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The Colby Echo.

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"I know that all beneath the moon decays,
And what by mortals in this world is brought,
In time's great periods shall return to naught.
I know that all the Muses' heavenly layes,
With toil of sprite which are so dearly bought,
As idle sounds, of few or none are sought,
And there is nothing lighter than mere praise."



WE hasten to relieve ourselves of any charge of plagiarism which may be laid upon us by assuring an eager public that it was only by mistake of the proof-reader that the quotation marks were omitted from the verses which preceded the "Sanctum" in the last issue. We wish no one to confound our poets with the strange genius who composed "Childe Harold" and "Don Juan."

WE lately caught sight of the Professor of Physics experimenting with numerous and various thermometers under the open sky to test the rigor of the New England climate. Ever since we have been haunted by the idea that he might as well have applied the same instruments to find the heat in the chapel. For as cold and heat are relative, we suppose that in the same manner he could determine the absence of heat in the chapel as he could the degree of cold outside, essentially the same conditions holding inside as out, in either case something besides a mercurial thermometer being necessary.

It may have conduced to the spirit of our Pilgrim fathers' worship to have endured with patient devotion the torturing realities of intense cold, but the effeminacy of their New England descendants demands something besides cold feet and chilled bodies to put them into a reverential and devotional mood. The mind cannot soar above the realities of sense, when Jack Frost proves to them by inexorable and pitiless logic the reality of subjective impressions. Even in the singing we cannot pour out our souls when all about us rises the frosty breath.

Let us have the chapel warmed sufficiently

to enable us to pass the few minutes of prayers in a comfortable bodily state, and let the asceticism of ancient days give way to the cheerful and rational comfort of our time. For we cannot believe that a stay of but a few minutes, perhaps, in a cold room is designed to secure to us good health as it surely cannot afford good spirits.

WHEN the revised course of study was presented last year, we certainly supposed that as there was a division into classical and scientific branches, we would pursue either a strictly scientific or a strictly classical course, and that if any scientific studies were assigned to the friends of the classical course that they would be at least complete exercises in one special branch. We did not suppose that an integral part of one system of study would be forced upon the other course without all that went to complete that system. But in these suppositions however grounded or formed we have been sadly disappointed. The classical division of the Senior class find forced upon them as a kind of incidental burden imposed to fill up the time, a study which is especially and only of interest in connection with the whole science and development of Biology, and this not taken up in a careful and systematic way as a complete whole, but given to us twice a week at intervals long separated.

If it be indeed regarded as essential to the development of the true scholar that natural sciences be carefully and thoroughly studied, then let us have them in the curriculum put down as such. If, however, it be left to the individual student to decide for himself whether he will, in general, pursue a scientific course or not, at least allow him, if some science be necessary in either course, to choose what science shall be thus thrust upon him.

We wish to make no attack upon the sciences, or to discuss the relative value of a scientific or classical course, that is being determined by the progress of science itself; and we would allow the sciences a prominent place in a college curriculum; but if in common with the prevalent educational tendency, the student be allowed to emancipate himself from Latin and Greek, let him also decide, if science is to be thrust upon him, and if he must take some science to complete and make symmetrical his education, let him have the right to

decide for himself what that study shall be. We have this to say against the introduction of Zoölogy into the classical course, and we hope that by another year this will be remedied.

OUR library is deservedly a favorite spot in this college, for here we have a fine working set of books on every conceivable subject, and though perhaps not so elaborate or as extended as it should be, yet excellent for the undergraduate to get into. The rules are exceedingly temperate, and only willful disregard of the common rules of propriety will ever be the occasion of more stringent regulations. The student can roam about as he will within the book-studded walls and read what he pleases, while the allowance of books which he is authorized to take out of the library and consult in his own rooms is most generous. With all these advantages open to him, with an efficient and obliging librarian to direct and assist him in special reading, it might be supposed that the undergraduate with a taste for reading would be in clover.

But, alas, not so! Every morning he may enter those delightful precincts, linger for a moment over some choice volume and then the inexorable bell calls him to his work. He has not time to do general reading without sacrificing his class-room work. To be sure Wednesday afternoons and most of Saturday are given to the student to occupy as he may choose, but with articles to prepare for the department of Rhetoric, articles for other instructors, work for his society, and recitations immediately following his "cut," it is difficult indeed to see how he can obtain a breathing spell to devote to athletics or reading.

This is a lamentable deficiency which can only be overcome by allowing to the student more time that he can call his own. And this is one reason which perhaps has not been mentioned before which inspires the whole body of students, irrespective of class, society, or sex to demand exemption from the Thursday morning recitation. With this concession we can lighten a little the load which the Colby student is bearing upon his shoulders with perfect though rebellious submission.

WE saw but lately in the *Tuftsian* a proposition to hold a convention of New England college editors in Boston, and form

there an Intercollegiate Press Association. We desire heartily to commend this proposal and are glad to assure our esteemed contemporary of our unqualified indorsement. With athletic interests of different colleges closely connected and developed in various associations, it is still more fitting that the exponents of college journalism who have so much in common should more closely connect themselves together, and we believe that the practical results of such an organization as the proposed convention would be eminently valuable and ample. When the *Tuftonian* takes any direct steps to put this scheme in operation, we are ready to support its movements.



TRUE SUCCESS.

THE mind of a young man is filled with thoughts of the future, and often he is at a loss what course in life to pursue. He is anxious to put on the true appearance and character of a man competent to accomplish great deeds. He is inspired by the patriotic words of a Henry, Webster, or Garfield; he is completely aroused by reading the life-work of Martin Luther, and in his eagerness to secure an honorable name in some one of the various vocations of life he is very apt to form false ideas in regard to what true success really is, and the course which must be taken to reach it. He allows his mind to feast on vain delusions, and in his hours of leisure is wont to console his craving aspirations with air castles. He does not seem to be fully impressed by the words of the poet, which should be indelibly written on the mind of every young man, that

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

One as he enters upon the first avenues of real life should have a correct and unflattering estimate of true success. What one would call success in life, another, perhaps, would call a failure, and we should find, on investigation, that we should receive almost as many

answers to this question as there were people questioned. One would consider the man who has accumulated wealth, and who is enabled to spend his latter days in luxury and leisure to have made a grand success in life. Another would point out the orator or poet who has spent his threescore years and ten in the making and studying of books, as an example of a successful career; but it is possible for one to make a perfect failure in life by following such guide marks as these various characters afford. And finally at the end of his career to exclaim as did Theodore Hook, who made all nations laugh while he was living, but who, on a certain day, when in the midst of his revelry, he caught a glimpse of his own face and his own apparel in the mirror, said, "That is true, I look just as I am—lost body, mind, soul, and estate." And so it was with Shenstone. He sat down amid all the beauty of his garden and wrung his hands and said: "I have lost my way to happiness; I am frantic; I hate everything; I hate myself as a man ought to." Such has been the experience of many who have tried to realize their vain ideas in regard to what one's life-work should be.

It seems evident at once that the most simple and comprehensive definition which can be given of true success is for one to attempt and to accomplish the best and most useful things which he is capable of accomplishing, and, of course, that life is a failure in which the best and most useful things are not undertaken, or, at least, are not achieved, in which talents, opportunities, and years have been spent to little advantage or no, in a just estimate of things.

The first thing necessary is to have a firm purpose in view, for unless one has in mind some particular port to which he is to steer his craft, he soon will find himself drifting to and fro with every breath of circumstance and, finally, will become a total wreck upon some unexpected reef. It is really an advantage, then, to decide as early as possible to what particular pursuit, profession, or attainment one's life is to be devoted. One, who at an early period chooses the line of business, the course of study, the branch of science, the department of professional or literary effort which he will make his calling, will find this choice to exert a happy influence both in steadying and stimu-

lating his activity; for to know for what one is striving, makes it all the easier to strive. After one has chosen the course which he is to pursue in life, he ought not to expect to rise to prominence and distinction in a single short year; but rather consider the words of A. T. Stewart, the merchant prince of New York, when he said: "That no abilities, however splendid, can command success without intense labor and persevering application. He must throw into it all the energies of his soul, seeking its accomplishment, not his own glory."

As Goethe wisely says: "Man is not born to solve the problem of the universe, but to find out what he has to do, and to restrain himself within the limits of his power of comprehension. Energy is an element which must not be lost sight of by those who would be successful in any legitimate and honorable business. It matters not whether one is to stand upon the battlefield and meet opposing forces, or to be a street sweeper; to occupy a position in congress, or to prescribe medicines, he should do it with all his might, because it is his duty, his enjoyment, or the very necessity of his being; remembering that if he has but one talent, He who has given this will hold him responsible for its wise and continuous employment." He who does this will, surely, have acted well his part in life's ever moving arena, and will have been an ornament to society, a benefactor to the community in which he lives and a blessing to mankind.

LINES IN AN ALBUM.

Beneath the fairest rosebud sweet
The treacherous thorn lies hidden deep,
And on the flower-dotted mead
Grows many a rank and poisonous weed.
So many a treasured friendship's token
Once given with pledges fondly spoken,
Serves only to remind us now
Of him who broke his plighted vow,
For some are *true* friends while others weave
The web of friendship to deceive.
Then from your list of friends a few
Whom friendly deeds have proven true,
Choose thou, and treasure them with care,
For friendship true is friendship rare.

SELF-CULTURE.

SELF-CULTURE consists largely in the development of our spiritual nature. If the mind is that attribute which distinguishes man

from all other creatures, the capacity of that mind for self-cultivation is its most characteristic feature.

The Creator has endowed us with many faculties which, in themselves, are mere germs needing much careful training in order to bring out their full worth. These faculties may attain a certain degree of development without our knowledge; but this degree of development is so limited and imperfect as not to interfere with the general law of self-culture. When we see that the mind is expanded in seasons of unconciousness—that even dreams perform a mysterious office in arousing latent susceptibilities of the soul—there is, in reality, no exception to the law of self-culture. Had not the will and other attributes of the soul been previously excited and disciplined, we could have no grounds for supposing that this kind of unconscious growth would have been within the scope of experience. They utter the will of their Maker, teaching us that our spiritual faculties are not our own, but are only committed to us in stewardship, and that our own main purpose in life should be to cultivate them for their worth to ourselves, for their service to humanity, and for the glory of our Maker.

It is the office of self-culture to determine what we shall be; what position we will take among men; what triumphs shall be secured; what immortal glories won. Whether we shall enrich ourselves with the treasures of truth, beauty, and goodness in the whole universe, or sink into eternal bankruptcy. This is the issue to be made, the problem to be solved by a life-long study, and it depends for its solution on ourselves. Can we conceive of any trust which our Creator has placed upon us, so solemn and important? For no external relation can equal in depth, intensity, and grandeur those nearer and dearer ties that bind the soul to the infinite and eternal. True culture considers the soul as the greatest of created objects. For it, all things exist. For it, Christ died. From this point of view, true culture embraces every duty, interest, and aim within the grasp of man. It covers the whole scope of intellectual, moral, and religious effort. Everything we will, think, and desire falls within its sphere, and everything may aid in its development.

All departments of the material world, no

matter how diverse they may be, coöperate in its accomplishment. The atom and the world, the sphere and the universe, science and art, history, philosophy, poetry, experience, religion, all contribute to the same end. Self-culture, therefore, must be regarded as the chief end of human life.

One who devotes himself to the work of self-culture will need to fortify himself strongly against discouragement and defeat. Difficulties must be encountered, dangers met, sorrow and sufferings experienced. On the other hand we must remember that our Creator has bestowed on us powers enough to accomplish the task. Looking within ourselves we find a soul conscious of a capacity not to be measured. The more we cultivate this by inward thought, the more acute and intense is its idea of the possible enlargement of its being. Therefore, to cultivate ourselves thoroughly and properly, we must devote time and effort to the education of consciousness. But how does self-education act on the great reserved force of consciousness? Every man knows that much of his knowledge penetrates deeper than the faculties that strive to use it. Words fail, acts fail to embody anything beyond a fragmentary portion of our nature. But these hidden agencies are not lost—in joy and sorrow they are manifest in our thoughts and feelings.

The growth of consciousness is worth more than external service. To be a man that can stand the scrutiny of one's own conscience—to be a man that can stand the scrutiny of his God and Creator—is greater than any exhibition of the truest and purest self to the world. Man is endowed with ample means of gratifying all his wants. Labor, directed by his intelligence, secures its ends. "The humblest mechanic now wields a mightier power, by means of machinery, than the kings and queens of antiquity ever exerted, and a factory boy can perform a task that would have startled Rome and Greece as a miracle of skillful strength." Allowing that man is a great agent; allowing that everything material yields to his skill, we must still see that there is a greater agency working on his own nature, framing his own soul into the likeness of infinite beauty. A man that can change the forest tree into shapes of beautiful design, or from steel make the mighty engine, which brings into close connection all parts of

the world, such an one we would call a mechanic, inventor, or artist; but the man who seeks self-cultivation, acquires a trained intellect, and holds more influence over men than the most fortunate inventor,—this man we would call a genius and borrow such titles as distinguish the hierarchy of immortality.

How does the culture of the every-day man compare with the standard we have drawn? If we look through our patent-offices, our trades and professions, we see the most wonderful display of intellect, in all its sharpness, tact, rivalry, enterprise, and eagerness. Modern civilization is a gigantic demonstration of what can be done. We are educated for all the departments of life,—some for mechanical pursuits, some for the law, some for the ministry. Our measure is taken and we are fitted to our places. In every thing the demand of the world rules us, and in our eagerness to follow the world we are liable to give too little thought to our own conscience and to our God. A true manhood is in God's keeping; not at the nod and beck of the world. Not by looking at the wants of society, but by looking at our own wants, are we developed into true men.

CLUCKUCK-CLUCKUCK!

Cluckuck-cluckuck! cluckuck-cluckuck!
Thus the "harness" makes its round on round;
Cluckuck-cluckuck! cluckuck-cluckuck!
With a merry, rhythmic, ceaseless sound.

Cluckuck-cluckuck! cluckuck-cluckuck!
As yard on yard of cloth is turned out,
Cluckuck-cluckuck! cluckuck-cluckuck!
With the sweet attendant's pretty pout.

Cluckuck-cluckuck! cluckuck-cluckuck!
Delicate hands adjust its motions,
Cluckuck-cluckuck! cluckuck-cluckuck!
To suit its whims and please its notions.

Cluckuck-cluckuck! cluckuck-cluckuck!
'Tis good to peep on the winsome face,
Cluckuck-cluckuck! cluckuck-cluckuck!
That by its attendance lends it grace.

Cluckuck-cluckuck! cluckuck-cluckuck!
O would the power were given to me,
Cluckuck-cluckuck! cluckuck-cluckuck!
To be a tiny Hyblæan bee!

Cluckuck-cluckuck! cluckuck-cluckuck;
From those dear lips so rich in blisses,

Cluckuck-cluckuck! cluckuck-cluckuck!
I'd sip and steal the sweetest kisses!

Cluckuck-cluckuck! cluckuck-cluckuck!
That would give more joy than oft-sung fame,
Cluckuck-cluckuck! cluckuck-cluckuck!
Or terrestrial bliss of any name!

COLBY IN THE MINISTRY.—No. 7.

BY REV. C. V. HANSON.

REV. E. C. LONG, A.M., '76, is a son of Rev. C. C. Long, who graduated in the class of '41. After his graduation he was pastor for several years at Milo and Monson in this State. In 1883 he entered the Rochester Theological Seminary, and graduated there in May, 1886. In the following June he entered upon the pastorate of the First Baptist Church in Painesville, Ohio. He has an important position, for the field now covered by the church which he serves was formerly divided between two churches. He has an active and aggressive church, and finds both joy and blessing in his new pastorate.

Rev. J. R. Henderson, '77, graduated from the Rochester Theological Seminary in 1880, and in a short time became pastor at Penfield, N. Y. After a faithful and fruitful pastorate of several years, he settled at Palmyra in the same state, where he still resides. The church which he serves is considerably the largest in the Wayne Association, and so secures for him a position of large influence. Though out of New England he has lost none of his loyalty to Colby.

Rev. E. C. Whittemore, '79, as pastor of the Court Street Baptist Church in Auburn, holds a very prominent position in the state. He graduated from Newton in 1882, and became pastor of the church in New Boston, N. H. He served there for two years with such conspicuous success as to lead to his call to the larger church which he now serves so acceptably. An excellent preacher and with fine executive ability, he is one who has approved himself as a good workman in the earliest years of his ministry.

Rev. J. E. Cochran, '80, is one whose name must be added to the list of foreign missionaries sent out by Colby. He graduated from Rochester Theological Seminary in 1888, and returning to his native state, became pastor of the Historic Baptist Church in Paris. During this pastorate a new church was formed at South Par-

is and an edifice of unusual beauty erected. The whole enterprise, which has been characterized by exceptional vigor and wisdom, was brought to successful completion during his ministry. His work in Maine is monumental, and prophetic, we trust, of yet larger success in his chosen work abroad. He sailed last October, and will be stationed at Maulmain, Burmah.

Rev. F. M. Gardner, '81, spent two years at Newton Theological Institution, and was ordained at Winthrop, Mass., in May, 1883. He remained in Winthrop one year, and then became pastor of the Second Baptist Church in Lawrence. A native of Salem, a city full of historic interest, he is not far from the scenes of his early life, and is in a position where a large number can be reached by his ministry.

Rev. J. H. Parshley, '81, spent two years at Newton, and in 1883 became pastor of the church in Westboro, Mass. He went from there to Woonsocket, R. I., where he is laboring at present. He has a large church and has been permitted to witness many accessions thus far in his ministry. The field which he occupies is one of growing importance, and one which he is cultivating with wisely directed energy and zeal.

Rev. F. M. Preble, '81, graduated from Newton in 1884, and became pastor at Windsor, Vt., in 1885. In connection with his pastorate he has the chaplaincy of the State Prison, which is located at Windsor. The church which he serves has long had an honorable name in Vermont, and it will find in him a worthy successor to those who have preceded him in pastoral labor.

Rev. J. M. Wyman, '81, graduated from Newton in 1884, and became pastor at Roslindale, a delightful locality within the limits of Boston. The church was recently organized, but is having a rapid and vigorous growth. The field is one of much promise, and the pastor has entered upon it with enthusiasm and with every prospect of great usefulness.

Rev. F. W. Farr, '82, graduated from Newton in 1885. He was ordained a year later and became pastor of the influential church in Biddeford. Though in the early months of this his first pastorate, he finds much to encourage him, and has already begun to reap the fruits of his well-directed labor.

Rev. Geo. D. Sanders, '82, graduated from

Newton in 1885, and entered upon the pastorate of the church in East Gloucester, Mass. This is one of the younger churches of the Salem Association, but it has already become a great power for good in the field which it occupies. The church is in the midst of a large and growing population and the pastor has a wide opportunity for labor.

Rev. Samson Powers, A.M., '44, is now one of the venerable ministers in the state. He is a native of Waterville, spent two years at Newton, and entered upon his ministry in 1849. His entire ministry has been spent in Maine. He has had settlements in Winthrop, Addison, Mt. Vernon, Alfred, Acton, Litchfield, and Monmouth. He retired from the pastorate in 1882, and now resides at Litchfield. He is enjoying a well earned rest from his laborious ministry.

Rev. Asa Perkins, '56, spent two years at Newton, and in 1860 became pastor at Rockport in this state. His other pastorates have been at East Harrington, Livermore Falls, Limerick, and Fayette. He resides at present at Limerick, where he was formerly settled as pastor. His brother, F. O. Perkins, entered Colby in the class of '65, and intended to enter the ministry. He enlisted, however, in 1862, and died in the service. His name is on the tablet in Memorial Hall.

A COMMUNICATION.

A KINDLY and respectful hint has, from time to time, been given through the columns of the ECHO, with respect to the *grind* to which "the powers that be" have seen fit to subject us, and has put in a righteous and timely plea that the onerous burdens under which we are now groaning be somewhat lightened by the omission of the time-honored Thursday-morning recitation. Of course things do not appear to those throned powers as they do to us, but we ask them, just for a few moments, to put themselves in our position, and see if our complaint is not a just one. The standard of literary work, as of all other, should be determined by its *quality* and *excellence*, and not by its *quantity*; the universal tendency now is—in all of the departments, from the dignified Senior downward to the verdant Fresh.—to impose long and burdensome duties, with an infinite accumulation of dry and useless detail, *from Monday morning to Saturday noon,*

with scarcely a breathing spell between. The result is that there is growing up throughout the entire college a feeling of disgust and loathing for all imposed work of a literary nature. The "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," of Mother Goose celebrity, and glibly prattled over by us in our more youthful years, comes to us now with renewed freshness and vigor, impressing us, as never before, of the truthfulness of that old saying.

We cannot feel that the Faculty are blind to our best interests, or that they would willingly impose burdens that we can ill bear; they seem somehow to misunderstand us; but we feel that when they comprehend our difficulty they will cheerfully remove all hindrances that are now the cause of that difficulty and burden.

There used to be the time—even since some of us have been in college—that Faculty and students were arraigned against each other in arms of bitterest hostility, but now we feel confident that each member of the Faculty is universally respected by the students, and that they, in turn, respect them, and in all their dealings consult only their best and highest good. So we are still hopeful that the omission of the Thursday-morning recitation, though now for some reason denied, will in good time, be fully accorded to us.

A VICTIM.



Cold.

Othello.

Who did you say?

Late translation from Alcestis—*τόλμα*—"brace up."

"Pea-nuts for 'Rats!'" Good enough—ask Brainard.

Palmer and Harvey, '87, left college a week ago to teach winter schools.

The young ladies at the L. H. watched the old year out and the new year in.

The Junior Exhibition will occur Wednesday evening, January 19th, in the College Chapel.

Degrees of comparison of the late cold snap: South College cold, Chapel colder, North College coldest.

Through the kindness of Hon. Eugene Hale the College Library now receives the *Daily Congressional Record*.

Those officers who have recitations at eight o'clock shall attend this (the chapel) service.—*Laws of Colby University*.

Several of the Colby Alumni have visited the college lately. Webber, Wellington, Condon, '86, A. N. Foss, '85.

It is quite a clever resort to piece out the Opera Company with your own material, if it happens to fall short a little.

The young ladies of the college are evidently becoming an important factor in elevating the tone of college society.

The reports, so far as learned, of the success of the Colby students who are out teaching this winter, are very gratifying to say the least.

The display of metallic thermometers which have been exposed on the north side of Champ-lin Hall reminds one of a jeweler's store at X-mas time.

Student (to down town merchant)—“Mr. —, how late do you keep open nights?” Merchant (obligingly)—“A little later than about so late.”

Chas. F. Goodale has left college on account of poor health. He proposes as a change to travel for a while as general agent for a publishing company.

Another young lady intends to enter the Freshman class the coming spring term. Evidently the “Epidemic” has not “Swept everything away” from '90.

The entertainment given by the Maritana Opera Company, December 31st, was up to a rather better standard than the other entertainments of the Stockbridge course as yet given.

Not a few of the students were very pleasantly entertained on New-Year's afternoon and evening by Mr. and Mrs. Spencer, at their home on Pleasant Street. Cake, coffee, and fruit were served in an elegant manner.

The Sophomores watched the old year out at Hotel Crockett with an oyster stew and story telling. They report some marvelous fabrications by some of their number. This,

however, is no surprise to those well acquainted with '89.

The toboggan cap is an innocent affair of itself; but it is so liable to be mistaken, as the case has already several times proven, for another article of dress *extremely* out of place, that it is hoped that a change of weather may check the contagion.

We judge that the study of Psychology is giving the Seniors a command of language at least, from the long words they fling about so carelessly. Below is a very simple illustration: “It is the invulnerable panoply of polyhistoric and encyclopedic erudition.”

A “happy thought” of a Junior was mercilessly crushed recently when he gave a translation from the general to the particular in the sentence, “O nuit désastreuse pour *les greffiers, les huissiers*, etc.” The Prof. not only censures it but makes a “record of it” (?).

The Grand Chapter of the Zeta Psi Fraternity held its fortieth annual convention January 7th and 8th, with the Phi Chapter of the University of the City of New York. The Chi Chapter was represented by E. F. Goodwin, '87, Chas. A. Parker, '86, C. E. Meleney, '76.

Prof. Rogers finds that a lot of thermometers collected from different parts of the town indicate at the same temperature a difference varying from one to thirteen degrees. This probably accounts for the reports of so great a difference of temperature in different parts of the town.

President (to Senior who had hesitated several times while reading an original article)—“Mr. —, I can sympathize with you in the difficulty you experience in reading your article, for I have frequently encountered a similar difficulty in reading some that you have passed in to me.”

Those of the students who attended the representation of “Hamlet,” Wednesday evening, January 5th, were very much pleased with the entertainment, and considered that they received, at least, as much good from it as they did next day from the Thursday morning recitation.

The fifth entertainment of the Stockbridge course occurred January 4th. Leland T. Powers, of Boston, personated the ten characters represented in the comedy, “David Garrick,” in a

highly creditable manner. He was assisted by Miss Louise Baldwin, soprano, and Mr. Harvey Murray, pianist.

A body has been organized under the title of L'Assemblée Nationale, who hold very interesting and helpful sessions daily for the purpose of getting a better knowledge of French History without any wasteful expenditure of time. It is hoped that for this extra work the Assembly may receive honorable mention.

Prof. (to student reciting about delusions of judgment)—“Did you ever notice the movements of the child as it learns the position of objects?” Student—“No, sir.” Prof.—“I hope you may some time have an opportunity of watching one of those greatest of philosophers.” The student catches a glimpse of a probability before unthought of.

One of the alumni of Colby, who resides in Massachusetts, recently gave a brief history of his fraternity pin in the *Journal of Education*. After leaving college he twice lost the pin. Once he found it in the possession of a laborer near his home, but the second time by a peculiar train of circumstances it was identified and restored to him by the landlord of a hotel in California.

The students of certain classes manifested great interest in the recent session of the Pedagogical meeting at Brunswick, much more than some of the Faculty at least. The students would have been willing, doubtless, to sacrifice some of their recitations that the meeting might have its secretary; but probably, under the present circumstances, the Faculty feel that they do not deserve many favors from the students in the way of giving up recitations.

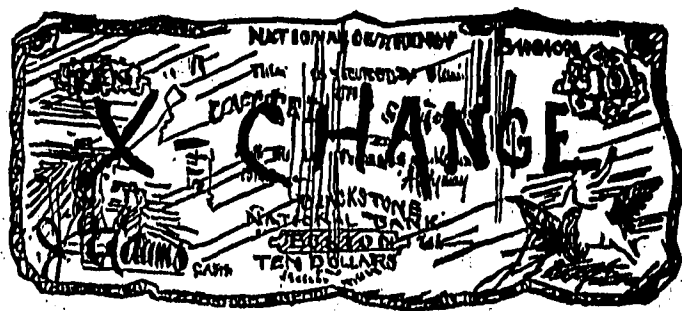
A guileless Freshman, after serving the Opera Company, went to Hotel Crockett and took a seat at the Soph. Class Supper table, supposing it to be a supper to remunerate those who rendered service to the Opera. He had not been seated long, however, when a friend informed him that it was oyster stew, not opera soup, that they had ordered there. The unceremonious dispatch with which the Freshman hussled into his overcoat and departed showed clearly that he took the hint.

We think nobody was more delighted with the exceptionally cold weather of last week

than Prof. Rogers. It served him as he has never been served before in furnishing data in extreme cases which he wishes to use, in determining the relative expansion of different kinds of metallic bars. The Professor has a great number and variety of thermometers, some of which he himself invented. His classes appreciate his generosity in allowing all of them to be used in the class-room, even those which he prizes beyond almost any value.

One of the pleasantest occasions of this dull winter season was the New-Year's reception at the L. H., given by the young ladies of the college. Many of the college boys and most of the professors with their wives availed themselves of the pleasure of calling. Sam, arrayed in a black suit and white kids, announced the guests as they arrived, and added much to the style of the occasion. The reception rooms were handsomely decorated, and for refreshments tempting cake and fragrant coffee were served. The young ladies were fully equal to the task of entertaining their friends.

Quite a lively scene occurred at North Collegerescently, when an opportunity was presented for having a little fun with “Sam.” What could be more tempting these cold, dark winter days than a ten-gallon oil can nearly full of oil, setting on the doorsteps unguarded. The can is seized, and is being conveyed up the icy steps as fast as possible, when “Sam” catches on to the racket and is in hot pursuit. The fugitive does not reach the second flight of stairs before he is overtaken and overpowered, the stolen can is recovered, and as “Sam” descends the stairs he triumphantly exclaims, “Ah, *Mistour!* you don't catch dis woodchuck asleep.”



Quite a large number of the exchanges upon our table are decked out in tasty holiday garbs and contain, together with the season's greetings to their readers, much interesting Christmas literature. Some we would hardly recognize in their gaudy apparel, but upon an exam-

ination of their contents they are soon found to be old friends in new gowns, and we immediately become plunged into the midst of interesting articles and spicy bits of college literature that no one but a college man knows how to appreciate fully, and as one after another, which we would gladly give more time to, are laid aside after only a hasty examination, we can but regret that college duties are so imperative.

The *Tuftonian* with its tasty cover first claims our attention, and on looking it over the inside is found to be not a whit behind the exterior. It contains a large amount of interesting reading matter, well worth the perusal of anybody. We were about to remark that the story of the "Old Wizard" ended in a too tragical manner, but we have just returned from seeing "Hamlet" played and we withhold the criticism.

The Hamilton girls have quite surpassed themselves in their last publication, and the *Monthly*, usually a good publication, is unusually attractive and pleasant this issue. On the cover they send greeting to the old folks and little ones, but entirely forget their brother and sister students.

The *Bates Student* is as good as usual, and that is saying considerable. We receive no exchange that will stand criticism better. But we don't appreciate the interest that the Exchange editor takes in us, and think that if he will carefully examine the back numbers of the *Student* during the base-ball season, he will find some places where *mud was slung* quite freely by some one not far from home.

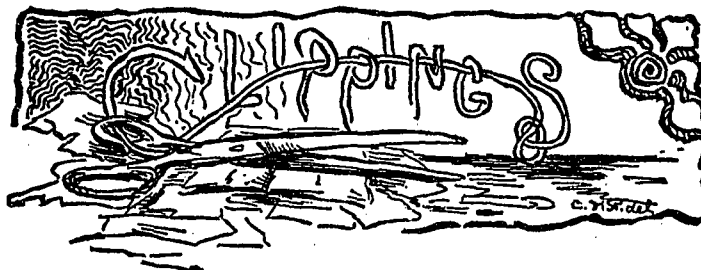
And to all of our exchanges that have expressed themselves in one way or another about the quarrels of the Maine college journals we would say that up here in Maine we can do a little wholesome wrangling and still not lose our temper or allow any impassable gulfs to arise between us. In fact, the weather is so cold here that something of the sort is needed to keep up a healthy circulation, and when the time comes for Colby to cross bats or enter into any other contest with those with whom the ECHO has exchanged doubtful courtesies, it will be found that the ink-wounds do not extend below the skin, and that hearty good-fellowship exists between the students of Colby and of the other Maine colleges.

The Christmas number of the *'Varsity* is

excellent, and contains many good things both interesting and instructive.

The second number of the *Clarion* comes to us a decided improvement over the first, both as to size, appearance, and excellence.

The *Bowdoin Orient* has not put in its appearance yet, though the last issue has been out some time. Brace up, friend *Orient*, we want to know what the boys are doing at Brunswick.



Vassar is to have a new gymnasium valued at \$20,000.

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

The Faculty of Amherst consists of none but graduates from that college.

The trustees of Amherst College have recommended that the number of students be limited to three hundred.

The Utah State College, a Mormon institution, is the best endowed college in the West.

Above 18,000 ladies pursue their studies at the various American colleges.

Six hundred American students are attending the University of Berlin.

Cornell has abolished compulsory attendance at recitations and lectures.

Harvard holds examinations in Paris. Lafayette, in St. Louis and Chicago.

Pres. McCosh has proposed that there be a meeting of representatives from the Faculties of the different colleges represented in the Football League, to place certain restrictions on that sport.

The four daily college papers in the United States are, Harvard, Cornell, Princeton, and Yale.

Harvard is the largest college in the country, Oberlin is second, Columbia is third, Michigan fourth, and Yale fifth.

The wife of the Mikado of Japan is a Vassar graduate.

While the student athletes at all our eastern colleges and universities are driven indoors by the cold, the base-ball players of the Pacific are

reported as hard at work at the national game. Matches are being played on bright-green swards, and gay, fragrant flowers flourish in the balmy air.

The averages of the Intercollegiate Baseball Association Players have been published, and below are given the best records:

Batter.—1. Henshaw (Harvard)	435
2. Phillips (Harvard)	428
3. Stagg (Yale)	417
4. Cross (Yale)	415
Catcher.—1. Allen (Harvard)	900
2. { Dann (Yale)	888
{ Clark (Brown)	888
Pitcher.—1. Bickham (Princeton)	821
2. Stagg (Yale)	811
1st Base.—1. Davidson (Amherst)	989
2. Larkin (Princeton)	983
2d Base.—1. Harris (Princeton)	966
2. Stewart (Yale)	893
3d Base.—1. Blackington (Williams)	872
2. Cross (Yale)	849
Short Stop.—1. Noyes (Yale)	917
2. Blossom (Princeton)	839
Left Field.—1. Foster (Harvard)	982
2. Duffield (Princeton)	900



Three little Freshmen, all unwary,
Fond of the snows of Janu-ary,
Caught diseases pulmonary,
Three little Freshman fools! —Ex.

Junior (translating)—“‘*Dispeream*,’ May I be—” Classical Prof.—“That will do.”

Literature is an avenue of glory, even open for those ingenious men who are deprived of honor or of wealth.—*Disraeli*.

It was a Vassar girl just graduated who inquired: “Is the crack of the rifle the place where they put the powder?”

Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy, deep; morals, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend.—*Bacon*.

Stout Lady—“Little boy, can I go through this gate to the river?” “Rude Boy—“I guess so, ma’am; a load of hay went through this morning.”

According to an eye-witness, the Boston

girl don’t say, “Let’s skip the gutter.” She remarks, “Let us suddenly overlap the marginal depression of the public thoroughfare.”

Young Lady—“Mr. ———, I often hear the ‘college boys’ speak of being ‘sat down upon,’ now please show me how they do it.” Bashful Student—“Well, I really don’t know.”

He was practical and had been making love on that basis. She was a little that way herself. “Can you cook?” he inquired. “Can you supply everything to be cooked?” she replied. It was a match.—*Ex.*

ONE OF THE BI’S’S OF LIFE.

Said the widow, mendacious young Mrs.
I really don’t know what a k’s’s.
The lover in haste
Put his arm ’round her waist,
And promptly but firmly said, “Th’s’s.”

According to actual count of statistical reports, the jokes on loquacious women amount to 703; on old maids, 905; on dudes, 1,007. (The last item was reported to be 1,005, but on examination it was found to be as stated.)

A student who evidently enjoys Hebrew, has kindly given directions how it should be read: Turn the book upside down, open at the end, put it in one corner of the room, stand on your head in the other corner, begin at the bottom, and then read backwards.

Scene: Class room. Two Juniors by fire, with their arms affectionately around each other. Fair Co-ed (to one of the Juniors)—“It is very cold here; will you be so kind as to change seats with me?” (Deep consternation and astonishment on part of Junior)—“Oh! er—eh! certainly.”—*Cynic*.

THE OLD MAID SINGS:

“My heart beats warm with a love untold,
And memory ne’er will fail,
As I sit and sing of the days of old,
To whisper the half-told tale;
And I sigh as I think, how short he stopped—
My own and only beau,
Just as I thought he ought to have popped,
The question long ago!”

THE OLD BACHELOR SINGS.

“When moonbeams silver the sylvan scenes,
As sinks the evening star,
I leave my room with its ‘might have beens,’
And puff my dime cigar;
But a phantom face in the smoke I see,—
And strange it should be so,
’Tis the only face that was dear to me,
In the days of long ago!” —*Ex.*



'32.

Hon. Albert W. Paine, in the November number of *Lend a Hand*, discusses the subject of voting by proxy at public elections.

'47.

A copy of Prof. T. O. Paine's magnificent work on "The Holy Houses of the Scriptures" has been placed in the library.

'62.

Prof. E. W. Hall was elected vice-president of the Maine Pedagogical Society at its recent session in Brunswick.

'69.

Rev. Sewall Brown, honorary graduate, closed his labors with the Baptist Church in East Corinth, January 2d. He has accepted a call to the Oldtown Baptist Church, and will begin his work there at once.

'70.

Hon. Llewellyn Powers of Houlton, honorary graduate, and Miss Mattie Averill of Lincoln Centre were married at the bride's residence, December 25th. Mr. Powers has purchased an elegant house in Boston where he will reside.

'71.

Rev. S. B. Morse of East Oakland, Cal., honorary graduate, has been elected to the presidency of the new college, lately established by the Baptists of California.

'76.

Fred V. Chase, Esq., has been appointed assistant county attorney for Cumberland County.

Supt. C. E. Meleney of Paterson, N. J., has an article in *Science*, for December 24th, on "The Basis of a Graded System of Schools."

'79.

A. P. Soule, Superintendent of Schools in Hingham, Mass., spent the holidays with his friends in Waterville.

'80.

H. L. Koopman furnishes to the *Library Journal* for December a bibliography of the writings of the late Hon. George P. Marsh.

Hugh R. Chaplin of Bangor has entered

into partnership with H. F. Appleton of that place for the practice of law.

Married in Kennedine, Rangoon, Burmah, November 8th, Rev. J. E. Case of Tonngoo, Burmah, formerly of Waterville, and Miss L. B. Clark, of Kennedine, formerly of Rochester, N. Y.

'83.

A. C. Hinds will report for the *Portland Press* the proceedings of the Maine Legislature this winter.

Dr. Alfred I. Noble has been appointed on the medical staff of the State Insane Hospital at Worcester, Mass.

'85.

F. H. Edmonds is teaching at Hampden, Me.

Rev. F. G. Chutter and H. G. Mank, both formerly of '85, now of the Andover Theological Seminary, were in town a few days ago. Mr. Chutter preached at the Congregationalist vestry, Sunday evening, January 2d.

'86.

H. A. Smith is in a gents' furnishing store in Lewiston.

J. R. Wellington will teach the Somerset Academy at Athens, Me., during the spring, beginning about the middle of February.

'87.

I. O. Palmer began a school in West Paris, Me., January 3d.

R. W. Harvey opened his school in Readfield, Me., on the same day.

Miss Maud E. Kingsley is teaching at East Machias, Me.

'88.

A. B. Lorimer will supply the Baptist Church in Penobscot, Me., during the winter vacation.

C. F. Goodale left Waterville, January 6th, having accepted a flattering offer to become general agent for Shelleck, Ross & Co., publishers, of Albany. He will go to work at once, probably in some part of the Middle States.

Married at West Gouldsborough, Me., December 22d, Charles H. Wood, formerly of '88, and Miss Katie Shaw of Gouldsborough.

'89.

Miss Mary L. Tobey has closed her school at Norridgewock, Me., and returned to college.

'90.

A. P. Wagg is teaching at Danville, Me.

H. R. Hatch is supplying the Baptist church at Isleboro, Me., and will continue to do so till the beginning of the spring term.

H. L. Jewett, '85, and E. W. Jewett, '87, were called home several weeks ago by the sudden death of their father.

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Going West. * Boston, 5.30 A.M.; Boston (via Augusta), 9.10 A.M.; Boston (via Lewiston), 9.15 A.M.; Boston (via Augusta), 2.35 P.M.; Boston (Pullman), 10.00 P.M.

Going East. St. John (Pullman), 8.25 A.M.; † Skowhegan (Mixed), 8.00 A.M.; Bangor (Mixed), 7.15 A.M.; Bangor, 10.30 A.M.; Skowhegan, 4.52 P.M.; St. John, 4.55 P.M.; Bangor (Globe and Herald, Sundays), 10.00 A.M.

ARRIVALS.

From West. Boston (Pullman), 8.17 A.M.; Portland (via Augusta), 10.25 A.M.; Boston (via Lewiston), 4.40 P.M.; Boston (via Augusta), 4.45 P.M.; † Boston (via Augusta), 8.40 P.M.; Boston (Globe and Herald, Sundays), 9.55 A.M.

From East. Skowhegan, 9.05 A.M.; St. John, 9.10 A.M.; Bar Harbor, 2.20 P.M.; Skowhegan (Mixed), 4.35 P.M.; Bangor (Mixed), 6.25 P.M.; St. John (Pullman), 9.55 P.M.

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Going East. Skowhegan (Mondays excepted), 6.00 A.M.; Bangor, 7.15 A.M.; St. John, 1.40 P.M.; Fairfield (Saturdays only), 3.25 P.M.; Skowhegan (Saturdays only), 3.25 P.M.

ARRIVALS.

From West. Portland (via Lewiston), 2.35 A.M.; Boston (via Lewiston), 1 P.M.; Boston (via Augusta), 2.45 P.M.; Portland (via Lewiston), 5.45 P.M.; Portland (via Augusta), 5.55 P.M.

From East. Skowhegan (Mondays only), 8.40 A.M.; St. John, 10.50 A.M.; Skowhegan, 4.35 P.M.; Bangor, 6.25 P.M.; Bangor (Sundays only), 8.22 P.M.

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