation, Christmas continues: "I will say first that in years gone by (and even now among certain classes) twelve days instead of one were set aside as belonging to Christmas and—well, I will not complain, for I suppose men need the other eleven as working days. In an age when the Sabbath can hardly keep its footing, more than one day for Christmas ought not to be expected.

"But, young man, I see no Christmas tokens about the colleges. I presume you will take some notice of the day? Now in England, on this anniversary, the colleges are made beautiful with Christmas trimmings. Every window shows red berries, laurel and holly; every room has its branch

of mistletoe and the good humor of Christmas time is made jollier by laugh and song, by healths drank in bowls of steaming punch, and by wishes that blessings may fall on friends and classmates.

"There was no observance of this day until the second century after the birth of Him whose advent is celebrated by Christmas festivities, and not until the fourth century of the Christian Era was the 25th of December fixed upon as the birthday of Christ.

"In Protestant Germany originated the idea of a Santa Claus and also that very appropriate and significant custom of giving and receiving presents as one of the features of the day."

And here Christmas paused as if he would have me think a minute of the Great Gift. Is it not well that gifts and good cheer should be plenteous on the great Gift Day?

"The bells of Heaven rang out immortal harmony when Christ was born," continued Christmas, rising as if to go, "and the stars sang, and the gray earth glowed, yes, and the hills of Palestine spoke to the arch of Heaven as if to show that at last the final link had been forged in the chain which should forever bind man to God.

"Then sing *Gloria in excelsis*, let the children carol, let the organ play loud, let there be merriment and good cheer for I have brought 'Peace on earth, good will to men.'"

I looked, Christmas was gone and I was alone!

KATAHDIN.

"With frontier strength ye stand your ground,
With grand content ye circle round
Tumultuous silence for all sound.
Ye distant nursery of rills,
Katahdin and Sovrdnahunk's high hills."

—H. D. Thoreau.

Most heartily do we respond to this sentiment as we stand, one morning in August, gazing up at Katahdin's cloud capped summit. Two long weeks have we spent on river, lake, and carry-path; leaving the river behind for six miles we have threaded our way along a spotted trail, through a dense evergreen forest, and at last have reached the goal of all our labors.

We are camped at the foot of the "South-west Slide," so-called, a shallow stream of granite which the frost and rain of spring dislodges

from the summit and sends flowing down the mountain side. As we look up in the cool gray of early morning, Katahdin towers above us, mighty and grand, with his square shoulders enveloped in low driving clouds, lofty to be sure, but at the same time so massive that any impression of sublimity or beauty yields to one of solidity and strength. Like a mountain torrent, seeming to have its source in the dark mists, the slide comes tumbling down the mountain right in front of us, now eddying slowly along some shelf, and anon plunging and foaming over a precipice, the scattered and bleached boulders looking for all the world like flecks of foam, while half way up, as if to complete the picture, stands a small green island splitting the granite current into nearly equal portions.

It has been threatening rain for several days, and the dull black clouds look ominous enough, but it is our only chance, so we start for the summit. As we zigzag slowly up, over the loose boulders, taking the utmost care lest any slip or tumble and send the rocks rolling down on those below, we have ample opportunity for studying the slide. We find it composed entirely of granite, in masses of every size from the finest sand to boulders of many tons weight, while here and there the bare ledge crops out, gray and crumbling, and nearly covered with lichens. This granite, however, is of three distinct kinds. That at the base is ordinary gray granite, immediately above this is the central layer of handsome red granite, with nearly equal proportions of feldspar, mica, and quartz, while the summit is composed almost wholly of red feldspar with just enough of the other ingredients to make it granite. On the flat-topped boulders lie smaller fragments left by avalanches in the spring, and every two or three rods we encounter a small pile of stones in a conspicuous place to mark the best path. Oriskany sandstone, containing a multitude of fossil shells with now and then a rare radiate, is found in great abundance in small glacier-worn fragments. These decrease in number as we approach the top and are rarely found at a greater height than 2500 feet, never above 3500. As far as these drift fossils are concerned, then, they seem to indicate that Katahdin kept its summit well above the great glacial stream that formerly covered Maine. The trees gradually dwindle in size, and when

we reach the green island we can look over the tops of most of them. The birch, poplar, and maple so common at the base, yield to the spruce and fir; at first of medium size these, too, soon become small, scrubby, and exceedingly dense, and finally, when we reach the head of the slide, disappear altogether. We hail the change with delight as the mountain cranberry and the spicy and ozoned blueberry succeed them, and form a luscious carpet over the whole top of the mountain.

We have reached the top at last, and pause for a moment to glance around us. We have long since entered the clouds, which seem like a dense fog, naught can be seen save the limited circle of our own existence, as with compass in hand we strike due east across a table-land for the summit, a mile distant. Our way lies over broken fragments of granite; not a bush or shrub can be seen; everything is gray and barren save the patches of bright colored berries which lie half concealed in the dull moss; water is found everywhere in the hollows and crevices of the rocks, —and such water! so clear and cool and sparkling that even now the remembrance of it makes us thirsty.

At first our path is nearly level, but soon we rise by a gentle slope two hundred feet higher and reach the "Monument," a tower of stones some eight feet high, erected on the summit. We are now 5215 feet above the sea, and near the southern edge of the mountain. Away to the west stretches the table-land we have just crossed, a mile wide, and of nearly the same length; toward the east extends a ridge known as the "Sierras," which runs first due east, then turns sharply to the north. This ridge is but two or three feet wide, and its almost precipitous sides, with the loose stones on the top, render any attempt to traverse it foolhardy and dangerous in the extreme. Yet some adventurous climber has erected a pile of stones known as the "Patten Monument," at the corner of the sharp turn which is the southeast corner of the mountain, and only twelve feet lower than the point on which we stand. We are at the junction of this ridge with the table-land, in front of us the steep mountain side, while behind us and but a few feet distant is the "Basin," which is a vast abyss; two thousand feet of precipice save for the talus at the foot which rises five hundred feet or more on its face. It is about half a mile

wide and curiously resembles the crater of an extinct volcano. Near the center are two small lakes, which help to complete the illusion, as they occupy the exact place from which we may imagine the molten lava to have been thrown, and even now one of them bears the reputation of being bottomless; but, alas for the truth of tradition, careful soundings in every part reveal a depth of only 17 feet! To the south and east the "Basin" is bounded by the "Sierra" ridge before referred to, but on the north an opening is left for the outlet of the two small lakes, while to the west lies the table-land, whose sides, far less precipitous, afford an easy ascent to all who approach from the East Branch of the Penobscot. The clouds which have persistently hung over the summit slowly rise and give one good glimpse toward the south. Truly he who delights in grandeur can here be satisfied; standing on the summit of an height himself has conquered, with no rivals near, he can gaze unmolested over the whole of Maine. Close beneath our feet lies the valley of the West Branch of the Penobscot, dotted with its innumerable lakes and ponds, the two handsomest, Katahdin Pond and Milinokett Lake, being nearest. On all sides stretch away long lines of hills winding in and out among the lakes, some of considerable height, while others can scarcely be distinguished from the plain. To the north looms up Wassataquoit Mountain, but Katahdin stands head and shoulders above even this, his sole rival. Moosehead and the long silver thread of the Kennebec, Pamadumcook, and frequent glimpses of the Penobscot are prominent objects to the west and south. Further south Bangor can just be discerned, while in the dim, far distant horizon the sea and sky are seen to meet. The clouds again close around us, shutting out the beautiful panorama, and leaving us only half satisfied, but, as we reflect on the number who have climbed the mountain and not obtained even a single glance, we are thankful for the brief view granted us, and start contentedly for the descent. This is soon accomplished, and having reached the camp and eaten a hearty supper, we turn in for the night, proud to have ascended one of the grandest mountains in New England.

C. B. W.

Cambridge, England, has dropped Greek from its list of required studies.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

Accept, O God, the hymn of praise,
Sweeter than all earthly lays,
Which aye thy sons and daughters raise,
Hallelujah.

Through the heavenly arches ring,
Seraphic tributes to the King,
While still on earth thy children sing,
Hallelujah.

Through days of rest and radiant light,
When earthly joys are fair and bright,
And Heaven seems opening on our sight,
Hallelujah.

Through days of sadness, grief, and pain,
When foes surround us, then we fain
Would breathe in hope the sweet refrain,
Hallelujah.

Though our days be few and rife
With struggle and with frequent strife,
Yet sing we through our mortal life,
Hallelujah.

When the sands of life are run,
When for us the journey's done,
Fought the fight, the victory won,
Hallelujah.

Shall we shout in Heaven's high dome
As the ransomed thither come
Shout with joy the harvest home,
Hallelujah.

On the fair celestial shore,
Pain and death forever o'er,
We will sing forevermore,
Hallelujah.

Oh! the agony and fears,
The bitter scoffs, the cruel jeers,
The patient look, the falling tears,
Hallelujah.

Oh! the cross, the crown of thorn,
The sting of death forever gone,
Oh! the resurrection morn,
Hallelujah.

PHYSICAL EXERCISE.

We have been taught from childhood of the three-fold nature of man, and that the prosperity of each of these parts depends upon the well-being of the others. But the relation of the mind and body is especially marked.

In viewing an imposing building we admire the greatness of its design, the beautiful symmetry of its proportions, the rich finish of its interior exhibiting wonders of skill around and above us, and very often forget an unseen though very essential part, the foundation. So in the

relation of mind and body; we try to elaborate and complete the first, and forget that all must depend on firmly fixing the second. It has by the experience of former years been rendered axiomatic, that continual brain exertion tends to enfeeble the body, unless we supplement it with vigorous exercise. Students, then, by every law of commonsense, need more than any other class of men, the benefits of physical culture, and of all people they are the most careless and indifferent. Hours of hard study need after them a walk in good bracing air rather than a work on Protoplasm; a hand at whist, rather than a game of chess.

Now these thoughts are of practical importance to us, and a few words about the state of athletics in the college might not be amiss. We are led first to ask, what does the regular daily exercise of the students amount to? Truly more than an absolute zero, for we have known in happy by-gone days some of our famous athletes who worked in the gymnasium before breakfast,—but this proved to be rather a failure, and the charm its novelty lent it was soon gone. In short, no practical work in this respect is done by us, and this state of affairs truly needs a remedy.

We are to propose no extremely radical change, so compulsory gymnasium work daily cannot be spoken of; yet it seems a most modest proposition to offer, to have two hours during the week, on Wednesday and Saturday, devoted to this purpose.

At the coming meeting of the Trustees it is a question well worthy their consideration, whether an instructor in athletics would not be far more useful than a Professor of History.

After all, the matter rests with ourselves, and to us it falls to change the current of popular feeling, and quicken a sluggish public sentiment on this theme.

Already has a step in the right direction been taken by the formation of an Athletic Association, even if this is not now of any great practical advantage.

It is nonsense to say, that in times past our present system has been found good enough, for in our generation *progress* is the order of the day. We may rest assured that the labor necessary to establish a system of compulsory gymnasium work is worthy of our energies and will well repay our toil.

COMMUNICATION.

ROCHESTER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

To the Editors of the Colby Echo:

It is with pleasure that I respond to your request to give you my impressions in regard to this seminary and its facilities. Its general features can be learned from the catalogue, but there are a few points not within the scope of the catalogue which may be of interest to your readers. The seminary buildings are of brick handsomely trimmed with stone, and are acknowledged to be the best seminary buildings owned by American Baptists. They have the advantage of a street corner, Rochefellu Hall fronting on the most beautiful street in Rochester. The chapel, in the left wing of this hall, is furnished with a pipe organ; the library, in the right wing, already contains a valuable collection of books, and additions of both theological and miscellaneous works are being made at the rate of two hundred volumes per month. The library is well furnished with maps.

On the first floor of Trevor Hall is a well-furnished reception room for the use of students; also a large reading room. An Archæological Museum is to be one of the attractions of the seminary in the near future. Prof. Ward, who is considered an authority in such matters, is now at work on the collection of Bible birds, which he is instructed to make as complete and perfect as possible.

The professors are learned and earnest men. They aim to make thorough preachers and pastors, as well as scholars. A Professor in Elocution will become a permanent factor here in a few weeks. This instruction is free, and will undoubtedly be the best offered by any seminary. The course of lectures last year were given by Dr. Armitage. Alex. McLaren is hoped for this year.

The character of the students who come here, and the intellectual and spiritual atmosphere which they create, is excellent. Half of my own class are from New England. We can estimate the work done here, to some degree, by the graduates, such as Presidents Moss, Galusha, Anderson, and Northrup; Drs. MacArthur, Hoyt, Thomas, Felton, Elder, Bridgman of New York and Brooklyn; Cram, Gifford, and Taylor of Boston. The noon prayer-meeting, twenty minutes each day, brings professors and students

together in one of the most valuable exercises of the day, dividing the day's work, as it does, and turning the student's thoughts from the Book to its Author.

The city affords many advantages,—lectures, speeches, missionary addresses, and other educating influences. The lectures at the university by the president, are open to the seminary students. There are many opportunities to preach, and remuneration is fair. The new part of the city is beautiful, the climate healthy and somewhat milder than in Maine. I shall be glad to answer any inquiries which I may not have anticipated in this hasty sketch. Please consider me at your service at any time.

J. E. C.

THE CAMPUS.

Merry Christmas.

At Christmas time the ECHO goes
All dressed up in her Sunday clothes.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the District of Kennebec County.]

Next will come a song and dance on the banjo, with full *corps de ballet*.

A Senior translates *Pone meum est*, "It is my pony."

The photographs of the Senior class are to be taken at Carleton's.

The Seniors cry for horses, and will not be comforted, for they are not.

There is to be an eclipse of the sun next Friday. It is positively the last one this year.

The ECHO has delayed its appearance a few days in order to wish its readers a Merry Christmas.

In the column of "Personals" will be found the addresses of those who are out of college this winter.

In another column will be found a communication from a former student of Colby, now studying at Rochester.

The suggestions offered in the article entitled "Physical Exercise" are worth the notice both of the Faculty and the students.

Charles E. Atwood of Exeter, N.H., formerly of Harvard, has entered '81, and will complete his course with us, that is, *Deo volente*.

We have the pleasure of announcing that Miss Norcross, '81, has recovered from her illness and has resumed her place in the class.

On looking up the reference on our last term bill, we find that courteous treatment of our Faculty and fellow-students costs us six dollars a term. "Incidentals" are no longer a mystery.

Rev. F. M. Ellis, D.D., minister at Tremont Temple, has accepted the invitation extended by the Boardman Missionary Society and Y. M. C. A. to preach the annual sermon at Commencement, June 25th, 1881.

The tendencies of '81 are illustrated by the fact that ten of its members are already entangled in Love's meshes, or in other words are engaged to be married, and the majority of the remainder want to be. *O, tempora! O, mores!*

Seven Seniors study the works of God in the form of Minerals, while the remainder bestow their time on the works of man in the shape of rugged German. But comparisons are odious, and "*de gustibus non est disputandum*."

A Junior dreamed the other night that a certain "fat" member of the college was subjected to the chemical process known as electrolysis, and yielded one molecule of water and two of Carbonic Dioxide. "Only this and nothing more."

The massive brain of a prominent member of '81 produces the following: "What is that which is found in many homes, which none desire but which to its possessor is priceless? A bald head." [Boston papers and *Vermont Baptist* please copy.]

Mr. Albion W. Small, of '76, was appointed Professor of History, by the Board of Trustees at their late meeting. He will not commence his duties till next year, but lectures on History will probably be given the Seniors by an instructor yet to be chosen.

At the regular meeting held for the election of the editors of the *Oracle*, after prolonged and exciting balloting, during which much time, temper, and wind were expended, the following gentlemen were chosen: S. K. Marsh, '81, Managing Editor; H. B. Knox and J. R. Melcher, of '81, E. M. Collins and H. A. Dennison of '82, Literary Editors.

When a college boy comes home from prayer-meeting about nine o'clock, and throwing his hat under the sofa replies to the inquiring looks of his friends, with the disconsolate words, "No luck," his sympathizing hearers know that he has again proved the truth of the old saying: "*Varium et mutabile semper femina.*"

Our Professor of Latin has chosen Catullus, as the next author upon whom the Seniors are to exercise their energies. In this choice he has mingled the wisdom of serpents with that of doves, there being no notes on Catullus obtainable, and what is still worse, no translations. The result of this implied insinuation as to the usual practices of the class will be that, as Horace says: "*Offenduntur quibus est equus.*"

The local editor, relying on Vennor's prediction of an eleven foot snow storm for this month, after much research, found the following lines in a noted classic author:

"Jam satis terris nivis atque diræ
Grandinis misit Pater."

Thus far the weather does not seem to fill the bill, but before the close of the winter the reader will, probably, be able to admire the aptness of the quotation, and then the labor of the editor will not be in vain.

The Senior class the other day received the instructive information that "sheep and similar animals have full sets of front teeth, but lack some of the back ones." When some demur was made to this, they were told that such animals would find some difficulty in living upon grass if such was not the case. Such are the dangers of applying the *a priori* method of reasoning to the facts of nature. We would advise deep students in Political Economy to ponder this little anecdote well, and to observe its bearing on the question of the "Division of Labor." Within it are concealed the materials for a most instructive essay.

At the meeting of the Athletic Association, held on the 18th of last month, the constitution drawn up by the committee was read and accepted, and the following officers for the ensuing year were elected: J. C. Worcester, President; H. S. Weaver, Vice-President; C. E. Tilton, Secretary; F. P. Mitchell, Treasurer; C. P. Marshall, E. M. Collins, F. R. Woodcock, W. C. Emerson, Directors. The Master of Ceremonies is to be chosen by and from the Board of

Directors. Field day exercises will be held on the first Friday in June. We are glad to be able to say that it is the opinion of the college in general, that the officers chosen are well fitted to perform their respective duties and to render the exercises successful.

Gloomy Night was already drawing his shadowy mantle about his form more closely; in the stables of the sun preparations were being made to harness the steeds of Phœbus to the chariot of day, and rosy-fingered Aurora, already awakened, was sleepily wondering whether the time was not fast approaching when the cruel railroad men would, with their matutinal whistle, summon her again to usher in the busy cares of life, when the following dialogue took place between an erotic Junior and a maiden of similar propensities: E. J.—"Alas! All mortal bliss finds but too soon the end. I must away." M. of S. P.—"Well, then, dear love, if it must be, farewell. But you will come again?" E. J.—"Of course, and soon." M. of S. P.—"Impatiently I'll wait for your return. From this time forth, through all the years to come, but for each other we must live." The Junior hesitates, slowly unclasps her arm, and stammers as he starts to go: "I don't know about the forever part of it. I'm too young for anything like that." And as he closes the gate he hears her say in freezing tones: "You needn't trouble to come again. I've no time to waste on boys." So ended Love's young dream.

On the last day of last term the Senior class received from President Robins a very kind letter, expressing his deep regret at not being "able to meet the class face to face again before the close of the term," also his interest in the class, and the hope, "although the future is veiled from mortal eyes," to resume his duties in March. Since then the press has insinuated that the President would insist that his resignation, which is still in the hands of the Trustees, be accepted. The Senior class, believing that if he should sever his connection with the college their loss would be great, sent him the following letter:

COLBY, Dec. 11, 1880.

REV. H. E. ROBINS, D.D.—*Honored President*: The Senior class, which has known the value of your instruction, believing it to be for the best interests of the class and the college, most earnestly desire that you not only do not press your letter of resignation, but

that you withdraw it, and as soon as your health will permit, return to prosecute the work in which you have been so signally blessed.

Very Respectfully,

CLASS OF '81, ISAAC W. GRIMES, *President*.

The absence of President Robins, necessitated by his continued ill health, has thrown a shade of discouragement over the work of the present term. We had expected to miss the inspiration that numbers give, for many of our associates in the classes, and some of our best talent, would be engaged in teaching. But the sickness of our President took us by surprise and threw over the college a sense of bereavement, from which it has been difficult to recover. Nor have the reports in circulation respecting the state of his health been of a kind to reassure us or alleviate the sense of our loss. And yet, in spite of adverse omens, we were beginning to take a more hopeful view of the situation, and to settle down under the conviction that by the beginning of next term, every thing would be restored to its old condition. But the reports from the meeting of the Trustees, held at Portland on the 17th, have disappointed all those pleasing hopes. President Robins will not return to his work before the commencement of the next year. The state of his health is such that the Board have felt it their duty to grant him leave of absence until that time. These are the facts of the case, whatever may be the statements of papers whose sources of information seem to be more full than accurate. Prof. Smith will continue, as at present, to fill the President's place until his return. What now remains to be done by those most interested? We say, unhesitatingly, put on a cheerful courage and go to work. Indeed, we ought to say that the provision made for continuing the college work during the absence of our President commends itself to the judgment of the students and will receive their cordial support.

THE COLLEGE PRESS.

If the saying "Silence is divine" be true, the remarks of this column during the present term ought to be at least void of prejudice, inasmuch as we have always tried to make them such under ordinary circumstances.

It is pleasing to notice a vast improvement in a large majority of our exchanges. An editorial, how-

ever, three columns in length, can hardly be considered a success. Should not editorials be short, pithy paragraphs upon topics of common interest, always suggestive rather than exhaustive?

In the first place, following the fashion of other editors, we shall be expected to give a description of our sanctum, introducing this favorite plot. A stranger taps gently at the door. From within comes a plaintive moan: "Come in." He enters. "*Obstupuit steteruntque comae*," etc. The ceiling is covered with dusty cobwebs. Huge spiders pounce down upon their prey. In a remote corner, by a worm-eaten desk, under and upon which are countless periodicals of all descriptions, sits a weary, haggard editor. He raises his eyes, bids the stranger be seated, and resumes his task. The scene closes—editor and visitor vanish to appear again, perhaps "in the dawning of the morning when the mists have cleared away." This is a beautiful description, but out of respect for its age and the service it has done on many occasions, we prefer to be excused from repeating it on our own authority.

In examining the *Oberlin Review*, we made a mistake in reading the three poems first, or rather, in reading them at all. We bore up under the weight of the first two with the strength of a man, but the third, under the title of "Ingratitude," completely unmanned us. The picture in the first stanza is tragic. The author strokes the head of a fawning dog and receives a bite. What of it do you ask? Simply this: "This is ingratitude." Here in Maine the dog would naturally have expected a kick instead of such a mild reflection. The second stanza is also attractive. A poor little snake lies by the way-side. The author raises his murderous foot "to crush" him and again receives a bite. Again he reflects, "'Twas not ingratitude." Instead of this reflection we should *naturally* conclude that the fellow was not very smart (at wrestling with a snake). The article upon Tennyson's "In Memoriam," is finely written, and is just such an article as we like to see in college papers. With such a subject it would seem almost impossible to write a poor composition, especially if half of it were quotations from the poem itself, but in this case the solidity of thought and power of expression are worthy of especial praise. Notwithstanding first impressions, this journal is a most welcome visitor.

The *Vidette* is a compact, neat, little budget of common sense and wit. It never presents a large amount of literary matter, but always has something good. We sometimes think it impossible for an editorial to be interesting to those outside the college from which the paper is issued, but here is a paper that has come all the way from Evanston, Ill., and has lost none of its interest. We read its columns as eagerly as any member of the Northwestern University from which it comes. Its especial object seems to be to please its readers. We like, also, its spirit of contentment. It expresses no uneasiness as to the doings of the Faculty. It is not burdened with the care of more than five or six of the larger colleges, such as Harvard and Yale. Neither is it especially troubled in respect to Garfield's

Cabinet, but free and easy makes its little bow and says its little say.

The *Rutgers Targum* is enjoying its second childhood, and has wisely begun anew with Vol. I. It is somewhat round shouldered, however, with the cares of a long life, yet it straightens up, and with a self-satisfied expression, asks us to contrast "American Student Life in College with that of France and Germany." It recites some of its *remembrances* of the "Middle and New Comedy." Although somewhat childish, the *Targum* has lost none of its intellectual faculties, but combines *somewhat* of the wisdom of age with the freshness of youth.

We concluded that the *Bates Student* was dead. It ceased to visit us, and we looked in vain for any mention of it in other papers. We dislike to talk about our neighbors, but since no one else is inclined to mention the *Student*, we will. It has again appeared, clothed in beautiful, resurrection robes. It looks neat, and is well arranged. We only wish that it were a little more interesting. We would say more, but the subject does not admit it.

OTHER COLLEGES.

Michigan University pays its professors annually \$101,000.

There is at Union College, this year, an increase in the number of students of from 20 to 25 per cent. over last year.

The new order of college government at Amherst provides for regular reviews, which will take the place of the usual examinations, each student being ranked according to his standing in these, rather than from an examination at the end of the term.

The Hebrew Union College is to be established permanently in Cincinnati, where a house has been purchased for its accommodation. The institution is maintained by voluntary subscriptions. There are only three Hebrew colleges in this country—one in New York City, one in Philadelphia, and the third is that in Cincinnati.

Harvard has now 1,364 students—8 more than last year. There are 158 instructors in all departments. The most noticeable gain is in the scientific department. Last year it had only 16 students—this year it has 37. The post-graduate department is in a highly flourishing condition. The number now studying for the higher degrees is 36. The evening readings from the ancient and modern classics are open not only

to the members of the university, but also to the public.

The Amherst Seniors are troubled by the lamentable fact that no one knows what love is. No one can define it. "They might take this":

"Say, what is love? a fond day dream,
Where nothing is, but all things seem;
Where souls in tender trances lie,
And passion feeds upon the eye."

For an illustration of the same, "take this":

"A thought now soothes, and now alarms;
A sigh, a tear, a folly charms:
Why, Reason, why the slumber break?
Ah, spare the agony to wake!"

FROM ABROAD.

There are 391 students at the University of Geneva.

A college for working-women has been opened in London, England.

There are 3609 students at Berlin, and of those 1302 are Jews.

The values of some of the principle colleges and schools of Paris are estimated as follows: Lycée St. Louis, 9,000,000 francs; College Capital, 5,000,000 francs; and Turger School, 3,500,000 francs.

Twelve years ago there were 212 schools in England having departments of sciences and arts, with an attendance of 10,000. Last year there were 1300 such schools with an attendance of nearly 60,000.

Of the 3309 candidates who presented themselves for the last matriculation examination of the Madras University, only 1094 passed. The majority of the candidates who passed the B. A. examination, were Brahmins.

Tunquen College, at Pekin, China has recently issued its first calendar. Its Faculty numbers twenty professors and tutors, of whom twelve are Chinese. There are 120 students, divided into four departments,—English, French, Russian, and German. The course of study requires eight years for its completion.

THE WASTE-BASKET.

"The more I see of men, the more I admire dogs," says a French cynic.

"The first ingredient in conversation is truth; the next, good sense; the third, good humor; and the fourth, wit."

"Ready writing makes not good writing, but good writing brings on ready writing."

"There must be poor trash in the beginning. We must all eat our peck of dirt, and learn to write sense, by writing nonsense."—*Mrs. Stowe.*

"Conscience is a kind of gastric juice that knaws on the very coatings of a person's moral nature, if it has no indigestible sin to feed on."—*C. D. Warner.*

"To have a well-furnished mind, read much; to have a well-disciplined mind, study much. For fluency of speech, converse much; for accuracy, write much."

To make an American joke, take two-thirds profanity, one-third humor, and mix with imbecility and bad taste. To make an English joke, leave out the profanity, humor, and bad taste.

A "Matrimonial Society" has been started in New York, with the object of increasing the number of marriages. Would not a more appropriate name be "The Society for the Suppression of Single Blessedness?"

A collegian suggested to a circus manager that he should name his show "The great monohippic aggregation," and the show-man had billed it for four towns before he discovered that monohippic meant one-horse.

The acme of brevity was probably attained by that author who sent a letter to a friend, containing only a note of interrogation? The answer was 0. The meaning of these notes was, "What is there new?" and the answer, "Nothing."

A wicked man, being very sick, became anxious in regard to his future prospects, and informed a friend that he would like to confer about them with some suitable person. The friend immediately sent for a fire-insurance agent.

They can instantaneously photograph an express train going at sixty miles an hour, so that it looks, smoke and all, as if it were taken at a standstill. They can picture Maud S. and St. Julien at a 2.10 gait, so that they look as if they were reposing in their luxurious stalls. And yet they can't or won't photograph a man sitting in a chair without screwing his head round in a vice like a movable doll, and keeping him looking at a smudge on the wall till his lip drops and his eyes water, and the pleasant little

speech he meant to think about, just to hold the expression, goes maundering though his head like the ghost of a homeless echo.

We clip the following from an eloquent Freshman's oration: "Throughout the whole history of the world, the *footprints* of God's hand may be traced."

PERSONALS.

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

'81.—The following members of the Senior Class are absent engaged in teaching:

F. B. Cushing at.....	Millbridge.
J. F. Davis.....	Rockland.
A. H. Evans.....	South Hampton, N. H.
C. L. Judkins.....	Fairfield.
H. B. Knox.....	New Vineyard.
S. K. Marsh.....	Brownville.
C. P. Marshall.....	Cornville.
J. R. Melcher.....	Swan's Island.
F. R. Rowell.....	South Thomaston.
J. C. Ryder.....	Albion.
J. E. Sawyer.....	Canaan.
C. B. Stetson.....	Harrison.
F. F. Whittier.....	Farmington.
J. H. Parshley is preaching for the winter at Caribou.	
F. K. Shaw is spending the winter at Atlanta, Ga.	

'82.—The Juniors who are teaching are:

G. A. Andrews at.....	West Camden.
W. A. Andrews.....	Oceanville.
G. L. Dunham.....	Buckfield.
E. F. Elliot.....	Gray.
F. N. Fletcher.....	Franklin.
W. H. Furber.....	Swan's Island.
A. P. Leighton.....	West Gray.
S. J. Nowell.....	Sandford.
B. A. Pease.....	Standish.
N. E. Perry.....	Vinal Haven.
E. F. Tompson.....	East Sumner.
H. S. Weaver.....	Freedom.
G. O. Sanders is preaching at North Haven.	

'83.—The Sophomores teaching are:

A. W. King at.....	Winter Harbor.
H. W. Harrub.....	Lubec.
B. J. Hinds.....	E. Fairfield.
M. A. Johnson.....	Rockland.
H. M. Lord.....	Rockland.
H. H. Manser.....	Jay.
L. C. Merrill.....	Minot.
P. I. Merrill.....	Ripley.
A. I. Noble.....	North Monmouth.
H. L. Taylor.....	Lakeside.
C. E. Tilton.....	E. New Portland.
G. M. Wadsworth.....	Holliston, Mass.
W. R. Whittle.....	Ellsworth.

'84.—The Freshmen teaching are:

N. A. Bragg.....	Lincolntonville.
C. S. Estes.....	Pittston.
V. W. Lothrop.....	Fayette Centre.
E. E. McIntire.....	Brownville.
R. G. Ricker.....	Buckfield.
E. T. Robinson.....	Friendship.