

# The Colby Echo.

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No. 9.

## The Colby Echo.

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"From silent dew and thunder shower we call thee,  
Persephone, by name that at Eleusis  
Was held too sacred for unhallowed lips!  
O many-named! O Joy that thrills with Wonder!  
O Love! art thou indeed enthroned in Hades?  
Death! art thou daughter of the Heavenly King?"



WE are greatly pleased to be able to present to our readers in this issue another article on "Colby in the Ministry," by Rev. C. V. Hanson, and we are assured that it will be appreciated by every one. The articles which we have heretofore received from this staunch friend of Colby have been of great interest, especially to the alumni, who are glad to trace the career and life work of many of their college mates and friends. Colby's glorious contributions to the list of honored workers in the cause of Christ are a source of pride and congratulation to us, and we trust of inspiration as well. The record of the lives of these saintly men who have so adorned the roll of New England clergymen is a grand and effective tribute to the character of our *Alma Mater*. It affords us only the more pleasure to announce that the series will be continued further, and to express the hope that we may expect at least two more articles on the same subject.

WE regret to chronicle the sad news of the death of Dr. E. L. Magoon, '42, so well known to the friends of Colby as one of the most loyal of her sons, and most liberal of her benefactors. In another column will be found an extended notice of his life and works. It is sad indeed to see the old friends and graduates of the college pass away, but we have the precious legacy of their lives and example, to which we can look with reverential gratitude, and from which we can draw lessons of help and encouragement.

THE cautious conservatism which characterizes the administration of this college has perhaps nowhere expressed itself so clearly

as in the reception which the movement to secure the abrogation of the Thursday morning recitation has met with on the part of the Faculty. We intend no reflection upon that hard working and conscientious body, who have given so many signs of their sympathy with college feelings and student institutions; but we are afraid that they have misapprehended the sentiment of the students on this point, and have undervalued their promises and assurances. If they doubt the prevalence and strength of this desire among the undergraduates, or feel that this agitation is the offspring of indolence and laziness, we can assure them of the contrary. For we will venture to assert that there is not a single student enrolled in this institution who does not feel that the imposition of this burden is a personal hardship, almost insupportable. And the charge of laziness the students of Colby have never deserved.

We were led to expect that, as the matter had not been brought before the trustees, the Faculty would make some arrangement by which the exercise on Thursday morning would be of such a character as to require no previous preparation. To such an arrangement as this, while not all that could be desired, the students were prepared to assent with cheerful gratitude. And the only objection which it seemed could be urged against the scheme was removed when all the societies promised to hold their meetings on Wednesday evening, which some had feared would not be continued when once the object sought was secured. Confident then that their expectations and hopes were to be realized, the students entered upon the winter term, but we are assured, and that indirectly, that the "weight of opinion of the Faculty" is adverse to this concession, so reasonable in its demands and so just in its reasons.

For this concession is demanded upon strictly utilitarian grounds. We do not appeal as hard working students to the pity of the governing body, but we do ask this favor, as it must be called, because we know that it is necessary to the development of literary culture, to the encouragement of athletic tendencies, and to quiet the murmurs of a dissatisfied, though tractable constituency. We have already discussed the benefits which would accrue from such a course, to the value of the various societies, and the feeling of relief which the possession of the half-

holiday of Wednesday afternoon does not now produce, would undoubtedly induce many of our severe students to take more and needful exercise.

We have always taken pleasure in referring to the liberalism which generally predominates in our college atmosphere, but it is our duty to reflect the college sentiment and express the students' views, and we cannot conceal from ourselves the dissatisfaction which this loss of an expected privilege is exciting among the undergraduates, who feel it the more because they were assured that it was nearing their grasp. We hope that before another year, at least, some definite action will be taken upon this matter by the board of trustees, and that their decision will be favorable to our wishes we cannot doubt.

FROM time immemorial it has been the invariable custom to allow to the Senior class several privileges of material value which they would naturally seem to have deserved by their faithful work in the past. Among these privileges, which have been jealously cherished as the prerogatives of Senior dignity, perhaps the dearest has been the exemption from recitation one day in the week at the usual morning hour. The possession of such a right inevitably gives even to the beardless Senior a sense of power and authority, and exalts him immensely above his Freshman associates. And we are concerned that this venerable custom should not fall into a noxious desuetude, for such we must regard the discontinuance of this valued privilege.

Now the class of '87 has passed through all the storms and trials of its novitiate and naturally desires all that belongs to its proud position as the class of traditional dignity. And it wants on its own account, if it cannot secure it for others, an unemployed hour on Thursday morning between 8 and 9 o'clock. We need not dwell upon the righteousness of this demand, for that has been admitted by compliance with it in the past. But that there are special reasons why this privilege should not be withheld from us now, we are prepared to admit.

For in the first place the Senior class now is obliged to attend recitation every morning in the week except one, when it receives a lecture, on which it is obliged to recite subse-

quently. Again, the Seniors have several articles to prepare during this short term of eight weeks, exclusive of those due in the rhetorical department, all of which require an immense amount of reading and preparation. And we are puzzled indeed to find the time for accomplishing all this on Saturdays, for, as has been said in another place, Wednesday afternoons under the present arrangements are not available for such purposes.

If, however, we cannot secure this, which we have mentioned, we are willing—we speak for the Senior class—to be indulged with lectures on the morning in question. And we could wish nothing better than to have the lectures on art, proposed for next term, on the Thursday mornings of this term. The winter term, from its meteorological features, is well calculated to excite in the students a zeal for study, and it is notorious that the class-room work during that term is the best of the year, but we cannot expect to do anything well, if we are hammered and driven from one week's end to another without a single breathing spell.

WE lately noticed in the columns of *The Nation* an extract from an article by President Robinson, of Brown University. He was touching upon the hindrances which a man meets with in his college life, and among other things said:

“The most intimate of my friends, though pure in their lives, and morally wholesome as associates, were low in their aims as scholars, satisfied with very little and very superficial work. They had been sent to college to prepare for the ministry, and were fair specimens of the average of a class of men not yet wholly extinct. Selected, and aided by beneficiary funds, as ‘candidates for the ministry,’ they seemed to regard themselves as absolved from the duty of high aims as scholars, and dropped into the wretched cant of ‘laying aside ambition as unworthy the servants of the Lord.’”

We believe that a good deal of this is applicable right here in Colby, for there are men here like those described above, who do positive harm to their associates, by their lack of ambition, and unsound methods of work. Their chosen profession is the noblest calling in the world, and they should not cheat it of the highest culture to which they can attain. While the work of a clergyman does require humility of character, it needs not less strength and culture of mind, and we cannot expect men to do

great good in the world who are content with low aims and humble ambitions in the practical affairs of life.

THE American Tariff League has offered, through the newspapers, to Seniors in American colleges, prizes of \$250, \$100, and \$50 for the three best essays on “The advantages of the protective tariff to the labor and industries of the United States.” We desire to call the attention of the Seniors to this announcement, for surely in a college where the protective sentiment so strongly predominates, there should be staunch defenders of the system, who are ready to advance its advantages in essays for these prizes, and we urge all the strong tariff men to think well of this suggestion.

This subject has suggested to our mind the extreme importance of the study of Political Economy in a college course, for the science is eminently practical as well as philosophical, and must guide the business man, as well as the politician, and the statesman. But we fear, nevertheless, that it does not hold its proper place in the curriculum of Colby, and we call for more time to be given to it here. We cannot be satisfied with but twelve weeks upon this most important subject.

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#### IN MEMORIAM.

ANOTHER of Colby's friends and benefactors has fallen. On Thanksgiving Day, November 25th, Rev. Elias Lyman Magoon, D.D., died at the residence of his son-in-law in Philadelphia. He was born in Lebanon, N. H., Oct. 20, 1810. At the age of sixteen he was apprenticed to a brick-layer and worked at the trade for several years. But such employment was too monotonous to suit his active disposition. He turned his attention to study and entered Waterville College in 1832.

In common with other colleges the students of that period were obliged to follow a narrow curriculum. No system of electives had then been introduced. In advance of his time Dr. Magoon refused to take certain studies which were distasteful to him. Hence, he became a specialist; and though he remained in college four years he did not receive his diploma. In

1842, however, he was made an honorary graduate.

In order to meet his college expenses, he still worked at his trade. While a student he assisted in building Chaplin Hall and the building in Waterville of which the lower part is now occupied by J. F. Elden & Co. as a furniture store.

During his stay here an incident occurred which remained firmly fixed in his memory for life. In company with a college mate he was boating on the Kennebec back of the college. The river before the building of the upper dam was much more rapid than at present. The boat fell into an eddy and Dr. Magoon's companion reached from the boat to give it a shoot from the shore. He succeeded in sending it into the middle of the stream, but in so doing lost his balance and fell overboard, taking the paddle with him. Unable to go to his assistance, young Magoon saw him drown before his eyes, while he himself drifted on towards the falls. Help not being at hand he was obliged to leap from the boat and swim to the shore, which he reached in a very exhausted condition. The body of his companion was recovered and buried on the high bank of the river near the north part of the college grounds, but Dr. Champlin afterwards had the remains removed to Pine Grove Cemetery. His name was John Gage of Bluehill, Me.

Leaving college Dr. Magoon took the course in Newton Theological Institution, and upon graduation was called to a pastorate in Richmond, Va. Subsequently he spent long pastorates in Cincinnati, Ohio, New York City, Albany, N. Y., and Philadelphia. Everywhere he was recognized as an eloquent speaker. There was nothing artificial or ostentatious in his speech. At home on the platform he spoke his own thoughts and feelings without reserve. Bold in utterance and eloquent in expression, he never failed to interest his hearers.

In 1881 he visited Colby and delivered the Commencement oration. After a long absence from his college home he found an especial pleasure in looking over the scenes of his early days. The spot where he had struggled with poverty to secure an education was dear to him.

Dr. Magoon evinced his affection for Colby by the valuable additions that he made to her library. A few years ago he presented a large

number of valuable books to the college. It is by these gifts that his name has become known to every student. He also made presents to other institutions.

But his life work is over. The tongue which was so eloquent is still. Death has seized his victim and added another name to the list of Colby's dead. But the influence of his life remains. As the students of succeeding classes peruse the volumes which his generosity affords they will reap the benefits of his life; and those among whom he lived and with whom he labored will long perpetuate his memory.



#### RESCUED.

Were you ever on an ocean tossed  
Amid wild breakers' roar,  
When the feeling came that all was lost,  
And you so far from shore?

Ah! what wretched tumults wracked the breast,  
What agonizing cries  
Went up from a yearning soul for rest,  
And rent the vaulted skies!

Only Heav'n alone can sympathize  
With such a soul forlorn,  
And condescend, with pitying eyes,  
To change his night to morn.

But when the blest life-boat heaves in sight,  
And gives new life again,  
Then his star of hope bursts forth with light,  
And past is all his pain.

The human mind is a wide, wide sea,  
Where billows often roll,  
Involving in deepest mystery  
The whatness of the soul.

Now wave on wave in succession roll,  
Now dark the angry squall,  
Until from circumference to pole,  
Confusion reigns o'er all.

But whene'er there comes the "still small voice,"  
The boat of life to men,  
Darkness makes place for light to rejoice.  
And there is gladness then.

## COLBY IN THE MINISTRY.—No. 6.

BY REV. C. V. HANSON.

REV. C. C. TILLEY, '76, has a prominent position among the younger Baptist ministers in Maine. He is the son of the late Rev. W. Tilley, who graduated in the class of '40, and who was widely honored among the churches. He studied two years at the Newton Theological Institution, and then returned to his native State where he has spent his entire ministry. He has had settlements at Fairfield, St. George, Nobleboro, and is now pastor of the Bates Street Baptist Church in Lewiston. An incisive speaker and an able debater, he is one who will doubtless meet an ever increasing influence in his ministry.

Rev. A. E. Woodsum, '76, is a native of the State, and after graduating at Newton in 1879, entered upon his pastorate of the Baptist Church in Milford, Mass. He remained there three years, and in 1882 became pastor at Rockland in the same State, where he still resides. He is an excellent preacher, a man of solid attainments, and one who will win increasing favor by the sincerity and strength of his character.

Rev. J. A. Sturtevant, '77, spent a year in teaching after his graduation, and after passing some time in theological study at Newton, Mass., and Morgan Park Seminary, near Chicago, went to California where he was ordained at East Oakland, in May, 1880. He shortly after became pastor at Sonora, an interesting town in the old mining region, and remained there four years. In 1884 he became pastor at Vallejo, a prominent place on San Francisco Bay, and the terminus of the road that passes through the delightful Napa Valley. He is in a prominent position, and is one of the many Maine men that dwell near the Golden Gate.

Rev. Fred Eli Dewhurst, '78, graduated at Newton in 1882, and became associate pastor of the Baptist Church in Wollaston, a delightful village in the historic town of Quincy, Mass. His colleague, the venerable and eloquent Dr. William Hague, has been unable to perform any pastoral service, and the entire work has devolved on Mr. Dewhurst. He is a vigorous thinker and graceful writer, and is one who does honor to his *Alma Mater*.

Rev. F. J. Jones, '78, finished his course at Newton in 1888, after an interruption in his

studies of two years, when he was pastor at Allenton, R. I. In 1884 he went to Iowa, and was pastor for one year at Iowa Falls. He came East in 1885, and settled at Seekonk, Mass., where he still resides. The church which he serves is in East Providence, although his residence is within the Massachusetts line. He is again amid familiar scenes, and not far from the place of his earliest pastoral labor.

Rev. H. M. Thompson, '78, spent two years at Newton, and was ordained at St. Mary's, Ohio, in 1880. He remained there a short time and went to Iowa City in 1881, and spent four years. In 1885 he went to Iowa Falls, where he is laboring at present. A native of Vermont, he has chosen the valley of the Mississippi as the scene of his earliest pastoral work.

Rev. H. B. Tilden, '78, belongs to a ministerial family. His brother Horace is pastor at Hyde Park, Mass., and his brother Herbert, at Farmington, Me. He was ordained at Lamoine in 1880, and in 1882 entered Newton, where he graduated in 1885. Soon after graduation he became pastor at Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard. He finds much to encourage him in the field where he labors.

Rev. D. T. Wyman, '78, graduated at Newton in 1883, after an interruption of two years in his studies. He was ordained at Spencer, Mass., in 1880, and was pastor there for some time. In 1882 he became pastor at West Somerville. The church which he serves is young and vigorous, and he is permitted to witness its steady and healthful growth.

Rev. Nathan Hunt, '79, graduated from Newton in 1882, and became pastor of the church in Milton, Mass., his native place. He is the first pastor of the church, and through the munificence of a Godly woman lately deceased, it will soon worship in a beautiful and attractive house of worship. The lines have fallen to him in pleasant places.

Rev. C. S. Lamont, '79, after his graduation, fitted himself for the legal profession. Convictions of duty, however, led to the change of purpose, and he entered Newton in 1888, where he graduated in June last. The desire to recruit his health, prevents, we believe, his immediate entrance upon ministerial labor.

Rev. Geo. Merriam, '79, bears a name that Colby honors. His father, Rev. Franklin Merriam, A.M., of East Weare, N. H., graduated

in the class of '37, and has been Trustee since 1863. His brother, Rev. E. F. Merriam, A.M., graduated in 1868. Notices of both have appeared in previous articles in this series. The subject of this sketch entered Newton immediately after completing his studies at Colby, and graduated in 1882. He was ordained early in 1883, and became pastor of the churches in Abilene and Solomon City, Kansas. He has been an efficient home missionary in a growing section of that great State, and during the past fall has been permitted to address several audiences in New England upon his work.

Rev. C. E. Owen, '79, has already become known as an able and efficient minister in Maine. He graduated from Newton in 1884, and became pastor of the church in Oakland. His ministerial life has opened very auspiciously. He is near the college campus, and is widely and favorably known both by the faculty and the students. He was the preacher of the annual sermon at the late meeting of the Baptist State Convention.

### NOX ERAT.

HOR. EPOD. CAR. XV.

It was night, and in the calm Heav'n above,  
The moon amid the stars was shining,  
When thou, forgetful of the great god's love,  
So gently in my arms reclining,

Didst swear, as thou clung'st so firm to my breast  
As the ivy to the ilex is bound,  
That while the grim wolf gave the herd no rest,  
And Orion to ships was hostile found,

And breezes stirred Apollo's locks unshorn,  
Thy love for me would be unchanging.  
O Neaerea, thou'rt destined to mourn  
For thus my confidence deranging!

For if in Flaccus any manhood's left,  
He will not have thee thy nights to spend  
With a rival; he will leave the bereft,  
Nor shall thy beauty his firmness bend.

And thou, where'er thou be, happier in state,  
And of my misfortune boasteth thee,  
Though in herds and lands thou be rich and great,  
And famed Pactolus flow gold for thee,

Though no hidden secrets should thee deceive,  
Be Nireus less charming than thou by half,  
At her fickleness thou shalt surely grieve,  
And then, indeed, 'twill be my turn to laugh.

### A MYSTERIOUS BEAR.

I WAS camping one summer upon the shores of a lake in Northern Maine, now become quite famous as a summer resort. My companion was my friend and room-mate in college, Charlie B——. The weather was unexceptional, fish and small game plenty, and, as you can imagine, we enjoyed ourselves to the fullest extent. The last night of our stay we fell in with a party of hunters, old *habit-ués* of the lake, and, in response to a cheerful invitation, determined to spend the night with them. After an excellent supper of trout and broiled venison, a roaring camp fire was built by one of our new-made friends, which all by common consent gathered around. Pipes were produced and soon the fragrant odor of tobacco was mingled with the perfume of the pines. For a long time, as we sat complacently puffing our pipes no words were spoken. The surroundings seemed to lose every one in sort of dreamy meditations. The lurid glare of our fire lighting the tall pines around us served only to deepen and render more awful the gloom without. In front could be heard the irregular plash of the waves upon the shore, unbroken, save by the screech of the loon, issuing from some distant cove, while, as if in reply, the familiar hoot of the owl could be heard from the mountains towering like grim sentinels, behind us. The weirdness of the scene seemed to impress all alike, and for a long time we remained in this half dreamy attitude, each apparently dreading to break the spell. Our fire had burned very low, and the shadows which it had for the time dispelled were fast stealing upon us. "A good time to tell ghost stories," at last spoke up Charlie, to whom the silence was fast becoming oppressive. The remark, made only as a remark, brought us back to earth again.

"There used to be," said the eldest of our hosts, rising and rearranging our fire so its glare once more extended far into the forests, "a ghost seen on this very lake; not an ordinary one in winding sheet and like accoutrements, but one of the most peculiar kind of which I have ever heard.

We were at once, of course, eager for the story. It takes, I find, more than one term of McCosh's Natural Realism to dispel from a boy's mind the fondness for these mysterious

beings. Our friend, of course, yielded to our solicitations, and the story, as he told it to us, I will endeavor to give it to you without attempting, if I may be excused from the task, to reproduce the peculiar backwoods vernacular in which it was related.

"About thirty years ago," he began, removing his pipe, "my brother and I were camping upon this very lake, hunting a little and trapping more. Our programme for each day was about the same. One would set out to visit our traps, while the other would make search for a deer or perhaps catch a string of trout for our supper.

"One day when I had returned from a long and unsuccessful chase of a deer, I was surprised to find that my brother had not yet arrived. Displeased at what seemed his unnecessary delay, I hastily prepared our supper and sat down to wait. About an hour had elapsed when, at last, he came in, breathless with excitement over a monstrous bear which he declared he had seen, but which moved through the woods at such a speed that he was unable to bring his rifle to his shoulders before he had disappeared. He had, he declared, followed his direction for a long ways, but was unable to obtain another glimpse of the monster.

"A bear at that season of the year was a most unusual, though not unheard of sight. This fact, coupled with his description, convinced me that his bear, had he shot him, would have proved moose. Although he would not accept this theory, he nevertheless agreed to go with me the next morning to the scene of the day's adventure, track, and if possible obtain a shot at the mysterious animal. Next day, however, brought a heavy fall of snow, which, of course, covered all trails of the previous day, and so spoiled our plans. For a few weeks after that I would keep a sharp lookout for signs of moose, but failing to obtain any, the affair soon passed out of my mind. One morning, however, about two months later, as I was slowly returning from my traps, busied with my own thoughts, my attention was suddenly called by a cracking of bushes, seemingly in close proximity. I looked up, and to my great wonderment saw, if my senses did not deceive me, a bear of the most unheard-of proportions stalking majestically through the woods not a hundred yards

ahead. I raised my Winchester and fired a number of shots in quick succession. As you can judge, my wonder was much increased to see him pay no attention to my shot, except to quicken his pace through the woods. Chagrined at what I regarded my poor marksmanship, I hastened to where my supposed bear had been standing, intending to track him, and, if possible, obtain another shot. Judge of my surprise on arriving there, to find that not a track of any kind was to be seen. For fear of ridicule, I told my story to no one until one night a few years later, I happened to stop at a lumber camp farther up the lake, the crew of which was much excited over a bear which several had seen, but which made no tracks and apparently was not affected by a rifle ball. Their adventures corresponded so closely to mine that I told it there for the first time. From my description then given, all agreed in declaring the two animals the same. After that I often heard of meetings with the bear by woodsmen, but to all he remained as deep a mystery as ever. After a while I began to hear of him less frequently, and as no one met him, he soon passed out of people's minds altogether, to be brought up only on such occasions as this to amuse visitors, who believe it only a woodsman's yarn."

#### OWED TO THE DENTIST.

Upon a pleasant afternoon  
When all the earth was glad,  
I hied me to a dentist's room  
To have my teeth repaired.

I sat me on the velvet chair,  
My head right softly lay  
Upon the back. Why, here, I thought,  
Is a good place to stay.

But soon my hector gagged my mouth  
With rugs and India rubber.  
I could not yell a single yell,  
But only sit and blubber.

He poked his looking-glass around  
To find some stale decay  
That he could chisel with his pick.  
Gad! made my hair turn gray.

And then he turned that huzzing wheel;  
Worse than a hive of bees,  
And stood and grinned, the demon did,  
To see my trembling knees.

Ha! Talk about the tortures  
That martyrs' hearts have stirred,

To've stepped up to the rack or stake  
I should not have demurred,

But when you sit for two long hours  
Upon a dentist's chair,  
I tell you—well, I think, my friends,  
I'd rather not be there.

I'd quite prefer the tortures of those  
Who wore iron collars,  
For after torture they were done,  
But I owed sixteen dollars.

#### A PARTICULAR FRIEND.

ONE day early in December, as I walked out I gazed at the leafless trees and at the dead leaves on the ground. What a change a few short months had wrought! Nature once joyous and active, had now clothed herself in the garb of mourning. The breezes, whistling through the trees, once so refreshing, now seemed disconsolate. The chirp of the sparrow, the caw of the raven, the whooping of the owl were no longer heard—nothing but the voice of the wind, which seemed to whisper, "Hush! hush! for Nature is asleep." I returned to my room, lay down upon the sofa, and soon was lost in the realm of imagination. A stranger seemed to stand beside me, a youth of a ruddy countenance, a flashing eye, and a nimble step. My curiosity led me to inquire whence he had come, and what his errand might be. "From a northern region, borne on the wings of the wind, have I come to brighten the spirits of those who inhabit this land," was his reply. In regard to his name, he said they called him Jack, but I could learn no more. He told me that on Christmas days children sang ballads in his praise. During this conversation we had been walking in the cold, open air. I now arrived at my room. As I entered, my companion vanished from my sight, soaring into the air. It was not long before the ground was covered with white, solid crystals. Why had they fallen instead of the usual showers of rain? The only explanation was that the stranger had ascended into the region of the clouds, and breathed upon the drops of falling rain, and changed them into the form which now covered the ground. Though some lazy fellows complained of the necessity of finding their way through deep snow, and were unwilling to do anything else

than sit about the fire, yet the energetic farmer started at his work in high spirits. By him the snow was welcomed; and more cheerfully than ever did he enter his wood-lot, prepare his timber, and haul it out to use for various purposes. Travel was much easier now. He rejoices, too, in the fact that vegetation is so well protected.

But my imagination wandered away from the busy farmer, and caught sight of the children in their merriment. How they glory in the first sleigh ride! Next we see them drawing their sleds up to the top of a hill that they may slide down. As they rush through the air on their sleds, their merriment is at its height. The clear and shrill voice of the one who leads all the others may be heard praising the merits of his sled, and next they all burst out into a song:

Ho! ho! ho!  
Down the hill we go  
Sliding o'er the snow  
With our cheeks aglow.

Shout! shout! shout!  
And let the words ring out  
With voices clear and stout  
That none your joy may doubt.

Slide! slide! slide!  
There's ne'er a better ride  
In all the region wide  
In which our course to guide.

#### FINALE.

With our voices full of praise  
Hymns of gratitude we raise  
Him to praise whose breath did blow  
And turn water into snow.

Our beneficent friend had also solidified the surface of the water, and over the ice thus formed, I spied a merry company gliding on skates.

Thus in many respects, for sport and for profit, our hero, though so often dreaded, is yet one of our most valuable friends.

It is reported that the college of William and Mary is to be transplanted to Lynchburg, Va. Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and Scott graduated from this institution.

Yale has three alumni in the United States Senate, Princeton and Hamilton two each, and Harvard, Bowdoin, and Williams each one.





Sleigh rides.

Fairs and festivals are numerous.

A Freshman says he lives in the town of Maine.

The Thursday-morning cut failed to materialize.

J. M. Pike of Hebron, Maine, has entered the Freshman class.

The south division of South College is at last blessed with doors.

C. H. Pepper, '88, is doing some fine, artistic work for the next *Oracle*.

The ECHO wishes its patrons a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Student (to Professor)—“I think I understand it, but I don't like to do it.”

Itinerant dealers continue to keep the students well supplied with writing paper.

The new *Coburn Clarion* contains a touching inquiry after a certain mysterious oyster stew.

G. P. Phenix, '86, is taking a post-graduate course in Chemistry and Physics, under Profs. Elder and Rogers.

A Sophomore found an opportunity of rendering himself famous by rescuing a yagger from a watery grave, Saturday.

A stock company for promotion of the study of German has been formed in the Senior class. Capital stock, \$1.00; paid up shares, 75 cents.

The Maine Pedagogical Society, which attracted so much attention from the students, a little more than a year ago, will hold a meeting at Brunswick this winter.

The speakers for the coming Junior exhibition are as follows: Gallert, Howes, Suckling, Lorimer, Stewart, R. J. Tilton, Shaw, Pepper, the Misses Brown and Merrill.

The boy preacher called forth quite an audience of the boys. Some such attraction as that, every Sunday, would materially improve the church record of the present term.

As locals are exceeding scattered this week,

we have decided to devote a portion of our columns to answering a few question concerning college matters which we have received.

Through some unaccountable mistake, the name of W. F. Watson was omitted from the list of those out teaching the present winter. His address is Millbridge, Me.

An Instituter recently, after frantic endeavors for some distinguishing mark to describe a certain Senior, at last broke out as follows: “A fellow with a big mouth, an *awful* big mouth!”

The base-ball nine, although they have not gone into systematic training, are daily practicing batting in the gymnasium, a state of things which we expect will show good results next spring.

The instructor from Hebron who is taking a post-graduate course here, becoming involved in a broil with a Senior, so far forgot his surroundings as to call for '86. An empty echo was his only answer.

Great Cæsar! man, what do you want! Such was the exclamation which must have flitted through the mind of a certain Senior when told by a Prof. the other day that he lacked confidence in his recitations.

The manager of the Stockbridge Course has met with many disappointments and annoyances. The first date that is definitely fixed upon at present is January 4th, when Leland T. Powers is expected to deliver his lecture.

W. E. Sargent, Principal of Hebron Academy, on his return last week from Bangor, where he had been to transact business connected with the interests of the Academy, took occasion to visit the physical laboratory of the college.

According to the *Boston Herald*, Colby is one of the few New England colleges that has a polo team. Yes, and it has a foot-ball team and a glee club, but they exist only on the pages of the *Oracle* or in the active brains of newspaper correspondents.

Rev. John Moore, formerly one of the staff of *The Educator*, has arranged to give a course of four lectures in Waterville. The students will liberally patronize the course. The same lectures were recently delivered by Mr. Moore

in Oakland. Below are the subjects: 1. Geological History of the Earth and Man; 2. Monuments and Antiquities of Egypt; 3. Darwinism and Evolution; 4. Ancient America.

The choir of this term "was a growth rather than a creation." The first morning not a single person occupied the singers' seats. Next day, however, one appeared and favored us with a solo, the next after that two, and so on till now we have a full grown choir.

"These delightful, long winter evenings" are delightfully long with a vengeance, to the Senior class, this term. Sociables, dances, and lectures supplemented by six pages of Constitution or twenty-five of Geology enable us to appreciate what a long evening means.

A just ground of complaint exists in the fact that so many of the numerous wells upon the campus are allowed to remain entirely uncovered or inadequately covered. They are really dangerous, but the repeated expostulations of the students have proved thus far of none effect.

When Sam came around to light the hall lamps a few nights ago, he found that the oil with which they were filled in the morning had, in some unaccountable way, solidified. Investigation developed the fact that the new barrel of oil which had been tapped that day, contained a large proportion of  $H_2O$ .

A Junior had devoted himself assiduously to a particular fair one at a Good Templars' sociable recently. The time for retiring came, he ventured to ask of a friend the ladies' name with a view to offering his services as escort. Judge of his surprise at being referred to the lady's husband across the hall.

Through some misunderstanding, the Seniors, much to their regret, missed a recitation which had been provided for them, Saturday morning. The Prof. appeared but no Seniors were anywhere to be seen. In about a half an hour, however, they began to appear strolling sedately down the walks from breakfast.

A Senior was nonchalantly shoveling coal down cellar from a Freshman's bin. Our janitor, becoming cognizant of the fact, with a knowing look upon his countenance, carelessly turned the key in the lock and departed for North College. After waiting a half hour for his return, escape was at length effected by the

aforesaid Senior, but in a manner characterized by efficiency rather than dignity.

On account of the generosity of Prof. Rogers, who is willing to devote two hours, instead of one, to the Juniors in Physics, the members of the class are receiving much more satisfactory instruction in two divisions than they could possibly receive together. The division of the class which took Physics last term, is pursuing the subjects of light and electricity. The other division will spend about three weeks on sound and heat, and then devote the remainder of the term to light and electricity.

In looking over the ECHOES of from eight to ten years ago one is struck with the marked similarity in college sentiment and customs, at that time and now. The stealer of the hall lamps was berated, and prize fights in the reading-room condemned, then as now. An instance is recorded in one place of a Sunday morning in which there was no prayers. At that time it was said to be the only instance on record, which honor it undoubtedly holds to the present time. Base-ball evidently did not hold the position it does at present. A communication in the ECHO of '77 complains that only twenty-eight belong to the Association. By substituting names, however, one could make quite a passable campus out of these old issues.

We notice first the following:

*Editors of Echo:*

Dear Sir,—Would "building a fire" be accepted as valid excuse by the Faculty for absence from prayers?  
'90

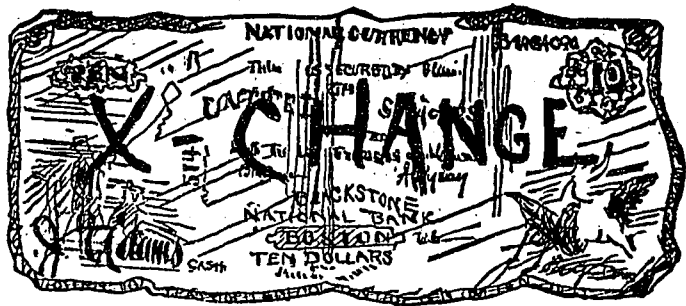
That depends: If you have made use of "overslept" and "sick" several times already, the excuse might be accepted, otherwise not. Innovations in college customs are sometimes advisable but they should not be too radical.

Another:

Why is Sabbath school in the morning not made compulsory?

"SENIOR."

Nothing certain is known in regard to this question but the generally accepted theory is that the Faculty in counting up the days of the week missed Sunday and so left one morning unprovided for. It is to be hoped the matter will be corrected as soon as possible.



Quite a large number of exchanges have been received since our last issue. Of these, as usual, some are spicy and contain much that it is a pleasure as well as an instructive pastime to read, and some contain little that is of interest to anybody outside of the college where they are published, and occasionally we find one that contains little that could benefit or amuse any one. The greatest fault that can be found with any is the tendency to fill their columns with matter written by persons outside of the colleges. This habit should be done away with at once. The columns of a college journal should be held sacred to students, and only on special occasions should they be opened to outsiders.

Another thing is noticeable. Some of our brother editors do not keep posted on current college news. The result is that their columns are from time to time graced with items that have become chestnuts to the majority of students months before. For example, one of our E. C.'s, in the last issue, informs the public that "Bowdoin is to have a gymnasium." The facts of the case are, Bowdoin's gym. is an accomplished fact, and the item would have been stale six months ago.

The first issue of the *Coburn Clarion*, published by the students of Coburn Classical Institute, is upon our table. To say that we have examined it with interest is but expressing the sentiments of the greater number of Colby students, and especially those who prepared for college at the Institute, under the efficient instruction of Dr. Hanson. The high standard of the school, as well as the large number of its students, has for some time demanded such a move, and guaranteed success to it; but never before, we think, has the venture been actually made. The *Clarion* is a neat publication of eight pages, and in appearance and mechanical execution will compare favorably with the majority of the publications of similar schools. As to its literary merit, it undoubtedly could be criticised, but on the whole it does credit to

its publishers, and if we can form a correct opinion from the first number, we prophesy a successful future for it, and with the best wishes of the ECHO for its prosperity, offer a little advice to its publishers.

Children, you have embarked in an enterprise in which you undoubtedly take pride, but don't be misled for that reason, into thinking that your paper is the only one in the universe of any account. Nay, don't think even that it is *quite* equal to the best publications of its kind. Undoubtedly, you all have plenty of literary talent, but you must not expect, as yet, to produce such editorials as those of Curtis or Dana, because your talent is not as fully developed yet. And again, don't imagine that an article or poem is the best production of the day, just because you or your classmate wrote it; and above all, in making up the columns of your paper, don't fill them with chestnuts for the sake of having them full. Better have some blank spaces. By carefully heeding these few words of advice, you may, after a very long time, be competent to fill a place on the ECHO board. [For all future advice, ten cents per line will be charged.—EX-EDITOR.]

The *Tuftonian*, among many other good things in the last issue, calls attention again, in an editorial, to the scheme of holding a convention of New England editors, and of forming an intercollegiate press association. This, as has been before expressed in the columns of the ECHO, is a step in the right direction, and will, we have no doubt, meet with the hearty co-operation of the ECHO's board. Boston is the place preferred by the *Tuftonian* for holding the congress, and the time, near the end of the current college year. For the Maine colleges, of course, Boston would be somewhat distant, but on the whole, perhaps, it would be as good a place as can be fixed upon.

The *Brunonian*, as usual, contains many good things, and is on the whole a very readable number.

Of the last *Orient* we have received we say nothing, but let the *Era* speak for us:

"The last number of the *Bowdoin Orient* is rather a *curious* publication. Four of the six editorials are discussions of one kind or another with the *Colby Echo*. We cannot understand why so much valuable space is given up to these discussions, which are purely the outcome of *jealousy*."—*Cornell Era*.

The *Hamilton College Monthly* and *Lasell*

*Leaves* are the only publications from female colleges on our table at the present time, and both are good. The Hamilton girls complain because the papers from male colleges are filled with base-ball items, which bewilder them with their technical terms. The ECHO would advise them to post up a little on technical terms, by means of a base-ball manual, or better, perhaps, they can get the required information from their gentleman *friends*. Whether the *Lasell* girls understand the external fitness of things better, judge from the following, clipped from the *Leaves*:

## A CONTROVERSY.

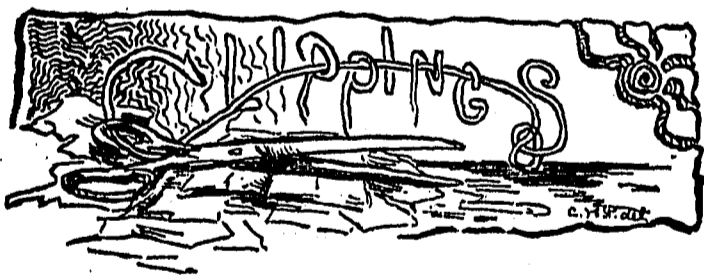
"Tell me what is sweeter  
Than a walk at night  
With one we love beside us,  
And the moon in sight?"

## ANSWER.

Gently swaying hammock  
'Neath chaste Luna's beam,  
Voice in softest accents  
Murmuring "Love's Young Dream,"

Arm encircling loved one,  
Lips in rapture met,  
Than a walk by moonlight,  
Is sweeter far, you bet!

Among the other exchanges we have looked over with interest are the *Collegiate*, the *Hesperus*, the *University Mirror*, *College Olio*, the *Beacon*, the *Vanderbilt Observer*, and *College Transcript*.



Harvard has two living graduates of the class of 1811.

In the new House of Representatives there are 104 college graduates.

Delaware College has abolished co-education, while Columbia has opened its doors to the ladies.

Of last year's intercollegiate contests, Princeton secures the foot-ball championship, Harvard the athletic cup, Yale the boat race and base-ball pennant.

The University of Mississippi has petitioned

for the removal of the twenty young lady students attending that institution.—*The Tech.*

At Amherst, the Students' Board has for the first time exercised its authority in expelling a student for using a "pony" in the classroom, after he had promised the professor not to use it.

At a meeting of delegates at Boston, November 23d, for the purpose of forming an intercollegiate athletic association, Amherst, Brown, Williams, Bowdoin, Trinity, Tufts, and Dartmouth were represented. The association is to be called the New England Intercollegiate Athletic Association. Officers were elected as follows: President, Applegate of Trinity; 1st Vice-President, Austin of Bowdoin; 2d Vice-President, Abbott of Williams; Secretary, Bryant Smith of Amherst; Treasurer, F. D. White of Brown; Executive Committee composed of representatives, one from each college, of which F. D. White is chairman. One or two colleges may yet be admitted to the association. There will be one meeting a year to be held some time in May. The constitution of the association is now in press and as soon as it is printed copies will be distributed in the several colleges.



In a Toronto college a certain classical student, learning that his professor had a translation of a difficult Greek author, went to borrow it from him. "Ah—um," said the Professor, "this is a practical illustration of the old and well-worn saying, 'The ass seeketh his master's crib.'"—*Ex.*

Prof.—"I don't see how you get that last translation." Freshman (boldly)—"I took it from the notes, sir!" Here professor begins to turn pages of his book. Student blushes deeply and stammers out: "Er, at least, I think, 't—'twas in the notes I s—saw it. Saw it s—some—where." Prof.—"Ah, I see! Must have been an *unauthorized* edition!"

Quarrel in the college tower: Bell (to clapper)—"Do you mean to say you think my

sweet voice annoys?" Clapper—"I told you so." Bell—"You *wrong* me." Clapper—"You have too much *temper*." Bell—"And you too much *mettle*." Clapper—"I am going to *strike*." Bell—"You insulting *our few* times have I been treated thus."

## WHAT'S IN A NAME?

"Greatest attraction! Wonderful treat!!" Such was the hand-bill they passed through the street.

R, of the college, at study acute,  
And the belle of the Classical Institute.

These are our *dramatis personæ*,  
What happened to them you shall see.

He had met her but once—but that would suffice,  
For he knew no other girl half so nice.

He asked her to go with him down to the show,  
And of course her answer did not imply "No."

The evening had come. With the air of a swell  
Our hero ascended and jingled the bell.

With heart beating wildly, and necktie askew  
He asked if he might see the charming Miss Q.

The landlady answered: "I think she is out,  
But I will investigate, 'twill settle the doubt."

Soon she returned with dubious looks  
And told him she found naught but Miss Q.'s books.

Abashed now he told her why he had called,  
And then the good lady looked really appalled.

Homeward he went. Very small was the stock  
Of his courage, since now it was just nine o'clock.

He pondered. He started. His temples turned blue.  
Her name was Miss X. He had asked for Miss Q.

The theological student was struggling to put on a new four-ply collar, as he was preparing to take the train to a neighboring village where he was to preach. "Bless the collar," he ejaculated, "oh, yes, bless it. Bless the blessed collar!" "What's your text for to-morrow?" interrupted his chum. "T-twenty-f-first verse, f-fifth psalm," he replied in short gasps. "The words of his mouth were s-smoother than b-butter, but w-war was in his h-heart."—*Arr.*

Early morning recitation. Singularly the "flunks" happen to be seated in groups, with the "digs" few and far between. Prof. has had one recitation, followed by a succession of flunks, and then the same process repeated, one flunk seeming to knock over the scattered

wits of all others in the group. At last, in despair, professor exclaims: "From the ease with which you upset each other, I should think I were practicing in a bowling-alley. I yet have a few questions as *spare*. We will try another alley. *Next settee!*"

## STATES.

A gentle Miss., once seized with chill,  
Was feeling very, very Ill.,  
When came an Md. for to know  
If N. Y. service he could do,

"O.," cried the maid (for scared was she),  
"Do you Ind. Tenn. to murder Me."

"La," cried the doctor, "I can save  
You from a most untimely grave  
If you will let me Conn. your case,  
And hang this liver pad in place."

"Am Ia. fool?" the patient cried.  
"I cannot Del.," the man replied;  
"But no one can be long time Ill.,  
Who Tex. a patent blue Mass. pill."

"Ark.!" shrieked the girl, "I'll hear no Mo.,  
Your nostrums are N. J.—no go."

—*Ex.*

Prof.—"What is the composition of *except*?" Student—"It is compounded of the verb and its object. *Capio*, to take, and *ex*." Prof.—"You may read the Latin and give your translation of that sentence." Student—"Propter vilitatem et iniquitatem professæ facultatis, non exceptit. On account of the meanness and partiality of the professor and faculty, he did not take an 'x.'" Prof.—"That will do. I may add to the sentence you read, '*Neque excipies.*'"



'39.

Rev. Mylon Merriam has accepted a call to the Baptist Church in Hampden, Mass.

Rev. John Johnson, of Charleston, died in Bradford, Me., Dec. 5, at the age of seventy-six. After graduation he attended Bangor Theological Seminary a short time and then entered into the ministry. His whole life was spent in active service in various churches in Maine, with the exception of the period from 1852 to

1857, during which he was engaged in business and travel. In 1866 he served as a Representative in the Maine Legislature. He had been in poor health for several years. He was a man of marked ability and esteemed by all.

'42.

Rev. E. L. Magoon, D.D., honorary graduate, died at the residence of his son-in-law in Philadelphia, Nov. 25th.

'58.

The Baptist Church at Meriden, N. H., recently passed strong resolutions of regret at the resignation of Rev. B. F. Lawrence, who has accepted the call to Jefferson, Me.

Rev. C. H. Rowe is pastor of the Baptist Church in Whitman, Mass.

'64.

Prof. W. S. Knowlton is teaching the High School at Caribou, Me., but continues to act as editor of the *North Star*, at Presque Isle.

'68.

Rev. David Palmer of East Poultney, Vt., has removed to Dakota, where he will take charge of a church.

Rev. H. M. Hopkinson recently accepted a call to the Baptist Church at Perkinsville, Vt., and began his labors there Dec. 5th.

'79.

Born, in Ashburnham, Mass., Sept. 12th, to Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Evans, a daughter (Helen Barbour).

C. F. Warner will read a paper before the Maine Pedagogical Society, which meets in Brunswick, Dec. 30—Jan. 1, entitled "Scientific Temperance Instruction in Schools."

'80.

The *Zion's Advocate* is publishing a series of letters from Rev. J. E. Cochrane, describing his voyage to India.

'81.

C. B. Stetson is at Phillips Exeter Academy, N. H.

'82.

L. H. Owen is principal of the Milford (N. H.) High School.

W. C. Crawford, principal of the Thomaston High School, spent a few days in Waterville, recently.

W. C. Philbrook will open a law office in Waterville, at the end of the present school year.

W. S. Bosworth is express messenger on the train from Boston to Fitchburg.

'83.

B. F. Wright has opened a law office in Waterville.

Rev. A. A. Cambridge of South Hancock

has accepted a call to the Baptist Church at Ellsworth, Me.

'84.

J. L. Dearing was a delegate from Newton to the Interseminary Alliance, which met at Oberlin, Ohio, Oct. 28-31.

Shailer Matthews of Newton preached in Portland, Nov. 21st.

H. M. Lord, who has been editor of the *Waterville Sentinel*, has been engaged as editor of the *Courier-Gazette*, Rockland. He will begin his work on the *Courier-Gazette* at once.

Married in Boston, Mass., Nov. 26th, Philip L. Lindsay of Norridgewock, for two years a member of '84, and Miss Ethel Emery of Boston.

'85.

H. L. Jewett is teaching at North Haven, Me.

'86.

S. B. Overlock is teaching at Washington, Me.

H. W. Trafton is teaching at Fort Fairfield, Me.

George P. Phenix is engaged in post-graduate study under Professors Elder and Rogers.

J. B. Bryant is teaching at Searsport, Me.

I. L. Townsend and E. W. Frenz, formerly of '86, are teaching at Somerset, Mass.

C. A. Parker, formerly of '86, is teaching at Coventry Centre, R. I.

The terms of the Richmond High School have been re-arranged so that there will be a vacation while R. J. Condon, Principal, is attending the legislature. Consequently, J. R. Wellington will not supply his place, as before reported.

'87.

E. W. Jewett is teaching at Atlantic, Swans Island, Me.

O. L. Beverage is preaching at Cooper's Mills, Me., in connection with his school at that place.

A. S. Green delivered his lecture, entitled "Distinction Between Man and Brute," in several places during the Thanksgiving vacation.

Rev. Herbert Tilden, '75, C. S. Estes, '84, Miss Bertha L. Soule, '85, and Byron Boyd and L. C. Bridgham, '86, were in town recently.

E. O. Silver, formerly of '83, and E. E. Silver, formerly of '85, are members of the new firm, Silver, Rogers & Co., publishers and importers; also agents for S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago. Their address is 50 Bromfield Street, Boston.

Dr. Pepper spoke before the Baptist Congress which met at Baltimore, Md., recently, on the subject, "Inspiration of the Scriptures." The address is highly spoken of by the press.