

The Colby Echo.

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No. 4.

The Colby Echo.

PUBLISHED ON THE 20TH OF EACH MONTH, DURING THE COLLEGIATE YEAR, BY THE STUDENTS OF

COLBY UNIVERSITY.

EDITORS.

Literary.

J. C. KEITH, '84..... Editor-in-Chief.
HENRY KINGMAN, '84..... Campus.
W. C. EMERSON, '84..... Exchanges.
EDWARD FULLER, '85... Waste-Basket and Personals.

Managing Editor.

JOHN L. DEARING, '84.

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THE SANCTUM.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS and Happy New Year to you reader. Do you think that we care not for you? If you do, how mistaken you are! It does not take long for a real affection to spring up in an editor's heart, for his readers, unknown though they be. So our holiday greeting is not a mere form of words, but comes from the editorial heart.

What fond memories gather around the glad Christmas-tide. We who are students are

not yet old enough to have had the recollections of childhood effaced, and Heaven grant that we may never grow so old or so crabbed, as to forget the pleasure that Christmas brought into our child life. The flutter of anticipation as to Santa Claus' gifts; the delight of fathoming the wonder-yielding depths of the well filled stocking on Christmas morning; the jolly times of that day, unlike all the rest of the year, when everybody seemed happy and good. Ah! that a portion of that child-like simplicity and purity might attend our later years.

Then there are the old-time customs that cluster about this holiday of all Christendom. The yule-log kindled with a brand from the last year's fire; the abundant good cheer of the Christmas dinner; the evening with its merry dances, its boisterous mirth, and its mistletoe boughs with their sweet influence. All of this, doubtless, owes much of its charm to the magic of poetry, but after all the hearty good-will underlying it all is the real source of the pleasure, and *that* we may have now when castles are interesting ruins, and yule-logs are known only in song and story.

IN THE first number of this volume, there appeared an editorial asking certain favors from those who are interested in the welfare of the ECHO. It is not often that we feel called upon to state our needs and desires as editors, but now a few words in regard to the literary department of our paper seem necessary.

The editors have not had the assistance in that department this year to which they are fairly entitled. Many of the students will on no account contribute to the columns of the ECHO; others promise very good things but fail to respond when the manuscript is called for. As a result the work must be either second-hand (articles written for the Professor of Rhetoric), or very hastily done. Neither tends to elevate the tone of the professedly literary part of the paper.

Now, fellow-students, consider the matter

fairly. By this neglect of the literary department you lose the benefit to be derived from composition, the literary standing of the paper declines, and the editors are overworked. The ECHO was started as an exponent of the college thought and ability. Even granting that the editors are fellows of exceptional brilliancy and depth, are you willing to have the literary worth of the college estimated from the articles evolved from the editors' cerebral scraps after each has written up his own department? If you wish the editors to do the entire work of getting out the paper, let that be the understanding when they are elected, but beware of unfavorable criticism.

If the plan just suggested be adopted, there will be one great gain. Every editorial board will enter upon its duties entirely unfamiliar with the requirements of the position, and so will be far less open to the influence of preconceived notions of propriety in the management of the paper. This would clearly secure greater variety and freshness than can be attained under the present system. There is in vogue in some colleges the vicious custom of electing editors for their ability as displayed in contributed articles, but such a practice is not to be thought of here.

WITH the graduation of every class we are disposed to moan: "What are we to do for a base-ball nine next year?" Thus far, however, latent ability has developed to an astonishing degree, or the incoming class has brought new material. This year is likely to prove no exception. With the exit of '83 our nine met with what seemed irreparable losses, but even thus early in the year we have the prospect of a creditable nine in 1884.

We are glad to learn that the members of the team now in college are to take systematic exercise in the gymnasium during this term. The immense value of such training was clearly shown by the way in which the men handled themselves when they first went on to the diamond last spring. With our present manager and captain, we may rest assured that nothing will be left undone that tends to secure efficiency in our nine.

The interest and confidence of the college at large, in the matter, has been shown by the hearty manner in which the students have sec-

onded the efforts of the directors of the association. This readiness to support the latter in their work can but gratify them and stimulate them to further exertion.

NOW of all the year, we students are likely to suffer for lack of proper exercise. Perhaps the proneness to neglect the gymnasium will excuse this reminder. There is no need of urging the necessity of exercise in order to preserve health. We all know of that, but are too ready to sit still in a warm room reading or otherwise occupying our spare time when we ought to be in the gymnasium or out in the open air.

Cannot some enterprising fellow or fellows get some boxing gloves and create an interest in that "manly exercise"? In that training there is much real value. But if this may not be, patronize the clubs, the dumb-bells, the shoulder weights, or anything else that suits you better, only keep your blood burned pure by the vigorous breathing of pure air. A good brain needs, and ought to have, good blood. Between the means of exercise afforded by the gymnasium and the out-door sports of winter, every student may keep his body in tone.

LITERARY.

CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

How sad and sweet the winter day
Fades into the winter night
Like thoughts of time long passed away
And many an old delight.
The snow lies over all the land
Upon the brown earth's gentle breast
Where mother Nature's careful hand
Has placed the flowers to rest.
Within the woodlands, cool and white,
The shadows of the evening lay
And bring the soft dissembling light
That follows after day.
The twilight creeps along the hills
And over the snow with airy feet,
And soon the silent valley fills
Where the day and the darkness meet.
The trembling lamps that hang above
Are lit when shadows fall,
And shine as tokens of that love
That watches over all.
From many a white-roofed home,
Where snowy silence lies,
The smoke floats to the starry dome

As incense to the skies.
 No slightest sound comes to the ear,
 No sound of grief or mirth :
 The hour of all good will is here —
 The reign of peace on earth.
 And one by one the lights gleam out
 Like the stars that shine above
 And show to all the world about
 The light of home and love.
 The night has come that gave Him birth,
 Who came so long ago
 When the stars in heaven watched o'er the
 earth
 And the shepherds watched below.

Out into the silence of the night
 I looked, half lost in thought,
 Across the valley where the snow
 Lay over all so still and white,
 Like God's love and mercy mantling
 All the rough and barren places
 And making all beautiful together.
 I thought of those who wandered long ago
 Amid the wilderness, and the well
 That springing up gave cool delights
 And waters sweet among the bitter trials
 Of long days of thirst and weariness.
 I thought of Him who came by night
 To be a well of water sweet and pure
 Within the heart of all who faint and sick
 Have fallen by the road upon the burning sands
 As they journey in the wilderness of sin and care.
 And while I looked upon the silent valley,
 Thinking of the love that loves all alike
 And makes all men brothers from this night,
 Behold the heavens opened and the valley
 Faded from my sight, and the sky
 Grew red as when at early dawn
 The eastern heavens blush and welcome
 The coming of the King of day.
 And from out the streaming light,
 Borne upon the wings of angels,
 There came a myriad forms
 With songs so sweet and pure
 No human mind could understand
 Or human heart conceive.
 And flowers they bore that filled the light
 With perfume subtle and so strong
 The soul half stifled feels the breath
 Of a world invisible and unknown.
 The crimson light that fills the heavens,
 Far away shades into molten gold
 Where the forms come forth with songs divine
 To join the heavenly chorus; even as the sun
 At evening flushes the clouds with crimson
 And hangs above the western hills
 A trembling heart of gold.
 They come not as the devotees of old
 Before the altars of their gods of stone
 With sound of flute and drum and cries
 Of those who tear themselves and cast their
 forms

Before a god who neither hears nor sees,
 But stands unmoved from year to year
 And bears the flowers of his subjects
 Upon a heart of stone.
 Not as those who come with song and dance
 And flowers and sweet music
 Before the shrine of Venus and seek
 That she may give the light of love
 And happiness to those who worship her,
 Who bring sweet flowers to her feet
 And crown her head with garlands
 Wet with morning dew.
 Nor as those who fall before the throne
 Of terrible and glorious Apollo,
 And bring gifts and sacrifices day by day
 To keep the dreaded arrows from their homes
 And ward off the blasting rays
 Of the bright and dread avenger.
 Not as the throngs of Bacchus
 Who come with shout and song,
 And incantations wild and weird,
 That float among the narrow vales
 And echo and re-echo from the hills,
 And die among the whispering pines
 Like the wild, weird notes of the wood-bird
 In the depths of its forest home.
 Not as the Magi came, who in the East,
 Saw in the heavens ascending the magic star
 That should guide them to the Child foretold.
 The star that rose for them has never set :
 A Comforter to them and light in darkness
 They journeyed on for many days.
 With girded loins they hasted fast
 O'er hill and field and mountain land
 Where—from the star in all its splendor shone.
 Nor Herod nor Jerusalem could stay them,
 When in the East the watchful star
 Increased to guide them on their way
 To where the Child would be, whose face
 Should shine to light the dawn of righteousness.
 They came afar to worship Him
 Who came a King though lowly born,
 Whose hand no sceptre grasped but He should
 give
 To man the kingdom of the just
 And rule the world by love divine.
 The morning's sun that lit the East
 And touched with glory the Judean hills
 Lent its rays the heralds to the earth,
 Wherever man was found that on that day
 The Sun of righteousness had risen
 To drive away the darkness of the night
 That bound the race in sin and death.
 He had come a rod on Jesse's stem
 From out his root the Son of David
 And the bright and morning star.
 A spirit to counsel and enlighten and set free
 His people, an arm of strength to all the weak,
 A Comforter to those that mourn, a staff to those
 Whose eyes are dim and whose feet are weary
 With the road that is so long. He came
 To heal the broken-hearted and to loose

The dying captive from his chains.
Beneath His reign the wolf and lamb
Together go to rest, and the kid has ceased
To be afraid before the tawny lion, and all the
beasts

That roam within the forest are subdued:
With hands of love a little child shall lead them.
And thus the wise men worshiped for they knew
That in the lowly bed Immanuel had come.
And the shepherds kneeling there, whose prayers
Were mingled with the fragrant breath of kine,
Knew that He had come a Shepherd to the
sheep.

The Virgin Mother looking on the face,
Which lay so peacefully near to hers, knew well
The light that shone around the manger
Should fill the wide, wide world.
Not such the adorations of the host
Which came before my sight.

They sang aloud the praises of the Child
With, "Peace on earth, good will to men."
But they have never known the joy
That comes into the mortal heart when Christ
Has washed away all guilt and sin
And left His perfect peace.

The light has gone and I look again
Upon the valley and the silent stars.
I think how many hearts are turning
To the manger and the Child,
How many hearts are rejoicing in the
Love that came into the world
From Bethlehem in Judea.
To-morrow all the world will hear
The merry bells proclaim the day
That brought the kingdom of the Child.
The happy bells will tinkle o'er the snow
And faces shine and words of peace and love
Will pass from lip to lip.
To-night beneath the shining stars
My heart is praising Him who reigns
The King of kings and Lord of lords forever.

* JOHN INGLESANT.

AT THE present time, as never in former years, a novelist must be a man of rare individuality of thought and originality of conception in order that his works may escape the sweeping condemnation of being "mere types of the conventional novel." The modern society novel is at last beginning to pall upon the taste of readers of fiction, and hence every ingenious and bizarre device is resorted to by the romancist of the day to lift his works out of the general stratum of such writing. The

story must have some marked peculiarity, must represent some strange, fantastic, or distorted phase of life or passion, in order that it may gain for itself special notice and attention. Thus Howells, as perhaps the most successful representative of the new realistic school, would vary the conventional novel by taking for his aim the analysis of the more common-place and ordinary phases of modern life—an analysis conducted with the utmost nicety and the keenest and most searching scrutiny. And as a result he is charged, more especially by the English press, with descending to trivialities—with wasting genius upon that which is not worth the expenditure of talent. Wm. Black is certainly one of the most popular of English writers, and yet his works are all alike; read one and you know the character of all. They form the ideal of a summer novel. They are clever and interesting throughout, and often furnish you here and there with a dash of description that is unqualifiedly fine. Mrs. Burnett has also been perhaps as acceptable a writer as any, but her last novel is not only one of the conventional type, but smacks of the French school to an extent which is, to say the least, unpleasing to American readers.

Occasionally there appears, without flourish of trumpets, a work like the one cited above, that offers a refreshing contrast to the class of novels just described. "John Inglesant" is a philosophical and historical romance, embodying the results of a life-time of study and research in a department of history, which, though of unusual interest, has remained comparatively neglected by the historians of to-day. The earlier scenes of the romance are laid in England, during the last years of the reign of Chas. I.—a time of religious and political dissension, of popular tumults and uprisings, and of relentless civil war such as England has never since experienced.

The father of Inglesant was an English knight; a man of fine education, earnest patriotism, and high character, but a thorough Papist, scheming incessantly for the re-establishment in his country of the Catholic faith. It was decided that his son, John Inglesant, should from boyhood be so trained under Jesuitical influences, both at home and at the royal court, as to become a faithful secret agent of the Jesuits—that standing high in influence

* John Inglesant. A Philosophical Romance, by John Short-house, Esq. American edition: Harper & Bros., N. Y.

with both Episcopalian and Catholic, he might the better serve the cause of mother church. It is this circumstance that gives the character to the entire book.

The holy father to whose care and instruction Inglesant was committed was a gentleman of noble presence and pleasing manners and address; whose mind was as pure as powerful, whose education was as broad as his acquaintance with men. He was the tutor of a nature not less fine-grained and lofty than his own—a lad of nervous temperament, of tender conscience and deep religious feeling. And yet step by step, by almost imperceptible gradations, the youth was brought to the conviction that his highest duty lay in rendering implicit obedience to the claims made upon him by the Romish church. The story depicts the workings of his mind, as stepping out into active life he is brought in contact with different faiths, philosophies, and sects. It brings one face to face with the religious beliefs and practices of all the most earnest thinkers and aspiring minds of the 17th century. The strange beliefs of the Pietists and their austere lives of strictest poverty and self-sacrifice are contrasted with the agnosticism of the infidel Hobbes, and the deepest and most fantastic mysticism with the simple purity of Christian doctrine. Quaint discussions in metaphysics and philosophy are found side by side with the thoughts of those whose religious system was based purely on the emotions and higher passions of our nature. And yet, though there is so much in the volume that requires thoughtful reading, the interest is never for a moment allowed to flag or the attention to falter.

In the wreck of Charles' fortunes, Inglesant is brought to the scaffold through his refusal to betray the nature of a secret mission with which he had been intrusted by the Jesuit leaders. Pardoned by Cromwell only at the moment set for his execution, he crossed over to France, and throwing off all disguise revealed himself as one of the powerful secret agents of the Pope. The scene now changes to Italy where he appears at Rome as the guest of the Cardinal Rinuccini, one of the richest and most influential dignitaries of that luxurious city. Here the genius of the novelist has full opportunity for its display. He lays bare the hidden workings of that great and terrible engine of ecclesiastical power, the

Society of the companions of Jesus. He sets forth clearly, but impartially, the results of the Romish system as seen in the mental and moral degradation of the Italian people. The condition of the country too, offers him an opportunity to weave into the romance with telling effect more than one scene of thrilling interest. The dark and bloody intrigues in the Italian cities, the frequent private and political assassinations, the unbounded license of social life, and the nightly carnivals of revelry in the palaces of the rich,—Inglesant in person has experience of them all, and more than once escapes attempted assassination by poison and the dagger.

After a few years of such eventful life he marries a Florentine lady of rank, and gives himself up to the pleasures of a quiet home in Northern Italy. But it was only that the great plague, that frightful scourge of the 16th century, might lay its deadly hand upon his wife and child; and Inglesant again seeks distraction from his sorrows in the seething religious turmoil of the Eternal City. There he throws his whole ardent soul into the attempt of Molinos, a Spanish monk, to secure a purer faith than that of the prevailing form of Jesuitism, and especially to gain freedom from the galling yoke of the confessional. The movement, owing to the bitter hostility of the Society of Gesu, was an utter failure, and Inglesant, finding that his presence was no longer desired at Rome, returned to spend the remainder of his life in England, in the unrestrained enjoyment of that freedom of conscience which he had vainly sought within the limits of the Papal See.

There the tale leaves him in contentment—a man of high talent, education, and refinement, possessed of rank, wealth and influence, and yet a singularly and sincerely devout Christian, conforming to the established church, but with fervent, humble charity, loving the good which he saw in every sect and denomination.

The book itself is evidently the work of a zealous high-churchman, of undoubted genius, and of the broadest charity. It would appear to aim chiefly at exposing some evil features in Roman Catholicism, which are even now threatening to creep into the English church, and which are avowedly dangerous and hostile to its beliefs. But in so pure and lofty a spirit is the discussion carried on throughout, that no Prot-

estant American, at all events, can leave the book without a more kindly feeling than he had before cherished for some of the nobler features of Romanism. But above all the work has a peculiar fascination for the reader, from the quaintness of the style, the old-fashioned diction of much of its conversation, the charming novelty of the theme, and the purity and loftiness of the ideas whose discussion forms so large a portion of the subject matter. The change from the light and sparkling, withal the unsatisfactory, froth of the average summer novel to the calm and profoundly restful seriousness of the present work, is a refreshing and delightful one. The book is an inspiration in itself and none can read its pages without gaining a profounder reverence for the glorious nature of the truths of our Christian faith, and a deeper charity for any and every system through whose fog and mists of error these truths however dimly shine.

THE CHRISTMAS REVEL.

"Ho, brothers, ho! for the mistletoe!"
Sang those merry students four.
And the bowls went 'round with a jolly sound
In that room with a fast-barred door.

"Ho, brothers, ho! for the mistletoe!"
The wine cup filled to the brim,
The maiden fair, with her flowing hair,
We scoff at the Boatman grim.

"Then fill up the bowl, it will feast the soul.
We're under the mistletoe
And we only miss a sweetheart's kiss
And life were without its woe."

Thus sang the four; through the fast-barred door
Four maids and a fiddler come.
O'er those students bold, falls dread and cold,
A sudden cloud of gloom.

"Ho, brothers, ho! for the mistletoe,"
Sang those merry maidens four,
"The wine cup's bliss, a maiden's kiss,—
What can ye ask for more?"

Round the goblets flew, with caress each drew
A maiden to his side
And they sang and laughed as huge draughts
they quaffed
Of the Rhine-land's ruddy pride.

"Ho, brothers, ho! for the mistletoe!"
Sang the fiddler gaunt and grim.
Each gave a start. He had sat apart
That fiddler. None thought of him.

"Ho, brothers, ho! for the mistletoe!"

And his bow o'er the strings he drew.
Through each tingling vein swept the thrilling
strain,
As louder and faster it grew.

Each student there clasps a maiden fair.
In the mazy dance they whirl.
His brain grows light. 'Tis the deep midnight.
"Faster, oh faster!" each girl.

Then wilder and fiercer and madder and faster
The course of the revel ran on.
And louder and quicker and higher and shriller
The pitch of the fiddler's tone.

Closer still the embrace; on his burning face
Felt each student his partner's kiss.
But the maiden's breath, 'tis the touch of death.
O Pleasure, is't come to this?

The morn has come. In a darkened room,
In a room with a fast-barred door,
Mistletoe o'erhead, four students dead
Are lying upon the floor.

The pitcher battered, the wine cup shattered,
The ruddy wine on the ground;
On each pallid face a small red place
By the villagers is found.

With fear and awe the peasants saw,
And crossed themselves o'er and o'er.
"'Tis the fiddler bold, and the maidens cold,
Who came through the bolted door.

"O the red mark speaks on these sunken cheeks,
'Tis the kiss of a maiden fair;
She is not of earth, nor of mortal birth,
In her home, aye, the dead are there."

And the fiddler grim, do ye ask of him?
'Twas the Boatman, sought by few.
He was at the feast an unbidden guest,
He had come to claim his due.

A. H. E., '81.

AN ODD EXPERIENCE.

"Married.—At the residence of the bride's father, in Edgerton, Dec. 25th, Mr. Arthur D. Lankton and Miss Gertrude Manning."

SO READ a marked paragraph in a paper that I had just received. As I sat in my room while twilight deepened, my mind recurred to an evening, almost forgotten, but whose events now came back with new distinctness as I recalled the part taken in them by the two who, according to that marriage notice, were now man and wife.

I was teaching, not many years since, during the winter vacation of the college where I was a student, in a little country town—this same

Edgerton mentioned above. My school had begun about the 8th of December. On the evening of the 24th, after dismissing school for the customary holiday recess, I walked leisurely to my boarding-place happy in the prospect of a week of quiet and rest. On reaching my room I found a note from a Miss Manning, informing me of a sleighing party that had been arranged by the young folks of the town, for the following evening, to which in recognition of the bissextile character of the year, the ladies were to invite the gentlemen. The note closed with the polite request that I put myself in charge of Miss Manning, and in addition said that the lady had a special reason for asking me. Without any hesitation I wrote my acceptance of the lady-like invitation and dispatched it by the first male, who in this instance happened to be the intensely auburn-haired son of my boarding mistress.

Miss Manning was the only person in the town with whom I had the slightest acquaintance before my arrival there in the capacity of school-master. I had met her a few times in the town where I was attending college, but our acquaintance had never assumed the intimacy of friendship. She was a young lady of slight but finely proportioned figure; a shapely head; a face attractive rather than beautiful. Her eyes, the most expressive feature of a comely face, were of the deep blue that one rarely sees, in an effective setting of long brown lashes. The expression of the face as a whole was one of firm, pure character. The lady lived with her father, a cultured widower of sixty or thereabouts. Her mother had died a few years previously and had transmitted to her only child the cares and duties of wife and housekeeper to the bereaved husband. Under these conditions the young life had rapidly matured.

Well, Christmas came, and with it the brightness of nature as well as of heart that ought to mark the day. In the evening the jingle of bells at the gate announced the arrival of my escort. I was very soon seated in a nice sleigh with an abundance of robes, and at my side a girl with whom any young man might be proud to ride. When all the sleighs had assembled, at the appointed place of meeting, we started for the farm-house where the evening was to be passed. My conductrix kept the reins until we had fallen pretty well back in the line, and then offering them to me she said: "There,

you drive now. I wish to talk. Do not go too fast." I took the reins and prepared myself to listen.

"You will no doubt be surprised," she began, "at what I shall say. We are not intimate friends, but something has led me to trust you fully, and now I'm going to ask your advice about a matter which you will probably think my father should help me to decide, and he would if there were not an almost indefinable barrier to confidence between us. For many years I have known intimately Arthur Lankton. I know his faults and his worth. What in childhood was a girl's liking for my play-mate has become a woman's love. But he apparently thinks nothing of me. Because I am a woman I am debarred from telling my passion that is fast becoming a pain from its pent-up intensity. I have thought much lately of my situation and feeling. I must have some change in my life. I have thought of trying for a position in some city school, if I am fitted to do the work, and if not, to fit myself for the task. Maybe in doing that this fatal love will die out or be crushed out. But how can I leave my father? He is now growing old, and when I am away from home he is alone. *Ought* I not to remain with him? Help me I beg of you, to decide what course to take."

I was staggered. I, a young man inexperienced in life, asked to direct a girl of the greatest capabilities on a course that would determine the current of her whole life. The earnest, pleading, confident look from the depths of those blue eyes as she ceased speaking, assured me that my answer would decide the matter irrevocably. I thought in silence one, two,—many moments. Could I tell her to leave that father loving and beloved, to go into the intellectual tread-mill of a graded school? could I say remain, when such a course would be sheer self-murder? Many thoughts, many plans ran through my mind during those few moments of silence. Suddenly we were electrified by shouts and furiously jingling sleigh-bells ahead. Another instant and a sleigh threw a young man from it almost under our horse's hoofs and dashed on behind us. Stopping our somewhat excited horse I found the late driver of the runaway lying bruised and unconscious on the snow. By the moonlight I recognized the face of Arthur Lankton. I

lifted him carefully and placed him in the sleigh. We drove directly to his mother's house with him. A doctor was immediately called who pronounced his injuries chiefly internal and of doubtful result. He might be on his feet in a week, or he might never recover. He must have a nurse, and I had the rashness to suggest Gertrude Manning as a suitable person for that position. She took the place at the request of Mrs. Lankton. There followed weeks of slow, but steady recovery on the part of the patient, due to skillful care and nursing.

My school closed and I left the little town forever. This newspaper addressed in a hearty, manly hand, tells me the happy ending of that Christmas night's ride. Of course Miss Manning and I lost the party but she has found so satisfactory a solution of the dilemma she propounded to me, that neither she nor I can have any regrets mingled with our joy at the final outcome of that night's accident.

THE HOLIDAYS.

MERRY CHRISTMAS! Happy New Year! Words how easily spoken, but alas too often of how little meaning! If *wishes* were Merry Christmas days and Happy New Years, then certainly all the world might be happy. The way to give our friends a Merry Christmas is to show the value of our wish by filling the year with pleasant memories for them when that day shall come. Modern life is too effervescent; it gushes out in impulsive wishes leaving the chalice dry, and when the day of trial comes the needful supply of rich, pure wine is wanting.

There are two sufficient reasons why no one need fail to enjoy a Merry Christmas or a Happy New-Year's day. There is no life in which there are not hidden springs of thankfulness which only need discovery and recognition to fill the heart with abundant joy,—health, friends, glad memories, and bright anticipations,—gifts, the thought of whose removal fills the soul with pain, while even the very sorrows of life are recognized to have had a chastening, ennobling power. But above and beyond all this there is the thought to those who will receive it of the one greatest and priceless Gift which Christmas Day commemorates, and which alone, without any other, can make a human heart unutterably happy.

O'er the past my memory lingers
Playing gently on its keys,
Drawing chords with varied fingers
Some to pain and some to please,
Harmonies forever filling
All that pensive, sweet refrain.
But one note my heart is thrilling
"What I counted loss is gain."

Then the music of this order
Grows the grander like the sea,
As it dashes on the border
Of a life that is to be;
While the strain triumphant ringing
In its richer melody,
Sounds the thought my heart is singing
"All I count but loss for *Thee*."

Then beyond such personal blessings there is the broader field for joy in making merry other lives. Larger grows this mystic circle as we fill the time with deeds of sympathy, interest, and love, touching life after life with its flexible rim and enabling us to forget ourselves in the manifold pleasure of those around us. Deeper, broader, joy than this there cannot be.

THE CAMPUS.

"See, Winter comes to crown the varied year."

Merry Christmas!

And a happy New Year!

Cogito, ergo sum.—(Cf. Descartes.)

The Ching-a-ling orchestra has taken a new lease of life.

Another conjunction of full moon with the Baptist sociable.

How many signatures is it necessary to have to a petition for a class meeting?

The reading-room has relapsed into its normal (or abnormal) condition of quiet.

Brainerd, of '87, is slowly improving in health, and is hoping to return to college this winter.

Of the Seniors who are in this winter, four have elected Mineralogy, five Astronomy, and twelve German.

At the masquerade at the skating-rink, last Thanksgiving eve, Dick, of '86, was the only college masker on the floor.

The scene of Sophomoric revels has this term changed from the rooms at the bricks to the back kitchen of the country farm-house.

The statistician of '84 desires the members of the class to remember that December 25th is the latest date for handing in their statistics.

Good skating on the river, together with bright moonlight, has proved too much for some students of otherwise unblemished reputation.

The beneficial results of the new dam have already appeared in the shape of a week of good skating on the river back of the colleges.

The demand for postage stamps in small quantities on the Senior's flat, South Division, South College, has during the last term been simply insatiable.

The hirsute appearance of some of the boys is as painful to witness as are the results of the relentless massacre by others of long-cherished and long-cultivated hairs.

The struggle for the elusive X has this term become painful in its intensity, and the once hated reputation of "plugging for rank" is now eagerly sought after.

We quote from the last number of *Puck* a maxim of soundest worth which appeared in its funny columns under the guise of a joke: "Pay up your subscription to the ECHO!"

'86 has taken a mighty grasp upon the rising generation of the State. From Presque Isle to Scarborough they are teaching the young to place themselves in harmony with their environment.

Having paralyzed the genial turkey, the eager student returneth with yet unsatiated appetite to glut himself at the rich intellectual repast offered by the students of the winter term.

The managing editor requests those absent students who do not receive the present number of the ECHO, to immediately inform him of the fact, and the number will be forwarded them.

The catalogues are out. Few changes are to be noticed save the addition of the two new names to the Faculty of Instruction: L. A. Butterfield, of Newton, and Samuel Osborne, of Waterville.

A certain Senior, slightly flurried, began a recitation in History as follows: "The church at this time presented a disgusting appearance. The apparent ideas that were deeply concealed were, etc."

H. M. Lord, '84, is at present grinding out the *Courier-Gazette*, and wasting upon the desert air those sparkling and antique witticisms

with which he was wont to delight the ear of the listening student.

The Seniors are at present squabbling over the question whether, according to the Pythagorean doctrine, righteousness should be reduced to the number three, five, or to the same number as the constitution of a body.

Three Seniors were recently seen leaning against a telegraph pole, and occasionally clasping it with the familiarity of an old acquaintance and with every appearance of delight. They were only listening to the singing of the wires though, after all.

A sudden frenzy for barricading the doors of the Divisions struck the college the last of last term. It continued long enough to furnish the Sophomores and Juniors fun, the Seniors practice with the battering-ram, and the students in general an increased general average.

The usual fire at Crummett's Mills for this term occurred last week Monday, a little earlier it will be remembered than the one for the corresponding term last year. A goodly number of the students were present, and one of the Faculty of Instruction who also served in the capacity of fireman.

The library has received the gift of a large portrait of Rev. Rufus Babcock, who was President of the college from 1833 to 1836. The painting is the work of Julian Scott of New York, and was presented by the Hon. Jackson S. Schultz of that city, who was formerly a student of the college.

Evidently the catalogue is in some uncertainty as to how many members there are in the Senior class. Under the latter heading there appear twenty-five names, while under the summary the number is swelled to twenty-six. Surely this unauthorized addition of one man is a summary proceeding.

Would it not be well to have the directories in the college halls changed once in a few years? As it is at present, they would indicate that the rooms are tenanted by law students, farmers, medical students, married men, tramps, etc., of whom the college was supposed to have successfully rid itself in years past.

O Tempora! Fifty-three indictments for liquor-selling in Waterville during the last week! And yet, "the moral tone of the community is high and the social influences are refining. The

temptations of city life are here escaped. Never has any epidemic disease prevailed among the students and the climate is especially favorable for study."

The order of recitations for the present term is as follows:

	8 A.M.	11.30 A.M.	3 & 4.30 P.M.
Seniors,	History,	Hist. of Phil.,	Electives.
Juniors,	Latin,	Light,	Physiology.
Sophomores,	Greek,	Rhetoric,	Spher. Trig.
Freshmen,	Algebra,	Latin,	Greek.

A certain Senior, full of good resolutions induced by home influences during the Thanksgiving recess, is endeavoring to break off the use of slang. The terrible chains of habit, however, are now fast upon him and the only result of his agonized attempts is that of rendering their weight more galling. Let this be a sad warning to such Freshmen as are not yet slaves to the awful power of this attractive vice.

Nine of the boys who were not so fortunate as to spend their Thanksgiving day at home, enjoyed the hospitality of Sam upon that cheerful occasion. It came in the shape of an invitation to a Thanksgiving supper, or more properly a late dinner, for a more robustly substantial meal than that provided by their host, could not have been desired. That it was a very pleasant and jolly time for which the boys have to thank him, goes without saying.

The perpetrator of the Greek part at the Senior exhibition, last term, induced by the promise of an oyster stew and sundry other similar delicacies, was to add the following words to the body of his speech: *πεποιήκα, νῦν ἐλθὼν ἀποχωρηῶμαι*. Which is, being interpreted, "I have done: I will now go and take a rest." The bold youth had got as far as to utter the mystic syllable *πεπ*, when his courage collapsed and he subsided into ignominious silence.

In its present condition, the ECHO, both in general get-up and appearance, stands among the very first of college papers, while its circulation is among the lowest of those of such reputation. That its circulation may be increased is the earnest desire of the editors; to secure such increase lies largely in the power of the alumni, and we beg that in so far as they are able they will lend their aid to the building up of our subscription list. From those subscribers who have unpaid dues, the earliest possible payment is requested by the managing editor.

Is it not possible to devise some better method of mending the campus walks than that of erecting an unsightly ash-heap in the center of the path, as has been done in more than one place, under pretence of filling up a depression in the ground. If gravel is too expensive, by all means let us have the primeval mud rather than a heap of dust and clinkers that is in wet weather a source of unutterable filth and slime, an intolerable nuisance on dry or windy days, and an unnecessary and unpardonable eye-sore at all times.

The present Freshman class is inevitably doomed to an early demise. At one of their recent recitations the professor had not appeared when the bell ceased ringing, but instead of seeking upon the instant the seclusion of their rooms, they remained quietly seated in the classroom, vainly hoping that there might yet be a possibility of the appearance of the professor. They were doomed, however, to disappointment, and dismissed by another member of the Faculty they slowly and sadly adjourned, without even being able to secure the coveted advance lesson for the following day.

Harry French has come and gone again. "But the time to look upon this scene is when the glowing sun is just sinking behind the mountain tops, flooding with its roseate hues the beauteous spires of the city. (Picture eclipsed by sudden swoop of crimson sunset.) And now the monarch of the day sinks beside those icy summits and subtle Luna rising (sudden change of crimson to blue, and phenomenal appearance of full moon in the west, and half a dozen assorted stars in the cerulean firmament) sheds her silvery beams in sweet profusion upon the sleeping landscape."

The Senior banquet, on occasion of the second anniversary of their Sophomore Thanksgiving supper, was spread at the Williams House on the night of the exhibition at the church. The tables and the dining-room were profusely decorated, while the menu of the banquet has not been surpassed in richness by that of any college supper that has taken place of late years. The toasts were numerous and good, while the evening's social fun was unlimited. Altogether the time was one such that the recollection of it will in future be among the pleasantest of the pleasant memories of college life.

It has long been debated whether it would not be advisable for the ECHO to offer a prize for the best story that should be written for its columns. The editors are happy to say that they have at last succeeded in raising a subscription sufficiently large to enable them to offer two prizes, for the two best stories that shall be handed in for the February number of the ECHO. It was at first thought best to make these prizes, in contradistinction from those offered by the college for literary excellence, of some intrinsic value. In deference, however, to the feelings of the college, it was deemed advisable to regulate their value upon the same scale as that adopted for college prizes. We offer, therefore, one first prize of twenty-five (25) cents, and one second prize of fifteen (15) cents, for the two best articles that shall be handed in for publication in the ECHO, on or before Tuesday, February 12th, in accordance with the printed conditions that may be had upon application to the Business Editor.

The Senior Exhibition with Junior Parts took place at the Baptist Church on the evening of Wednesday, Nov. 21. The program was as follows:

March, Presentation.—Doring. College Trio.

PRAYER.

Song, Soldier's Chorus.—Giffe. Class Quartette.

* Latin Version from Greek of Lysias.

Benjamin F. Fish.

Hamilton and the Constitution. Elwood E. Dudley.

* Greek Version from Latin of Tacitus.

George R. Berry.

Design in Nature. Edward F. Robinson.

Violin Solo, Theme Varie.—Eichberg. Edward Fuller.

The Influence of the Greek Idea. Willard K. Clement.

* French Version from English of Channing.

Burleigh S. Annis.

Longfellow. John E. Cummings.

Song, When the Quiet Moon.—Schondorf.

Herbert M. Lord.

Basis of the Philosophy of Descartes.

Shaller Mathews.

* English Version from French of Bellot.

Arthur M. Foss.

The Growth of an Idea. Charles S. Estes.

Song, Selected. Class Quartette.

* Junior Parts.

Thinking that the following advertisement might suggest a means of filling a not long felt want of the college, and fearing that it might

escape the notice of the Faculty, we venture to insert it here almost without change; not in disparagement of the new law, which we believe to be just and reasonable, but merely as hinting at a possible means of securing its better enforcement:

THE STUDENT'S YEAR BOOK OF SERMON TEXTS.

Sabbath,.....188..

Sermon by.....

From Book of..... Chapter..... Verse.....

Text:.....

I was present at this service and heard the sermon.

The above is correct. }

..... Professor. } Student.

A SAMPLE PAGE.

The purpose of this little book is to secure the attendance of the students upon the regular afternoon service of the church, and to give them an interest in the same.

The specimen page above (of which there are fifty-two in the book) explains itself. Preceding these pages there are a number of valuable hints and helps to students.

F. H. Revell, Publisher, 148 and 150 Madison Street, Chicago.

The names of the members of '86 who are teaching during the present winter are given below, together with those of the places, so far as they are known, where they have temporarily taken up their abode:

Beverage.....Tenant's Harbor

Brown.....Benton Falls

Bruce.....Waldoboro

Bridgham.....Scarboro

Bryant.....Liberty

Boyd.....Linneus

Condon.....Friendship

Dunham.....Oceanville

Morton.....Norway

Overlock.....Washington

Parker.....Linneus

Phenix.....East Hebron

Putnam.....Danforth

Ramsdell.....North Haven

Richardson.....Hebron

Sanderson.....North Paris

Townsend.....Tenant's Harbor

Trafton.....Caribou

Webber.....Arrowsic

Wellington.....Albion

Whitten.....North Fairfield

Of '87:

Cook is at.....Belgrade

Jewett.....Skowhegan

McNamara.....Camden

Moore.....Winterport

Palmer.....Livermore

Small.....Phippsburg

Snow.....Alton

Watson.....Linneus

Wilkins.....Presque Isle

EXCHANGES.

THE COLLEGE PRESS.

The ex-editor not only feared but at last came to the conclusion that he was an ex-editor in more senses of the word than one. He had grounds for thus thinking, but soon the premises changed and he was obliged to change his conclusions, and while he is recovering from the shock another sits in his chair and assumes the dignity (?) of a literary critic.

Pulling down the massive stack of exchanges, all are characteristic for some upstart idea of appearance. The more recent issues are proofs of the strife among a great majority of college publications to out-do one another in exterior extravagance. All that can afford it are dressed up in brand new clothes. While almost all decorate their covers with crooked type and scrawly cuts, it is to be seriously regretted that a few of them aspire to nothing richer than common grocery store wrapping paper exteriors. The interior of many, however, must be admitted to completely redeem their merits lost in first impressions.

The lookers on the face of the *College Argus*, with its keystone eyelashes, stare us out of countenance at first glance, and we hasten to bury our eyes in the table of contents. We suppose "What the Marking System Did" in Wesleyan for their *dishonored* alumnus, Chas. E. Dickerson, is illustrative of its present effect upon students of that college. If such is the case we deeply condole with our Wesleyan friends, but congratulate ourselves that, though the Colby system is not the students' ideal, yet when "Commencement arrives and the *candidati ascenderunt*," the record has never yet been made when one had to *descendere in ishonore*.

The *Campus* from Alleghany is a puzzle for us. It professes to be a college paper, and yet devotes its choicest space to outsiders. Many patrons of its columns are not even alumni, interested neither in Alleghany nor her *Campus*. We are at a loss to know why it is the *Campus* should work its richness so from foreign mines. "Going to College in '51," written by "B.," relates a bit of experience familiar enough to those who are now gray-haired graduates, and readable, even, to college men of the present day. But going to college in '84, is a subject of more concern to us, and we care more about being modern than spending time and space over what have long since become ancient affairs.

The Fem. Sem. folks appear to us through the *Vassar Miscellany* and *Lasell Leaves*. In the words of McIntosh, the famous comedian,—"Now girls, don't get crosswise with us, for if it wasn't for girls where would *we* be and where would *you* be?" Thanks to Mr. McIntosh. The first and foremost feature of the *Mis.* is the advertisement of the Enterprise steam print, Poughkeepsie, on the front of the cover. We would here suggest that the girls at Vassar need a new dress for their *Mis.*, and it might improve its appearance to put their steam print ads. on the inside in a less conspicuous place.

We have to look at the *Lasell Leaves* more than once in order to comprehend its true greatness. One thing, their motto, *Dux Femina facti*, is entirely superfluous, for it is only a noodle who does not know that only a woman would be capable of such an enormous spread as the *L. L.* Our first impression is that there must be more or less shoddy in its make-

up, but carefully picking it to pieces we find not a few genuine and worthy qualities about it. It is none the less girlish. The article on "Celluloid Combs" has a true moral and its warning to girls to keep away from the gas lest their combs take fire and blow out their brains, will prove a terrible calamity to those of the opposite sex with whose gas and taffy they have so long been delighted.

OTHER COLLEGES.

Brown offers a prize of \$3000 for the best entrance examination.

The Harvard Annex has forty-one students this year and an additional endowment fund of \$67,000.

Out of 303 colleges in this country 155 use the Roman, 114 the English, and 34 the Continental pronunciation of Latin.

Nine colleges were represented in the inter-collegiate oratorical contest held at Rockford in October. The prizes were \$75 and \$50.

One of the college papers says that since Cornell and Bowdoin have dispensed with Saturday morning recitations, no other American college inflicts upon its students this flagitious custom. Now that is a mistake for we call Colby an American college.

Columbia now follows the University of Texas in wealth. Her endowment amounts to \$5,000,000. She was organized in 1856 and the endowment was raised by lottery. Compared with other colleges her attendance stands 1,857, while Harvard has 1,600 and Ann Arbor 1,534.

The University of Texas is the latest sensation in the educational world. The buildings are just being completed and the university opens this month. It has adopted the co-educational system and there will be no military drill. Its endowment is larger than that of any other American college, amounting to \$5,250,000 and a million acres of land.

THE WASTE-BASKET.

There was a rap at our door yesterday morning at about 7.30. We hastened to obey the summons in the midst of our toilet, and—wonder upon wonders—beheld M'Ginnis arrayed in complete traveling costume, dark gloves, low collar, crush hat, overcoat upon his left arm, diminutive Russia-leather grip-sack in his right hand, and a fragrant Normanda—one of Dorr's standard articles (see ad)—between his pearl-like dentals. "Deos immortales!" we ejacu-

lated, "when does the wedding come off?" "No wedding whatever," was the somewhat gloomy response, "more like a divorce than anything. I'm off." "Off your base?" "No. I am about to depart, to evade, to erump to more genial climes, where the frigidity of the atmosphere will no longer threaten me with coughs, colds and consumption, pneumonia and chronic tonsilitis—in other words, "I'm bound for Florida." "Hevings!" was all we could articulate. "Yes," said he, "I'm a pilgrim to the fountain of eternal youth, to the land of perennial spring-time, oranges, malaria, and fleas; my health demands the former and my quinine and Dalmatian insect powder can practice with the latter. Do not weep," he continued, as we wiped a cake of soap from our left eye; "be calm, summon your fortitude, play the Roman father! I shall return with the swallows and the bobolink and the mud. I'll write your presentation day ode, if you'll have a suitable subject for my genius. I don't think I could enthuse over a plaster cast under any circumstances, but I shall be 'round. And now for a brief season the college dude can mash the itinerant female, and the co-eds can clutter up the Boardman apartment without fear of molestation. Send the *Young Reaper* (M'Ginnis has a pleasant way of designating this sheet, once in a while) to me at Ethereal Angel Creek, and if anything occurs down there I'll telephone in time for the next issue. And, by the way, my dear fellow, when you come back from supper just step 'round and tell that dear little—little ang—angel without wings, you know who, that I'll—I've—" "Don't mention it," we said, as he gave our hand a convulsive grip, "we will break the news gently and take her to all the Baptist sociables and minstrel shows that come to town." "Thanks," said M'Ginnis, "but there's the train; *vale, triste vale*; good-bye; be good and you'll be happy, but you won't have half so good a time. Oh! See here," he exclaimed, turning suddenly and holding out a scrap of manuscript, "perhaps you can make use of this to help fill up your column. 'Good eve.'" We took the manuscript, and, after vainly trying to make it out, determined to insert it as a conundrum. Here it is:

"AN APOSTROPHE."

'Tis the lion of Lucerne!
See him squirm,
As in his aching ribs

The shattered sliver digs,
Like a mole,
Piling up a marble flood
Of coagulated blood
Round the hole.
We have known a poet write
On the grandeur of the sight
But we think
That the lion's bloated phiz,
Most indubitably is
Due to drink.
That beast went on a "toot"
And drank like a "galoot."
We are frank.
He leaned against the picket
Of a fence and so did stick it
In his flank.
The alumni brought the which
And placed him in the niche
Thus to warn
Each classic-loving student
That he should e'er be prudent,
Or the morn
Will see the floor his bed,
And he'll have a swollen head
And be otherwise very much indisposed.

PERSONALS.

[The alumni are earnestly solicited to furnish items for this column].

'37.

Rev. B. F. Shaw is filling the pulpit of the Baptist church at Brunswick.

'38.

Rev. Stephen H. Mirick, died Oct. 29, 1883, at Washington, D. C.

'39.

There is a movement on foot to have a grand reunion of the class of '39, at the next Commencement. Rev. Dr. Ricker is the author of the movement.

Samuel L. Caldwell, A.M., D.D., President of Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., is expected to be present.

'47.

Rev. Geo. P. Fairbanks received at last Commencement the degree of D.D., from this college.

'53.

Harris Merrill Plaisted, A.M., LL.B., Albany, N. Y., 1855. Prin. Waterville Lib. Inst., Me., 1853; Lawyer, Bangor, since 1856; Capt. and Lt. Col. 11th Me. Vols., 1861; Col. 11th Me. Vols., 1862; Brig. Gen. and Bvt. Maj. Gen. Vols., 1865; Representative Me. Legislature, 1867, 1868; Atty. Gen. Me., 1878-76;

Member 44th U. S. Congress, 1875-76; Gov. of Maine, 1881, 1882; Augusta, Me.; Author of *Digest of Maine Reports*. Ex-Gov. H. M. Plaisted has recently disposed of his interest in the *Lewiston Gazette*, and severed his connection with that paper.

'55.

D. F. Crane is practicing law, Court Street, Boston. Residence in Somerville.

'56.

Rev. Dr. Durgin, President of Hillsdale College, Michigan, lectured in Bangor, Dec. 6th, and in Portland, Dec. 7th.

'61.

Rev. F. D. Blake has lately resigned his position as pastor of the Baptist church in Oakland.

'62.

Col. R. C. Shannon, president of the Botanic Gardens Railway, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, will be in this country the coming year, having his headquarters in New York.

George Gifford, A.M., consul at La Rochelle, France, has been appointed by the President consul at Cognac.

'65.

Mr. W. H. Lambert, superintendent of schools in Malden, Mass., has edited the fascinating old tale of Robinson Crusoe for supplementary reading in schools. Mr. Lambert was formerly master of the High School in Lewiston.

Augustus D. Small, formerly N. E. agent for Appleton & Co., is now sub-master of the Lawrence School, Boston.

'66.

Rev. F. W. Bakeman has declined a call to Newburyport, Mass., and will remain at Auburn.

'70.

Rev. Fred. H. Eveleth, is missionary at Tounjoo, Burmah.

'74.

Abraham B. Cates has been elected city physician of Minneapolis, Minn.

A. B. Allen has retired from his position as editor of the *Fairfield Journal*.

'75.

Henry Hudson, Esq., is practicing law at Guilford, Me.

'77.

Rev. J. R. Henderson has closed his work at Penfield, N. Y., and accepted a call to a church recently organized at Wyoming, Ohio.

'79.

O. F. Warner, now teaching in State Normal School at Farmington, was in town lately trying

to arrange for a course of lectures at the Normal.

Everett Flood is assistant physician at Worcester Insane Asylum. The statement in the last issue was incorrect.

'81.

F. A. Weld, formerly '81, is editor of the *Farmington Journal*, Farmington, Minn.; is also engaged in the drug business.

F. B. Cushing is attending the Harvard Medical School.

F. F. Whittier has taken the degree of M.D. at Dartmouth Medical School.

Rev. J. H. Parshley was married August 22d, to Miss Julia M. Tuck, in the Baptist church at Hallowell.

Fred. M. Gardner was ordained in May, and is now pastor of the Baptist church in Winthrop, Mass.

Miss Jennie M. Smith spent Thanksgiving week at home, and has returned to her duties at Derby, Vt.

'82.

W. M. Pulsifer spent the Thanksgiving recess of the Harvard Medical School at his home in Waterville.

J. R. Melcher spent Thanksgiving at his home in Waterville.

'83.

B. F. Wright is teaching at Topsfield.

Verrill is in Putnam's law office, Portland, Maine.

H. W. Harrub has been compelled by failing health to give up his studies at the Theological Seminary, Hartford.

C. S. Richardson is teaching in State Normal School, Madison, Dakota.

E. E. Cates is principal of Gorham, N. H., High School.

D. W. Knowlton is connected with a furniture warehouse in Minneapolis, and is also running an evening school.

C. D. Edmunds is attending the Harvard Medical School.

'85.

F. W. Herrick (formerly '85) is at Comer's Business College, Boston, Mass.

W. W. Cochrane is teaching at Waldoboro.

Adams is at the same place.

Wightman, at East Dixfield.

Edmunds, at Corinth.

Foss, at Charleston.