

# The Colby Echo.

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No. 5.

## The Colby Echo.

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

### COLBY UNIVERSITY.

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The Sedentary stretch their lazy length  
When custom bids, but no refreshment find,—  
For none they need: the languid eye, the cheek  
Deserted of its bloom, the flaccid, shrunk,  
And wither'd muscle, and the vapid soul,  
Reproach their owner with that Love of Rest  
To which he forfeits e'en the Rest he loves.

—Cowper.



WITH this issue we suspend our editorial labors for the space of two months. Our winter session is done and the long winter vacation stares us in the face. As we look back over the term just closed, we find but little which calls for special notice. The attendance has been a little larger than is usual for this period of the year, yet quiet has had an unbroken reign among us at the Bricks.

Though we can speak authoritatively only for the Seniors, we think no one will dispute us when we say that the faculty have done all in their power to get from us the maximum amount of work. It is a fact that, during the winter months when there is so little comparatively to draw away our attention, more solid work is done than any other time in the year.

The monotony of the regular routine has been agreeably broken twice by lectures in the chapel on war topics. On the whole, we feel justified in saying that the term has been one of profit to us all.

SOME time ago a gentleman in town sent us one of the original programmes of the Senior exhibition which took place October 23, 1844. We wish it were possible for us to produce a *fac-simile* of it, for nothing would show better the advance which has been made during the last half century in typographical art. The document in question is of about the size of a sheet of small note paper, and the paper and the type are of the most ordinary quality imaginable. In bold type, near the lower left-hand corner are the words, "Clarion Office, Skowhegan." Looking over the order of exercises, we notice

that the subjects are of the usual Senior exhibition style, excepting, perhaps, that some are a little deeper than the average modern Senior cares to tackle.

One of the speakers was Samuel K. Smith, our Professor of Rhetoric, and the subject of his oration was "The Religious Element in Art." A peculiar interest attaches itself to such records of former classes, and a collection of these old programmes, were it possible to make one, would make an interesting addition to the library.

HOW often we hear the nineteenth century eulogized for the enormous advances it has made in discovery and invention. "Fortunate are we who live in these times," was the thought which flashed through our mind a few days ago when our attention was called to a fresh illustration of the genius and enterprise so characteristic of this age. Let all talk about there being no royal road to learning cease, for, thanks to the genius of the nineteenth century, the ambitious student may now sit in his own cozy study and order his education by mail. A "Literary Bureau" in the west announces that it is ready to "Furnish orations and essays for College Literary Society, or Commencement Exercises at *reasonable rates*." The topics treated upon, we are told, "are in the main, historical, biographical, scientific, and poetical, and what might be styled the purely literary." Satisfaction is guaranteed, and what is of equal importance, we are assured that all communications shall be strictly confidential. The announcement adds by way of explanation that "In the preparation of Essays and Orations, it is not so much the actual labor of writing of which the student complains, as it is the time required in studying the subjects and in making references." This time and labor they propose to save us.

How an announcement like this fills us with joy. When we think of the many weary hours we have spent in the useless task of "studying the subjects and in making references," we almost regret that we had not been born a few years later, that we might reap the full benefit of this advance in educational methods. To discover and invent is not in our line, but we want to make a suggestion. Can't some philanthropic genius organize a bureau for furnish-

ing, at reasonable rates, neatly printed cribs with an automatic alarm attached to each one to signal the approach of danger? It is not the "studying the subjects and in making references of which the student complains," as it is "the actual labor of writing them." With a few improvements in this direction we think our educational system would be complete.

ALUMNI and friends of the college will feel a special interest in the decision recently made by Judge Walton in the Coburn will case. We doubt if the magnitude of the contest has been generally appreciated. While the petitioners had almost nothing in themselves to entitle them to a hearing, they were represented by one of the ablest lawyers in the State. They seemed to be aware that their case was a desperate one and no circumstance which could possibly be construed in their favor was lost sight of.

The first attempt to break the will has ended in utter failure and with the prestige of defeat, there is little likelihood that other attempts, should any be made, will meet with better success.

OUR next number will contain a paper by Rev. C. V. Hanson on "Colby in the Ministry."

The appropriateness of the subject will be readily seen when we consider that of all who graduated since the class of 1822, thirty per cent. have entered the ministry.

While it is unprofitable to make our lives one continuous retrospect, it is well occasionally to look back and get the connection between the past and the present. Especially is it fitting that we undergraduates have some acquaintance with the alumni of our own college, and as a means to this end we trust that the paper referred to will be generally read.

The Greek government has offered to the committee in charge of the American school at Athens, an admirable site for building of an estimated value of about \$13,000. An adjoining site has been given to the committee of the British school, a school founded subsequently to our own and in open friendly emulation of it. The building for the British school is now nearly ready for occupation.

### OBITUARY.

PROF. CHARLES E. HAMLIN of Harvard College, so well known to all the friends of Colby, died on Sunday, Jan. 3d, at his home in Cambridge, Mass. To all who knew Professor Hamlin, the tidings of his death must have awakened a deep sense of personal bereavement. His life was a busy and a fruitful one, and cannot fail to inspire to active industry those who would profit by its lessons.

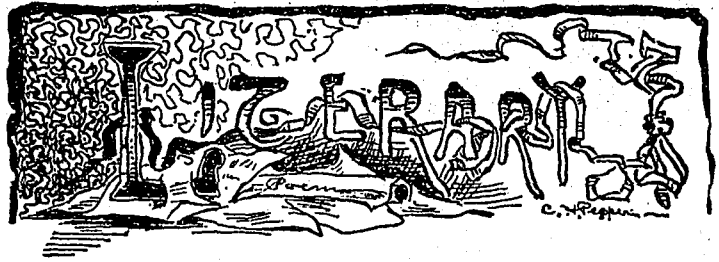
Born at Augusta, Maine, in the year 1825, Professor Hamlin was graduated from this University in 1847. After spending a few years as teacher at Bath, Me., Brandon, Vt., and Suffield, Conn., he was elected, in 1853, Professor of Chemistry and Natural History in his *Alma Mater*. This position he filled with great ability and unswerving faithfulness. He commanded the confidence and respect of all who had the benefit of his instruction. Professor Hamlin was called to Harvard in 1873, accepting the position of Assistant Curator of Conchology and Palæontology in the Agassiz Museum, which position he held till his death. Since 1880 he has been a member of the Board of Trustees of our University, in which capacity he has been so wise and prudent an adviser that his loss to the college will be irreparable.

Professor Hamlin spent a large portion of his life at Waterville. In Waterville and her noble institutions of learning was a large portion of his interest always centered, and with these will the memories which cluster about his useful and noble life mainly be associated. His course was always straightforward and honorable, and every effort put forth in a good cause, met with an earnest advocate and hearty supporter in Professor Hamlin.

His Christian character was unassuming and unostentatious, yet deep and earnest, a quiet power for good among a large and widespread circle of friends. His memory will long be cherished by many whose lives have been made better and happier by association and friendship with him.

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Thomas A. Edison, the inventor, has presented Cornell University with a complete electric light plant.



### FESTAL DAY.

With activity inspiring,  
Gliding on, swiftly on,  
O'er a glassy plane acquiring  
Fresh enjoyment, through employment  
Quite diverse, none the worse,  
While the glow the cheek adorning  
Vies with blushes of the morning,  
And the pallor loath to stay, flees away.

From the pent-up halls of study,  
Eager throngs, joyous throngs,  
Join the chorus of the ruddy  
Health-renewing, care-eschewing,  
As they glide, on the tides  
Of the happy festal Ides.

### MIRVA.

THE clash of castanets, the ripple of youthful voices, the melody of an old gypsy ballad, these awoke the echoes of the Alhambra seeming to mock the fallen grandeur of the crumbling pile, as the sounds rang among the ruined arches and halls. Here and there with sinuous motions the gypsy girls glided in their weird but graceful dance, and neither dance nor music ceased at the gruff words, "Begone, ye gypsy swarm! you break my master's rest."

The ragged speaker advanced into the courtyard contracting his black brows over his glittering Spanish eyes and repeated the command, his voice now shrill with rage. The castanets rattled a final flourish, the song ended in a mocking, ringing peal of laughter from half a score of girlish throats, and the tallest, gayest of the dancers pirouetted towards the wrathful regent.

"Jacques, thou beggar, hast thou become a king since Americano pitied thee?"

"Hush, gypsy witch, my lash has long been idle, yet it remembers —"

The dark brows of the maid were sneeringly raised, a bitter reply trembled on the red lips, but with a "Silence Vira," a gypsy girl stepped between the disputants. Her beauty calmed even the man's bluster, and his choleric speech died away in mutterings. "Jacques, dost Americano own the Alhambra that thus he would drive the gypsy from an inheritance?"

"That he does not," suddenly spoke a manly voice behind in broken Spanish, and the young American approached the group. "Jacques, act not too quickly without orders. I pray thee, children, dance again, and sing that beautiful song," he added accompanying his request with a handful of coin. The castanets again rattled gayly and the gypsy song rang out sweet and clear. Yet there was one, the fair peacemaker, that withdrew from the whirling throng, and suffered the castanet to hang idle at her side. A furtive glance at the handsome American, told her that his eyes were fixed upon her face and the blood tinged her dusky cheeks as she looked at the dull pavement. Yet why did she fear to dance before him, she who had been wont to seek out the generous tourists? Why did her torn dress and gay companions bring the blush to her cheeks? Yes, what is that subtle influence that makes the child merge into the woman? Impatiently the girl tapped her foot and confusedly sought to depart. She felt a soft hand grasp her fingers and heard the words, "Pretty child! what is your name?"

"Mirva, senor, and I am not a child," this with a flash of the dark eyes.

"Ah, but will you not dance and sing for me?" and the girl's faltering voice answered, "I—I—senor, I have forgotten." And with the words she wrested away her hand, and with face aflame ran fleetly from the court-yard down toward the gypsy village in the shaded valley.

In the days that followed, the common sense of the young tourist often took his heart by surprise. Hundreds of times he asked himself, "Why do I linger here? What! *I* bewitched by a gypsy girl!" and his lips curled. Still day by day he tarried, and day by day by the winding road in the valley he waited for the coming of the gypsy girl. To-night, as was her wont, as the sun sank, she came from the town lingering behind her companions, and as she neared him the cold glances of the coquette were melted by the warming heart of the woman. His eyes shone with the soft light of pity as he noticed the little touches given here and there to her garments. The stray knot of ribbon and the little bunch of flowers

gave touching evidence of the great change that had come over her life.

To-night, as he had often done, he was to accompany her to the gypsy village. As they walked along happily laughing and chatting, a man with all the dark and evil beauty of the gypsies passed the twain, glowering at their happiness.

"And who, Mirva, is that pleasant-faced countryman of yours that always looks at us so benignly?"

"That, senor, is the one to whom my mother and old Rabba, the chief, have promised me," and the girl trembled as she answered.

The American grew strangely white. "What, my poor child, what mean you? Mirva, you are mine."

"Oh, senor, I must tell you, must warn you, and you must go." The tears welled up in her dark eyes. "Cortes must be my husband by the gypsy law. Death is the lot of the one that weds or gives her heart contrary to Rabba's will, and he would sanction none but a gypsy marriage. Oh, senor Americano." The maiden continued with a shudder, "You see the cliff at the end of our valley, and the little pile of stones at its base. Years ago one of the most beautiful girls in our tribe gave her heart to a Christian, and her people, senor, carried her forth and from their hands the cruel stones rained down," and the sobbing utterance was checked by tears. Slowly she raised her eyes to her companion's gaze. His white face and dilated eyes frightened her. For a long time there was silence, and the girl tremblingly watched the changes come and go on the American's face. She, poor innocent, could not read the tale of his mobile countenance, could not see love conquering pride, heart subduing spirit. Quickly he turned and again his look alarmed the timid girl at his side. "Mirva, you must know it, I love you. Come with me. You shall not wed Cortes; you shall be mine." And the gypsy girl knowing not what it meant to go forth and brave the world, untrained in art and wile, feeling simply that she wished to flee from a distasteful lot and enter a life whither all the wild longing in her heart led, laid her hand in his and said, "Senor, I am yours."

Then followed the little plans for escape, flight, and safety, and Mirva went from his side looking shyly back to catch his last words.

"We will fly together, love, and you shall leave death and Cortes behind." But neither saw the form by the wayside nor heard the mutterings of Cortes.

That night a lone watcher from the Alhambra heard a tumult in the gypsy village and saw a chain of blazing torches wind down the valley. He heard the tramp of many feet and the dirge as the multitude marched back in darkness. And, poor fool, he smiled and said, "The gypsies celebrate mystic rites to-night." Did he smile next morning when a little ring and a bunch of flowers were placed in his hands by a gypsy girl, and these words rung a knell to his earthly happiness: "There is a new mound, senor, at the foot of the gypsy cliff."

#### "RACE PREJUDICE."

WHILE there are many things that are commendable and suggestive in the article of "Race Prejudice," in the *North American Review* for November, that came from the pen of so popular and so accomplished a writer as Gail Hamilton, and while, too, the writer meant to be candid and unbiased, yet there is an evident lack of knowledge on her part respecting race prejudice in the South, and this especially so as respects the negro; there is also an unchristian fling at the noble, Christ-like efforts of the Congregationalists, and other educational societies at work in the negro's behalf. No such general feelings exist on the part of the negro to the white man as was represented by her, based on the authority of a Rev. B. W. Pond, of Falls Church, Virginia. Every effort that is brought to bear to put aside the feelings of hostility, and to bring the two races more together on a plane of equality is eagerly seized. It may happen in a few instances that there may be a few persons who would not appreciate such efforts, but those few would be found to be the most illiterate; those whose prejudices were the less ineradicable, because they have conceived the notion, and not without some degree of plausibility when it is taken into consideration that their conceptions are based on the unjust treatment of the white man as a slaver, and the subsequent barbarous, inhuman, diabolical treatment to which they have been subjected,—that every white man is their born foe; but even this class, when their

eyes are open to the fact that the Congregationalists and other educational societies are deeply interested in them, and *do* seek their best interests as *fellow-brethren*—creations of one and the same source, and by one and the same Creator, children of one and the same Father,—even this class, we repeat, will give over their prejudices, and will gladly enter the tent of Japhet that he may do them good. Miss Hamilton quotes Mr. Pond in saying, also, that "Black men of large means and first-rate business talents are not wanting, but all the temptations of gain do not bring them and white men into *partnership* relations." True, and why not? Doubtless Miss Hamilton herself could have given an answer if the question had been pressed upon her. The reason why these business relations do not exist between the white men and black men of the South must be evident *prima facie* to every candid mind. The white man of the South has not yet risen above his prejudices that the negro is a servile thing of necessity, to be used only as a *valet de chambre*, a boot-black, or in some other servile capacity, and hence vastly his inferior in every way.

Such being the case then, a feeling of towering superiority on the part of the white man to the negro, it is not at all strange that business relations have not sprung up between the two races in the South, and it may be confidently affirmed that until equipollent relations are established, a parity of feelings engendered, and the spirit manifested on the part of the white man that the pigment of skin makes him superior to every other creation of the *genus homo*, and hence entitles him to a sort of adoration, is laid aside, no such relations will ever be established. It is very much to be deplored that such a state of feelings does exist, but that it does is evident to every man who ever visited the South, or who has any definite knowledge of the state of affairs there. As we look at it in candor and simplicity there is some plausible reason for the first establishment of such an opinion on the part of the Southern white man, from the simple fact that he was the negro's former enslaver, and history bears sufficient testimony, examples of which would be but trite and commonplace here, that the enslaver, matters not what his color, condition or intelligence, always considers, and deports himself, a lordly superior to his vassals. But it is exceed-



ingly surprising to us, who look down from our New-England height of manly intelligence and unbiassedness upon our Southern white brother in the fertile, sun-kissed, and beautiful South, to see him so stubbornly refuse to concede the equal civil, social, and political rights of his black brother, and to hold on to his prejudices with so much fierceness and tenacity.

Are things to be always thus? Do we expect no change in these unyielding opinions? There is but one hope, and that must be found in the education of the negro. Under the strong sunlight of the instruction of more than a decade and a half of years, the monster Prejudice has liquified and evaporated to about one-half of its former immensity, and is doomed in time to be completely absorbed.

Aside from the adjustment of the feelings of enmity and oppression now rife between the two races of the South, and the paradise of literary bliss, and felicity into which education will lift the negro, his education will also add greatly to the pacification and stability of the public weal; he will then understand the constitution of his country, the inestimable boon of the ballot, and will know how to use and value both. A great portentous cloud will also have been cleared from the sky of our national republic, for, as long as the mass of the negroes are ignorant and illiterate, they have inclosed within themselves a prodigious, latent power that is liable at any time, at the beck of rapacious and unthinking demagogues,—blind fanatics led on by their own unhallowed lusts,—to burst forth like a flood, and sweep away the very best life-blood of the country.

There is a great reluctance at leaving this subject before alluding once more to the article of Miss Hamilton. There is an evident display of narrowness and deeply rooted color-blindness in such a statement as this, though from the pen of so gifted a writer: "But when we come to the question of mixed churches, we come plumply and squarely upon the question of 'marrying a nigger,' and that, with all due respects be it said, is not a question with which the missionary societies have anything to do. It is no part of the missionary societies to make the Ethiopian and the Caucasian one." Miss Hamilton in her *αὐτοποιοῦ τυφλότητος* would, doubtless, openly avow that the negro and white man are two separate and distinct creations,

with nothing in common between them, and that the God whom they worship is different, and consequently that there will be two separate and distinct heavens for the two races. This draws us as unwilling inquirers into the researches of ethnologists; though they are somewhat divided in their opinions respecting the origin of the human race, these are the three principal theories advanced by them:

I. That all human beings have descended from a single pair, and that external causes, such as difference of food, manner of living, and local positions are sufficient to prove the present diversities.

II. That the human race came into existence by simultaneous creations at different points on the earth, each being the source of a separate race, and a separate family of languages.

III. That all the varieties of race are a result of the process of development, primarily from lower orders of life: this is usually known as the Darwinian Theory.

The first of these theories is the strongest, and is supported by the following proofs:

1. A proof of the unity of the human race is found in the gradual modification of types presented by the different races.

2. The anatomical structure and physical constitution of man. The true skin is alike in structure in all races; there is the same general coincidence in respect to age when manhood is attained, and to the period when life begins to decline. All races are subject to similar diseases, modified by varied climatic influences, and the length of life is the same under similar conditions of existence.

3. There is a close resemblance in the languages of many widely separated races, and all are now being traced to one early and common tongue.

4. The early myths and legends of nearly all races resemble each other.

5. Among all the diversified tribes of the human race there are the same internal feelings, appetencies, and aversions; the same sentiments of subjection and accountableness to an invisible power. We find everywhere, though not always in the same degree of ripeness or fruitfulness, the same susceptibility of admitting the cultivation and improvement of those universal endowments, of opening the eyes of the mind

to the more clear and splendid views which Christianity unfolds of becoming molded to the institutions of religious and civilized life.

6. God himself has said through his inspired word, "Of one blood made he all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth."

In view of these facts, then, we strongly assert that it is the part of these educational societies to make the "Ethopian and Caucasian one," politically, socially, religiously, as they are really and unrefutedly so in origin, character, and the hope of their salvation. The stubbornness to recognize this fact is at the bottom of all the social and political troubles which disturb our country. As for the "marrying a nigger," we think it is nobody's business except that of the "nigger" and the person in question, except he be a minor, and hence incapacitated for acting for himself.

We can never be truly said to be a united people with a common country, a common interest, until such a state of feelings is adjusted, and though it may now seem incredible to many, yet it will at some time be brought about, because Jesus has prayed for it, and his prayers cannot be unavailing, "Holy Father, keep through thine own name those whom thou hast given me, that they may be one as we are." How contemptibly narrow and blinded is any soul who is so enamored by the pigment of his own skin as to see nothing good, or nothing worth recognition in the skin of another coloring! "O Jesus, thou bearer of our humanity, how hast thou revealed its sacredness, how hast thou set forth its nobility! How hast thou linked thyself to all men and shown that human nature is one! How dost thou rebuke us for our false judgments, our false standards, our false strivings! Lift us to the height of thy grand thought! Fill us with the light of thy great truth! Teach us to see and treat men after thy perfect method!"

The Catholic, or American University is to be located at Washington, D. C. The endowment already promised is nearly \$1,000,000. The foundation will not be content with a support sufficient to produce an income of from \$300,000 to \$500,000, which is the aggregate out-go for any one of the leading universities of England or Germany. The work intended in science, especially in chemistry, engineering, and abstract mathematics, will be abreast with that done in leading German universities.

#### POEM WRITTEN FOR E. K.

Evening approaches; afar in the west  
The Pride of the Heavens is sinking to rest.  
His light cast in rays of a bright crimson hue,  
Points far into heaven's vast archway of blue.  
He lingers on hill-tops with loving caress,  
And stoops o'er the valleys to cheer and to bless.  
Enfolding all nature in one last embrace;  
Disappears with the print of his kiss on her face.  
Like the doubt, which damps the first ardor of youth,  
Yet makes but brief pause in his search after truth,  
Or like grief as portrayed on a face young and fair,  
Where hope will still linger and gleam thro' despair:  
So seemeth the twilight that comes after day,  
With its mingling of lights and of shades dense and gray.

O'er mountain and valley, o'er hill and o'er dale,  
Heaven stretches its mantle, a silvery vale,  
At first spread but loosely, then drawn close around,  
Till soon all is darkness and silence profound.  
As the beauties of earth are withdrawn from our eyes,  
Within us bright dreams and vain longings arise:  
Longings for those who belong to the Past,  
And dreams of the Future, so dim and so vast.  
We look thro' the darkness and gathering gloom,  
And our reason to strangest of fancies gives room:  
From that line of shadows, so dense and so long,  
I seem to catch strains of a fairy-like song,  
I listen, and borne on the night wings aloft,  
These words I hear so low and soft:

Man is born unto earth,  
To its pleasure and pain,  
And what is one's loss  
Is another's gain.

All things were good  
When the world began.  
Evil took rise  
In the heart of man.

Banished from Eden  
Because of his sin;  
His was a battle  
To lose or win.

But beings surround him  
With lot like his own,  
Then why stands he helpless,  
Why works he alone?

By joining their labors  
Mankind may be blest,  
For so they are working  
True wisdom's behest.

"In union is strength,"  
Runs the adage of old,  
And "Wisdom is better  
Than rubies or gold."

The last strains of music died out on the air,  
And reason once more holds sway;

Had I been dreaming, or were these the thoughts  
Inspired by the vanishing day.

The day so fitting an emblem of life,  
When all work for mankind must be done,  
When our battles must all be valiantly fought,  
And all our victories won.

As I muse on the lesson of truth and love  
Conveyed in the fairy's song,  
I think of a Union so tried and true,  
That Union we've loved so long.

Let us work for the Union, my sisters.  
The parting comes all too soon,  
And be true to the meaning, that's hidden  
In the Lavender and the Maroon.

### THE MEASURE OF A MAN.

**T**HEORETICALLY a man's success is measured by his genius, his power to see and do things, the purity and loftiness of his ideals, and the extent to which his life corresponds to them; practically it is quite another thing. "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." Intellectual superiority, so far from being a guaranty of success, is quite as often an obstacle in the way of its achievement, and conscientious scruples, and the attempt to realize high ideals are like a millstone hanged about the neck.

That the most practically successful men come not from the ranks of the most intellectual or the best educated, and that the measure of a man's achievements is no safe index to his capacity, is a fact often perceived, but seldom understood. Perhaps both public and the individuals in question are at fault. The public withholds its favors from men whose quick perceptions, deep insight, and rich imaginations ought to be the "open sesame" of every treasury of good things, to toss them into the lap of the narrow-minded and bigoted, the men of one idea, whose mental apparatus, instead of diffusing the light that is shed upon it, serves only to focus upon one thing every influence that enters the narrow windows of their souls, and though the total power may not be great, yet by concentrating it all upon one point, it compels attention to that.

The scholar, attaining his eminence of intellectual superiority by habits of thought largely introspective, becomes self-engrossed and self-sufficient. "His mind to him a king-

dom is," and being supreme here, he fails elsewhere, partly because the will is wanting, and partly because his quality of mind is not such as readily gives the import against the outer and material world, which is necessary to push him forward. He cannot lift himself except by contact with something external, cannot propel his boat by the force of the blast from the bellows in the stern.

The pursuits of the scholar are not calculated to develop those qualities which bring a man wealth and render him prominent; and even in his own sphere, a man's reputation is an exceedingly untrustworthy criterion of his attainments. The exigencies of business life call for prompt and decisive action, and the power and habit of abstract thought hinders rather than promotes it. While the contemplative mind is carefully weighing the arguments *pro* and *con*, the man of the world, by a kind of intuition, strikes right to the root of the matter, and forms his opinion at once.

The very depth of insight and breadth of understanding which the intellectual man may possess, serve to confuse him and weaken his powers of decision. The wood-engraver covers his block with paper, from which he cuts away only enough to expose the portion of his drawing that demand his immediate attention, lest his eye be dazzled and his mind confused by the multitude of details which a wider field of vision would disclose. In like manner we get the truest impression of a picture or landscape by looking at it with half-closed eyes, for the details vanish, and the mind is enabled to grasp the subject in its entity. So it is that a limited capacity often serves a man better than a wider intellectual vision, by shutting out all but those on which the attention is for the present fixed; and the single beam of light which enters through the little hole opened for it by bigotry or mediocrity, paints oftentimes a truer picture, or are more easily available for practical purposes, than the flood of diffused light which enters the wide open windows of great minds.

To consider in anything like the extent it deserves, the effect of a man's ideals, literary and moral, upon his advancement and success, would carry me far beyond the proper limits of this paper. It is only possible to touch some of them briefly, and notice how our ideas have



changed in the last quarter of a century, and need to change as much more.

I know of nothing where the change betrays itself more than in certain classes of our literature. We have come to see and acknowledge that strict honesty, not in the letter of the law but its spirit, and a decent respect for the claims of benevolence and humanity play a small and comparatively insignificant part in the character of the "successful man." The hero of the old Sunday-school book complied with all the dictates of conscience and all the precepts of Christianity; and the result was that he invariably achieved wealth and distinction, became the beloved patron of all the poor families in the neighborhood, and the employer of every worthy workman. But the Jacob Blivens which the realism of modern art has painted for us, though his aim was as lofty and his principles as good, met with a far different fortune, and Bill, the bad boy whose character was held up as a solemn warning to all, as sure to lead from bad to worse and finally bring its possessor to an ignominious death, achieved all the wealth and power which ought to have fallen to the lot of Jacob.

The unpleasant thing about the story is that it is true. Bill, in spite of his bad character, gave heed to the material laws, got his pay in kind, and achieved material success. Jacob paid attention to moral laws, reaped as he sowed, and the success he attained was moral growth, and the consciousness of having done right. We not unfrequently recognize the fact, but the conclusion we draw from it is a false one. Because the success which perches on the banner of the unscrupulous is a material one, can be weighed and estimated, is plainly to be seen of all men, we conclude at once that there is no other, and reach out after it, forgetting that the measure of success is the happiness it confers, and that this comes only from within. To this attempt at attributing success to morality, and the *procul, O procul, profani* way with which we have been taught to regard persons of another mind, may be traced, it seems to me, much of the decline of interest in religious matters, much of the ridicule and opposition with which reformatory movements have to contend, and also much of that constant calling for an education that is "practical."

## ZETA PSI CONVENTION.

ANOTHER year in the history of Zeta Psi has passed, and with it another delightful season of festivities. At the thirty-ninth annual convention, which met on the 5th and 6th instant with the Tau Chapter, Easton, Penn., were manifest to all present, the increasing significance of her history and the elevated character of her festivities.

Delegates were present from chapters existing and flourishing in the best of the colleges and universities, from Maine to California, from Carolina to the Great Lakes. A large proportion of these, meeting for the first time, yet met as old-time friends, showing most conclusively how closely woven the ties which bind together brothers in Zeta Psi. No wild hurrahs, no meaningless overflow of demonstrations, but a deep and genuine reciprocity of fraternal greeting as from those intimately allied in sentiment and interest.

The delegates, on arriving in Easton, at once registered at the United States Hotel, where they were entertained during the ensuing two days in a style which could do credit to any of our many first-class hotels.

The convention throughout was characterized by earnest attention to matters in hand, which consisted of unfinished business left over from last year and a large amount of new business, measures, acts of remodeling, etc., all of which related strictly to the fraternity at large and calculated to enhance its prosperity.

Seasons of merry-making were as marked and entered into with as much zest as those of real work. In the evening of the 5th a theatre party was given by the entertaining chapter, after which a bountiful collation, both of which were exceedingly fine and highly enjoyable; the former an intellectual treat, the latter all that taste or appetite could desire.

But the best was reserved for the last. At 8.30 P.M. of the 6th, convention was called to order. After disposal of remaining business and the installation of officers for the ensuing year, a highly literary oration was delivered by Prof. Owen of Lafayette College, to the great delight and edification of all.

Adjourned to the banquet hall at 10, where a feast of feasts was in readiness. Details here are out of the question. Two hours were passed in sampling the many dishes; another

two in listening to toasts which savored of Zeta Psi, and a poem of rare excellence. As the anniversary was closing, many remarked that never in the history of Zeta Psi had there been a more harmonious and successful convention.



Cold.

Quite cold.

Very cold.

Oh!!! dear.

Maud-ulation.

Comparisons are odious.

The statue of innocence.

And he was the centre of attraction.

Sociables and fairs crowd upon us.

Albion is represented at the "Private Secretary."

"Gosh! Don't let that telescope sit down in that chair."

"I say, fellers, is there to be a lecture in the chapel this evening?"

The Professor regulates the temperature by the snow-drift in the corner.

Five pages of Greek a day and no "hoss" is the lament of the Sophomores.

So the organ sweetly peals, and the music softly steals, from Adam's fingers.

Then the sublime strains of "willow tit willow" awoke the echoes of the chapel.

And the Professor was so absorbed in reflection that he attacked an innocent tree.

"Well done, etc., now receive a full reward." He then proceeds to cook a new assortment.

The Professor threatens to go away and die and the Juniors feel convicted of their sins.

The weary student again holds a promiscuous tête-à-tête with the gods and goddesses and the modern heroes in the council chamber.

At a recent alarm of fire some one carelessly dropped a lighted match into the fire-box of the steamer, and when the machine arrived at the scene of action it was in working order. Accidents will happen.

The "Bricks" turned into a furniture manufactory: Nice white paper, fine pens, presto! "cribs."

It is a harrowing sight to see the hoary-headed Satan tempt the prophet Elisha in prayers.

Judging from the latest developments, we soon expect to see a shingle in the hands of all the Professors.

F. M. Perkins, '87, has been elected to the *Oracle* board to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of C. P. Small, '86.

"This, Professor, is chromite because it is green." Professor—"Ah, but I have known other things beside chromite to be green."

Exult, O ye bards! At last has been found the ideal of romance; we behold the man from whose visage every vestige of color has departed.

Sophomore, preferring sentiment to truth, translates from the depths of his heart, "There is beauty in the horse and other inanimate objects."

Ramsdell, '86, and Goodale, '88, will peregrinate with the stereopticon during the vacation, and explain its mysteries to the wondering world.

Traveler (at the depot)—"What is the name of yonder lake?" Student (pleasantly)—"O that,—that is nothing but the winter freshet on the campus."

If the peals of laughter which almost nightly emanate from the *Oracle* sanctum have any significance whatever we prophesy an exceedingly witty annual for '86.

The college Y. M. C. A. during the week of prayer held meetings each evening at their room. Professors Foster and Capen conducted two very profitable meetings.

Yes, my son, they do say that there is a certain newspaper office in this town where even the air is so dry that they keep a pail of water in the room as a beverage for the thirsty atmosphere.

What say you? Oh yes, we have some very sagacious Freshmen. To illustrate: Lately a *recens vir* with a marked tinge of emerald, modestly asked a Senior to take from the library for him that yclept a horse. It is to be presumed that he did not wish to injure his reputation for previous hard study.

One of the episodes at the fire was a learned discussion between two sapient Profs. as to the relative efficacy of snow and water in extinguishing the fiery element.

How slowly these ex's drag by, Tre le,  
I would that the hours were flown;  
The Profs. are so wonderful sly, Tra la,  
That they see e'en the wink of an eye, Traw law.  
Despondency rings in my tones.

We admire modesty, Oh yes, but the steam in North College this term is altogether too retiring in its disposition. It spends the golden hours in close communion with Sam in the bowels of the earth.

Messrs. Googins and Metcalf, of '86, will represent the Maine Alpha Chapter at the Alpha Province Convention of the Phi Delta Theta Fraternity, to be held in New York City, Feb. 12 and 13, 1886.

Once again the spirit of vandalism has broken out in the reading-room, or else some enterprising youth is making a scrap-book. Most honored and renowned imbeciles, slash right and slash left and we common mortals will read between the lines.

A frenzied Freshman was observed a few days ago searching wildly for his lexicon and wondering audibly "How he was going to translate his Greek without a dictionary." My emerald friend, concerning such matters, just consult an upperclassman.

According to the servant of the American Express Co., an hitherto unknown young lady is prosecuting her studies at this institution. As the aforesaid young lady has been apparent on the campus for the last few weeks, we presume the report must be true.

A Professor was lately heard to express the shrewd suspicion that ghosts were abroad on New-Year's eve. If said Professor had roomed in North College on that mysterious night he would have had material evidence of some very fleshly spirits.

"Professor, it has been stated that the moon viewed through a silk handkerchief will be multiplied as many times as it is days old." Yes, and when the moon is full and the man ditto, somewhat over seventeen million moons will be seen frantically climbing the heavens, and every individual moon will have a look of vengeance and a broom.

For a long time it has been evident that a restaurant was needed on the campus. At last we can chronicle the advent of this necessary institution. This is the general bill of fare: Sardines *a la* tin box, Fricassee of light, Crackers with Green sauce. Dessert, Stale jokes cracked to order.

Those among us commonly known as Freshmen, recently attended a recitation actually parted as to their hair, in the middle. We learn that the Professor has requested them to follow up the practice, as it steadies the brains of those that possess that article and keeps the other unfortunates in an upright position.

The boys bid a glad farewell to the dull, uneventful winter session and look forward to the seven weeks' respite with relief. A large number will engage in various occupations until the opening of the spring term, but the majority will probably spend the vacation beneath the shelter of the paternal roof-tree.

President Pepper accompanied by Professors Taylor and Wadsworth attended the funeral of Prof. C. E. Hamlin at Augusta, on Jan. 7th. At the following morning prayers, Dr. Pepper made some very appropriate and touching allusions to the deceased, speaking of the important part that he had played in the college welfare. The loss of Prof. Hamlin is deeply felt by the university with which his early life was so intimately connected and to which in his later life he was a firm friend.

A slight fire occurred at the residence of President Pepper, on January 13th, but was extinguished before doing material damage. It was very—aw—inopportune as it interfered with the deliberations of a Faculty meeting. It is current that one Professor attempted to frown the fire down, another strove to extinguish it by saying, "That will do, thanks," and a third seriously contemplated "sitting down on it," as he had found that mode of procedure very efficacious in previous instances, where the process of extinguishing was to be employed.

From experience we find that there are a few things absolutely indispensable for keeping up the tone of the ECHO. When deprived of these advantages it is impossible to avoid the coruscations of sarcasm that flash from the pages of our "juicy" neighbor. Here are two

of said requisites: Some ground for criticism concerning the way in which the college government conducts matters. But water-conduits, umbrella-racks, etc., have been appealed for and granted, and for the nonce this favorite old "stand-by" deserts us. Secondly, when certain misty personages called Sophomores exist in the college it becomes necessary for the ECHO to hoist a cautionary signal. Fortunate were those editors to whom circumstances gave that power—we can only predict for this region fair, calm weather and continued drouth.

Meteorological Report for the month up to January 26, 1886. From observation taken in the college chapel at 9.00 A.M., daily:

Monthly mean temperature, . . . . . 32°  
 Highest temperature (Jan. 6), . . . . . 58.3°  
 Lowest temperature (Jan. 12), mercury frozen.  
 No. of clear days, . . . . . 6  
 No. of smoky days, . . . . . 20  
 Dates of frosts: light, 8, 9, 15; killing 11, 14.

The Junior exhibition of the winter term took place at the chapel on Wednesday evening, Jan. 20th. A large and appreciative audience was in attendance and displayed marked satisfaction at the way in which the exercises were conducted. The following was the programme for evening:

MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.

The Influence of Athens. Woodman Bradbury.  
 Evils in American Politics. Holman F. Day.  
 Burr's Conspiracy. Charles E. Dolley.

MUSIC.

The Northmen. Forrest Goodwin.  
 Pompeii. Maud Elma Kingsley.  
 Mountains. Fred M. Perkins.

MUSIC.

The Conservation of Energy. Charles C. Richardson.  
 Exile in Siberia. Mary Ellis Pray.  
 Shall Silver be Demonetized? Appleton W. Smith.

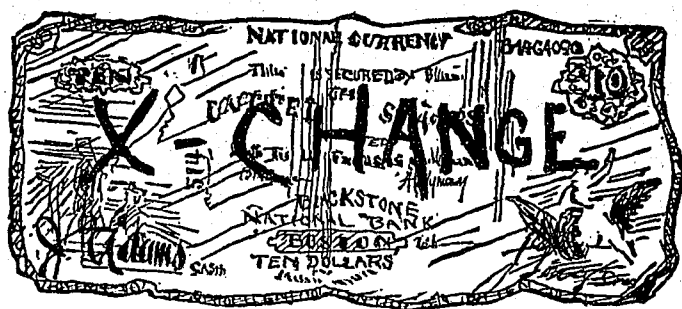
MUSIC.

Excellent vocal music was furnished under the direction of Mr. W. C. Philbrook.

It makes life dark and the heart sick: To see those skeletons of newspapers in the reading-room. To hear those demoniacal musical and non-musical pests raise up their voices and lament whenever they pass through the halls. To understand that the college will not appropriate a sum and purchase at any price the vocal machinery of those human calliopes, that go about the land piping their tuneful lays. "Be ready, gods, with all your thunder-bolts, kill the whistler."

Now,

All, ye friends that make us tired  
 Who on impish ways insist,  
 Stay not on earth for our sakes,  
 You never would be missed.



We are greatly encouraged in our efforts to arouse a spirit favorable to the establishment of a general literary society here, as well as confirmed in our belief in the utility of such institutions, by the success which similar movements have met with in other colleges, and the spirit of enthusiasm they have everywhere aroused. As is perhaps well known Cornell and Union support literary societies in the shape of mock "Congresses" where are being educated the Henry Clays and Benjamin Butlers of Ultimate America; while Johns Hopkins has lately put into successful operation a deliberative assembly which closely copies the English "House of Commons" in its forms of procedure. And we find still another convert to this popular idea in Amherst, which has recently instituted a society like that at Johns Hopkins. The following account of its workings has been clipped from the columns of the *Amherst Student*:

The President of the Society acts as Speaker of the House, and the House itself, it is expected, will naturally fall into two parties, each of which will have a leader. The party that casts the majority vote at any meeting becomes the party of Government for the next and all succeeding meetings, as long as it retains its majority; when defeated it becomes the party of the Opposition and the former Opposition takes the reins. The leader of the party in power is denominated Premier, and is supposed to unite in his person all the functions and functionaries of the English "Government"; he introduces, at each meeting, a bill for discussion and action, arranges the debate and directs the tactics of the Government, as does the leader of the Opposition for his party, each striving in every legal way for the success which means to one continuance in and to the other attainment to, the office of Premier. After once getting in, the Premier retains his position until his party is defeated, while the Opposition leader is elected by that party at each meeting. Full scope is given for the use of Parliamentary tactics in acting or opposing action. . . . . The purpose is, of course, to lend more interest to the practice in debate, which is so essential to every college man, and to give training in Parliamentary rules. It is hoped, indeed, in other colleges it has been found true, that the precarious tenure of office, depending so largely upon the debate, and the personal and partisan element in the contest, will tend to raise the

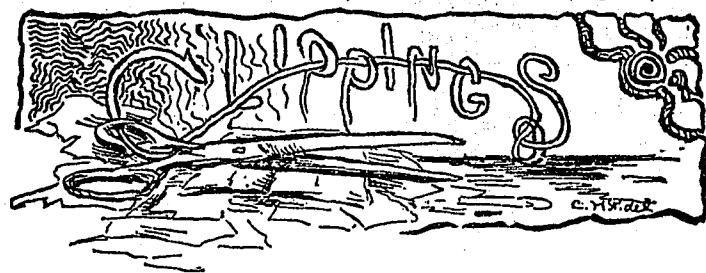
regular debate from the slough of dullness and neglect into which it so often sinks.

The advantages to be derived from such an institution when conducted properly and rightly must, we think, be obvious to every one who has candidly observed the lamentable and overwhelming ignorance of parliamentary law and parliamentary usages exhibited by the majority of our students in ordinary college meetings. The effect of such an organization, democratic in its tendencies and admitting all to the free enjoyment of its privileges, cannot fail to be beneficial to all college interests and college men.

The *Northwestern*, from which we have often clipped, next comes to hand. Although it possesses an exterior dull and gloomy, its interior is bright and refreshing. It does not entirely devote itself to local affairs and jokes, as do many of our Eastern contemporaries, nor on the other hand does it weary its readers with long and dreary articles. It reaches the aureate mean and presents for notice a thoughtful and earnest editorial department as well as an elegant and graceful literary make-up. Perhaps the most noticeable of the contents of the present number is the article, "One Dangerous Tendency of Progress." The writer shows that in such an era and with such environments, the extreme energy of the American people is apt to overreach and give rise to the spirit of iconoclasm. We cannot forbear clipping the peroration:

For us who are growing up in the midst of this era of restless activity, the problem is to so adjust our lives to these rapidly changing conditions that we shall grow with the age, and yet retain all that is valuable in inherited faiths and institutions. The newness of our civilization, the flippancy and irreverence of American life, the lack of the conservative restraint in forming opinions and building character are a marked danger for the young men of to-day. We, as our views of life broaden and our child-like conceptions vanish, find that much, that we had once accepted without question, is in need of essential modification. The implicit faith of childhood gives place to doubt. The danger is that the truly liberal spirit, which accepts truth wherever it is found, shall sink into one of blank intellectual negation; instead of hope and faith only unsatisfied yearning. He who passes through this stage of distrust and questioning, and yet retains his faith in things that are good and pure, achieves for himself the best of intellectual and moral triumphs.

Five colleges have been founded in Dakota during the past year.



The Columbia Freshmen have challenged the Harvard Freshmen to an eight-oared shell race, two miles straight away, to take place at New London.

Dio Lewis is authority for the statement that no user of tobacco has ever headed his class at Harvard, or any other institution where class statistics have been preserved.

Some of the alumni of Wesleyan are making an effort to have the name of the university changed, as they think the present name sounds both theological and sectarian.

A college is to be built in Russia, for the purpose of teaching all the languages of the different nations under the Russian rule, together with all the modern languages.

University of Pennsylvania has succeeded in discharging the debt of \$140,000 which stood against her at the end of the fiscal year 1884. The university has been burdened with debt for over thirteen years.

A movement is being made to remove Union College from Schenectady to Albany. Union College has 3,000 graduates now living; a number greater than that of any other American college, except Yale and Harvard.

A number of college professors, social economists, and others, recently met in New York and formed an organization to be known as the American Economic Association. The object is "to promote among thinking men a more careful study, and a better understanding of the economic problems, and especially those in which labor is involved." Among the officers are, Pres. Francis A. Walker of Institute of Technology, Pres. Adams of Cornell, Prof. James of University of Pennsylvania, and Prof. Ely of Johns Hopkins.

President Seelye recently received from the *North American Review*, in payment for an article, a check which rather staggered him by its munificence, as he is not accustomed to competent reward for his labor, his salary as president being but \$3,000. He related his experience



to one of his classes, and told the members that the stipend was so unexpected and was, moreover, so out of proportion to his usual recompense for a small amount of labor, that he resolved to make a present of it to the class. He then gave every member of the class—which numbered one hundred—a handsome copy of Bacon's essays.—*Ex.*

As those who have watched the foot-ball play of the season just past must have expected, the Harvard Faculty, upon recommendation of the Athletic Committee, has agreed to rescind the action against foot-ball taken a year ago. The old resolution read: "After deliberate investigation we have become convinced that the game of foot-ball as at present played by college teams is brutal, demoralizing to players and spectators, and extremely dangerous, and believe that at the present time and with the prevailing spirit, any revision of the rules made by the Intercollegiate Association would be ineffective in removing these objectional features." The new resolution in quiet contrast, says: "Whereas the committee on athletics has advised the Faculty that the game of foot-ball has been much improved during the past season; therefore, voted that, on recommendation of the committee, the Faculty's prohibition of intercollegiate games of foot-ball, adopted Jan. 6, 1885, be now withdrawn." This interesting test case re-instates the game upon an equal footing with other intercollegiate sports, while at the same time exerting a strong influence toward preventing its degradation from that honorable position.—*Amherst Student.*

Definite steps have been taken by a few of the students and Faculty, for putting some standard play upon the stage as soon as the necessary preparations can be made. A committee has been appointed to select a play and assign the parts. Probably and properly, a college association, for its management, will soon be organized. Although, at this writing, no definite choice has been made, it is confidently expected "Julius Cæsar" will be the play taken. Of course, much care and discretion will be used in selecting that which is best adapted to the highest talent in college and the men of whatever class, who seem best qualified, will be chosen for the actors. No personal feeling or favoritism will be allowed to influence in mak-

ing a choice. Only a few students, to be sure, will have the opportunity to appear as tragedians, but those who are interested and willing to properly train themselves, will doubtless receive just recognition in due time. We heartily welcome this innovation; if properly conducted and supported, it can but help build up the elocutionary discipline of the college, which is now almost disgracefully deficient. The *Dartmouth* will be ever ready to encourage whatever judicious attempts the college may make for the promotion of musical, athletic, and military attainments. To be sure, Dartmouth already has "many irons in the fire," but if these organizations are only widely encouraged and supported by all as they have the means, deserved success will be attained by every one.—*Dartmouth.*



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

#### MARRIED.

At Oakland, Jan. 6th, Benj. J. Hinds, class of '83, of Belfast, and Miss Lillian M. Belanger, of Oakland.

#### DIED.

In Cambridge, Mass., Jan. 3d, Prof. Chas. E. Hamlin, LL.D., class of '47.

#### '52.

Rev. George B. Gow, D.D., has been since 1883, pastor of the First Baptist Church at Glens Falls, New York. A new house of worship has just been dedicated there, and the Glens Falls *Messenger* gives Dr. Gow credit not only for great energy in pushing forward the work, but also for excellent business tact in the financial management of the undertaking.

#### '55.

Larkin Dunton, LL.D., head-master of the Boston Normal School, will read a paper on "Methods of Teaching in the Public Schools of Germany" before the R. I. Institute of Instruction, at Providence, Jan. 28th.

#### '59.

Hon. Hannibal Hamlin lectured before the

Central Club in Bangor, Jan. 4th, upon "Reminiscences of Distinguished Men."

'64.

Hon. S. T. Pullen is the senior member of the firm of Pullen, Crocker & Co., brokers and bankers, Portland.

'69.

Rev. Abraham W. Jackson is now settled in Santa Barbara, Cal.

Gilman C. Fisher, Superintendent of Schools at Weymouth, Mass., gave a lecture with stereopticon illustrations on "The Great Northwest," before the Y. M. C. A. of Boston, Jan. 16th.

'71.

Rev. Wm. Libbey, late pastor at Sutton, N. H., has accepted a call to the pastorate in Ashfield, Mass.

'73.

Prof. N. Butler, of the University of Chicago, has decided to decline the call to Terre Haute, Ind., and remains in the university.

'75.

Rev. S. H. Read, formerly pastor at Passumpsic, Vt., is now pastor of the Baptist church in Fiskdale, Mass.

'76.

Rev. C. C. Tilley, pastor of the Dover and Foxcroft Baptist church, has received a call from the Baptist church in Biddeford.

'79.

J. A. Walling, who began the practice of medicine at Jonesport in 1883, has become a very successful physician. In addition to his professional duties he has been elected a member of the School Committee.

'80.

The *Journal of Education* says "The enlargement of the Minnesota Academy at Owatonna is required by the increasing popularity earned by the management and faculty." J. L. Ingraham is principal and B. M. Lawrence, '82, assistant.

'81.

Rev. Fred M. Preble is pastor of the Baptist church in Winsor, Vt.

'84.

Miss M. A. Gould is teaching in the Portland High School.

Edward F. Robinson is teaching in Gorham, Me.

A. I. Thayer is a student in the Homeo-

pathic Medical College, New York. His health is very much improved.

'85.

Chancey Adams is canvassing for a Bible encyclopedia at Brewer.

A. M. Foss has been appointed principal of the high school at Bar Harbor.

'86.

E. Sanderson will preach during the coming vacation.

Rev. C. S. Wilder, formerly of '86, delivered a New-Year's sermon, Jan. 3d, at Dedham, Me.

C. A. Parker, formerly of '86, represented the Chi Chapter of Zeta Psi Fraternity at the thirty-ninth annual convention of the Grand Chapter held at Easton, Pa., Jan. 5th and 6th.

'87.

H. M. Moore is principal of the high school at Sullivan, Me.

Stanley H. Holmes preached at Phippsburg, Me., Sunday, Jan. 17th.



"Non paratus" dixit Freshie  
Cum a sad, a doleful look;  
"Omne rectum," prof. respondit,  
Et "nihil" scripsit in his book.—*Ex.*

Fresh. (reading Virgil)—"And thrice I tried to throw my arms around her"—that was as far as I got, Professor." Prof.—"That was quite far enough."

Senior—"Professor, I thought the center of the earth was a molten mass." Prof.—"Why?" Senior—"Because the book speaks of the liquid rock there." Prof.—"Oh, you are thinking of the Rock and Rye."—*Ex.*

"Mamma, you should avoid extremes," remarks a philosophic boy, when his mother boxes his jaws. "Very well, my son, I shall strike a happy medium," and she forthwith stretched him across her knees.—*Ex.*

The Seniors were taking their first practical lesson in Astronomy. One imaginative youth was taking in the queen of the night for all he was worth. Another smart specimen covered

the end of the telescope with his hat. "Why, the moon is inhabited," slowly came from the observer. The hat is for sale cheap.—*Ex.*

If a body meet a body  
Looking very sad,  
Then a body knows a body's  
Failed to get an "ad."

If a body meet a body  
Looking very bright,  
Then a body knows a body's  
"Ads" are going right.—*Ex.*

Professor of Chemistry—"Suppose you were called to a patient who had swallowed a heavy dose of oxalic acid, what would you administer?" K. (who is preparing for the ministry, and who only takes Chemistry because it is compulsory)—"I would administer the Sacrament."—*Ex.*



The February issue of the *Eclectic Magazine* contains an excellent exhibit of the best contents of the foreign magazines. The opening article, "The Origin of the Alphabet," by A. H. Sayce, the eminent Orientalist, will be found highly interesting. "Poetry, Politics, and Conservatism," by George N. Curzon, is a criticism of recent politics in England, and "The Coming Contests of the World," from the *Fortnightly*, is full of meaty suggestions. Huxley is represented by a vigorous paper under the title of "The Interpreters of Genesis and the Interpreters of Nature." Prof. Seelye's paper, "Our Insular Ignorance," is worthy of the author's fame, which may also be said of Max Müller's "Solar Myths." There is a suggestive paper on "Love's Labor Lost," by Walter Pater, and a very spicy criticism on "Superfine English," from *Cornhill*. "Merlin and Kentigern," from *Blackwood's*, is a vigorous ballad-poem, treating one of the grand old British legends. The Magazine has its usual supply of readable and suggestive short papers. The number is worthy of its high reputation among intellectual and thoughtful readers. E. R. Pelton, New York. \$5 per year.

The February number of the *Atlantic* opens with a long installment of Henry James' "Princess Casamassima." This is followed by a charming poem called "The Homestead," by Mr. Whittier, which describes exquisitely a deserted New-England farm-house. "Ministerial Responsibility and the Constitution," is the title of a paper by Abbott Lawrence Lowell. "An American Soldier in China" gives a graphic account of the manner in which Gen. Frederic T. Ward's achievements in China smoothed the way for "Chinese" Gordon's mili-

tary successes. Miss Murfree's serial, "In the Clouds," is full of life, and leaves the hero in the most exciting of situations. Eleanor Putnam, whose sketches of old Salem life have attracted so much attention, has a paper on "Salem Cupboards," and their contents; and Mrs. Oliphant's "Country Gentleman" is brought to a conclusion. "A Rhapsody of Clouds," poems by Paul Hermes and Andrew Hedbrook, critical papers, the Contributors' Club, and Books of the Month finish a thoroughly agreeable issue of this standard monthly. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

The *Quiver* for February is an attractive number and opens with an illustrated poem, "White as Snow," showing Christmas weather of the old fashioned sort we like so much to see. This is followed by a pertinent paper from the pen of Rev. R. H. Lovell on "Toil and Sloth," in which the efficacy of work is not only urged but proved. Another poem, "Inasmuch," by Margaret Scott Haycraft, precedes the serial, "The Heir of Sandford Towers." Then we are given an admirable description of "Two Famous London Churches," St. Margaret, Westminster; and St. James', Piccadilly, by W. Maurice Adams. Very appropriately comes a paper on "The Opening of the Year," by Dean Howson, which is well worth reading and laying to heart. "The Paper that Was Cried Over," is a clever little story in two chapters, which is followed by a very interesting paper describing the model homes of some fishermen on the Scottish coast. Then comes a poem, "Ophir," which is enriched by a page illustration. In the series, "The Conquests of Peace," we have the "The Story of Wm. Penn," and a great story it is. Then follow some Bible lessons and after them a strong story, "Matthew Duncan's Glass," by Rev. P. B. Power. The Rev. Hugh Macmillan tells us "About a Pottery Mound" outside the city of Rome, and Dean Plumptre gives the concluding paper on "Truth and Truthfulness." "The Short Arrows" are as usual the last shot from *The Quiver*. Cassell & Company, Limited, New York; 15 cts. a copy, \$1.00 a year in advance.

Every one is more or less familiar with the old "Carmina Collegensia," but the book is rather large and costly for more ordinary use. Not long ago, to meet the demand for a cheaper edition, this house issued "Student Life in Song" (\$1.50) with a charming introduction by Charles Dudley Warner and containing choice selections from the larger book including all of its foreign student and miscellaneous songs. To these favorite books has been added a third, which is so well and favorably known at Colby. This book, "College Songs" (mailed free for fifty cents) is unquestionably the best as well as cheapest of its kind. It contains not only a selection of the best "old songs," but a splendid collection of new songs recently introduced in college circles, most of which are copyrighted and can be found in no other collection. That these books should excel others of their kind in value, is not surprising in view of the fact that their editor has had at his disposal the copyright material and other facilities of the largest music publishing house in the world. Those who desire the best college song books should see to it that they have the imprint of Oliver Ditson & Co.