

The Colby Echo.

VOL. V.

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No. 9.

The Colby Echo.

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THE STUDENTS OF

COLBY UNIVERSITY.

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THE SANCTUM.

THERE is something sad in last things. The last hours of college life,—how we shall think of them! The last farewells,—how they will linger in our memory! We confess a feeling of sadness as we assume our editorial task for the last time. The year that is past has been a pleasant one, and its events will be long remembered by us. With this number our work is done. We go to the blessed Nirvâna of oblivion, while we leave others "bound upon the wheel of change" to wait till their turn shall come.

"The Dew is on the lotus!—rise, Great Sun!
And lift my leaf and mix me with the wave.
Om mani padme hum, the Sunrise comes!
The Dewdrop slips into the shining Sea!"

WHILE considerable interest is usually manifested in college elections, there is one fact in connection with them to which too little importance is attached, viz., the financial management. The Publishing Association, the Base-Ball Association, the Reading-Room Association, the Athletic Association, the Boardman Missionary Society, the ORACLE, and the class organizations, all have occasion to handle during the year a considerable amount of money. Probably \$2000 would not be too high an estimate of the amount of money that passes through the various college organizations in the course of a year. One will readily acknowledge that so large a sum should be entrusted to skillful financiers, if there are any in college. Yet this fact is seldom thought of in the elections. The financial condition in which several of these organizations are to-day is not at all flattering. In some cases no blame can be charged to the officers, while in other cases they have not displayed the requisite financial ability. We hope that more care will be exercised in the future, both by the students in the elections and by those who are elected in the exercise of their financial trusts.

AMONG the questions which are often asked in regard to our college, are the following: How about co-education—is it a success? It was ten years ago that the trustees voted to admit young women to the college under equal privileges with young men. At the Commencement dinner it was remarked by Professor Smith, who received the degree of Doctor of Laws the same year, that the trustees "had galvanized the institution and doctored the faculty." After ten years of trial the question naturally arises, Is it a success? This question can be answered in several ways. In respect to numbers the success has not been as great as was probably anticipated. There have been twenty-five ladies who have availed themselves of the privilege. Nine, including those in the present Senior class, have graduated. Six have left college without com-

pleting their course. The remainder are now in college. While the numbers are not as great as could be wished, they are increasing rather than decreasing. There are more ladies now in college than ever before.

The question of the higher education of women may be considered as settled. The question of co-education is fast becoming a thing of the past. The progress in that direction which other colleges, in our own and in other lands, have made is a sure sign of the tendency of the times. Whatever temporary reverses it may receive here and there, its ultimate success is assured. In the words of Mr. Gladstone, "You cannot fight against the future. Time is on our side." The fact that a very large proportion of the colleges established within the last twenty years, and that no small part of the older ones, have opened their doors to both sexes, is significant as showing in which direction progress is tending. Even in conservative England this tendency is felt, and the university examinations are now open to women. Is it not time that some more substantial encouragement and inducements were offered in this college for the education of women? Beyond a mere admission into the college, nothing of practical importance has been done. The wonder is that so many have been found to avail themselves of the privileges which are offered.

In our last number we mentioned the improvements which were being made on the land between the college grounds and the railroad station, and we expressed a hope that a similar work might be done upon the campus. We were particularly impressed a short time ago with the natural beauty which our college grounds possess. The leaves had just attained their complete growth, and were glistening from the effects of a recent shower. The sun was nearing the west, and was sending his rays almost horizontally across the campus. The buildings were lighted up with that peculiar sunset glow which only deigns to come after a spring shower. Upon them the leaves cast their shadows, forming a delicate tracery, which resembled the most beautifully wrought lace. The tall trunks of the trees cast their shadows upon the grass. As we looked across the grounds the vista of trees and buildings in the mel-

low light of sunset seemed entirely out of tune with the every-day, practical life which college students are wont to live.

Was such a scene as that worth nothing? Did it add nothing to the enjoyment or the worth of living? Yet Dame Nature, almost unaided by human hand, made it all. We are told that man is a trustee of his powers; that it is his duty to improve, cultivate, and develop them. Is he not also a trustee of this beautiful world about him, as well as of his own æsthetic taste within him? Should he not improve and cultivate the one as well as the other? Would not four years spent upon grounds where man and nature conspired to please each other be far more valuable than an equal time spent where beauty and taste were not to be found? As a practical educating influence, developing and expanding our noblest faculties, we urge the further improving and beautifying of our college grounds.

THE *Oracle* has at last appeared. The most noticeable feature in it is the frontispiece, with the accompanying dedication. Our first impressions of it were those of surprise. The design is very pretty and is well executed. But we do not appreciate the taste of the editors. Supposing that the faces are fancy pictures, the editors have given us a very pretty page, with a very meaningless dedication. But if they are not fancy pictures, and this is a more correct supposition, they have paraded before the public pictures which they should prize more highly. But every man to his tastes.

The absence of the usual amount of literary matter is a change for the better. The *Oracle* is not intended as a literary exponent of the college, and there is no reason why its real character should be marred by extended articles.

The cuts are nearly all new, and are very original. We were especially pleased with the class cuts. The old stereotyped notions are not found in them. The Freshman is usually represented in some infantine form. The Sophomore is always a pompous specimen. The Junior is beginning to learn the joys—or sorrows—of love. The Senior sees visions of the future, while custom-houses and cradles usually appear in the distance. But all this is done away with, and a very original idea is wrought out in a very successful manner.

The chief fault in the general make-up of the book is its *hasty* appearance. There is not enough method shown in the arrangement of the contents. Why, for example, should the Sigma Kappa Fraternity, a society of seven years' standing, be separated from the other secret fraternities by four societies, all of which are younger than itself, and three of which are not fraternities at all?

As a whole, the *Oracle* is the best one we have ever seen. We have spoken of its faults rather than of its merits. But it is all in love; for "he that spareth his rod hateth his son: but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes."

LITERARY.

A THOUGHT.

Beautiful flower, so sweet, so sweet,
Daintily lifting thy head to greet
The blue of the April skies;
The kindly sunbeam with tender grace
Softly kisses thy pure, sweet face,
Till thy modest beauty its crown receives
In the deepening blushes the sunbeam leaves.

Beautiful, sweet, beyond compare,
Delicate, fragrant, wondrously fair,
A thought thou dost bring to me
Of a life so hidden from human sight,
That it scarce is known to the great world's light;
But the Father has smiled on the inward grace
And left His seal upon that face.

M.

NATIONALITY OF MUSIC.

A tolerably close observer can easily distinguish between a German, an Englishman, an Italian, an Irishman, a Spaniard, and an American, by their characteristic modes of dress, by their habits, and by their general carriage; and in each case the national mark is as plain and well defined as the boundary which limits the territory of the fatherland.

Critics say that in very many cases the nationality of a writer can be determined by a close study of his book. Most certain it is that a nation's music bears the stamp of its nationality as plainly as if the copyright were printed on its pages.

This is not much to be wondered at. Music, "the universal language," is also a language that speaks the emotions of the mind, the longings, the hope, the joy, and the sadness of him

who writes. Its office is not to instruct, to advise, or to convince, it is simply the expression of the feelings in the heart, suggested, moulded, and stamped by surrounding influences. A nation's habits color a nation's music just in proportion as those habits mark and give peculiarity to all other national characteristics.

Lohengrin and Taunhauser are German from *overture* to *finale* and no one can deny it. Every note is written in accordance with musical rule; every chord is perfect; indeed they are almost painfully correct. As the German student must complete the course of the gymnasium before he undertakes a specialty in any science, so the German musician must thoroughly understand the foundation principles of music before he undertakes to compose. There are no neglected branches in the education of a German scholar, or unfamiliarity with laws of harmony and composition in the education of a German musician.

The German does not indulge in very lively movements; no more is his music lively, as a class, but solid harmony and not sportiveness or the brilliant *aria* characterizes the production of the true Teuton. The German four-part songs are good representatives of the German tendency. Intricate, compact harmony makes those songs what they are, and very rarely is the *allegro* of a Scotch movement to be found in one of them.

How different is the music of Italy! Could the Carnival of Venice be celebrated with music like *Der Freyschutz*? Under the southern skies, where summer lingers almost all the year and where, beneath the moon, the gondolier sings songs of love, we find the music of a far more sensuous nature. Languid melodies are accompanied by the dip of the boatman's oar, and the *abandon* of the Italian song is only equaled by the singer's unstudied style of delivery. Harmony is not the distinguishing feature of Italy's music, but melody is the chief thing. In short, Italian music is like Italian life and dress, showy, bright, and attractive.

To associate the music of the Scotch with what we know and have seen of their odd ways and bright, funny costumes, is only to associate darkness with night-time and sunlight with day-time. Surely such jerky, syncopated, uninviting music can only be enjoyed by those whose ears are pleased with the droning of a bag-pipe, and

whose eyes are satisfied with the gay plaids of the mountaineers.

What can be said of Ireland's song? That nation which, through all her oppression, has preserved an originality that has at once made her people the butt of all fun and the object of commiseration. While the grog lasts and excitement runs high, the Irish heart and foot move gladly and quickly to the lively strains of "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning," or "Lannigan's Ball," but let one of their number leave the land of the Shamrock, to find a home elsewhere, and the sweet, sad strains of "Come Back to Erin," or the "Irish Emigrant's Farewell," tell of the loving, sympathetic heart that beats in the breast of poor Pat. His music is as versatile as his passions.

Let us look briefly at American music and see if we find any of the American nature and tendencies in it. Perhaps the taste of the people governs, or at least influences, the style of American music, but it ought not to be so. The man who would write music for the sake of music, should never be led away from his own impulses by a desire to please the popular ear.

Here it should be remarked that in speaking of American composers, these remarks apply chiefly to composers of vocal music, and in no case can a man of other than American parentage, though foreign born and resident, be regarded as an American composer.

We are not a musical nation. Music is, to so great an extent emotional, and designed to address the soul, that it fails to find much indulgence in so practical a nation as our own. A miser is never a musician, nor a musician, a miser. Perhaps we can safely say that our very lack of music is a characteristic of our nation and so brings an influence to bear on the music we do have. One need hardly use all the fingers of one hand to count the composers of merit with which this land is blessed. There may be talent in our composers, but the trash they send to market hardly supports the assumption.

The music we have is assuredly American. It is all our own, and no stranger can claim it. There is with us a sad lack of preparation among those who would be composers, as there is among those who would be scientists, linguists, lawyers, and doctors. All are in a hurry to do something, and that haste causes unpleasant results. Our would-be composer only gets a single idea, and

on that he harps until all his work is monotonous and worthless. But worse than that, his ignorance of first principles often makes his music positively vitiating.

Our tendency to do everything in a hurry, and to convert everything into a means of making money, is nowhere more apparent than in the music bearing the American stamp—music made merely to sell!

Greece was greater because of her indulgence in the fine arts; England is greater because literature flourished in her borders; Germany is greater because she bore Handel and Beethoven; and any nation is greater and better when love of music, sculpture, and painting is prevalent among its people.

W. C. P.

THE RISING OF THE TIDE.

It was a warm summer's evening, as I stood on a headland of rock in one of the lonelier spots of our eastern coast, looking out over the glassy water that stretched on and on till sky and ocean met in the distant haze. It was the hour just before sunset. The sea had reached its lowest point and already had begun to creep up the strip of beach at my left, breaking upon it in tiny waves, rippling and splashing with a murmur that alone broke the silence of the place. Below me the heaving water, as it lazily rose and fell, was playing with the rock-weed, that seemed to welcome in a languid way the return of that element in which it could lightly wave and float, nor be forced to hang in shapeless ugliness from the hard rock. Gradually the sun sank, and the rocky pastures and the smooth sea, all alike, were bathed in the ruddy glow. Out on the horizon several sails were visible, but as the sun sank and the bank of haze crept inland, these disappeared; a slight breeze, also, sprung up and the rising tide now broke cheerfully on the sands.

Looking towards the eastern horizon, already shut in by the darkness and gloom, while the west was still bright with the light of departing day, strange it was to think how others, but a few hours before, had stood upon the opposite shore of this same water, and watched night steal over the darkened hills, turning then to gaze upon the snowy sails far out at sea still gleaming in the fading light. But now had evening risen from the same ocean, and as the

western clouds lost sight of that sun, some of whose brightness they had striven to retain, a neighboring light-house sent forth its bright gleam which seemed almost unnecessary, shed as it was upon waters scarcely ruffled by the breeze. Still rose the tide,—calmly, silently, stealthily, but not less surely, creeping up the shingle, pushing up its narrow line of foam and bits of sea-weed; covering, little by little, the form of a cruel ledge not far from shore, and now, with no sluggish weeds to prevent its soft music, washing upon the foot of the cliffs whereon I stood.

Thus, that summer's night, rose the tide,—softly, gently, dreamily, but yet as steadily and irresistibly as though hurled onwards by all the fury and the might, all the deafening roar of an easterly gale. Before midnight its task was done; every foot of weed-draped rock, every hollow in the relentless ledge was covered; with no wondrous display of might or grandeur, without a struggle with the iron cliffs, slowly and silently it had reached its limit.

It was in the latter part of a cold, grey afternoon in February, when, with a companion, I again stood upon the headland prepared to watch the incoming tide. For two days a north-east storm had been piling up the water against its rocky barriers, and though the scene was no longer shut in by the blinding flurries of snow, yet the keen wind, laden with salt spray, blew strong and fresh from the east. The tide was rising. Seaward, beneath the low-lying clouds, the green waves were tossing against the horizon their curling crests, which chased each other in regular succession to the shore. There, broken only by the gap where the waves rolled in upon the sandy beach, stretched away the gloomy walls of rock,—a dark and narrow belt, bordered on one side by the leaping fringe of spray, and on the other by the desolate pastures buried deep by the drifted snow, that showed here and there a smooth ledge swept bare by the wind, or the top of some projecting boulder standing out like a sentinel amidst the surrounding whiteness.

Grand was the sight, watching the plunging breakers; to fix upon some one of those green mounds when it was yet far out and see it, ere it neared the land, topple over in its haste, leaving on the spot a broad, white patch of foam; then, as it gathered strength and speed, and swept onward towards the shore, to watch it

grow and swell until it hurled itself, a steep and curving cliff of rushing water, upon the rocks. There it would fling its snowy ruins, bearing in their grasp streamers of upturned kelp, far, far above the flinty walls, and, with as many hands as the fabled Briareus of old, would insert its long white arms in every crack and crevice of the sea-worn rock, as though thereby to obtain a firmer hold with which to tear down its stubborn foe. The sunken ledge over which that summer's evening the waters flowed so smoothly, is now the foaming centre of a scene of strife and tumult mid which the gulls scream and soar in apparent delight, and the ever-leaping pillar of spray, seen from the shore, seems like a beacon rising to point out the unrelenting enemy beneath. Rapidly the tide rises and swiftly night shuts in the tossing sea, calling forth from the gaunt light-house a steady gleam, that now looks only upon the encircling breakers. Now is brought to mind the thought of the dread possibility which the light by its far-reaching rays is ever striving to prevent, and in every wave we see an instrument of destruction, which could both willingly and easily lift a helpless fishing vessel on its snow-capped crest and hurl it on the jagged teeth of iron that only wait their opportunity to grind to fragments the trembling timbers.

So far now did the driving sheets of spray encroach upon the belt of rock, that we retreated to the edge of the snow-covered pastures and there remained for a time in the darkness, watching and listening with a feeling almost akin to fear,—watching the dark shadows of the waves as, emerging one by one from the night beyond, they rose before us; then, as the huge shapes suddenly sank with a crash of thunder, watching a broad, white something that for an instant leaped and towered aloft like a wide-spread veil, and then sank as swiftly, leaving the platforms of rock bathed in a milky liquid that glided away by hidden paths, and fell back into the sea. Watching the red light, steady midst all the surrounding commotion; gazing fearfully out into the night that shrouded the phantom shapes of the tossing waves. Listening we were, too,—listening with awe to those fierce shocks that we could both hear and feel as often as a wave broke fairly on the unyielding wall; listening to the incessant roar that reached us from the sunken ledge, and to the rush of water as the

pillars of spray in their fall drenched the space just before us; listening to the strange, weird sounds that came from chasms and hidden caves in the rocks beneath; to the heavy thud that rose as the waves filled some rounded cavity, to the choking gurgle and labored breathing that occasionally came up, as though some giant was being strangled by those unrelenting arms; listening to the whistling of the wind as it drove past us, leaving our faces wet with spray.

Thus watching, thus listening, did we stay by the rising water till it overleaped its limits, and with trembling fingers of white exultingly touched the shelves of rock whose upturned foreheads so seldom felt the salty foam, and as, departing, we stumbled through the drifted snow, still came to our ears, borne on the damp sea wind, the distant roar of the breakers—the hoarse music of the rising tide. H. K.

THE FLIGHT OF YEARS.

Ah! these bright and beautiful years
Are gliding away so fast;
Swift as the rush of an arrowy stream,
Or the glancing flush of the dawning gleam,
Into the shadowy past.

Crowned with beauty and love and youth,
Bright as a maiden's dream;
Free from pain and sorrow and tears,
Corroding care and troublesome fears,
So tender and sweet they seem.

With all their wealth of beauteous joy,
They vanish away so soon;
Like the fading sigh of a summer breeze
That lifts the leaves of the slumbering trees,
Or the light of the waning moon.

We see them passing one by one
Into the star-lit dome;
As silent and swift as the sea-bird's flight,
Or the racing beams of the morning light,
Or a fleck of wind-swept foam.

They are bearing us onward, these beautiful years,
To age and sorrow and care;
They will sever our friends from our loving embrace,
And banish the bloom from many a face,
Be they never so bright and fair.

There are only a few years left for us
To laugh and labor and weep;
Ere our joys shall be lost in the dismal gloom
That gathers around the darksome tomb
In the silence so long and deep.

There are only a few more years to love,
A few more years of life;
Shall we waste these years in useless tears,
In discontented and boding fears,
In sullen and bitter strife?

Only a few swift fleeting years,
So grand, and sweet and fair;
Then let us all gather the seeds of truth,
With labor and sorrow and tears foresooth,
And scatter them everywhere.

F. W. F.

THE CAMPUS.

Open-air concerts by the orchestra of North College is the latest feature of college life at Colby.

The Cecilia Female Quartette of Boston will furnish music for the Commencement exercises at the Institute.

Mr. C. C. King, of '80, paid his friends here a visit recently. He is on his way to the Hot Springs, Arkansas, hoping there to regain his health.

The *Mail* has taken the gentle hint of the *Oracle* and is no longer "devoted to the support of the Union."

A Senior translated, "*jamais arriere*," "always last," and eight Freshmen borrowed a French dictionary and *tried* to prove that he was mistaken.

Mr. F. N. Fletcher, of '82, has been elected business manager of the ECHO for the ensuing year, and Mr. B. F. Wright, of '83, will be its non-society editor.

The following gentlemen are to be the speakers at Commencement: Coburn, Cushing, Davies, Gardner, Grimes, Knox, Melcher, Parshley, Preble, and Wyman.

The false orders came out this year as usual. Their wit is below the customary standard, but they are without the vicious traits which have characterized some of the previous issues.

Mr. W. C. Philbrook, owing to the pressure of other duties, has been obliged to resign his position as Manager of the Base-Ball Association, and Charles A. True, of '82, was elected Manager for the remainder of the year.

The Faculty at Kent's Hill appear to exercise the strictest censorship over the morals of their students. During the late game there, between Colby and the Pine Trees, the Colby men were requested to refrain from the use of tobacco, lest the youth of Kent's Hill should be corrupted.

Comparing the records made at our Field Day with those of Bowdoin, it will be found that Bowdoin excelled us in only two events, the hundred-yard dash and quarter-mile run, tied us in the standing jump, and was far behind us in the mile walk, running broad jump, hop, step, and jump, and throwing the base-ball.

The officers of the Base-Ball Association for the ensuing year are as follows: Manager and Scorer, C. A. True, '82; Vice President, G. D. Sanders, '82; Secretary, W. K. Clement, '84; Treasurer, F. D. Mitchell, '84; Captain of the University Nine, G. M. Wadsworth, '83; Captain of the Second Nine, W. C. Emerson, '84.

The Freshman's Prize Reading took place Wednesday evening, June 8th. The reading as a whole was extremely good, the music was excellent, and the small number of speakers prevented that tediousness which often attends such exhibitions. The committee on prizes consisted of Messrs. Bellows, Foster, and Dunn. They awarded the first prize to C. S. Estes, and the second to F. B. Hubbard.

The report of H. B. Knox, business manager of the ECHO, shows that this publication, notwithstanding the recent reduction in price, continues to be more than self-supporting, but the subscription list does not by any means include all the students, and the editors have been prevented from making several improvements on account of lack of funds. When the ECHO receives its proper pecuniary support, it will be able to take a higher position among college journals.

On the 9th inst., examinations took place in studies of the Juniors and Sophomores. The Faculty unkindly neglecting to announce a cut in the afternoon, the members of the above classes decided to absent themselves in a body. Prof. Foster exhorting the Juniors to attend his recitation on pain of suspension, most of the class complied, but the godless Sophs failed to heed a like exhortation from Prof. Warren, and but seven of their number were present. The end is yet to be heard from.

The Field Day prizes were awarded Saturday, June 11th, by J. C. Worcester, president of the Athletic Association. They consisted of a gold mounted cane, a pocket-knife, and silver cup to Wadsworth; a silver napkin ring to G. Andrews; onyx sleeve buttons, and a smoking

set to Worcester; morocco calendar and a paper knife and silver napkin ring combination to W. Andrews; silver napkin ring to Moulton; morocco shaving mirror to Trowbridge; music roll and eye-glasses to Lord; and a set of Macaulay's History of England to Doe.

The following is the programme for Commencement as at present determined: Sunday afternoon, June 26th, Baccalaureate sermon; Sunday evening, sermon before the Boardman Missionary Society, on "The Moral Dignity of the Christian Ministry," by Rev. F. M. Ellis, D.D., of Boston; Monday evening, June 27, Exhibition of the Junior class; Tuesday afternoon, June 28, Planting of the Ivy; Tuesday evening, Oration and Poem, orator, Rev. E. L. Magoon, of Philadelphia, subject, "The Drama of History," poet, Rev. Mark Tufton, D.D., of Boston, subject, "Flashes from a Minister's Mirror;" Wednesday, June 29, Commencement Exercises of the class of '81.

The general catalogue of the alumni which has been in preparation during the year, will be published early in the fall. It will present, in English, a brief record of facts of general interest in the history of each graduate, as far as can be furnished. This will include mention, with dates, of positions as teacher or pastor, degrees received, profession or business, civil offices, military record, books published, and post-office address. It is believed that the general catalogue will be found of great practical value and will show a record in which the college and the alumni may well take pride. Any additional information for the catalogue should be sent at once to Prof. E. W. Hall.

Owing to the late change in the length of the terms, the date of the election of the officers of the Base-Ball Association has been changed from the second Saturday in July to the second Saturday before Commencement. The constitution has also been so revised that Directors can no longer be members of the Nine. This change made two vacancies in the Board of Directors, and Dennison, of '82, and Tilton, of '83, were elected to fill them. The selection of players, also, was taken from the captain and placed in the hands of the directors. The expediency of the latter change is considered doubtful by many, but time alone will show whether their fears are well grounded or not.

BASE BALL.

Colbys 16, Kent's Hills 5.

On May 28th, the Colby nine visited Kent's Hill. A good game was anticipated, as on the day before, the Bates had but barely beaten the Pine Trees. The nine was accompanied by a goodly number of the students, and unusual interest was felt as to the result of the game, since two new men were to fill the important positions of third base and short stop. On their arrival the nine donned their uniforms, and after an early dinner to which all the Colby men were cordially invited, proceeded to the ball field.

After valuable time had been wasted in a needless discussion, Mr. Emerson was chosen as umpire and proved entirely satisfactory. The game began at 12.20 P.M., with the Colbys at the bat. They at once began to pound Nute with telling effect, five singles and a double securing five runs. This heavy batting was continued throughout. On the other hand, Marshall proved very effective. As the game was one sided from the start, it was not very exciting. The features were the batting of Andrews, Garland, and Doe, whose three-baser was one of the longest hits ever seen on the Kent's Hill ground. The fielding was at times rather loose, but many of the errors are attributable to the poor ground. Garland and McIntire fielded with coolness, and will strengthen the nine at the bat. The game resulted 16 to 5 in favor of the Colbys. The following is the full record :

COLBYS.							KENT'S HILLS.							
AB.	R.	IB.	TB.	PO.	A.	E.	AB.	R.	IB.	TB.	PO.	A.	E.	
Worcester, 1b...	6	2	2	3	16	3	1	Chase, 2b.....	4	2	1	1	0	3
Doe, c.....	5	2	2	4	3	5	1	Young, 3b.....	5	0	1	1	5	0
Andrews, c.f....	6	2	3	3	1	0	0	Murray, r.f.....	5	0	0	0	1	0
Marshall, p.....	6	3	2	2	2	7	1	Blackman, s.s....	5	1	1	1	3	4
Wright, r. f.....	6	4	2	3	0	0	0	Cobb, c.f.....	4	0	1	1	0	0
Trowbridge, l.f..	5	0	0	0	0	0	2	Underwood, l.f..	5	1	2	2	2	1
Garland, 3b.....	6	3	3	3	2	2	1	Abbot, c.....	4	0	0	0	4	1
McIntire, s.s....	5	0	2	2	1	1	2	Nute, p.....	3	0	0	0	2	9
Lord, 2b.....	5	0	1	1	2	1	0	Pettingill, 1b....	3	1	0	0	9	0
Totals.....	50	16	17	21	27	19	8	Totals.....	38	5	6	6	27	15

Time of game—1 hour 40 minutes. Base on balls—Marshall, 3; Nute, 2. Passed balls—Doe, 3; Abbot, 4. Struck out—Kent's Hills, 5; Colbys, 4. Umpire—Walter Emerson. Scorer—F. Woodcock.

Bowdoin 7, Colbys 5.

The first game in the Bowdoin-Colby series took place at Brunswick, on the afternoon of Wednesday, June 1st. Our nine left Waterville at one P.M., accompanied by the largest crowd that ever went with them to an out-of-town game. The students filled one car, and, enlivened by song, the trip was very enjoyable. The nine arrived at Brunswick at 4.25. Mr.

Walker, of Bowdoin, was chosen umpire. The game began with the Bowdoin at the bat. An error and a base hit gave the two first strikers their bases, and the prospect for Colby looked very discouraging. However a lucky double-play shut them out. The Colbys, on the other hand, scored in their first innings. This lead, however, was of short duration. The Bowdoin's third innings was marked by wretched fielding on the part of Colby. Two men reached third and second on errors, and scored on a muff of an easy fly to the out field. Sharp play would have shut out the Bowdoin entirely, and the result of the game would have been far different. The lead thus secured, the Bowdoin maintained throughout. The Colbys made a rally in their last innings but to no purpose, and it may safely be said that their poor play in the third innings defeated them. Marshall pitched finely, but was poorly supported. The Colbys slightly out-batted their opponents. Rogers, Snow, and Knapp fielded brilliantly for Bowdoin, and Worcester and Andrews for Colby. Good batting was done by Wilson, Haggerty, Stetson, Worcester, and Wright. The Bowdoin boys witnessed the game in full force, and the windows of the surrounding buildings were filled with their lady friends. The Bowdoin extended a hearty hospitality to the visitors, and the evening was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

BOWDOINS.							COLBYS.								
	AB.	R.	IB.	TB.	PO.	A. E.		AB.	R.	IB.	TB.	PO.	A. E.		
Wilson, p.....	5	2	2	4	2	5	0	Worcester, 1b...	5	0	2	2	9	0	0
Rogers, 2b.....	5	1	1	1	3	4	0	Doe, c.....	5	0	1	1	6	4	1
Gardner, 3b.....	5	0	0	0	5	0	2	Andrews, c.f....	5	1	1	1	2	0	0
Snow, c.....	5	0	0	0	5	0	0	Marshall, p....	4	1	0	0	1	6	2
Smith, l.f.....	5	1	0	0	1	1	1	Wright, r.f....	4	0	2	3	1	0	0
Wright, s.s.	4	0	1	1	0	8	1	Garland, 3b....	4	0	1	1	0	1	1
Knapp, 1b.....	4	1	1	1	10	2	0	McIntire, s.s....	4	1	1	1	1	2	1
Haggerty, c.f....	4	2	2	2	1	0	0	Trowbridge, l.f..	4	1	1	1	0	0	1
Stetson, r.f....	4	0	2	2	0	0	0	Lord, 2b.....	4	1	1	1	7	0	2
<hr/>							<hr/>								
Totals.	41	7	9	11	27	15	4	Totals.	39	5	10	11	27	18	8

Colbys 15, Bowdoin 5.

The Bowdoin came up on the afternoon of Wednesday, the 8th, to play a return game. A good crowd of spectators was present, and many ladies witnessed the game from carriages. Mr. Bosworth officiated as umpire. Play was called at 4.50 P.M., the Colbys in the field. The first innings was soon played, neither side scoring. In the second innings the Colbys began to wield the bat in a manner which evinced their determination to wipe out their defeat at Brunswick, and five runs were soon secured, much to the delight of the men of Colby. The home nine kept up this heavy batting until fifteen runs had

been scored. The Bowdoin could do nothing with Marshall's pitching, Knapp alone excepted. Their runs were wholly the result of errors by Colby. In the sixth innings Knapp and Snow changed places. Snow and Doe were each hurt during the game, and "time" had to be called twice. Too much praise cannot be given Garland for his third-base play,—he made brilliant stops, and caught a terrific liner in fine style. The pitching of Marshall was most excellent, and Worcester did fine work in his position. The Bowdoin's fielding was loose, but such was to be expected from such heavy batting. Rogers and Knapp fielded well, and Smith had an unusual amount of work for an out fielder. At the bat all the Colbys did well, Wadsworth leading; his base running and that of Haggerty was very fine. After the game our boys vented their enthusiasm in ringing the college bell. In the evening most of the visiting nine and several of our men enjoyed a ride about town in Mr. Smith's barge. It is to be hoped that hoarseness did not result from their singing. Later in the evening most of the visitors attended the Freshman Prize Readings, and returned to Brunswick on the evening Pullman. A third game will be necessary to decide the series between Bowdoin and Colby.

COLBYS.							BOWDOINS.						
AB	R	1B	TB	PO	A	E	AB	R	1B	TB	PO	A	E
Worcester, 1b...	8	3	2	5	7	1	Wilson, p.....	5	0	0	0	1	4
Doe, c.....	7	5	3	3	11	3	Rogers, 2b.....	4	0	0	0	1	1
Andrews, c. f....	7	4	3	5	1	0	Gardner, 3b....	4	1	0	0	4	2
Marshall, p.....	7	4	1	1	0	6	Snow, c., 1b....	4	0	0	0	8	1
Wright, r. f.....	7	2	2	2	0	0	Smith, i. f.....	4	1	0	0	4	1
Garland, 3b.....	7	0	2	2	2	0	Wright, s. s....	4	0	0	0	2	2
McIntire, s. s....	6	1	2	2	0	2	Knapp, 1b., c....	4	2	3	3	4	0
Lord, i. f.....	7	3	3	3	0	0	Haggerty, c. f....	4	1	1	1	2	0
Wadsworth, 2b....	7	5	4	6	6	3	Stetson, r. f....	4	0	0	0	0	0
Totals.....	64	27	22	29	27	17	Totals.....	37	5	4	4	24	11

Time of game—1 hour 30 minutes. Wild pitches—Marshall, 1; Wilson, 1. Passed balls—Doe, 3; Snow, 4. Struck out—Colby, 2; Bowdoin, 2. 1st base on balls—Colby, 1; Bowdoin, 1. Umpire—W. S. Bosworth.

Colbys 27, Bates 3.

The game which took place on the 15th between Colby and Bates resulted in a most disastrous defeat for the latter. A high wind which prevailed during the greater part of the afternoon did not seem to affect the playing of our Nine to any noticeable degree, while the fielding of the Bates was wretched, while they could do nothing with Marshall's pitching. Our second Nine often plays a better game than theirs did. There now remains to be played only one game with Bowdoin, and if we are successful in that, the championship is ours. The score was as follows:

COLBYS.							BATES.						
AB	R	1B	TB	PO	A	E	AB	R	1B	TB	PO	A	E
Worcester, 1b...	8	3	2	5	7	1	Foss, 2b.....	4	0	0	0	4	0
Doe, c.....	7	5	3	3	11	3	Parsons, p.....	6	2	1	1	5	2
Andrews, c. f....	7	4	3	5	1	0	Tinkham, i. f....	4	1	1	1	2	1
Marshall, p.....	7	4	1	1	0	6	Sanborn, 1b....	2	0	1	1	10	0
Wright, r. f.....	7	2	2	2	0	0	Merrill, s. s....	4	0	1	1	1	10
Garland, 3b.....	7	0	2	2	2	0	Minnahan, c.....	4	0	0	0	4	3
McIntire, s. s....	6	1	2	2	0	2	Bartlett, r. f....	4	0	1	1	1	0
Lord, i. f.....	7	3	3	3	0	0	Roberts, 3b....	4	0	0	0	3	3
Wadsworth, 2b....	7	5	4	6	6	3	Ricker, c. f....	4	0	0	0	1	0
Totals.....	64	27	22	29	27	17	Totals.....	36	3	5	5	27	22

Time of game—2 hours. Three-base hits—Colby, Worcester, 1; Andrews, 1. Two-base hits—Colby, Wadsworth, 2. Wild pitches—Marshall, 2; Parsons, 2. Passed balls—Doe, 3; Minnahan, 9. Bases on balls—Bates, 3; Colby, 1. Struck out—Bates, 2; Colby, 2. Umpire—H. A. Dennison.

The following is the comparative record of the three games between Colby and Bates:

Batting.			Fielding.			Runs.		
AB	1B	TB	PO	A	E	B'D	U'D	T'L.
Colby.....	148	41	59	78	46	28	7	33
Bates.....	112	24	26	81	48	48	2	12

Three-base hits—Colby, 2; Bates, 1. Two-base hits—Colby, 14. 1st base on balls—Colby, 1; Bates, 5. 1st base on errors—Colby, 32; Bates, 16. Double plays—Colby, 2. Wild pitches—Marshall, 2; Passed balls—Colby, 4; Bates, 12. Struck out—Colby, 8; Bates, 5.

Averages of Our Nine.

The averages of the Base-Ball Nine have been out and the results are appended below. It is a record of which the Association may well be proud, as our Nine have surpassed their opponents in every particular except that of errors. Such a Nine should receive the earnest support of every member of the college.

FIELDING RECORD.

	No. of gs. played.	No. put out.	Assist. ed.	Field'g errors.	Total chances.	Percentage of chances ac'p'd.
Worcester.....	5	55	3	4	62	.935
Garland.....	3	6	7	2	15	.866
Andrews.....	5	5	0	1	6	.833
Wright.....	5	3	2	1	6	.833
Wadsworth.....	4	10	16	8	34	.764
Lord.....	5	12	4	5	21	.762
Marshall.....	5	7	26	11	44	.750
McIntire.....	3	2	7	3	12	.750
Doe.....	5	28	9	18	55	.672
Trowbridge.....	3	1	2	2	5	.600
Totals.....	—	132	73	58	263	.779
Opponents.....	—	132	74	83	289	.705

BATTING RECORD.

	Games played.	Times at bat.	Runs.	Average runs per game.	First base hits.	Average.	Times reached first base.	Percentage of times reached first base to times at bat.
Wadsworth....	4	21	13	3.25	8	.381	14	.666
Worcester....	5	30	7	1.40	11	.367	13	.433
Wright.....	5	25	4	.80	9	.360	13	.520
Garland.....	3	16	1	.33	5	.313	9	.567
Trowbridge....	3	13	2	.67	4	.307	5	.384
Doe.....	5	27	7	1.40	8	.296	14	.518
Andrews.....	5	27	7	1.40	8	.296	16	.592
Lord.....	5	25	11	2.20	7	.280	13	.520
McIntire.....	3	14	4	1.33	4	.285	5	.357
Marshall.....	5	25	5	1.00	4	.160	13	.520
Totals.....	—	233	60	12	68	.293	117	.504
Opponents....	—	190	26	5.2	37	.194	72	.379

FIELD DAY.

The weather was most propitious for our Field Day, being clear and cool. In the morning the base-ball game between nines, whose members were chosen for their *deficiency* in the national sport, created much amusement among the numerous lookers-on, and it was really wonderful how men who had seen so many base-ball games could display such ignorance of its simplest rules. In the afternoon the students betook themselves to the Driving Park, and about 2 o'clock the real contests of the day commenced, with C. F. Johnson and A. L. McFadden as judges, Dr. F. C. Thayer, referee, and E. M. Collins, of '82, master of ceremonies.

First in the order of exercises came the one-mile walk, with Atwood, Cates, and Wadsworth as contestants. Atwood had probably made a mistake and supposed he was entering the hundred-yards dash, for before the first quarter mile was finished he was seen coming cross lots toward the judges' stand. Cates gave up in the last half mile, and Wadsworth won the race in 8 minutes 15 seconds. Next came the running high jump, with G. Andrews and Moulton as contestants. Each accomplished 4 feet 10 inches, and as neither could surpass this record the match was declared a tie.

Worcester, W. Andrews, Garland, Edmunds, and Tilton then assumed the *role* of modern Thors, and vied with each other in throwing a thirteen-pound hammer. Worcester threw it 74 feet and 8 inches, and was declared the victor.

The hundred-yards dash was entered by W. Andrews and Cambridge, and it was won by Andrews after one dead head. Time 11 1-4 seconds.

The standing long jump between Worcester and Marshall was won by the former. Record 11 feet.

Then came the wheelbarrow race, one of the most amusing features of the day. Garland, Merrill, Trowbridge, Hinds, and Dunning took their places, sixty yards from the judges' stand, each blindfolded and provided with a wheelbarrow. When the word was given they started off rapidly, but most of them soon came to grief, and men and barrows were mingled in a confusion, which must have been painful to the contestants if we may judge by their numerous bruises. Trowbridge won the race and continued his headlong career until brought to a sudden standstill by the fence surrounding the Park. This feature will probably be omitted in the future, as the spice of danger in it is rather too apparent.

The entries in the hop, step, and jump consisted of Lord, Worcester, Emerson, Morrill, and Wadsworth; won by the last; record 39 feet 4 inches.

The hurdle race was entered by G. Andrews, Cambridge, Moulton, W. Andrews, and Doe; the distance was 120 yards, and there were 6 hurdles. Won by W. Andrews; time 16 3-4 seconds.

Throwing base-ball came next on the programme, with Judkins, Garland, Lord, Trowbridge, Doe, and Morrill as contestants. Won by Lord; distance 312 feet 10 inches.

The running broad jump between Worcester, Emerson, Morrill, and Lord was also won by Lord; distance 17 feet 16 inches.

The sack race was entered by Collins, Wadsworth, Moulton, Libby, and Dudley, and was the most comical feature of the day. It was won by Wadsworth; distance 60 yards; time 18 3-4 seconds.

The quarter-mile run between Lord and W. Andrews was a walk-over for the latter, and no time was taken.

The exercises then concluded with the potato race between Cates, Mathews, Cambridge, Wadsworth, and Doe. This race was a simple farce, the contestants being allowed to do about as they pleased. The glory, such as it was, was awarded to Doe, and the athletic sports of Field Day were over. We may say that on the whole it was a success. The records made were all respectable, and some of them were excellent. There was the usual amount of grumbling, but that of course was to be expected.

The ball given by the Directors of the Association, in the evening, was a very *recherché* affair, and a perfect success in every respect except financially, but that of course is a matter which concerns themselves alone, and they deserve the thanks of the students for the agreeable manner in which they ended our Field Day.

THE COLLEGE PRESS.

To satisfy the curiosity of those who are interested in us, instead of the usual matter of this department we give some of the criticisms passed upon our efforts by our exchanges during the past year. We considered ourselves fortunate in having a few exchanges who have not been blind to our faults. In selecting the following from a large number of notices, we have endeavored to relieve as much as possible the monotony of continued praise.

The COLBY ECHO is one of the best of our exchanges.—*Dennison Collegian*.

The COLBY ECHO we read with more interest and satisfaction than any other college exchange.—*Undergraduate, Middlebury, Vt.*

The COLBY ECHO, a neat and spicy sheet, is a welcome caller to our table. Its various departments, notwithstanding the fact that the number of its editors has been curtailed, are well sustained.—*University Press, Madison, Wis.*

The COLBY ECHO is a good specimen of college journalism; justice being given to each department.—*Archangel*.

The COLBY ECHO has again approached, saying good morning. Some of the departments are well sustained but the general arrangement of the paper might be improved.—*The Dartmouth*.

The COLBY ECHO wins our attention by its beautiful poem, entitled "Phantasia." It is a good specimen of the poetic art. The ECHO is a well gotten up paper.—*College Herald, Lewisburg, Pa.*

The COLBY ECHO is so intensely conscious of its excellent (?) qualities, that it has loaded our table with two of its November numbers. Its scathing article on somebody's "Bump of Mendacity" is very well written; but the ECHO should look to its own "intellectual bump," for it presents a curious weakness in that portion of its organism. A little more thought, and a little less talk, friend ECHO.—*University Press, Madison, Wis.*

The COLBY ECHO is neat in appearance, practical in its views, and upon the whole a paper of merit. Its locals are not numerous but newsy and spicy. The editorial and literary departments are especially deserving. Among its most worthy articles, are "Alexander Pope," and "Emerson" who is discussed as a thinker, a writer, a lecturer, and a philosopher.—*The Transcript, Delaware, Ohio.*

The COLBY ECHO comes to us first. We approve the reduction of the number of editors from seven to four. The ECHO contains several good articles, one especially, entitled "The Voices of the Past," but "The Character of Alexander Pope" is rather one sided.—*Philosophian Review, So. Jersey Institute.*

The COLBY ECHO is teeming with college news and excellent articles as of old. Conspicuous, "Voices of the Past" and "Independence of Character," both of which contain many new ideas.—*The Reveille, Penn. Military Academy.*

The COLBY ECHO divides its space about equally between well-written and interesting editorials, items concerning its own and other colleges, and a literary department somewhat mystical in character, a highly imaginative poem, entitled "Phantasia," and articles on "Emerson and Pope," which are rather eulogies than careful criticisms, fill the department.—*Vassar Miscellany.*

The COLBY ECHO seems disposed to treat every one fairly and rather disarms unfriendly criticism, but let it not be inferred that ours may be such. The ECHO contains a fair article on the "American Constitution," otherwise it is not burdened with a superabundance of literary contributions.—*Oberlin Review.*

Here comes another friend from Maine—the COLBY ECHO. In every department of the paper the practical culture of Colby is visible. She is evidently a literary institution and believes in "the spice of life." From the little gem, "Ivy Ode," which heads that department, to its last article, "Novelty," our praise is elicited. We must also commend the wisdom of the exchange editor. His plea will certainly be pronounced valid. "Nothing," as a subject of criticism, we should say, is a very unsatisfactory article. Allow us to recommend to the "heartless chief," the old philosophic axiom: "*Ex nihilo nihil fit.*"—*Collegian and Neoterian, Lawrence Univ., Wis.*

The December COLBY ECHO makes you shiver by presenting you with a full score of five to four game of base-ball. We cannot exactly tell what we think of the ECHO. It is a good paper and all that; but it lacks a platform.—*Niagara Index.*

The COLBY ECHO for February is here. The editorials first attracted our attention. They are excellent. "The Moral End of Poetry" deserves a careful reading. It is a thoughtful article. The writer understood his subject.—*Undergraduate, Middlebury, Vt.*

The holiday number of the COLBY ECHO makes quite an impression with its pretty Christmas costume. Let the good work go on; it is about time a good many of us were instituting a change in our appearance, and were we certain that our efforts would be as decidedly successful as the ECHO's, we might be induced to try.—*The Reveille.*

The COLBY ECHO greets us next. Editors—three Seniors and two Juniors, reminds us of our new staff. The "exchange man" assures us that he does not take the chair for the first time, which we might judge from reading the exchange notes. The locals of this paper might be verified and the personals multiplied. We read with pleasure the essay on the "Agents of Civilization."—*Collegian Neoterian.*

The article in COLBY ECHO, entitled "Propriety of Graduating Honors" contained good thought carefully expressed. We were repaid for the time spent in reading.—*College Record.*

The COLBY ECHO for May is at hand. We have always been pleased with this paper, even though published by the students of a rival college. One of the best features is the literary department. The articles are frequently heavy and at times pedantic, but on the whole instructive. The Latin poem, "De Resurrectione Domini," has a Miltonian flavor about it which is quite commendable.—*Bates Student.*

OTHER COLLEGES.

The University of Michigan has a course of Sunday afternoon lectures.

The students and members of Edinburg are intending to erect a memorial monument to Carlyle.

The University of Pennsylvania has conferred the degree of LL.D. upon President Garfield.

Oxford has suspended eighty students who were concerned in locking some of the college officers in a room.

It will cost \$2,500 to send the Cornell crew abroad, \$1,500 of which will be paid by the students and citizens of Ithica.

The average age at entering American colleges has changed within a century, from fourteen years to seventeen years.

America's oldest college president is Aaron L. Chapin of Beloit. The youngest is David S. Hill of the University of Lewisburg, Pa.

THE WASTE-BASKET.

Fun and fact with scissors caught
Have many a pleasant moral taught.

Don't ask if a man has been through college;
ask if a college has been through him, if he is a walking university.

"To render assistance to the extent of one's abilities and opportunities is the noblest work for man."—*Sophocles.*

"There is a kind of physiognomy in the titles of books no less than in the faces of men, by which a skillful observer will know as well what to expect from the one as the other."—*Butler*.

The very latest, nice little idea is for a young lady to decorate a miniature bellows and send it to her best gentleman friend. It signifies, "Don't mind your poverty, I will raise the wind."

Sheridan the scholar, wit and spendthrift, being dunned by a tailor to pay at least the interest on his bill, answered, "that it wasn't his interest to pay the principal, nor his principle to pay the interest."

On dits—The students of a certain college call one of their professors Venice, because his nose has a bridge of size. "Go West, young man!" Twelve thousand young ladies are school-teaching in Iowa. Two for assent—a bridal pair. "Blest be the tie that binds" was not written by the man about to be hung.

PERSONALS.

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

'33.—J. E. Farnam, LL.D., is Professor of Natural Sciences, Georgetown College, Ky.

'35.—J. G. Fellowes, retired merchant, resides at Canton, Miss.

'35.—Prof. Wm. Mathews, who has just published "Literary Style, and other Essays," has gone to Europe for a year.

'36.—Hon. Wm. E. Wording is residing at Plainview, Minn.

'37.—Rev. Francis A. Gates of Massillon, Iowa, died last fall.

'38.—Franklin Everett, lawyer, Grand Rapids, Mich., has published "Memorials of Grand River Valley."

'38.—Rev. Edgar H. Gray, is pastor at Vallejo, Cal.

'39.—Rev. Thos. G. Wright is pastor at Media, Pa.

'43.—Hon. Jas. W. Merrill is a lawyer at Rockford, Iowa.

'47.—Moses Woolson's name belongs among the honorary graduates. He was never a member of this college.

'48.—Hon. Elliot Walker is Judge of Probate for Penobscot Co., and resides at Newport.

'49.—Hon. Mark H. Dunnell of Owatonna, Minn., is serving his sixth term in Congress, from that State.

'49.—Rev. E. C. Mitchell, D.D., President of the Baptist Theological School of Paris, France, has recently published a Revision of Gesenius' Hebrew Grammar, and the Critical Handbook of the New Testament.

'52.—Rev. George B. Gow is pastor at Brattleboro, Vt.

'52.—Geo. W. Dow, merchant, Moline, Ill.

'53.—Hon. J. F. Baldwin is a lawyer in Cincinnati.

'53.—Hon. H. M. Plaisted, in his official capacity as Governor of Maine, will assist at Commencement.

'56.—Joseph A. Ross is a lawyer at Princeton, Minn.

'58.—Col. Chas. P. Baldwin is engaged in silver mining at Georgetown, Colo.

'58.—Hon. S. S. Brown has removed his law office to Waterville.

'58.—Rev. H. B. Marshall is pastor at Buckfield.

'58.—George G. Percival, M.D., chemist, resides in Waterville.

'60.—Henry A. Kennedy is collector of customs at Waldoboro.

'61.—Rev. F. D. Blake is pastor at West Waterville.

'62.—Rev. W. E. Brooks is president of a Theological School in Texas.

'62.—Rev. Alonzo Bunker has returned to missionary labors at Toungoo, Burmah.

'62.—Hon. W. S. Clark is a lawyer at Des Moines, Iowa.

'62.—George Gifford has resigned as consul at Nantes, France.

'63.—Rev. S. L. B. Chase is pastor at Freehold, N. J.

'63.—Rev. George D. Stevens is pastor at Bloomington, Wis.

'68.—Rev. Geo. W. Davis is pastor at Chicopee, Mass.

'68.—Rev. Edwin S. Small is pastor at Livermore Falls.

'72.—Rev. E. B. Haskell is pastor at Fargo, Dakota.

'73.—N. Butler, Jr., is principal of Highland Hall College for Women, Highland Park, Ill.

'73.—Geo. W. Smith is principal of the High School, Holbrook, Mass.

'74.—Chas. E. Williams is studying medicine at Houlton.

'75.—Rev. S. A. Read is pastor at Still River, Mass.

'77.—Rev J. R. Henderson is pastor at Penfield, N. Y.

'78.—W. C. Burnham is teacher of Natural Science, Rockland College, Nyack, N. Y.

'78.—Rev. H. M. Thompson is pastor at St. Mary's, Ohio.

'79.—W. W. Mayo is assistant at Houlton Academy.

'79.—A. P. Soule is principal of the High School, West Waterville.

'80.—J. E. Cochrane is at Rochester Theological Seminary.

'80.—J. L. Ingraham is teacher of Mathematics, Worcester Academy.

'80.—E. F. King is assistant in Wayland Seminary, Washington, D. C.