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BATES STUDENT.

VOL. IX. No. 7.

SEPTEMBER, 1881.

LEWISTON:
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1881.

THE BATES STUDENT.

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THE
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A FORM IS SEEN;—A VOICE IS
HEARD.

["And about the fourth watch of the night he cometh unto them, walking upon the sea, and saith unto them, Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid."]

O Sea of Life, thou restless deep,
Thy "troubled waters" never sleep!
Though sometimes stilled by God's command,
Thou motion hast from land to land;
Thy shores eternal lands do bound,
One lost;—the other still unfound.
O voyage, thou transitory day!—
A soul's confinement in its clay,—
Amid the mists that shroud thy deep,
And veil the stars that watch do keep.
A form is seen.—Above the roar
Of storms re-echoed from the shore
A voice is heard. O guiding hand!
That beckons toward the Father-land—
That ne'er withhold the beacon lights
Which shine like stars in cloudless nights—
So guide our courses that at night
We, too, may hold a beacon light.

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THE INSPIRATION OF SPACE.

BY W. H. M., '76.

OF all the elements of the cosmic environment about us there is none so potent in its capacity to impress as the exceedingly ethereal thing called space. One may climb the sides of a towering mountain and gaze with expanding soul upon the magnificent scene afforded him of grand old woods, crystal lakes, and fertile meadows, and descend never to experience the same transports of raptur-

ous delight. Niagara, the ocean, sublime Mount Blanc can afford but one grandest scene, which, when once observed, cannot be repeated. Compared to the concept of space all the flights of the imagination, inspired by these physical percepts, are dwarfed in their power to expand the soul.

It is interesting to ask: What do the words that engage the soul's deepest emotion express? We answer, Relation of Space. In Bryant's "Ode to a Waterfowl" we are attracted by the simple faith that breathes in the lines, and the attraction has its charm residing in the words that pertain to space. In the opening lines of the poem the word that holds us is the small one—"far." Recall the first stanza:

"Whither midst falling dew
While glow the heavens with the last
Steps of setting day,
Far through their rosy depths dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?"

Here we have a picture presented of a waterfowl skimming over the surface of the sea at sunset. Rosy clouds, the sea, and water-fowls are common objects of sight to some persons—of themselves provoking no unusual emotion. But when one to the notion "far" joins the notion "thy solitary way," then is that a vast field for imagination and that is disclosed.

It is highly probable that our emotions, consequent upon the contemplation of eternity derive something of their profoundness from the words which, while actually referring to space, are yet em-

ployed in terminal relations of time. Such words are "end," "extent," etc. A good example of this may be seen in the exclamation of David, in Psalm cii.:27, where, in addressing Jehovah, he says, "But thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end." In the cxxxix. Psalm we find that David's answer to the question, "Whither shall I go from thy Spirit," derive much of their force from the words that concern space.

What is there about the notion, or rather concept of space that so strongly stirs our minds? Does not these three of its attributes have some influence? viz., immutability, eternity, and infinity? To become inspired by anything it must contain something gradually superior. The ocean that churns to foam its billows against opposing cliffs is seen to be limited in extent mutable in grandeur and is finite in its duration. But when "there shall be no more sea" there will be left occupying the minutest hiding place of its deepest ooze the ever present changeless thing called space.

GUITEAU IN THE LIGHT OF PHRENOLOGY.

BY C. E. S., '83.

IT is the science of phrenology alone that can reveal the hidden springs of human character. While the world is contending over the definition of insanity, and trying, in its comparative purity to comprehend the strange motive that must have inspired the heart of the assassin, phrenology calmly solves the problem, and suggests facts in human nature that it is well for us, at this time, to reflect upon.

We find by an examination of the numerous likenesses of Guiteau that have been published, a very broad head in proportion to its height, especially between the

ears, and directly upward and backward of them, indicating an enormous development of combativeness and destructiveness. These render him quarrelsome, severe, and inclined to dispute and wrangle whenever his operations are disturbed by others. He has an unusual amount of approbateness, hence he is anxious to make a sensation and be conspicuous. The highest point of his head is in the region of self-esteem and approbateness. He has large cautiousness and secretiveness; hence he is disposed to be sly and cunning in the accomplishment of his ends. The temperament indicates nervous excitability, restless impetuosity, positiveness, and a desire to be master. It is hard for the possessor of such an organization to walk in the ordinary path of life. The organ of ideality is very strongly marked, which, combined with this peculiar temperament, makes him disposed to look at life from an ideal standpoint; he cannot look at the practical side of the world. He is inclined to formulate a system of philosophy for himself, which form his moderate reverence and large combativeness, destructiveness, and self-esteem necessarily aims more to break down existing institutions than to build up new ones. He has the development of the typical Nihilist. He has a strong development of spirituality, hence he is superstitious. He has considerable of the religious sentiment, but lacks that moral stamina which alone can supplement and render of any avail the mere religious impulse. Although most of his moral organs are decidedly weak, yet it is not to this fact mainly that he owes his depravity, but to the fact that the principle of mental coördination is wanting. There is a mental condition resulting from peculiar temperamental and phrenological developments in which the several faculties seem, as it were, to be insulated, and those whose function it is to exert a mutually restraining influence refuse to recog-

nize their relationship. They act like a span of untrained horses; first one and then the other exerting all its power but never acting together. Such seems to be the character of Guiteau as indicated by his phrenological developments.

The question that is sure to present itself to the thoughtful mind is, How came he by this abnormal development, so strongly marked, that had he been hedged about, even in his earliest years by the strongest moral influences, it could hardly have been prevented from blossoming forth into the "deadly night shade" of depravity, whose flowers now reek with poisoned dew. Does it, after all, bear the impress of the divine workmanship? Was it the result of chance, or was it a curse sent by some angry God to tarnish and dishonor the memory of some irreverent ancestor?

Perhaps the latter, interpreted in the light of poetry, is not far from the truth. Individual character is not the result of chance. Whether or not in that last analysis, which man can never make, it bears the impress of the divine workmanship, we shrink from the task of answering. Perchance the future may reveal to our expanded souls that

"Evil is not a mystery, but a means
Selected from the Infinite resource."

Be that as it may, one thing is certain, that nothing exists without a cause, not even the organic predisposition to crime. Every mental peculiarity of every individual is the outgrowth of myriad influences, whose infinite ramifications, none but Omnipotence can trace to their origin. We are what we are to-day because all the past was what it was, and had any of our ancestors been a different person, then we to-day should be different from what we are. Shakespeare does not deserve all the praise for his genius, but it should be distributed along the line of his ancestral development. His genius rests upon a

colossal pillar of ancestral influences that date back to the hour of history's birth.

If this be true of the grand characters of history, it is also true of the ignoble ones. If we are not to give to Shakespeare all the praise for his genius, then we should not give to Guiteau all the censure of his crime.

President Garfield was poisoned by a noxious weed from the vineyard of society. Guiteau was a legitimate product of social forces, and until the world learns the great secret of hereditary, until marriage is prohibited, either by legislation or by the general intelligence of the people, between parties upon whose union science would place her veto, we must continue to look for such products as Guiteau.

LATENT POWER.

BY L., '81.

EVERY man lives below his possibilities, or life is a mockery. Every soul has latent energies, or conscience is a tyrant. Forever before us is the vision of an ideal life, and behind, conscience, with the word ought. But life is no mockery. True, at best, it is a hard struggle, a desperate battle; but conscience, the voice of reason, declares man should triumph, and to fail is ignoble disgrace. Says Emerson: "Wherever there is failure, there is some giddiness, some superstition about luck, some step omitted which Nature never pardons. The happy conditions of life may be had, if you will take all the steps in order. Their attraction for you is the pledge that they are within your reach." Do we not accept these words as true? Do we not believe that success is man's privilege and duty?

But success depends upon belief in our possibilities. Said Franklin: "Men fail because they begin a thing and meeting a

difficulty fly from it discouraged; but they have capacities if they would employ them." To illustrate: The somnambulist, stripped of fear and self-distrust, performs with ease feats that in his waking moments he would declare impossible to him. Yet sleep adds no new powers. Under its influence he displays simply his physical possibilities.

What encouragement have we, then, to believe in our possibilities to will and to do? We answer, the consciousness in our calmest and best moments of supreme powers native to the soul. What else is this rising of a better self within us as we commune with our ideal, but the self-assertion of latent power and undeveloped energies of soul? Says Phillips Brooks: "We are haunted by the vision of an ideal life, because we have within us the beginning and possibilities of it"; and Emerson, "Our prayers are our prophets."

Again, our desire for a future life springs largely from our consciousness of latent powers. Had we attained our highest development, achieved our grandest possibilities, life would have no attraction. Alexander wept that there were not other worlds to conquer. The contemplation of the past would weary us, aye, madden us. Death itself would be preferable. Progress, attainment, is life's attraction, and our desire for life springs from our consciousness of undeveloped power, unattained possibilities of being. (A writer has well said, "There is not yet any inventory of a man's faculties any more than a Bible of his opinions.") Are these theories? Do we say the best test of a man's powers are his performances? Then explain, if you will, these facts of history and personal observation.

Is it not a common occurrence that a dunce at school becomes a scholar with a change of teachers? A kick received on the playground transformed Isaac Newton—the great Isaac—from a third-rate schol-

ar to the first in his class. Why did France become a nation of heroes under Napoleon, or America under Washington? Did these two men give power? They only awakened and called into action powers before dormant. Why does a rabble of coarse and vulgar men become respectful in the presence of a pure and virtuous woman? No new nature is given them. Purity and virtue appeal to their better self, before sleeping, and receive a positive answer.

No other faculties, but the perfect use of those we have, will insure success. Says Schiller: "Every man stamps his value on himself. The price we challenge for ourselves is given up. Man is made great or little by his own will." But you say, here is the difficulty, man has not the power to will. We answer, the will is a faculty of the mind and is developed and strengthened by use. Man has the power to will. "The will of man is by his reason swayed." Not other capacities, but loyalty to those we have—belief in our possibilities. What we need, then, is to place continually before the mind a motive for action that will move the reason and fire the will. That motive we have when we believe, with Geo. MacDonald, "that it is a glorious thing to be a human being with Jesus Christ as the centre of humanity." Says Emerson, "Our chief want in life is somebody who shall make us do what we can." "This is the service of a friend." This friend we have in Jesus Christ—the perfect man, the revealer of our possibilities, the inspiration of our best endeavors, the pledge of our triumph; for by Him and through Him,

"Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."

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During the past fifteen months, the sum of \$19,000,000 has been given by individuals in the United States for the cause of education.

THE METHOD OF PROGRESS.

BY H. E. C., '81.

AMONG men there are two unequal but well-defined classes, those who question, and those who take for granted. The former are the master-builders, the latter the material to be wrought. A careful study of these classes, in their relations to one another, will reveal the method of human progress.

History, for the most part, deals with people whose governments were tyrannous, whose creeds were the dictates of priests, and whose social systems were what time had made sacred. In a few of these races there were the elements of progress; elements that only needed to be expressed in order to become vital forces. Through these tendencies the nations were themselves great. From here, then, strong men, the leaders of opinion, could spring. These leaders, the real nobles of the world, are the characteristic of the nation expressed. They give form and life to the influences that were there, but unrecognized. Of this the story of each great man is proof. Greece could produce a Phidias, because her people loved the beautiful; England a Shakespeare, because in the island empire centered the life of the world.

Though called landmarks of history, such men as these even are not greater than their people. They lead the world by collecting in themselves the life of the time; and from them, as starting points, the nations advance until others express with yet greater power the influences of a higher and nobler civilization. These great men, the shapers of a nation's thought, are a long way apart, because each rare one in his sphere embodies the energy of the race.

These master spirits, widely separated in the course of progress, and in their influence raised far above their fellow-men,

are not the chance creatures of great crises. Luther was not a product of the Reformation. He was the Reformation; the expressed thought of the people. The tyranny of Charles the First did not make the name of Hampden a watchword to freemen.

As some mysterious power gathers and crystalizes the scattered materials into the valuable gem, so do great men, superior to circumstances, transform the influences by which they are surrounded into powerful truths in accordance with which the world must act.

To the few these truths are not old. They are live realities, fresh as to the first thinkers. With the many, though unmeaning, they are powerful. The former are to-day leaders in history—the successful men. The latter are the zealous followers of success, the blind imitators of the strong, both in men and customs. “These,” as Whipple says, “had generally rather die than think.” Acts, not arguments move them.

It is said that men must first be slaves, afterward masters. Better, then, servitude to success, than to self, for amid its hinderances to progress it is a condition of improvement. It makes parties possible, and discussion common. Thus it educates the people, trains men to think, and gives prosperity to the state. Though helpful as a means, unless outgrown, such servitude renders further advancement impossible; it leaves the vital truths still the possession of the few. Moreover, it strengthens the prejudices of the masses, resists every advance in science, and compels every invention to fight its way to public favor. Hence the popular author is praised, the advocate of a new idea finds few friends.

Again, this unthinking devotion to accepted opinions breeds ill-feeling between communities and nations. The former slaveholder is denounced for his cruelty,

but we forget that he was not born in New England, and since the present opinions were popular. With what a cry of joy the death of the Indian chief Victoria was hailed. Men remembered the enemies he had slain, but forgot that he was an Indian fighting for his home. From less noble material heroes have been made.

Did men dare to think they would see another side than that to which the inclinations tend. Principles would influence, not compel them to act. Parties there would still be, but prejudice would not be the binding cord.

It is ennobling to be the follower of a man strong in himself, when the following springs from a thoughtful appreciation of his opinions; but debasing to be slavishly led even by the mightiest and best.

Let men be independent. The thing that concerns us is, what we think, not what our neighbors think. What the world needs is not meek following. It is an earnest appreciation of the noble, a thoughtful consideration of life and its duties. For this the noblemen of the race have lived. With this thought ever present, the young men of to-day ought to live. It is not enough to stay. It is an old truth that though life be full of inspiration it quickens only the action.

When each one sees what and why he believes, then and then only, as Emerson says, "will the luster be transferred from the actions of kings to those of gentlemen."

OUR PRESIDENT.

[The following lines were written and sent to Mrs. Garfield, expressive of the universal anguish on Sunday, August 28th, when all hope seemed vain.]

He is sinking, sinking, sinking!

E'en "the one chance" fades away.

Yes! the Nation's Head is dying,

Slowly, sadly, day by day.

He is losing, losing, losing!

Hope—so long his buoyant cheer.

"Shall we keep up struggling longer?"

Asks the Chief, while death's so near.

We've been watching, watching, watching!

Every symptom, hour by hour,

Eight long weeks of doubt, yet trusting

No more clouds of gloom would lower.

We are sighing, sighing, sighing!

As we read the long, sad roll:

Through eight-and-fifty days of languor;

Pangs of anguish fill each soul.

Still we're hoping, hoping, hoping!

Faith and love sustain our trust.

May he live! Long may he govern,

With mind so clear and heart so just.

Yet we're fearing, fearing, fearing!

Lest his vigor fail the morrow,

Snapping life's one cord asunder,

Dashing all our hope to sorrow.

We are waiting, waiting, waiting!

Our near fate God only knows.

May some gleam of hope betoken

Relief which He, alone, bestows.

We are praying, praying, praying!

Every Temple sounds to-day!

Hear, O Lord! a Nation pleading!

Give him strength while now we pray!

Send Thy Holy Spirit, breathing

On his brow Thy healing power!

Spare him to his loving people—

O, restore him from this hour!

—*National Republican.*

Only a thought, and a noble life;

Only a glance, and a heart is given;

Only a word, and an end to strife;

Only a prayer, and a soul is shriven.

A thought, a glance, a word, a prayer,

May ease for one his load of care;

May lift the clouds that hide the skies,

May dry the tears on tired eyes.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

BEFORE another year opens it would seem advisable that some change be made in the manner of conducting the STUDENT. The desirability of a change will be evident to every one when a little thought is put upon the matter, and we speak thus early in order that measures may be taken which shall bring about a satisfactory method before the next board of editors is appointed. As matters are at present, the whole responsibility of managing, the whole expense of conducting, and the whole censure for errors, falls upon a single class. Of course the expense is small, for the STUDENT now nearly, if not quite, pays for itself, but there is always a possibility of falling behind, and in that case the publishing class must foot the bills. The three lower classes are simply critics and lookers-on. It is time there was a change. A college journal is supposed to be the organ of the college, and ought to represent the interests of every class alike. Every student in the institution ought to have an interest in the columns of the college paper. If each were represented on the editorial board it would bring the members of each class into more intimate relations with the magazine, and perhaps would be all the change that is needed. Every class then would have a direct and equal interest in all things connected with the paper. Let each student think upon the matter, and devise some means to bring about the desired end. The Faculty will doubtless co-operate with us in any measure which is for the best interests of our college journal. The columns of the STUDENT are open to any communication upon the subject. Let each class speak.

Our attention has lately been called to the importance of paying up college debts.

We refer to all debts due organizations connected with the college. It is well known that both literary societies, the Reading Room, and Base-Ball Association are in the main supported by the students, and that it is the moral duty of every student to become a member of each, and share his proportional part of the burden in keeping each on such a footing as shall be a benefit to all. Every man, on becoming a member, has a voice in the manner in which it shall be controlled and supported, and when assessments are made he is holden for his part. Upon nothing else than the collection of these assessments depends the existence of these associations. Now it is apparent to every honest, thinking, reasoning student, that if one shirks these debts year after year, and finally graduates without settling them, that man is doing an act dishonest in itself, to say nothing of the injury done the members of the body. He is virtually reaping where he has never sown nor even destroyed weeds and thistles. He tends to make the body of which he is a member, an association supported by the few for the benefit of the many. If we are to become citizens of a nation, whose religion teaches us to love our enemies, then let us have regard enough for our friends to pay what we owe them.

Many times since we have been in college our attention has been called to the condition of the Gymnasium windows. Often have we known destruction to hold high carnival in that building. A stranger would wonder whether it had been mobbed or *bombarded*. Not a window but has lost from one to a dozen lights of glass. Here and there will be one which has not only lost all its glass but its sash also, and all there is left to show that a window had

ever been there is the place where the window ought to be. Considerable of this damage is done by yaggers, but by far the greater part is done by the students while playing ball in the building. In the spring, before it is warm enough to practice on the diamond, the nine properly and necessarily use the Gymnasium for this purpose. But while our base-ball talent is developed by this means, the window glass is destroyed. Do the students realize who pays for this damage, and how large the bills are? As a matter of fact, these bills, amounting from sixty to one hundred and twenty-five dollars per annum, are paid by the students themselves.

Believing this rather a large amount to pay for the luxury of breaking glass, we have been led to investigate the subject with a view to finding some means of stopping this needless waste of money, and the best plan seems to be to protect the windows outside and inside by strong wire screening. It would require about twelve hundred square feet of this material to make the glass perfectly safe. The cost, including the labor of putting it on the windows, would be about one hundred dollars, or not much more than the annual bill for damages. Now let the committee on repairs have this done, and put the expense on the term bills of the students. It will be a good investment, and will greatly reduce future bills for repairs.

We have missed, thus far this term, the friendly rivalry between our two societies which usually characterizes the opening term of the year. Possibly a still hunt may be in progress. Probably such is the case, for of course no Freshman will be allowed to join one society if the other can prevent. Perhaps a word to the new class in this line will not be amiss. We do not care to urge the claims of either society in particular, but we would like to

impress upon every member of the Freshman Class the necessity of becoming a member of one society or the other. It matters very little which one you join. The purposes of both are the same, and both are non-secret. In the debates and general exercises of the weekly meetings one gains a feeling of confidence in his own abilities which must be of value in after life. The library is well worth the trifling tax which is imposed upon members, if we look at the matter from a pecuniary point of view. Now let each member of '85 visit each society, weigh the merits of each carefully, and then join that one which seems to him the better. The members of either are ready to extend to you the right hand of fellowship, and nothing will be left undone to make society associations both pleasant and profitable.

The long summer vacation has passed and we are again in college halls. Those who left school last spring tired and enervated, come back with vigorous limbs and a rested brain. It will take some time for our thoughts to become centralized upon our books, but a little persistent effort will hasten this end. All summer we have been enjoying the freedom of mountain, seashore, or country life, and have slackened the lines of studious application. Books have only been opened to pass away the time. Greek, Latin, and other heavy studies must now claim our attention for another year. We shall have the same old habits of laziness to contend with, and the inclination to be superficial in our work will be nearly as strong as ever. Good resolutions are about as numerous with college men at the beginning of a new school year as they are with the rest of the world on January first. But they really amount to but very little unless accompanied by earnest efforts to fulfill them. If vigilance and perseverance are exercised during the first few weeks of the

term, the student will soon find himself interested in his books. Time will not drag heavily on his hands, but the term will have passed by almost before he is aware of it.

The Faculty of our college have at their disposal between twenty and thirty scholarships. These are designed for indigent students who desire to enjoy the benefits of a college course but have not the means to pay the expense of such a course. Every thoughtful man will immediately see the wisdom of such a provision. By the assistance which a scholarship affords, there is hardly a young man of brains and common sense who could not attend Bates for four years and acquire what would otherwise be far beyond his reach. Therefore it is not our intention, in this editorial, to condemn scholarships, but to call the attention of the Faculty and college to a few facts which seem to have been either carelessly examined or entirely overlooked. During our three years' connection with this institution we have heard frequent complaints in regard to the way scholarships have been bestowed. Young men who are abundantly capable of paying their own way through college have sent in applications for such assistance, and with little effort have succeeded in convincing the Faculty of their needy (?) condition. There are others who obtain free tuition in the same way. Little or no investigation is made and the recipient of these favors soon enjoys the assistance he has so easily obtained. Now the question is, Are these scholarships bestowed on deserving or needy students? As far as our observation has extended we are compelled to admit that, in the majority of instances, they are not. Case after case has been brought to our notice in which these same students, who have received scholarships and free tuitions, could afford to attend nearly every theatre and opera

of the season, could hire stable teams, dress in the latest fashion, and smoke fine cigars, while their neighbors, who were endeavoring to be independent and pay their own expenses, found it somewhat difficult to obtain money enough to pay for their board. Ought the Faculty to encourage such extravagant expenditure by an indiscriminate distribution of scholarships and free tuitions? Our college needs every dollar it can obtain, and the young man who passes through the four years' course and obtains a liberal education to assist him in acquiring a position in the world, ought to be willing to aid his *Alma Mater* by paying his own term bills. This is a matter worthy of more thought than is usually bestowed upon it, especially by incoming classes. No young man ought to ask for assistance from the college unless he really deserves it. To such a student it is no disgrace to be reckoned among those who apply for scholarships. If the Faculty will make a thorough examination of a student's application, we are confident that there would be less dissatisfaction in the disposal of these aids.

It is our pleasure as well as privilege to welcome the class of '85 to the halls of Bates. As upper-classmen we extend to you the fraternal hand, and wish you success in the course you are about to pursue. As we have traveled the road before you, it will not be considered presumptuous in us to tell you of a few things which may make the way easier for your feet. As a writer has said, "College life forms a little world by itself." You will find that the same elements of character are as essential to success here as in the world outside. The man who imagines he can go through college and gain a practical knowledge of the languages or sciences, without good hard work, will find himself doomed to disappointment. Neither cheek,

translations, nor keys can bolster a man up during his course so that he can graduate with credit. There are some who imagine they can cheat their professors and classmates into the belief that they are doing good work. The fact is, in a very short time, the majority of the class can tell who the real students are. Hard work will make even a naturally dull brain quicken into new life. There is no more trying year in a college course than the Freshman. You will have to study more hours to gain a thorough knowledge of your studies than any subsequent year. If you start in with the determination to do your best, there will be little trouble in overcoming the obstacles which may lie in your path. The habits of study which you form now will cling to you during the next four years. If you allow yourselves to be satisfied with slipshod work, if you think that it will make little difference whether you spend two or eight hours in your study each day, then your career as a student will be characterized by the word, *failure*. You will find college men to be jovial, good-natured fellows in the main. They are usually willing to assist you in any reasonable way. It will not take very many weeks for the class of '85 to accustom itself to its new quarters, and we feel certain that, although the year before them may require the closest application, yet it will prove one of the most enjoyable ever experienced.

With the class of '81 our college lost the greater part of its musical talent. Had it not been for the strong, well trained voices of that class, the Glee Club would have been dead and buried these five years. Now that we are deprived of their assistance, there may be an inclination on our part to neglect the musical interests of Bates. With no one to take the lead it will be very easy for us to allow the Glee Club to perish; but this idea ought not to

be entertained for a moment. We have in college, to-day, just as good voices as we had last year. To be sure they need training and development, and it will take some time to get the students into the habit of attending rehearsals, but these difficulties soon will be overcome. Let a meeting of the students be called immediately, and the Glee Club re-organized. Every student who has a taste for music and can sing ordinary pieces, after a little practice should be invited to become a member. As we now have no student who would feel capable of taking the position of leader, let one of our best city musicians be invited to meet the Club once or twice a week for instruction. The expense of such instruction would be very small indeed when divided among twenty or more members. This plan has been employed by the Club at Bowdoin with much success. No time should be wasted in perfecting the plans for this fall's work. If each man will make this a personal matter, there is no reason why the jolly college songs of loyal New England students should not be heard once more in the halls of Bates.

Mr. Libby, our efficient Managing Editor, retires from the *STUDENT* with the present issue. During his connection with the paper it has prospered financially, having considerably more than paid its way. Perhaps this is as high a compliment as could be paid to Mr. L.'s business skill and financial ability, for college journals are not wont to keep even square with the world. We understand that business life is hereafter to claim Mr. Libby. All are sorry to lose the genial face and hearty laugh which have been with us for the last three years, but what we lose here at Bates the world will gain. We predict for you, Mr. L., a successful future whatever you may undertake. Vale! Vale!

MEMORIAL SERVICES AT BATES.

Desirous of showing their respect for the nation's honored dead, the students and friends assembled on Monday for the purpose.

Exercises commenced with the singing of the hymn, "Jesus Lover of My Soul" by the quartette, I. M. Norcross, J. W. Douglass, E. F. Burrill, and W. D. Wilson, with Miss F. A. Dudley at the organ. Then followed Scripture reading and prayer by the college chaplain, Mr. O. H. Tracy.

The quartette then sung the hymn, "Asleep in Jesus, Blessed Sleep."

The following resolutions were read to be adopted at the close of the exercises:

Resolved, That in the death of General James A. Garfield, our nation mourns the loss of an upright and honest politician, a noble and true statesman, an honored and beloved President.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with his many friends, and especially with his family.

Resolved, That in our affliction we recognize the hand of a just and loving God.

Resolved, That from this time forward, we, as students and citizens, be more zealous for right and justice, more hostile to wrong and oppression. That we will take for our model the life of James A. Garfield, loathing, as he did, wrong, injustice, strife, and oppression, and loving, as he did, peace, equality, justice, purity, and holiness.

Mr. Small, the orator of '85, was then introduced and said:

"To-day we mourn for President Garfield, but we cannot help him. We honor him, but we cannot add to his glory. We eulogize him, but we cannot give him immortality. He does not need us, but we do certainly need him. To us, as a nation, he has given an example of all that is pure and honest in political life. Garfield was always master of the situation; whether we consider him as a driver in the tow-path, as a student in college, as a soldier on the field of battle, as a statesman in Congress, or as President of a great nation, he was always successful. His was not the success of genius but of hard, faithful work. He was discouraged by no labor, he was daunted by no difficulties. The whole world has watched with breath-

less admiration the matchless courage and fortitude with which he faced death. We may not be able to distinguish ourselves in the manner that he did, but it is possible for us all to become great in the sense of making the most of our talents.

Mr. Wilson, the orator of '84, said:

"James A. Garfield was truly a great man; not because he had great advantages, but because he knew how to make the best use of such opportunities as came within his reach. At the age of twenty-six, we find him as President of Hiram College, manfully training the minds of young men for future usefulness until civil dissension threatened the life of the nation. Then the union found in him an unswerving volunteer. So thoroughly had his students been trained in right principles, so great was their confidence in President Garfield, that when the hero marched to the defense of his country, his classes, to a man, kept pace with their instructor. Is there a parallel in history? When he came before the nation as candidate for its chief magistracy, he had already given to every man, woman, and child of every race and clime the lofty example of an unsullied and illustrious life. Did men wish to know if it was possible for a man to pass through all these grades of civic honors, satisfy the demands of all, and still be a temperance man and a Christian? With what dignity and reverence did we cite them to the life and career of James A. Garfield. Yes, our President is dead. His patriotic heart is still. The great intellect that had so long planned for the melioration of the whole country thinks no more. And as he passed to his blessed abode, methinks the pearly gates of the new Jerusalem never stood ajar for a nobler spirit than that of our departed President."

Mr. Gile, the orator of '83, said:

"Words are idle at such a time, and their echo seems to mock us, as we attempt to eulogize one so truly noble as our mar-

tyred President. A glance at his countenance inspired one with the feeling that, like Washington, he was born to command. He was a man who never compromised with evil, who swerved not from the right, who served not self but humanity, a man of undying patriotism and stainless purity. Of him it could truthfully be said 'he was always ready.' When the pulpit was vacant he proclaimed the truth; when Ohio so many times called him to serve her in Congress, he faithfully met his responsibilities; when suffering humanity and the battle field appealed to him, he voluntarily offered his services; when the right demanded support he was at the front; when our national craft needed a strong man at the helm, fearlessly, yet with firm trust in God, he undertook the task and successfully accomplished it; and when the bugle call came down from the battlements of heaven, he could cheerfully and confidently exclaim as he did at his first prostration, 'Ready, if it be God's will.' Ready for the duties of life, prepared for the summons of death. We have but few Garfields in the historical past, and where shall we look for one in the living present? We shall ever remember him as one faithful to his family, loyal to his country, and true to his maker."

Mr. Lowell, the orator of '82, said: "Our President is dead. To-day he lies in Ohio's beautiful city, cold in silent death. This is the nation's mourning hour, and we, as a part of the whole, are gathered here to pay a passing tribute to his memory. Of lowly birth, he rose like Lincoln, step by step, until when the summons came he stood, without a stain, the head of the world's noblest nation. The pages of history will contain the record of no truer life. He climbed to the top by throwing no other down. While his earlier years were filled with bitter struggles, his later ones were marked by

grand successes. For years to come his life must be the model of the nation's youth. Perhaps such a blow was necessary to show us how near to our hearts our ruler was, and as some one has said, 'To show us how great a man we had raised to the presidential chair.' If so we have learned the lesson well. Of all the eloquent tributes paid the dead to-day, none will say too much to satisfy the people. The new President has thus far manfully stood the test. With a loyal people behind him he cannot fail. I have no higher tribute for the dead, and no kindlier wish for the living, than to say, in Holland's beautiful words upon Johnson's accession to Lincoln's vacant chair: 'It is our sincere prayer that history, which will associate their names forever, can find no seam where their administrations were joined, and mark no change of texture by which they may be contrasted.'"

After the addresses the hymn was sung, "Why should we start and fear to die?"

Mr. Sargent then read the following poem:

On viewless wings the angel came
And hovered o'er his prey,
And marked the heart upon whose pulse
His iron hand might lay.
He came, and in a hero's face,
Breathed full his fatal breath,
And from his fleshless fingers dropped
The poisoned shaft of death.

And now deep silence reigneth
O'er all the land to-day,
While in the sable shroud of death
Our nation's chief they lay,
And o'er Columbia's tear-stained face,
Falls now the mourner's veil,
And fifty million human hearts
Respond to sorrow's wail.

The crowded mart that yesterday
Was wild with Mammon's cry,
To-day is silent as the bed
Where dreamless sleepers lie.—
What means the awful silence
That stops a nation's breath,
And wreathes her pillared temples
With drapery of death?

Can sympathy alone for those
Who gather round his pall,
Move us to tears, while thousands lie
In sorrow's iron thrall,

Yet move no fibre of our hearts,
Nor call forth pity's tear,
Although the earth be vocal
With wails of grief and fear?

Do men take pride in mimic grief,
And all for empty show,
To blend their cold and tearless sobs
With pomp of wealth and woe?—
Or is it that the Ship of State,
With freight of human weal,
Is floundering through the stormy deep
With racked and broken wheel,

While mast and sail are rent and torn,
By storm king's wild excess,
And o'er the troubled billows boom
The signals of distress?
For 'tis proud freedom's leader now
That Death proclaims his own,
And even freedom's goddess feels
The shock upon her throne.

It is not crowns our goddess hates,
It is the tyrant's rule;
It is the enemy of man,
Of freedom and the school.
She is the first to place the crown
Upon the waiting brow,
If toil has crowned that brow with sweat,
At forge, or desk, or plow.

Such life as his can ne'er be lost;
It blends with unborn blood,
And through the ceaseless flow of years
Moves with the mighty flood.
His life is ours; he lives in us
We feel the potent thrill,
And through the coming centuries
The world shall feel it still.

The web of human fate is wove,
Not with a single strand,
But every grand and noble man
Holds one within his hand.
And in that pulseless hand to-day,
There lies a strand of power,
Whose gentle draft shall still be felt
Till Time's remotest hour.

To every youth who seeks to climb
The rugged path of right,
There stretches forth an unseen hand
To aid him up the height.
From every lowly cottage roof,
However poor and brown,
From every dusty hovel, points
A hand at glory's crown.

There's not a mother in the land,
With loved and precious boy,
But holds the mirror of that life
To the idol of her joy.
He speaks, in death's deep eloquence,
To every father's heart,
Who sees youth struggling through life's deep
Without love's guiding chart.

The grandest eloquence oft comes
From lips that death has sealed,

There is a meaning in his death,
His life has ne'er revealed,
The hearts of men will oft receive
A truth from lips of stone,
That they would spurn with mad contempt,
If uttered from a throne.

Death tells us that the good, man does,
Outlives his fleeting day,
But evil dies, though it exist,
While souls are bound to clay.
And if the slanderer's foul report
Has ever marred his name,
It dies upon the blistering lips
Of those who dare defame.

As maiden brings her wreath of flowers,
Bedewed with love's fond tear,
And lays the tender tribute low
Upon her lover's bier,
So fair Columbia brings her flowers,
Wet with a nation's grief,
And strews the snowy symbols o'er
Her loved and fallen chief.

And 'neath a wilderness of flowers
He lies in peaceful rest,
No more can life's deep conflicts stir
That grand and manly breast.
Upon our Nation's broken heart
We write his name to-day,
In deathless characters of love,
That ne'er shall fade away.

Till fount of years shall cease to flow,
Till monuments shall die,
Till fame and altar, grand and vast,
In mingled ruin lie,
Till Time shall lay his wasting hand
On storied urn and bust,
Let memory guard the hallowed grave,
That holds his sacred dust.

The resolutions were then adopted, and the meeting closed with the singing of the hymn, "How blest the righteous when he dies!"

The platform was appropriately draped. The window was covered with the American flag, gracefully folded and fastened with crape. Above this were the touching words of the dying statesman, "*The people my trust.*" This was surmounted by a handsome shield, and above all was a graceful draping of black, tastefully relieved with white. The pillars in front of Hathorn Hall were also neatly draped.

The orators and poet played with skillful hands upon the chords of human sympathy, and the highest praise they could have was the honest tears of their audience.

LOCALS.

'85.

Exit, '81.

Workmen are slating the roof of Parker Hall.

The veteran bell-ringer "Mac" still holds his position.

'85 takes the cake on calico. There are six ladies in the class.

B. W. Murch, of '82, is at present teaching the Lisbon High School.

The meetings of the Eurosophian Society are enlivened by instrumental and vocal music.

We call the attention of the students to the hair-dressing room of Shorey, on Main Street. We have noticed several fine clips from there lately.

We are glad to say that the committee on repairs has taken steps toward the protection of the gymnasium windows. It is the right solution to the glass problem.

W. D. Wilson, '84, takes up the mantle and sandals of the departed Emerson, and is prepared to mend locks, door hinges, panels, windows, etc., and also to squelch all riots in Parker Hall.

Professor, explaining about the Freshman class: "We've got one man that dropped out of college several years ago—got married—wasn't satisfied—and now comes back to complete his course."

This hardly seems like the fall term. We have had no rope-pull and no class game of ball. Is the spirit of the forefathers dying out? "Is Sparta dead? Is the old Grecian spirit frozen in your veins?"

Tuesday morning came the news of the President's decease. The chapel bell was tolled from half-past seven to half-past eight. Recitations for the day were discontinued. All seemed to realize the calamity which had been so long brooding over the Nation.

The Freshman class numbers 41.

B. W. Murch is librarian for the ensuing year.

Through the courtesy of the Faculty, a holiday (Wednesday) was given the students in which to attend the State Fair.

It is gratifying to students in college to meet with alumni. During Fair week we were pleased to see many familiar faces of '80 and '81.

B. F. Wood, the music teacher, has a class at the college which he is to meet every Friday afternoon. This is a move in the right direction and we wish it success. Let us maintain the musical standard of the college at any cost.

Professor in Chemistry class—"It will be necessary to watch those chemicals in the retort pretty closely or they will boil over." Inquisitive Student—"What will be necessary to do, Professor, in case they do boil over?" "Keep cool," was the reply.

The improvements going on in the basement of Parker Hall will meet the approval of its denizens, no doubt. Five water-closets are being put in on the north side, and will soon be completed. Now why could not some one suggest the idea of a bath-room?

The following are the officers of the College Christian Association: Primarius, Prof. R. C. Stanley; President, C. E. Mason, '82; Vice Presidents, B. G. Eaton, '82, O. L. Gile, '83, E. R. Chadwick, '84; Corresponding Secretary, W. H. Barber, '83; Recording Secretary, E. F. Burrill, '84.

Great improvements, during the summer, have been made on the campus. The old house, known as the "Bee Hive," has been moved on to a lot on College Street adjoining that of Mr. Merrill. The work of grading has been pushed with energy, and the campus presents quite a different appearance.

The *Lewiston Journal* says: "The city supplies the public schools with about 6,000 lead and 10,000 slate pencils every year." The high school girls must make a regular business of eating slate pencils.

Sargent accounts for his great inclination to Biblical disputations by the fact that he came into the world from a long line of theological ancestry. We don't know what he came into the world on, but there isn't much doubt that he will go out on a line.

He—"When twilight flees from the embrace of brooding night, and the majestic moon, panoplied in its golden mantle, rises into the blue expanse of heaven, don't you always feel insignificant?" She (enthusiastically)—"Yes, indeed; but especially when the *Aurealis Borealis* rises."

"There's a divinity shapes our ends," thoughtfully remarked a Senior, the other day, while in a soliloquizing mood. Then he happened to look down at his feet pinched into No. eleven cowhide boots, and added, "And yet I doubt if God was implicated in that job."

The Polymnian Society has elected the following officers: President, W. H. Dresser; Vice President, C. J. Atwater; Secretary, Miss F. A. Dudley; Treasurer, I. M. Norcross; Librarian, W. H. Barber; Executive Committee, H. S. Bullen, O. L. Bartlett, C. H. Curtis; Editors, F. L. Blanchard, F. E. Manson, Miss E. L. Knowles; Orator, O. H. Tracy; Poet, D. E. Pease.

Now the spirit of improvements at the college is fairly awake let the work go on until all the "crooked paths are made straight." After the improvements are made, let the power of public opinion in the college restrain all who are inclined to be destructive. The proper place for a man who persists in defacing and destroying college property, is "at home digging potatoes."

Sargent, last Sunday, argued for five solid hours, with a Senior, on the divinity of Christ and the immateriality of the soul. At the end of that time, not being any nearer an agreement, the Senior remarked that they had better take a few Bibles and works on Psychology and camp on some desert island for a month and have it out. Millett, who stood by, suggested that they could have it out quicker by each taking a double-barreled shot gun.

During the week of the State Fair, Lewiston was crowded. College exercises were suspended on Wednesday, and large numbers of the students attended the Fair. The terrific heat greatly diminished the enjoyment of the occasion. The trials of speed received the greater share of attention. The hotly contested race for the sweepstakes of Saturday, between Patchen and Knox Boy, were sufficiently exciting to stir the most sluggish blood.

On Friday, Sept. 2d, the Eurosophian Society met and elected the following officers: President, W. G. Clark, '82; Vice President, J. L. Reade, '83; Secretary, Miss K. A. McVay, '84; Executive Committee, B. W. Murch, '82, C. E. Sargent, '83, E. M. Holden, '84; Treasurer, J. B. Ham, '83; Librarian, W. D. Wilson, '84; Editorial Committee, E. R. Richards, '82, Miss N. R. Little, '83, E. R. Chadwick, '84; Music Committee, J. W. Douglass, '82, O. L. Gile, '83, W. D. Wilson, '84.

It was the good fortune of two editors of the *STUDENT*, Hoyt and Richards, in company with others, to pay a visit to Weld during the vacation just past. We found there Sanborn, Foster, and Coolidge, '81, Twaddle, '82, and Merrill, '80. A party of seven, including Pease, '82, Colby and Kittredge, Weld, visited Four Ponds, which is about eighteen miles above Weld. A good quantity of fish were obtained, to say nothing of the fun enjoyed. The scenery about the vicinity of Weld is beauti-

ful, and in many places, grand. We extend our hearty thanks to Sanborn and Twaddle for their hospitality during our stay, and wish we had space to give an unabridged account of all the proceedings.

The public meeting of the Eurosophian Society which was to have occurred on the 23d of September, was deferred on account of stormy weather to Wednesday evening, September 28th. The following was the programme:

MUSIC.

PRAYER.

MUSIC.

Declamation—Extract from Inaugural Address of Garfield.

C. S. Flanders.

Poem—Death.

C. E. Sargent.

Eulogy—William Lloyd Garrison.

J. W. Douglass.

MUSIC.

Discussion—Are Secret Societies a Benefit to a Community?

Aff.—J. L. Reade.

Neg.—W. D. Wilson.

MUSIC.

Oration—Modern Political Assassinations.

W. H. Cogswell.

Paper.

Everett Remick, Miss Kate McVay.

MUSIC.

Several of the Seniors, taking advantage of excursion rates, recently visited Farmington. They report themselves well pleased with the location and appearance of the place. Among the objects of interest, were the school-buildings. An hour or two was spent in looking over the grounds of the "Little Blue School," which is a family school for boys. Here parents send their children from various parts of the country, and can feel that their wants are supplied, their health guarded, and their education prosecuted as well as if they were at their own homes. The grounds are cut up into paths and walks lined with grass, moss, and shrubbery. A small brook runs through the grounds, connecting two miniature ponds. Across this brook, at various places, stone and

rustic bridges are built. A miniature mountain, called "Little Blue," from which the school takes its name, is included within the grounds. This elevation is about one hundred feet high, and resembles Mt. Blue, which is about eighteen miles northwest of Farmington. Several other places of interest were visited, and the boys "did" Farmington.

On the evenings of September 19th and 20th, C. H. Smith's double Uncle Tom's Cabin Company played in Lewiston to crowded houses. The fame of that wonderful story of "Life Among the Lowly" is still very great, though so many years have elapsed since it was written. It is still a living book, and its wondrous pathos stirs the heart with a power equaled by very few books in the language. It is classed by Joseph Cook in the very highest grade of literature. Those who have not read the work should do so at once, as in no other way can they get such an insight into Southern life of the ante-Bellum period, and into the workings of that terrible social evil which has since been destroyed. The acting of Sam Lucas in the character of Uncle Tom was distinguished for naturalness and power, and helped one to understand the noble character he represented, better than a simple perusal of the book could do. The character of Marks, the lawyer, is an important one, as on it the humor of the play greatly depends. The two Marks in this company well sustained the part, but were much inferior to the Marks of the Anthony and Ellis's Troupe which played here last spring. The skillful rope dancing of Topsy was heartily encored by the audience. The character of "Eva" was sustained in a remarkably easy and appropriate manner. It is something wonderful that so young a child should have the endurance and power to sing and act, night after night, as does little Romaine Sherwood.

LITERARY NOTES.

We have received a catalogue of works on natural history from Bernard Quaritch, 15 Piccadilly, W. London. Also the thirty-third annual announcement of the Hahnemann Medical College of Philadelphia.

"*Texas and Her Capabilities*" is a small pamphlet by William W. Lang, of Merlin, Texas. It gives interesting statistics relative to the resources and capacities of the great Lone Star State.

The most notable literary event in the college world during the past year, has been the publication of the *Harvard Register*, under the editorial management of Moses King. The enterprise displayed by Mr. King in undertaking such a task is certainly worthy of the highest commendation. The *Register* appeared originally as a large sized thirty-two paged paper. Among its contributors were numbered many of Harvard's most distinguished graduates and professors. Each issue of the *Register* contains articles upon the college itself, papers upon prominent topics of the day, poems by men who have been crowned with the laurel, stories by some of the best writers of the day, and a host of things pertinent to the general subject of education. Mr. King was, however, disappointed with the meagre support which he received, and was finally obliged to announce the suspension of its publication. The last number, a portly volume of 262 pages, appeared last Saturday. It is brim full of interesting matter and deserves a wide circulation.

EXCHANGES.

We have often wondered, since we assumed the duties of the exchange editor of the *STUDENT*, why there is such a dearth of real wit or humor in our college periodicals. Not more than a dozen out of a list

of more than a hundred exchanges pretend to preserve the *bon mots* of the class-room or college life in general. The local department of the majority of them are usually filled with common place events; jokes, puns, and the like, find no place in their columns. Occasionally, to be sure, some remarkably sharp saying will be caught by the reporter's pencil, but such occasions are rare indeed. Now, it is a well-known fact that there is no place in the world so redolent with fun and brilliant repartee as college halls. One or two hundred young men brought into daily contact with each other originate many bright things that are worthy of being preserved as mementos of college life. It is the duty of our periodicals to catch these flying shafts of wit and save them from becoming lost. If more attention and care were exercised, there is hardly a paper in the country that would not become more interesting to its friends in the present and more valuable in the future.

We have received Helmick's *American Juvenile Speaker and Songster* from F. W. Helmick, Cincinnati, Ohio. The book contains many choice selections for the use of teachers in preparing for concerts and exhibitions, and will, no doubt, find a hearty welcome wherever it is introduced.

The *Haverfordian* is a new visitor to our sanctum. It is a stout folio of twenty pages, printed on tinted paper. Its table of contents is varied.

Song, "God Bless the Little Woman":
F. W. Helmick, Cincinnati, Ohio.

We have received the following miscellaneous periodicals since our last issue: *Oxford Comet*, *American Sentry*, *Agents Herald*, *Hour Glass*, *Our Home*, *Musical Herald*, *Magic Flute*, *Agents Hand Book*, *Publishers Monthly*.

"Maid of Athens ere we separate us,
Give me back my cordiac apparatus."

COLLEGE WORLD.

Canada has forty colleges.

Ohio State University had no Commencement oration this year.

The Freshman Class at Colby is smaller than that of last year.

In the will of James T. Fields his manuscripts were bequeathed to Harvard University.

Harvard College is to have a full length portrait of ex-President Hayes, to be hung in Memorial Hall by the side of the pictures of John Adams and John Quincy Adams.

Yale has sent out 9,202 alumni, of whom less than half are now living, and has conferred 11,909 regular degrees, and 923 honorary; 1707 was the date of the first conferred.

Prof. Tyler of Michigan University has accepted the professorship at Cornell, where he is attracted by an increased salary and a larger library. He was one of the most popular professors at the University. He is to fill the chair made vacant by the resignation of Prof. Russell.

A collection of Yale undergraduate poetry has been published under the title of "Elm Leaves." It is a 16mo. volume of two hundred and sixty pages, and is divided into two parts, Miscellaneous and Humorous. The *Record* speaks very highly of it.

Columbia students celebrated their triumph Legendre in great style. Over three hundred strong, they marched about the streets of New York. Returning to the college about midnight, a fire was kindled on the altar and a poem recited. The entrails of a little wool goat on wheels were then examined and found to consist of an "opera hat, a brick, etc." The assemblage then retired to Hamilton Park, where a convivium was held. The whole affair was a decided success.

CLIPPINGS.

Prof. to Soph.—Pointing to a prodigious expectoration on the class room floor: "Quid est hoc?" Soph. (in quivering accents)—"Hoc est quid."—*Ex.*

"My son," said a tutor of doubtful morality but severe aspect, putting his hand on the boy's shoulder, "I believe Satan has got a hold on you." "I believe so, too," replied the boy.

Boy (to a lady visitor)—"Teacher, there's a gal over there a-winking at me." Teacher—"Well, then don't look at her." Boy—"But if I don't look at her she will wink at somebody else."—*Graphic.*

An Englishman was boasting to a Yankee that they had a book in the British Museum which was once owned by Cicero. "Oh, that's nothing," retorted the Yankee; "in the museum in Boston they've got the lead pencil that Noah used to check off the animals that went into the ark."—*Archangel.*

A CLASS-DAY BEAUTY.

Golden ringlets dancing
Round her little head,
Seem a magic network,
For enchantment spread.
When her lips are parted,
Each a cherry grows;
But when sweetly pouting,
Then a rosebud blows.

Like a shifting sunbeam,
Now she's here, now there;
Now in Massachusetts,
Now in chilly Thayer.
Flitting like a fairy
Through the mazy waltz;
Hear her rippling laughter;
Who could dream her false?

Naughty little beauty,
How she nods and smiles
At the happy Seniors,
Victims of her wiles!
Each one fondly believing
He's her chosen knight,
Harmless, fond delusion,—
Who would set him right?

Advertisements.

BATES COLLEGE.

FACULTY OF INSTRUCTION AND GOVERNMENT.

REV. OREN B. CHENEY, D.D.,
President.

THOMAS L. ANGELL, A.M.,
Professor of Modern Languages.

REV. JOHN FULLONTON, D.D.,
Prof. of Ecclesiastical History and Pastoral Theology.

REV. JAMES ALBERT HOWE, D.D.,
Professor of Systematic Theology and Homiletics.

JONATHAN Y. STANTON, A.M.,
Professor of Greek and Latin Languages.

GEORGE C. CHASE, A.M.,
Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature.

REV. BENJAMIN F. HAYES, D.D.,
Professor of Psychology and Exegetical Theology.

THOMAS HILL RICH, A.M.,
Professor of Hebrew.

RICHARD C. STANLEY, A.M.,
Professor of Chemistry and Geology.

JOHN H. RAND, A.M.,
Professor of Mathematics.

CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

TERMS OF ADMISSION.

Candidates for admission to the Freshman Class are examined as follows:—

LATIN: In six books of Virgil's *Æneid*; six orations of Cicero; the *Catiline* of Sallust; twenty exercises of Arnold's Latin Prose Composition, and in Harkness' Latin Grammar. **GREEK:** In three books of Xenophon's *Anabasis*; two books of Homer's *Iliad*, and in Hadley's Greek Grammar. **MATHEMATICS:** In Loomis' or Greenleaf's *Arithmetic*, in the first twelve chapters of Loomis' *Algebra*, and in two books of *Geometry*. **ENGLISH:** In Mitchell's *Ancient Geography*, and in Worcester's *Ancient History*.

All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismissal will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Tuesday preceding Commencement, and on Saturday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

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The regular Course of Instruction is that commended by the leading Colleges of the country as eminently adapted to secure liberal culture and a sound classical education.

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Students contemplating the Christian ministry receive assistance every year of the course.

THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

This is a department in the College, established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Nichols Hall, situated about a quarter of a mile from the College buildings, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

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COMMENCEMENT, Thursday.....JUNE 29, 1882.

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