

# The Colby Echo.

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## The Colby Echo.

PUBLISHED ON THE 30TH OF EACH MONTH, DURING THE  
COLLEGIATE YEAR, BY THE STUDENTS OF

COLBY UNIVERSITY.

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### CONTENTS.

VOL. X., No. 4.—DECEMBER, 1885.

THE SANCTUM:	
An Acknowledgment, . . . . .	49
General Average, . . . . .	49
Our Holidays, . . . . .	50
"Personals," . . . . .	50
Chance for a Reform, . . . . .	50
Post-Graduate Instruction, . . . . .	51
An Article Noticed, . . . . .	51
LITERARY:	
Christmas Eve (poem), . . . . .	52
Illegitimate Wit, . . . . .	52
Christmas-Tide (poem), . . . . .	54
Tauler of Strasburg, . . . . .	55
THE CAMPUS, . . . . .	57
EXCHANGE, . . . . .	59
CLIPPINGS, . . . . .	61
PERSONALS, . . . . .	62
WASTE-BASKET, . . . . .	62
LITERARY NOTICES, . . . . .	63
Illustration, . . . . .	64

O, who can hold a fire in his hand  
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?  
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite  
By bare imagination of a feast?  
Or wallow naked in December snow,  
By thinking on fantastic Summer's heat?  
O, no! the apprehension of the good  
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse.

—Shakespeare.



THE ECHO wishes a Happy New Year to its many friends. It seemed fitting that we should, in some manner, recognize the holiday season, and we knew of nothing better than to present the several departments each with a new heading. To Mr. C. H. Pepper, who furnished us with such a tasty cover two years ago, we are indebted for the designs which this month adorn our columns for the first time.

AMONG the mysteries connected with the little document sent to our parents at the close of each term, that little item known as the General Average is not the greatest, nor yet the least. One cannot but wonder how a few individuals in the college contrive, as they did last term, to do sufficient damage to make the General Average a dollar. In the early part of the term, the Freshmen opened their doors to their Sophomoric visitors with seeming cordiality; the foot-ball, as an agent of destruction, was hardly seen, and the sentiment among the boys was such, we thought, as to frown upon any wanton destruction of property. Still the average was higher than usual—so much higher that we cannot but inquire what becomes of our money. Not that we care so much for the paltry sum of a dollar, but no one can have a truly benevolent and philanthropic spirit who has no thought as to what becomes of his charities—and certainly the General Average seems as like charity as anything. We read in the college laws that if any damage is done to any of the premises, and the authors are unknown, the cost of re-

pairing it shall be assessed equally on the students. Now as to the justice of a system, by which the more peaceful are treated in the same manner as those in whom the bump of destructiveness is the most highly developed, we have nothing to say. This question has troubled some of our predecessors, but we know of no plan which, in the long run, would more nearly approximate to justice. We are simply interested to know what is done with our money.

Taking the trouble to inquire, we found that for the fall term some thirty dollars were required for new doors; fifty-five more were necessary to replace glass that had been broken. Subtracting these two chief items, but little is left for repairs of every other sort. There has seemed to be, on the part of some, a vague idea, not definite enough, to be sure, to be called a suspicion, that our General Average was larger than the amount of damage done would warrant; but, on the contrary, we are told that the amount assessed last term would not cover the cost of repairs. The amount was indeed much larger than there was any actual necessity for, but until there is a sentiment on the part of the students not to submit to this imposition practiced by the few on the many—a sentiment which will not tolerate wanton destruction of college property, we have little ground for complaint against any but ourselves.

WHILE students in our sister colleges are enjoying the holidays in their homes, we at Colby have to content ourselves with gazing on the walls of our rooms, and by a lively fancy, transform their seemingly dull appearance into something more congenial to the feelings peculiar to Christians at this season. It seems almost a pity that we are denied participation in the pleasantest festivities of the year; still we have no occasion to complain of the general arrangement of the terms.

A year ago, at the solicitation of some of the students, we were given, instead of a holiday at New-Year's, an additional day at Christmas, and so satisfactory was the arrangement, apparently, that it was decided by the Faculty to follow the same plan in future years. This year the arrangement does not work quite so well, from the fact that our second holiday will fall on Saturday. As we understand it, in the

future we are to have Christmas day, and the next week-day following—with of course the cut that naturally follows a holiday. To those who are so situated as to be able to pass this time at home, this arrangement will be specially satisfactory, and indeed to all it will afford a very welcome recess.

THE Personal column, so graduates have told us, is one of the chief attractions in a college paper to the man who has been out of college a few years. It is often exceedingly difficult for the editor to procure such items as are of general interest, and, as is the case this month, the number of Personals is meagre, not, however, from any lack of effort on his part. If our alumni, who regard the Personal column as peculiarly their corner of the paper, would take a lively interest in it, and inform us occasionally of their own or their neighbors' doings, we doubt not but that the Personals *would* constitute one of the most valuable and interesting features of the ECHO.

AS a class we are inclined to conservatism. We like change, not for its own sake, but only as we are reasonably certain that a change will materially benefit our condition. We are not warranted in changing one course of action for another, until the *pros* and *cons* have all been put in the balance, and the *pros* are found to tip the scale. If such a method should be pursued with reference to our present arrangement of study and recitation hours, we fear that the arguments for would be greatly outweighed by those against its continuance. At present the nine hours of work required by the laws are divided with the view to allowing two hours for preparation of each lesson immediately before the recitation hour. If all students learned with equal readiness, and if all lessons presented the same degree of difficulty, the present system might do very well. Taking things as we find them, our present arrangement is artificial and arbitrary, yet it ought not to be changed unless a better can be substituted in its stead.

When the Freshman begins his college life, he is, perhaps, full of zeal for his work. He gets one lesson, and then having a little time left, prepares a part of his lesson for the next day. But before he has been long in college,

he realizes that he will have two hours on the morrow in which to prepare the morrow's lesson, and that he can make a slightly better appearance in the class-room if he prepares his lesson immediately before reciting. Though the advantage derived from going into the class-room fresh from the text-book is a decidedly questionable one, and is in its principle rather juvenile. The time which he once spent in studying in advance does not come in amounts large enough to afford any satisfaction if spent in reading, so our Freshman utilizes it by calling on his neighbors. In a word, his time is wasted.

Another student looks at his task and judges that it will be easy; but then he has two hours specially set apart for the preparation of that particular lesson, and so he spends the whole of his time on it, be it long or short. One does not need to be here long to observe that a vast deal of time runs to waste in spite of one's self. It goes in dribblets; a few minutes here and a few more somewhere else. And, too, his day is so divided that allowing an hour for each meal (not an unreasonable amount considering the distance from the college of the average boarding-house), the student finds but sixty minutes between the hours of 7 A.M. and 5.30 P.M. allowed him for recreation.

We have mentioned but a few points, and only those which concern the student directly. There is another no less important phase to this question. Scientific studies are constantly demanding more attention in our course, and with them comes laboratory work. In such studies it is of the utmost importance that opportunity for work in the laboratory be given immediately after the lecture hour, or as soon after as possible.

Can the present arrangement be bettered materially? We think it could be greatly improved by bringing the recitation and lecture hours early in the day, so that unless laboratory work should prevent, all class-room work would be over by half-past twelve. The rest of the day would belong to the student for study, reading, and recreation. There would be some inducement to make work and not play of study. When lessons were prepared, then would come the opportunity for the other things for which we have so little time at present.

This general idea, far from being merely theo-

retical, has been successfully put into practice in nearly, if not quite all, of our larger colleges. Even Bowdoin does not employ the time-honored system in vogue here. Where the system here proposed is used, students have much more time for self-culture than is possible here, and this difference is largely due to the amount of time it saves. The change might work a little inconveniently at first, until we got fairly out of the ruts, which have been deepening for one, two, and three years; but that the change, after a fair trial, would meet with universal approval, we have not the slightest doubt. We are confident that it would work inestimable good to the student, would increase the value of the scientific branches, and would not detract in the least from the other departments. It is a change which, from the nature of things, must come sooner or later, and if it is one profitable ever to be made, the sooner it is brought about the better.

THOSE who examined at all carefully our last catalogue could not fail to have noticed, besides the necessary changes due to increasing the corps of instructors, the introduction of one special feature, wholly new, so far as concerns Colby. No attempt at post-graduate instruction has ever before been made here, and consequently the fact that such instruction can now be given in one department, at least, must have been noted as a sign of growth and progress. Nor does it seem that such facilities will be unused. At present, Mr. Chas. E. Wright, M.E., State Geologist of Michigan, is here studying Microscopic Lithology under Prof. Wadsworth. As soon as the equipments necessary for advanced study in this line can be procured, others will, it is expected, take advantage of this course.

WE are to be congratulated on being able to present in our columns the article, "Illegitimate Wit," from the pen of Dr. William Mathews, class of '35. Dr. Mathews is better known to the most of us as the author of "Getting On in the World," "Hours with Men and Books," "Words, Their Use and Abuse," etc., and we are sure the article above referred to will be read with interest.



### CHRISTMAS EVE.

The daily task is done, and weary hearts  
Crave at last the blessed boon of sleep  
And sink to rest, while earth floats on apace  
And sister worlds their loving vigils keep.

Breathless midnight. Ah, what spirit now  
Lends to distant orbs a warmer glow?  
Why does every dreaming soul rejoice  
And visions bright with deeper meaning flow?

A holy peace has fallen o'er the earth,  
A noble impulse entered every soul;  
While gilded steeples sound a mellow chime  
And night moves onward toward the crimson goal.

### ILLEGITIMATE WIT.

AMONG the styles of jesting which have come into favor with modern comic writers, there is one, first cultivated to a large extent by Byron, against which every lover of a pure and healthful literature should protest. I refer to the practice of yoking together the grave and the ludicrous, the mean and the exalted, in a way so incongruous as to startle by the contrast—in other words, of desecrating solemn or beautiful subjects by using them as materials for burlesque. The ambition of many of our popular writers to wring a jest out of the gravest materials and to produce startling comic effects at any price, is one of the ugliest features of our literary times. There is a class of writers, prose and poetical, who produce their "effects" wholly in this way; who proceed habitually upon the principle of exerting their utmost skill to work up the feelings of the reader to a pitch of painful intensity, only that, by the sudden introduction of a ludicrous image, or a line of bitter mockery, they may dispel at once or scornfully insult the emotion they have raised. Sometimes an elaborate poem is composed in a serious, sentimental, or romantic spirit, only that the structure may be knocked down by the last line. If the reader is cheated by the opening of such a performance, the closing antithesis, unless he have a vicious taste, is sure to disgust; if he remains

cold to the sentiment, the whole point of the joke is lost.

Lord Byron, "the chartered libertine," who first engrafted this kind of poetry on the indigenous British stock from the Italian, had a marvelous talent for it, as the many masterpieces of levity and perverted sentiment in "Don Juan" will testify. By many these are considered as the most cogent proofs of his poetic power, displaying his wondrous mastery over the passions of the human heart, which he could thus at pleasure evoke or scatter. But we are disposed to believe with an acute American critic, that such passages do little credit to his heart, if they do any to his head, and serve only to cast ominous conjecture on the truth of his feelings. Thus the beautiful description of Haidee leaning over the sleeping Juan, one of the most exquisite pictures in modern British poetry, is sacrificed to the mocking demon of his wit:

"Like to an angel o'er the dying,  
Who die in righteousness, she leaned; and there  
All tranquilly the shipwrecked boy was lying,  
As o'er him lay the calm and stirless air.  
But Zoe meantime some eggs was frying;  
Since, after all, no doubt, the youthful pair  
Must breakfast, and betimes—lest they should ask it,  
She drew out her provision from the basket."

Again, a fine, picturesque description of a rainbow winds up with a vulgar illustration from pugilism:

"A heavenly chameleon,  
The airy child of vapor and the sun,  
Brought forth in purple, cradled in vermillion,  
Baptized in molten gold, and swathed in dun,  
Glittering like crescent o'er a Turk's pavilion,  
And blending every color into one,—  
Just like a black eye in a recent scuffle,  
For sometimes we must box *without* the muffle."

Much of the peculiar genius of the German poet, Heine, is shown in similar ridiculous contrasts. It would be difficult to name another poet who knows so well as he how to build up a little edifice of the tenderest and most refined sentiments, for the mere pleasure of knocking it down with a last line. Approaching the reader with a doleful countenance, he pours into his ear a tale of secret sorrow, and when the sympathies are enlisted, surprises his confidant with a horse-laugh.

Such mixtures of the grave with the grotesque, the pathetic with the farcical and the frivolous, it would be almost profane to dignify

with the name of poetry. They are merely a species of literary sleight-of-hand, and bear about the same relation to genuine poetry that ginger pop bears to champagne or hippocrene, or Grimaldi the clown to John Kemble the tragedian. They show a heart morally bankrupt—*blazé* to all profound emotion, which neither mocks nor can be mocked. There is at once a majesty that cannot be insulted, and an overpowering energy that may not be trifled with, in all the real emotions that stir the heart to its inmost depths, and arouse the highest faculties of the soul. He who can utter spells of a potency to raise such spirit-powers, will not dare to flout them, but rather, like the enchantress of Endor, will stand overawed and appalled in their majestic presence. He who mocks the phantoms his art has raised, or seemed to raise, must stand convicted of being in league with only juggling fiends, that can but “palter in a double sense.”

Among our American poets, Willis has been guilty of some sins of this kind; for example, he has a poem entitled “The Broken Bracelet,” where a strain of tender sentiment touching the wearer concludes with the home question:

“What’ll the fellow charge to mend?”

The imitations of this legerdemain by the small fry of rhymsters in the magazines and newspapers of the day, are legion. But of all our real poets, the author of “Alnwick Castle” seems the most chargeable with the perversion of imagination and levity of feeling to which we have objected. “A little laughing imp,” says Mr. E. P. Whipple, “seems to sit opposite the fountain of his heart, and dispel with the merry flash of his eye every shade and thin essence which rises in misty beauty from its surface. . . . To produce a shock of surprise by the sudden intrusion of an incongruous idea into a mournful or sentimental flow of feeling, is but a little above the clap-trap of the stage. We are aware that in Halleck’s case this is done in an inimitable manner, and that the effect upon one’s risible faculties is irresistible; but still there are few who desire to be choked with a laugh at the very moment when the tears are starting from the eyes. It introduces a species of skepticism which is destructive to the enjoyment of poetry.”

Akin to this species of intellectual jugglery is another, hardly less censurable. We refer to

parodies: who is not weary of them? The invention of this species of wit has been attributed to Hipponax, a comic Greek poet, who flourished about the sixtieth Olympiad. He is said to have overwhelmed two brothers, sculptors of Chios, with such a torrent of sarcasm, for making too faithful a likeness of his short person and his ugly face, that they hanged themselves. There are many occasions when this kind of wit is a legitimate weapon against human folly and wickedness, its piercing arrows succeeding where clumsier weapons fail. Three centuries ago the Papacy was assailed by a volume of parodies which gave it a wound more deadly than the nailing of Luther’s thesis to the church of Wittenburg. The famous “*Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*,” the authorship of which provoked as much discussion as did that of “Junius’s Letters,” sent a laugh ringing through Germany more dangerous than all the broadsides of the theologians. The ignorance and superstition of the monks, and the pompous pedantry of the schoolmen, were ridiculed with exquisite humor, and their style was parodied so felicitously that the monks themselves believed the letters to be genuine and written in their own interest—rivaling the simplicity of the English clergyman, who said of the “Rejected Addresses”: “I do not know why they should have been rejected; I think some of them were very good.” In these inimitable “Addresses” again—the production of Horace and James Smith—we have another example of legitimate parody, in which there is keen personal satire, without the slightest blemish of ill-nature or vulgarity. Catching with the nicest tact the ridiculous points in the authors imitated, the writers provoked a good-humored laugh, in which even the victims joined. “Tell the author,” wrote Byron to Murray, his publisher, “I forgive him, were he twenty times our satirist.”

Equally happy was Canning’s “Knife-Grinder,” which annihilated English Sapphics; his parody of Payne Knight’s “Progress of Civil Society,” and that of Darwin’s “Loves of the Plants” by the “Loves of the Triangles” in the “Anti-Jacobin.” Another happy parody was Phillips’s “Splendid Shilling,” in imitation of Milton, which was so admired that the author was chosen by Bolingbroke and Harley to celebrate the Duke of Marlborough’s great victory at Blenheim.



Perhaps no one has ever contrived to squeeze more bitterness and spite into a parody than O'Connell, in his application of the lines :

"Three poets in three distant ages born"—

to Colonels Verner, Percival, and Sibthorpe—a masterpiece of parodic insult. The beards of Verner and Percival were conspicuous by their absence ; not so Sibthorpe's.

"Three colonels, in three distant counties born,  
Lincoln, Armagh, and Sligo did adorn,  
The first in matchless impudence surpassed,  
The next in bigotry—in both the last :  
The force of Nature could no farther go—  
To beard the third, she shaved the other two."

Just in proportion as this kind of wit is serviceable and praiseworthy when properly employed, it is offensive and censurable when illegitimately used. Those who have a genius for it are too apt to forget that there are regions where it is utterly out of place—where, to a healthy mind, it is as offensive as a merry-andrew would be at a funeral, or fire-works in the chamber of death. Who to-day can tolerate those wretched parodies of Scripture which *once* were the favorite medium of political satire and ecclesiastical hate? Luther himself could not abstain from this kind of grim pleasantry, and gave a new version of the first verse of the first psalm, as follows: "Blessed is the man that hath not walked in the way of the Sacramentarians, or sat in the seat of the Zuinglians, nor followed the counsel of the Zurichers." In the days of the Commonwealth, Cavaliers and Puritans alike availed themselves of Scripture phraseology to give zest to their caustic witticisms; and reviled each other in mock Litanies and Visitations of Sick Parliaments.

In our own time parodies have degenerated into mere vulgarity, the authors mistaking slang for wit and buffoonery for humor. Of one species—the dreary travesties of popular poems, which are so common in the newspapers—it is hard to speak with patience. They verify the saying of Napoleon (and of Tom Paine before him), that there is but a step between the sublime and the ridiculous. Some of the most exquisite songs and passages of poetry have thus been made to excite a laugh; and the more beautiful, the more easily burlesqued, just as the sweetest cider makes the sourest vinegar. Of all the fine pieces in our

language which have been thus vulgarized, none has suffered more than Wolfe's lines on "The Burial of Sir John Moore," one of the most solemnly touching poems in the language. Longfellow's "Excelsior" has been similarly burlesqued, a chimney-sweep being the hero of the parody. Many years ago the whole of Gray's "Elegy" was thus made a vehicle of low amusement by a wretch in the *London Law Magazine*, who turned the poem into an elegy upon briefless lawyers. One verse still lingers in our memory :

"But, ah! to them no clerk his golden page,  
Rich with retaining fees, did e'er unroll;  
Chill negligence repressed their legal rage,  
And froze the quibbling current of the soul."

We have had during this generation a "Comic History of England," a "Comic History of Rome," a comic Blackstone, and so forth, *ad nauseum*; we have had burlesques in which the fairy tales that have charmed the imaginations of thousands, are turned into low pot-house jests; and who knows that we shall not have a comic Bible? It would be difficult to name a surer sign of intellectual barrenness than these dreary attempts at humor; for what kind of wit is so cheap as this vulgarizing of things consecrated in our memories by beautiful or lofty associations? What other means of raising a laugh so sure and so easy as to roll a statue from its pedestal, and stick some vulgar utensil in its place? "The hand that cannot rear a hovel may destroy a palace," and a dunce may have inventiveness enough to place the gravest things in a ridiculous light. There is surely enough of actual absurdity in the world to laugh at, without turning everything serious into fun. While he levels his shafts at human wickedness and folly, the satirist is the moralist's ally, as he is also the reformer's herald. But let him remember that the keenest wit will not atone for the profanation of words or things which are identified with pious thoughts and lofty deeds.

#### CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

Yester-night a white-robed angel passed above the  
sleeping land,  
And from out the blazing northward came a mystic fairy  
band.  
Faintly through the midnight heavens breathed their  
whirring pinions' flight.  
As they floated, wondrous visions, 'neath the ebon arch  
of night.

Fiercely had the demon north-wind shrieked his gusty accents forth,  
Sweeping o'er the trembling landscape from his stronghold in the north—  
Tearfully the angels watched him in his mad unhallowed mirth,  
Then from their soft pinions scattered garments on the anguished earth.

Yester-night a holy spirit exorcising sin's dark ban,  
Poured on earth Love, Truth, and Friendship,—Heaven's precious gifts to man.  
"Praise be unto thee, our Saviour!" Thus where e'er the angel trod  
One triumphal Christmas anthem floated to the ear of God.  
Loud the angels sang, descending, "Mortal, come, the Father waits,"  
And it seemed but one step upward from the earth to Heaven's gates.

#### TAULER OF STRASBURG.

FEW centuries since the beginning of the Christian era fill so important a place in the pages of history as does the fourteenth. It was the time when the Ottoman Turks, after a triumphant career in Asia Minor, crossed into Europe and settled themselves at Adrianople, thenceforth to be a continual menace to the nations of christendom. It was the century that witnessed the downfall of feudalism and the rise of new nationalities upon its ruins. It was the century of Wyckliffe and Chaucer in England, and Dante and Petrarch in Italy.

The Papal See had been transferred to Avignon and it was a time of unbounded corruption in the Romish Church. Everywhere was lawlessness, superstition, and strife. To one taking a general view of the European world at that period, it must have seemed as though morality and virtue had become meaningless terms, and righteousness a synonym for something which had long since vanished from the earth. And yet in those very ages which have seemed the darkest for humanity, there have been movements and tendencies which have led to the enlightenment and elevation of mankind. The fourteenth century was no exception to this rule. Faint signs began to be seen that people were coming to think for themselves both in political and religious matters. In a word, the fourteenth century saw the dim twilight which heralded the dawn of the protestant reformation.

John Tauler was born at Strasburg in 1290

and died in 1361. His life therefore extended over a little more than half of the century of which the above imperfect outline has been given, in the hope that some slight account of the age in which Tauler lived may lead to a better understanding of his character. Strasburg was at this time one of the free cities of the German empire, and contained a large and enterprising population.

At the age of eighteen Tauler became a monk of the order of Dominicans, whose leading characteristic was their earnestness in popular preaching, but it is principally in connection with the Mystics, of whom he is one of the best representatives, that his name has come down to us. We are rather apt to associate the term, mystic, with piety of a visionary and impracticable type, which loses itself in the contemplation of spiritual things, to the sad neglect of the homely duties of practical Christianity. However true such a conception may be when applied to many of the Mystics of the middle ages, it certainly does injustice to men like Tauler, who as we shall see presently joined to his faith, works of a very positive character. It is not necessary here, even did space permit, to enter upon any extended account of the doctrines of the Mystics of the middle ages. It is sufficient to say that although they remained within the pale of the church of Rome, and conformed to her outward requirements, the whole of their belief was radically opposed to a religion composed only of forms and external rites.

While Tauler did not regard all forms and ceremonies as useless, he nevertheless had a keen sense of their insufficiency to satisfy the soul's needs. Accordingly we find that from the first his sermons were characterized by a deep spirituality. This was something rare in an age of marked formalism and hypocrisy, and great multitudes thronged to hear his preaching in the cities which he visited.

After being absent from Strasburg some time he returned there to find that another Dominican preacher, also a Mystic, the renowned Eckhart, was preaching powerful sermons to the people in their own tongue, and making a deep impression on all classes. Eckhart seems to have influenced Tauler to a considerable extent in regard to some of his views on theological questions. But it was a humble layman, and

not the learned doctor, who was destined to exercise the greatest influence upon Tauler's life. Nicholas of Basle was a member of the order known as the "Friends of God," which seems to have been composed of the best and most enlightened of the Mystics. Nicholas heard of the famous Tauler, and visited Strasburg on purpose to hear him preach. He listened to him on five different occasions, and then went to him and requested that he would preach a sermon showing how men may gain the highest spiritual attainments possible to be reached in this life. Tauler, after some hesitation, acceded to the request. Nicholas confessed that the sermon was a very able one, but it did not come up to his standard. He thereupon unfolded his views of religion, and they so impressed Tauler, that, with genuine humility, he besought the obscure layman to become his guide and teacher in spiritual things. Nicholas advised him to withdraw from the world for two years, and give himself up to study and prayer. Tauler followed this advice and those two years of seclusion appear to have been, like Paul's stay in Arabia, the prelude to a life of intense devotion to one lofty and overmastering purpose. After this crisis in his life Tauler preached with a deeper earnestness and power than he had ever known before. He denounced unsparingly the shamelessly corrupt lives which many of the clergy were leading, and thus gained for himself the malignant hatred of those whom he rebuked.

After the death of Henry VII., the right to succeed him as emperor was claimed by two rivals, Frederick the Fair, and Lewis the Bavarian. The pope sided with Frederick, and laid an interdict upon all the cities which sided with Lewis—Strasburg being among the number. Terrible curses were threatened against those who should aid Lewis in any way, and the clergy were forbidden to minister to those who adhered to his cause. Tauler, with a boldness which is remarkable, considering the age in which he lived, refused to obey the injunctions of the pope, claiming that the latter had no right to withhold the consolations of religion from the people. He further maintained that the pope could not close heaven against those Christians who should die under the interdict. More than four years elapsed before the interdict was removed from Strasburg. During

all this time Tauler continued to minister to the people in spite of papal persecution. But a greater calamity than the displeasure of the pope had in the mean time fallen upon Strasburg.

It was in the year 1348 that the pestilence known as the Black Death appeared in Europe. It appeared first in the south of France, but soon swept over all Europe. There ensued scenes of horror such as no pen can describe. Everywhere the people were panic-stricken. In the midst of the universal terror the strongest ties of earthly affection seemed to be broken. Parents forsook their children; husbands their wives. Mariners in the Baltic and Mediterranean found ships floating at random with crews of dead men, victims of the terrible scourge. Many believed that the end of all things was at hand. According to some authorities two-thirds of the population of Europe perished. Strasburg shared in the general devastation. Here, as in other parts of the empire, the false charge was made that the Jews had caused the plague by poisoning the wells, and these unfortunate people were slaughtered without mercy. In Strasburg alone two thousand of them were burned alive.

During those dark days of pestilence and massacre many of the clergy fled from the city, thus deserting their flocks in the hour of their utmost need. Not so with Tauler, who remained calmly at his post. Even at this distant day it seems a grandly heroic picture; the good monk, going about in the midst of the awful pestilence, heedless of his own peril, trying to calm the populace who were frenzied with despair, ministering to the sick and speaking words of consolation to the dying, assuring them that the pope could not prevent them from making their peace with God and thus entering heaven. But Tauler did not escape persecution for his enlightened Christian belief and conduct. The bishops, under authority of the pope, compelled him to flee from his native city and take refuge in Cologne. At length, however, he returned to Strasburg, where he died in 1361. During his last illness he was comforted by the presence of his old friend Nicholas of Basle. To him Tauler gave a manuscript in which he had written down their conversations, and also some account of his own life, with the request that Nicholas would, if he saw fit, "make a little



book thereof." He further asked, with his usual modesty, that his name should not appear in the work, but that it should be in the form of a conversation between "The Doctor and the Man." Nicholas carried out his friend's wishes, and continued for many years his Christian labors. However, his pure and upright life, no less than his doctrines, was a standing rebuke to the profligate bishops and priests. After many narrow escapes he fell at last under the power of the Inquisition, and closed his life with martyrdom at Vienna.

John Tauler accomplished much for the promotion of true piety in the fourteenth century. Although a Catholic he dared to set at defiance the edicts of the pope when they did not harmonize with the dictates of conscience. Though a profound scholar, he was one of the first to preach the gospel to the Germans in their own language, and it may be said of him as it was of a greater Teacher, centuries before, that the common people heard him gladly. He lived in a dark and superstitious age, but he was a man of singularly enlightened views, and his influence was great in giving to the people of his native land clearer and better ideas of Christian truth than they then possessed.



Sleet.

Snow.

Thaw.

Skating.

Slippery.

Sleighting.

Daily letters from the exiles.

One eternal Sabbath at the "Bricks."

Now doth the festive whisker blossom.

"Have a good time during vacation?"  
Why does he blush?

Darkness, like charity, covers a multitude of transgressions, etc.

The Freshman comes to an oasis in the desert of Mathematics.

Now expect church fairs accompanied by a sprinkling of sociables.

Enthusiastic encores! "Boys go on with the show; we have come to help you out."

At the recent Episcopal Fair several of the students assisted in the presentation of the farce "The Garroters."

The students remaining through vacation enjoyed their usual Thanksgiving dinner at the residence of the janitor.

Rabbit's disciples in general literature and choice *mots* from latest sources, regale delighted auditors in the reading-room.

The Seniors are divided as follows in regard to the winter electives: Mineralogy, nine; Astronomy, five; German, five.

Polo and polo-ticians on the river. Rise in court-plaster and a general air of how-come-you-so prevails among the boys.

The skating by moonlight has been improved, and for several fair nights the river presented a festive appearance.

Most sincerely does the ECHO hope that you enjoyed a "Merry Christmas," and wish that you may see a "Happy New Year."

Gradually is the English language being improved. On mature *reflexion* we should decide that all advances should be *propogated*.

The Juniors have adopted the latest revision of Huxley's Physiology, which differs in many essential points from former revisions.

One more lamentable instance where Institute innocence rides rampant of college cheek. Invade not the holy places of Institutors.

The *Whig and Courier* devotes one inch at the foot of a column to the Democratic victory in Boston, and the loyal hurrah for BEER and O'Brien!

Your attention is called to the *Oracle* advertisement on the last page. The *Oracle* editors are already hard at work, and a good annual may be expected.

This excuse was lately submitted by a Junior: "To Professor,—Please excuse my absence on ——. I went skating and the ice flew up and hit me on the head."

Lately, in the case of a certain Junior, a laudable zeal to be present at a morning reci-

tation resulted in an embarrassing situation. Vide professor of pantomimic peculiarities.

Place—South College. Sam (*loquitur*)—"I'd hab you know, sar, dat I 'spects to be treated with just as much respect as any odder member of the faculty." The Junior wilts.

"Professor. Lately some people have seen you coming down the hill with your back covered with snow, and your hat caved in, and they are inquiring who furnished the whiskey up there."

Prof. Wadsworth is to present a paper on "Laboratory Instruction in Mineralogy," before the Society of Naturalists of the Eastern United States, which meets in Boston on the 29th and 30th of December.

At last there is sufficient beautiful snow to give a day's exercise to our one-horse power snow-plow. This is the plow that, last spring, climbed the highest tree on the campus and performed other unseemly antics.

An enterprising Junior is the author of a very pleasant innovation. On one evening during vacation a party of friends was invited to his room where the evening was passed very pleasantly *à la* Methodist sociable.

Lately a stranger was observed gazing steadfastly at the light streaming from the globe of the observatory. A moment after, he wonderingly inquired "what the moon was doing loafing around on the top of that hill."

We observe with tears of joy that our esteemed neighbors, the *Mail* and *Sentinel* are clasping hands over the graves of the gory hatchet. "Let dogs delight to bark and bite." "Let brothers dwell together in unity."

A game of lawn-tennis was recently indulged in by a quartette of enthusiasts. It may be possible to extract hilarious enjoyment from a game of lawn-tennis in the middle of December, but we still remain doubtful.

A Junior asserts with a satisfied smile that there is one spectacle that has a power to charm. He always says this after spending an hour watching the Seniors struggle with the diakis dodecahedron and animals of kindred species.

"Ah, those bakish and those giddy troubadours!" The boys "catch on" to the suggestive movement of the optic and add "Be-

tween the Acts" to their programme. This is according to the latest advices from Hallowell.

We have not yet heard that a reputation has been found at the railroad station, and consequently we presume that none of the boys have lost one thereabouts. If such an article be picked up please send it to the "Bricks" for identification.

First morning prayers: Choir *non videri*. Cause of the thusness innate modesty. Organ bellows vociferously but cannot hide all shortcomings. Finally the child of the sunny South caps the climax with a solo and things look dark. Patriots rally to the rescue and "now we will have our singing led."

The Colby Quartette Club—W. B. Suckling, First Tenor; W. D. Stewart, Second Tenor; C. P. Small, First Bass; G. P. Phenix, Second Bass—gave a number of successful concerts during the Thanksgiving vacation in different towns in the State. At different times during the year this club has furnished music for school exhibitions, etc.

The catalogue for 1885-1886 greeted the greater part of us on our return from the Thanksgiving recess. Several changes are noticeable,—the most apparent and important being the addition of Professor Wadsworth to the faculty. This necessitates some alterations in the curriculum, which changes will go into full effect in 1886. There are also numerous other additions of less importance.

Recently at a morning recitation the Sophomores were regaled with a very amusing anecdote—a startling moral, of course, being affixed. At the mid-day recitation the same joke with all its side-splitting hilariousness was dished up by Professor No. 2. Soon we may expect to see Sam bearing such messages as this about the recitation building: "Please lend me your Professor's book of Jokes for a few minutes."

The students feel that they have derived incalculable benefit from the lectures delivered this term in the college chapel. The lucid and entertaining discourses by Dr. Burrage and Major Melcher have given us more information concerning the events treated of than any amount of reading could have afforded. It is to be hoped that an opportunity may present itself whereby we may listen again to these gentlemen.

On Wednesday evening, Dec. 9th, the students enjoyed the privilege of listening to a lecture delivered in the college chapel by Rev. Dr. Burrage of Portland. The speaker chose as his subject "The Campaign in East Tennessee," and, as an eye-witness of some of the principal events, reproduced them in a faithful and vivid manner. Especially did Dr. Burrage show facility in depicting the stratagems, maneuvers, and results of some of the decisive battles. The close attention with which his remarks were received evinced approbation in the highest degree on the part of his hearers.

It is interesting to watch the change in demeanor that the student undergoes as the lively fall term is succeeded by the comparatively dull winter session. The reading-room no longer echoes to the rant and roar of would-be orators and songsters—the journals are no longer used as missiles and fuel,—and the campus and buildings assume a silence "deep as the stillness which marks the tomb." Every one seems to have settled down to the classroom routine, and the pale student burning midnight oil is no longer a rarity. Probably at no time during the college year is hard work in the class-room so universal as during the winter session.

Why does the wily Soph. appear  
With cunning grin and knowing leer  
Before the stern Prof.'s eye?  
He feels against his nether rib  
The pressure of the festive crib,—  
You know the Sophs. are sly.  
"It's plain that I'm *compos mentis*,"  
He thinks and then he smiles like this:

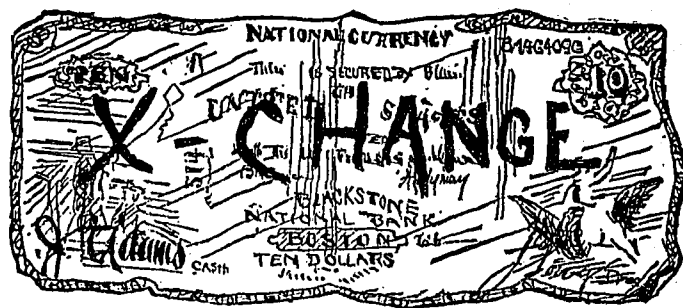


But stay! he wildly beats his breast—  
The crib's sewed in his other vest!  
"Tis plain I'm *non compos mentis*"  
And then he smiles but smiles like this:



Colby during the early winter months carries on a large export trade in pedagogues. All these are labelled "extra fine," and are shipped in various directions carefully packed amongst keys to arithmetics, a brass bell, and a ferrule. Those who languish behind wishfully gaze o'er the darkening world and strive to

imagine whether these vanished ones have become emperors or only kings. Anon white-winged missives float back to us and tell of combats in the red school-house and conquests among the blushing beauties of the village. In the first case the ped. gives away black eyes—in the second case black eyes gives him away. But oh! what rewards does his valor give to him! From the number of hirsute trophies, especially, borne back by the ex-ped. in the spring, one would infer that he was a victorious chief returning from the war-path.



It is perhaps weak and affected to lament the disappearance and death of the literary societies of the old *régime*, while we chronicle the success of the Greeks; but surely the establishment of the Greek-letter fraternities in our colleges cannot be regarded altogether as an unmixed blessing. That sociability and fellowship are strongly developed by these organizations, is undoubtedly true, but it is at the expense of intellectual development, and the benefit is restricted to a few students. These organizations cannot afford the literary and intellectual advantages which were furnished by the keen and open competitions, and the enthusiastic and interested work of the literary society. They develop the emotions of the heart, at the expense of the sensations of the mind. And it is to be observed that in almost every college where Greek-letter societies have been established, this establishment has ultimately been followed by the decline and fall of the existing literary organizations. To be sure their encroachments and advances have been gradual, but they have left no uncertain marks of ravage and destruction. Not only have the old literary societies been supplanted, but little by little they have brought about fraternity rule in our smaller colleges, and in consequence, college politics have become disreputable and un-American. Their interference in class affairs has become notorious and intolerable, and we cannot too strongly de-

nounce the feuds which have been thus engendered. But is there no way in which we can restore the literary society to its former standing, and effect a harmonious existence to both interests? It is this question which has been carefully and thoughtfully discussed in the recent issues of the *Pennsylvania College Monthly*. One writer indeed in the "Decline of the Literary Society," while lamenting the depression in the condition of the Literary societies at his college, finds the cause not in the introduction and growing power of the secret societies, but in the fact that these societies are not secret. "If therefore," he says, "it should become a question as to which should be sacrificed, let the ax descend upon the fraternities. We say this as a loyal fraternity man, and one of their warmest adherents. But we do not apprehend that any sacrificial blood will be necessary." Another writer finds the cause of this "decline" in the lack of literary enthusiasm on the part of the college itself, and suggests limiting the number of Commencement speakers as a means of awakening in all a desire to excel in literary work. And we are inclined to believe that a literary society can exist in conjunction with the Greek-letter societies, if only it be of such a character as to attract the interest of the students. And, indeed, it cannot be doubted but that much benefit can be derived from the use and enjoyment of such an institution as the "Cornell Congress," or the "Johns Hopkins House of Commons." The *College Monthly*, to which we have just referred, is a neat and attractive magazine, edited with more than usual ability. The literary departments are excellent indeed, while the leaders are brief, pithy, and to the point.

To the *Rockford Seminary Magazine* we must give the unqualified praise of being the best college publication issued by young ladies. It is indeed excellent in every particular, neat and elegant in typography, with vigorous and scholarly editorials, and a graceful and pleasing literary department. We were especially struck by the articles in the December number as to "The Responsibility of the English Government for Irish Misrule." Both sides of the question are discussed in an able and even brilliant way, and both articles are characterized by literary merit of a high order. Unlike the most of our exchanges, the *Maga-*

*zine* finds a surplus in the treasury, and the fair editors are at a loss whether to demand a remuneration for their toilsome work, or patriotically bestow it upon the Seminary. We would, by all means, advise the first alternative.

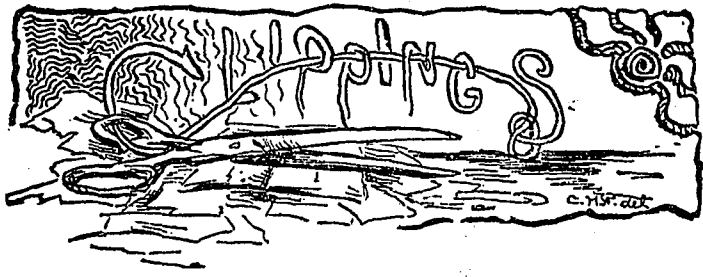
The last number of the *Amherst Student* is so good and spirited that really it cannot be passed by without notice. The editorial columns are filled with interesting material, not only to the Amherst student, but to every college man. The necessity of thoughtful discrimination in the choice of electives is well presented, while the various college topics are treated in a delightfully quizzical and humorous way. There are no long literary articles, but a few short sketches which are well worth reading, while the Locals and Personals are dealt with in an able and pleasing way. In short, the issue is a good representative of the first-class college paper.

A new visitor to our sanctum is the *Pennsylvanian*, which is by far the best weekly college paper on our exchange list. It is a worthy representative of a great college, and deserves well our best wishes for its success. We were rather surprised to learn that an institution comprising a thousand students was unable to support two college papers, but believe that the *Pennsylvanian* will well represent its important constituency. It is, however, so devoted to local college interests that we could find nothing in its columns suitable for the shears.

The *Tech.* is full of lively and interesting articles, and is rendered still more agreeable and pleasing by its cartoons and caricatures. We notice as one remarkable feature, a serial story translated from the German. The story, "Ine at Rising," is full of pathos and power, while its literary merit is not its least characteristic. But we were especially pleased by the communication from "Phenomenal." The dry wit and humor of this unknown correspondent is something delightful, while the originality of the conception is quite as refreshing. We must, however, condemn the cover of the *Tech.*, not only for the design, which reminds us too much of our own dress, but also for the painful and distressing association of colors.

The *Epoch*, published far away at the University of the Pacific, contains a thoughtful

editorial on the relation of the University to its environment. This article bemoans the lack of interest on the part of the citizens of San Jose in the University, and shows that the institution is of immense benefit to the surrounding country, and not only by reason of the commercial relations, but also in an intellectual point of view. The *Epoch*, which on the whole is an interesting exchange, rejoices in a new dress which, certainly, does much to improve its appearance.



Cornell, Michigan, and the University of Virginia have made chapel attendance voluntary.

In round numbers it costs Yale \$7,000 for boating, \$5,000 for base-ball, and \$2,000 for foot-ball.

The University of Pennsylvania has received a bequest of \$60,000 for the investigation of spiritualism.

President Bartlett of Dartmouth refuses the request of the students that the reading-room be kept open on Sunday.

Dartmouth will send men to the intercollegiate games next year, and a trainer has been engaged to take charge of the contestants.

The Freshmen of Columbia will read *Quintus Curtius*. It has never before been included in the curriculum of an American college.

President Holden of the University of California receives a salary of \$8,000, which is larger by several thousands than that of any other college president in America.

President Porter has decided that the young lady attending the Yale Law School cannot be given a degree, nor can her name appear in the catalogue, but she may continue her recitations with the class.

The President and Fellows of Harvard have voted to establish a Peabody Professorship of American Archæology and Ethnology, and have elected Frederic Ward Betnoric, A.M., as professor in that department.

Alleghany College (Pa.) has adopted the

Monday holiday plan, and satisfaction is expressed with the change. The Faculty of Kansas University are also discussing the advisability of making a similar change.

It is proposed that the present Senior class at Cornell raise, as a memorial, \$800, the interest of which is to be annually awarded for an oratorical prize to the Junior class.

In an old catalogue of Yale, the whole yearly expenses are estimated to be only \$140 to \$190. Parents and guardians are warned not to allow students too much of what is called pocket money, for what is more than sufficient to defray ordinary expenses will expose the student to numerous temptations, and will neither contribute to his respectability nor his happiness.

Our fellow-students need to be constantly reminded that education is not rank in class-lists, nor scholarships, nor medals. It is development and cultivation, and this not simply in one direction, but in many. Hence, it is a vain delusion for a student to confine all his energies and aims to his books, with the idea that he is thereby receiving the highest education. Far better would it be for him to become an active member of at least two or three of our various clubs and societies, physical and intellectual, and so acquire that breadth of culture and knowledge that always mark the highly educated man.—*Toronto Varsity*.

The annual catalogue for '85-'86 has been out since a week. We have to chronicle but few changes in the present volume from that of last year. The total number of students this year is 730—an increase of 24; 609 of these are in the School of Industrial Science, and in the same school are 62 regular officers of instruction, and 6 lecturers. In the requirements for admission, we notice that candidates are henceforth to be allowed to divide their entrance examinations, so as to take some one year, and the rest in the following. Candidates not prepared in French may substitute an equivalent in German. They are also to be allowed an examination in solid geometry, and, if successful, will be excused from studying that subject after admission. The announcement is made that, after September, 1886, no student will be admitted to the Institute who is under seventeen years of age.—*Tech*.



We understand that Princeton will undoubtedly, in the near future, have a Student Conference Committee. It is something which undergraduates have urged again and again in the past, but which may be said to have grown from the emergencies of the present year. On several occasions during the past few weeks, self-appointed committees of students have presented one claim and another before the Faculty, or one of its numerous committees. The natural effect has been to make our professors and many of the trustees look upon some permanent students' committee as a growing necessity, and we now have promise that it is to be. It is certainly too early to say just what will be the organization and sphere of the Student Committee. We venture, however, to predict that it will not be an Amherst Senate to have charge of the discipline of the college. We want a Conference Committee, and a committee which, unlike the Conference Committee of Harvard, shall be their own judge of the time for meeting the Committee of the Faculty. We believe also that, while the underclasses should be represented, the committee should be essentially of upperclassmen, as in the proportion as power is associated with the Senior and Junior classes, a premium is put upon experience, and the more will they be able and endeavor to control the college body, and promote moderation.—*Princetonian*.



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

'75.

At the recent dedication of the new G. A. R. Hall in South China, the oration was delivered by L. C. Cornish of Augusta.

'77.

E. F. Lyford has been re-elected to the city council of Springfield, Mass.

'81.

Frank D. Bullard is superintendent and principal of schools at Azusa, Los Angeles County, Cal.

'82.

Rev. Mr. Farr, a graduate of Newton Theological Seminary, will probably supply the pulpit of the Adams Street Baptist church one Sunday during the month.—*Biddeford Times*.

'83.

B. F. Wright is studying law with Wm. T. Haines, Waterville, Me.

'84.

Miss Nellie A. Bragg is teaching in the Auburn High School, and is very much liked.

'85.

A. B. Townsend, who has been teaching in Wiscasset, Me., is at home again.

'86.

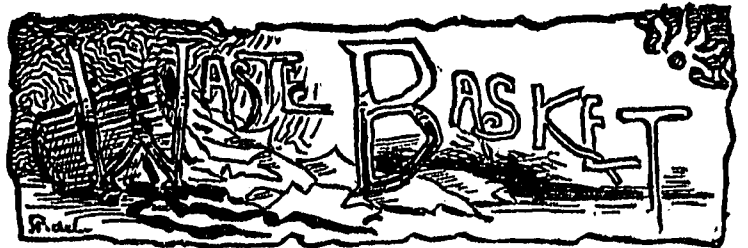
L. L. Dick is teaching at Islesboro, Me.

'87.

E. W. Jewett is engaged in teaching at West Camden.

'88.

E. B. Gibbs is teaching at Tenant's Harbor. Miss H. E. Merrill is teaching at South Dover, Me.



Junior (confused)—"I have an idea, but I can't express it." Professor—"Well, if you can't express it, send it by freight; there's no hurry for it."—*Ex.*

Teacher—"How many wars were waged with Spain?" Pupil—"Six." Teacher—"Enumerate them." Pupil—"One, two, three, four, five, six."—*Ex.*

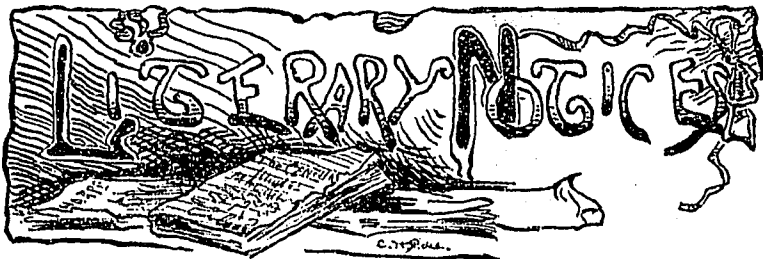
Student in Physiology—"The blood of a horse may be injected into an ass without apparent injury to the latter." Prof.—"Yes, that often happens. Next."

"Our little life is rounded with sleep," said the dozing Fresh., as the Prof. called him up. "Yes; but it's squared with zero," said the Prof. quickly. "Next!"—*Ex.*

A Freshman wrote to his father: "Dear Par,—I want a little change." The paternal parent replies: "Dear Charlie,—Just wait for it. Time brings *change* to everybody."—*Ex.*

"Father," said a young son of Deacon Squibbs, "what is the difference between a man that dies wool on lambs and an editor?" "Well, now, really, my son," beaming benignly on his offspring, "I am not prepared to state. What is the difference?" Why, pa, one is a lamb dyer and the other is a —." "What? What? my son?" "An editor," continued the youth, rolling his tongue around in his cheek.—*Beacon.*

No word was spoken when they met,  
By either—sad or gay;  
And yet, one badly smitten was,  
'Twas mentioned the next day.  
They met by chance this autumn eve,  
With neither glance nor bow—  
They often come together so:  
A freight train and a cow.—*Ex.*



The *Quiver* for January has put in its appearance and is as full of interesting and instructive reading as usual. Little besides an outline of its contents can here be given, and but little more is necessary to commend it to those who have ever seen it. A sketch of the life of Rev. Theodore Cuyler, under the title "A Brooklyn Pastor," by Rev. Newman Hall, will be read with interest. The two serials, "The Heir of Sandford Towers," and "Oliver Langton's Ward," are continued in this number. "What Heaven is Like," is discussed by Rev. J. Hiles Hitchens, author of "Ecce Veritas," etc. In this paper he simply takes up the negative aspects of heaven. Some of the other articles are "Truth and Truthfulness," "Christmas in the Sunday School," "Martin Luther and Church Music," "Voices in the Night," and "The Great Twin Brethren," the twin brethren being Faith and Hope. There is the usual amount of story and verse. This magazine cannot be too highly recommended for family reading. Published by Cassell & Co., at the very moderate price of \$1.50 per annum.

The *Magazine of Art* for January has for a frontispiece a study of cranes painted by Mori Ippo, a Japanese artist in 1830, the original of which is now in the British Museum. The opening article is one of a series on Artist's Homes, and gives a description with pen and pencil of the picturesque house and studio of Harry Fenn among the Orange Mountains. Capital wood engravings of Lenbach's portraits of two distinguished men, Bismarck and Franz Liszt, are given. The former occupies a page of the magazine, and is a remarkable reproduction of his characteristic face. A page is also given to an engraving of Lenbach's Pope Leo XIII. "Art in Assyria" is discussed by William Holmden and illustrated; so is "Some Art in Japan." The paper on "The Romance of Art" this month is devoted to the Borgias and the Valentino, whom Mr. W. W. Astor has taken for the hero of his novel. The page of poetry and picture this month is devoted to a "Ballade of a Choice of Ghosts," by Andrew Lang, illustrated with grotesqueries evolved from the pencil of Harry Furniss.

The department of Art Notes is as full as usual. Cassell & Co., New York; 35c. a copy, \$3.50 a year in advance.

The January number of the *Atlantic* opens with an unusually interesting table of contents. It begins with the first two chapters of Charles Egbert Craddock's new serial, "In the Clouds." This is followed by a paper on "The Free Negroes of North Carolina" (who were free during the slave régime), by Mr. David Dodge, who writes most entertainingly of this little known class. The editor of the *Atlantic*, Mr. Aldrich, has a very bright short story called "Two Bites at a Cherry." Dr. Holmes has a paper in the New Portfolio series, "A Cry from the Study." "The Political Consequences in England of Cornwallis's Surrender" forms the subject of a thoughtful article by Mr. John Fiske. Highly interesting installments of "The Princess Casamassima," by Henry James, and Mrs. Oliphant's "A Country Gentleman," are also given. The recent Life of William Lloyd Garrison, Stedman's Poets of America, and the last number of *L'Art* form the subject of able criticisms, while the Contributors' Club has four short discussions which are full of the stimulating thought and pleasant fancy that distinguish this department. The *Atlantic* for 1886 will contain a serial story by Chas. Egbert Craddock and William H. Bishop. Henry James' serial will continue till August. James Russell Lowell, John Fiske, T. B. Aldrich, and Phillips Gilbert Hamerton are among those who will contribute for the next volume. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

The first pages of *Cassell's Family Magazine* for January are devoted to a new serial, "A Wilful Young Woman," by the author of "My Namesake Majore." It begins well and we are at once interested in the wilful heroine and her violin. Following this is a paper on "London for Londoners," by Prof. J. Stuart Blackie. A practical paper on the making of pastry initiates the housewife into some of the mysteries of the kitchen, such as the compounding of Almond Sandwiches and *Vol-au-vent*. "The Family Doctor," discusses the important subject of "Whooping Cough," and gives some excellent advice for its treatment. "An Artist's Voyage Around the Horn," is a thrilling account of a battle against the elements made by the good ship "Christiana." After this exciting recital comes the beginning of another new serial, "Lyndon of High Cliffe," by C. Despard. A poem, "Maveurneen," by George Wetherly, which accompanies the frontispiece, precedes a paper of instructions for the dressing of a Christmas tree. Then we have a short story and the Paris Letter, which gives us the latest tips as to fashion's requirements. In the "Gatherer," we find a picture of Hell Gate and an account of the explosion. Cassell & Company, Limited, New York; 15 cents a copy, \$1.50 a year in advance.

The January issue of the *Eclectic Magazine* opens a new volume. The first paper is by Hon. W. E. Gladstone, who, amidst the excitements and toils of a political life, finds time to do a good deal of literary work of the highest order. "The Dawn of Creation and Worship" is a highly interesting contribution to the natural history of religion. H. R. Foxbourn gives us a forcible paper on "Socialism and its Diversions," and the great naturalist, Sir John Lubbock, is represented by a study, entitled "Recent Observations on the Habits of Ants, Wasps, and Bees." There is a symposium on "The Theatre," discussing the condition of the stage in England and America and the practicability of following Shakespeare as a literary model. Prof. Sonnenschen gives us a capital paper on "Culture and Science." Among other articles are Miss Gordon Cumming's "Rambles in Canton"; a study in practical philanthropy, by Hon. Mrs. F. Jeune, called "Helping the Fallen," and a brief but strong sketch of the celebrated English political satirist and poet, William Churchill. Attention may be called to several of the minor arti-

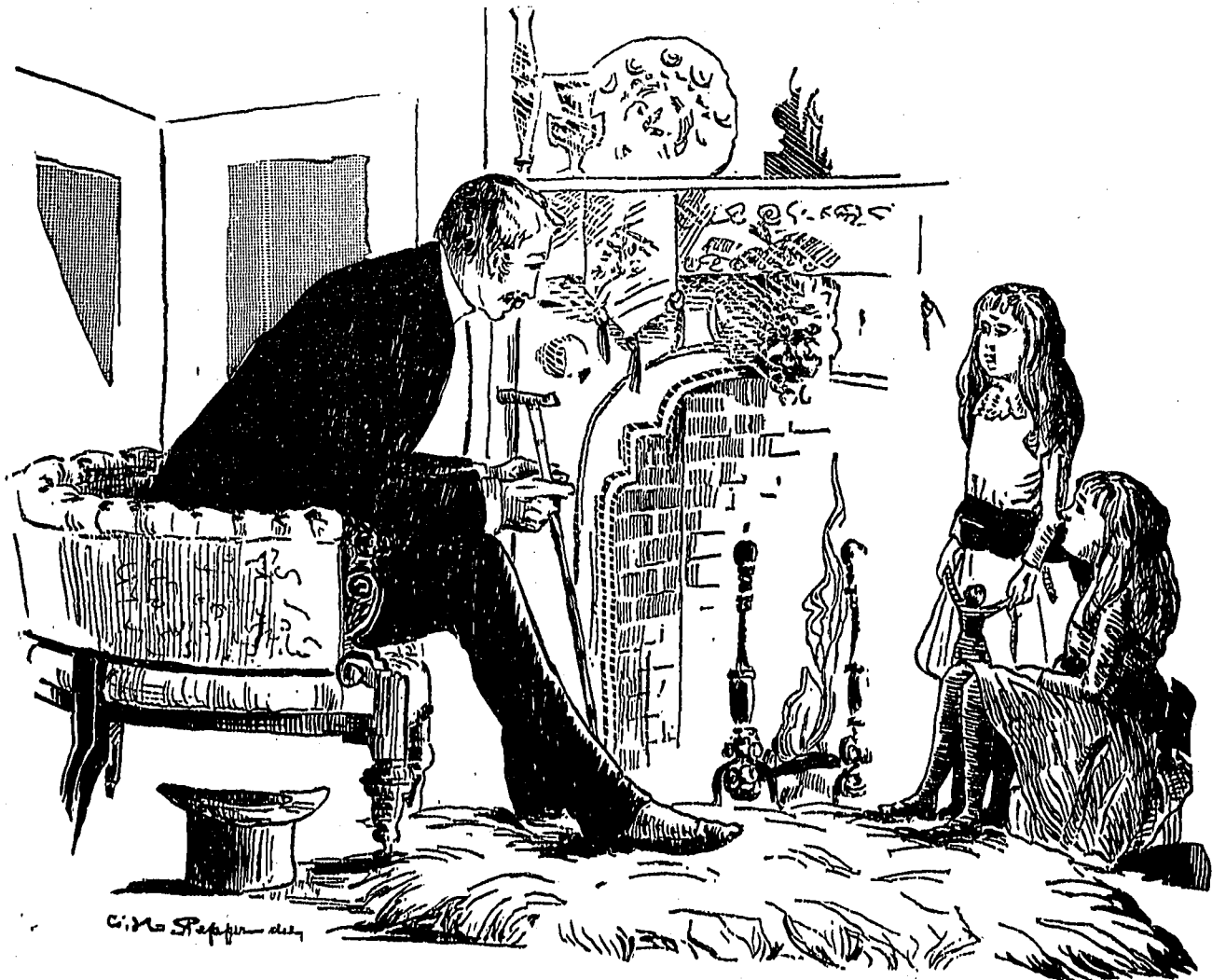
cles, such as "The Edict of Nantes," and "Buddhist Philosophy," from the *Saturday Review*, and "Grace" and "Poets and Politics" from the *Spectator*. There are two striking short stories, "Daniel Fosque" and "The Atheist's Mass," the former being in a dramatic form. Published by E. R. Pelton, 25 Bond Street, New York; terms, \$5 per year.

The *North American Review* for January will give a history of the Shiloh Campaign by Gen. Beauregard. He claims that Gen. Algernon Sydney Johnson acted only as a corps commander at Shiloh. Gen. Beauregard emphatically asserts (contrary to the common belief) that he was the sole commander on both days, and, without naming them, controverts the reports of Grant and Sherman as to the nation's forces being taken by surprise. Canon Farrar has an article on the "Church in America." The Marquis of Lorne, Col. Ingersoll, Millionaires Astor and Carnegie, an Irish Member of Parliament elect, John Boyle O'Reilly, Cassius M. Clay, Sir John MacDonald, and Frank B. Sanborn have articles in the January number.

The *Library Magazine* for November contains about half a score of the most carefully conceived and best written papers in the English Reviews. Among these is a thoughtful essay by the Bishop of Carlisle, entitled

"Thoughts About Life," being really a review of Herbert Spencer's "Principles of Biology." The recent death of Lord Houghton gives occasion for an appreciative sketch by Mr. Estcott, editor of the *Fortnightly Review*. Mr. William Henry Hurlburt, for many years editor of the *New York World*, furnishes a well-considered paper upon "Catholic Italy and the Temporal Power." Mr. Richard A. Proctor's paper upon the "New Star in the Andromeda Nebula," is worth more than the space it occupies. Captain Vernon Lovet Cameron, whom we remember by his notable journey "Across Africa," writes a sensible paper upon "The Future of Soudan." Among the original papers in this number, the first place must be assigned to that upon "John Ruskin in his Home and Haunts," by William Sloane Kennedy. Mr. Alfred H. Guernsey writes a brief paper, mainly derived from a letter in the *New York Independent*, relating to the work "The Lost Manuscript," by Solomon Spalding, which has been believed to be the source from which Joseph Smith got his "Book of Mormon." New York: John B. Alden, Publisher; \$1.50 a year.

We have also received from John Alden, the "Revolution" publisher, a small volume especially adapted to youthful readers. It is entitled "What Tommy Did," and is published at half its former price, 50 cents.



Student (waiting for the elder sister and endeavoring to make a profound impression upon his entertainers)—"You are exquisite embryos of maturer developments of astuteness as depicted in a more advanced member of your family."

First Little Girl (feeling insulted)—"I don't care if you do call us names, I know what my sister called you."

Second Little Girl—"Yes, we know! She called you a mean, squizzled old penny-packer, 'cause you didn't get her any oysters when you came from the opera."