10-1876

The Bates Student - volume 04 number 08 - October 1876

Bates College

Terms, $1 per annum. Single Copies, 10 Cents.

VOL. IV. OCTOBER, 1876. No. 8.

THE

BATES STUDENT.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

Published by the Class of '77.

EDITED BY GEORGE H. WYMAN AND HENRY W. OAKES.
BUSINESS MANAGER: OLIVER B. CLASON.

CONTENTS.

LEWISTON:
PRINTED AT THE JOURNAL OFFICE.
1876.

THE

BATES STUDENT.

VOL. IV. OCTOBER, 1876. No. 8.

PERMANENCY OF TYPES.

EVERY form of animal life belongs to some particular type; the animal kingdom being divided into four types, each a strict unit in itself. Metamorphosis is a normal process of development, through regular cycles that always return to the same point.

In some types the development is slow; one phase is introduced after another, each seemingly distinct, until at length the original is reproduced, proving these phases to be only parts of the same life. The Distoma require four generations to evolve the perfect animal; the Aphides eight or nine. These metamorphoses have ali the invariability of every other embryonic growth.

The great power of inheritance fails to produce any new type. By cultivation and the imparting of attainments from one generation to its successors, extreme varieties may rise up; but such varieties degenerate, die out, or return to the original. Domesticated animals when left to themselves resume their natural wildness. The double highly colored rose of our gardens, when uncultivated, returns to the simple blossom of the roadside hedge; yet it will always be a rose, for if you engraft its scions into the barberry tree, autumn beholds its brown ovaries and the succulent berries hanging from the same limb.

Science is the same in physics and philosophy. We stand on the summit of a pile, the product of ages; we look back through the dim corridors of time, and, as our eyes glance down the steps built by our ancestors, we behold here and there men of mark; some, clothed in warlike armor, guard from threatening danger our precious Liberty; some boldly proclaim the rights of man

and the nation; and some with interests dearer than life probe the heavens with their prayers. Times have changed; sunshine, clouds, and blood stains mark our pile; scenes of conflict by land and sea are there; sorrow, banished hopes, defeats are there; and there are glorious victories won over foes and invaders—blocks composed of human lives more precious than wedges of gold. Such is the composition of the pile that has raised us to our present position, and upon which we as a people stand. But why do we call up these scenes of the past? Why do the examples of valor, statesmanship, and manhood benefit us? Why the results of corruption? Because *we* are like those men we behold in the distance; the huge pile founded in the misty ages past is still progressing, and by us. Patriotism, devotion, still exist. Ambition, hatred, revenge, are all here; our shadows hide nature from the sunlight; blood marks are at our feet.

Probably no name stands higher in profane history than that of Julius Cæsar. Napoleon presents the same type of character. Washington was not unlike either; like Cæsar he made his own army, his success was Napoleonic. Was Cicero eloquent? Did he dare the truth in the face of death? Did he bare his own neck to the fatal blow? Patrick Henry rose amid the assembled house and proclaimed liberty when the air was rent with cries of "Treason." Adams dared, "Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote." Charles Sumner—all honor to his name—endured the blows from the Southern Senator and still spake on. Still spake on when his constituents and the President opposed him, and when his native State passed a resolution of censure upon him. Blaine did not quail with the whole South yelping at his heels. Was Antony guarded in the Senate chamber? So was Sumner protected in the halls of Congress.

The type of traitors has survived with all the rest. Cicero had Octavian; Cæsar, Brutus; our Saviour, Judas; Napoleon, Ney; and Washington, Arnold. Cæsar fell on the steps of the Capitol, stabbed by friend and foe. Lincoln was *murdered* in sight of the National dome, bearing aloft the statue of Liberty; and the perpetrator of this crime could look upon his dying form as complacently as Herodias looked at John Baptist's head. Christ's betrayer died ignominiously, but Judas Iscariots walk our streets every day selling men's reputations.

The songs of Homer "on the shore of the loud sounding sea" were sweet to the Grecian ear; but the limestone crags of England have listened to strains as sweet from Spencer, Shakespeare, Milton, and Tennyson. The broken shores from Massachusetts to Acadia still echo Longfellow and Whittier. King

David tuned his harp to strains sweeter than which the world has never known, but the soul still repeats "Lead me to the rock that is higher than I."

Clear the pine forest that has swayed undisputed for centuries and oaks will spring up; the germ hidden in quiet solitude could not be lost, though it required ages to show it. So are types of character permanent. Drunkenness will show itself, even if not until the third or fourth generation. The impulses received at a parent's knee last forever. My mother's words are always with me, I can never forget them.

The word of God written four thousand years ago is a guide for men to-day. Christ's teachings apply to every heart, mellowing and strengthening as effectually as 1800 years ago, because the same type of men *exist* that Moses knew, that Christ came to save. That type was foreshadowed by prophets and bards, inspired men; it was personified; a man like other men teaching men how to live, establishing principles that will last to all eternity, came to fulfill the prophecy. That type still lives; and when the stars fail, when heaven and earth shall pass away, men shall see him and be like him.

COMMON SENSE.

COMMON sense is common, and uncommon. Like sight, it is a universal property of mankind. But sight varies in its power of penetration, and common sense varies in degree. It is synonymous with sound judgment. Another name for common sense is natural sense. Common sense methods are natural methods. Common sense laws are laws prescribed by nature. Hence in every department of education the greatest benefit is derived and largest success is obtained by closely following the laws and methods of common sense. Popularly the term is restricted to uneducated men, and confined to the more menial pursuits; as if scholars, painters, sculptors, and poets were necessarily devoid of it; as if common sense were inconsistent with genius and a liberal education. It is rather co-existent with both, and without it education is impossible. The great object of a college course is to strengthen a man's judgment; to develop his common sense. Without it, proficiency in any profession or occupation is impossible. Upon it rests the immortality of Shakespeare's poetry. From it has arisen the model statesmanship of Charles Sumner. Its verdict, however, is not always

infallible, for what seems common sense in one age is mere absurdity in another. Its conclusions are often but the deductions of base prejudice and ignorance. "The earth revolves," said Galileo. "Nonsense!" shouted a hundred theologians, and thrust him into prison. On whose side is the common sense of to-day, that of Galileo or of his persecuting opponents? Evidently knowledge and freedom from prejudice are conditions of the freest and surest exercise of common sense. Every progressive step in science, in civil and social polity, in matters of religious faith, is but an advance toward a more perfect standard of common sense. The vast improvement in systems of education; the beneficent changes in prison discipline; the abandonment of the whipping-post, straight-jacket, and dungeon; the recognized barbarousness and inadequacy of the rack and stake as remedies for dissension in religious opinions, are evidences of the steadily increasing power of common sense. Its importance as a standard of ultimate authority is seen in the manner in which the bar, stump, press, and pulpit, in their efforts to enforce their respective views, alike appeal to it. Notwithstanding the boasted progress of the nineteenth century, its great want is common sense. Scientists show want of it in presenting their prayer-gauge, and in substituting science for revealed religion. The Christian world show want of it in their opposition to science; in their fears for the successful issue of Gospel truth. Adherence to the old because it is old, imbibing the new because it is new, alike reveal a lack of it. Neither are doubt and dissent from the prevailing opinion always indications of it, but often signs of weakness and obstinate resistance. Even eminent men by a simple remark sometimes show plainly the limited and cramped operation of their common sense. Said John Stuart Mill, "I looked upon the modern exactly as I did upon the ancient religion, as something which in no way concerned me." Is it the dictate of an unbiased common sense to denounce without serious investigation a religion so vitally connected with all that is beautiful, true, and good? The religion of Christ is a common sense religion, from the fact of its perfect adaptation to the end in view. In its effort to build up men in truth and holiness, artificial means are discarded, prominence is given to the spirit over the letter, and the character of the thought and motive is carefully determined. Lack of common sense is seen in the extremes of bigotry and license. One is rigid, narrow, contracted; the other, loose, wild, and extravagant. Much of the so-called liberal Christianity of the day means no Christianity. In many cases free thought is but another name for uncertainty and vagueness.

The free religionists would set mankind adrift upon the dark, tempestuous sea of doubt and unbelief, with no compass to direct their course, with no definite port in view, with not a ray of heavenly light to pierce the thick darkness. Against such a cheerless proposition the common sense of mankind rises up in revolt. As ages shall roll on, as knowledge and goodness shall increase, the grandest heights of excellence in all the work and education of life will only be reached through the free, full, and perfect development of common sense.

THOUGHT.

SIMPLE, forsooth, it is to think;
Simple things oft are thought;
But each hath some mysterious link
With acts or speech unwrought.

And thoughts grow into deeds some day,
However slight and vain;
Therefore, beware, think well alway;
Good thoughts great treasures gain.

A mighty thought is mighty pow'r,
Wielding a scepter grand;
Ah, thinking is a priceless dow'r,
Subject to high command.

Thought o'erruleth the nation still;
'Tis thought that gave it birth;
Thought the fuel of conquering will,
Grand Master of the earth.

All deeds grow out of silent speech,
The inward speech of mind;
Lofty and low as thought can reach,
Visible form 'twill find.

But what are e'en most wondrous deeds
That mortal thoughts produce,
To the Infinite Grace which leads
Those finite thoughts to use?

Unto the smallest thoughts of Him
Who gave this gift to all,
Dwelling enshrined where thoughts undim
Like clouds of glory fall.

THE ADIRONDACKS.

REV. W. H. H. Murray, L. R. Stoddard, and others, have tried to depict its beauties, while Street has sung of its loveliness; but the "half has not been told." Stretching through Clinton, Franklin, and St. Lawrence counties, in the extreme north of New York State, and thence southward into Essex and Hamilton, and belting Warren on the north, lies that vast tract of "forest primeval," mountain, lake, and river, enhanced by a thousand waterfalls and sparkling with its myriad ponds and streamlets, known as the Adirondacks. To the settlers along the St. Lawrence it is the "Great South Woods," and they who dwell at Saratoga speak of this region as the "North Woods." To the thousands who frequent its haunts and hollows during the summer months it is the "land of rest." From its mountain summits not all the world is seen, but the glory of its hills is greatest, and the prospect all imperial. From Boston it will cost you $20, and from New York $15, to reach that enchanted land. Your cost after that point is reached will vary according to the person, say from $1 to $6 a day. Rev. J. L. Phillips, returned missionary from India, went in by the way of Dickinson, N. Y. Mr. Murray goes in by Plattsburgh or Champlain, and others via Malone. And you will remember that Malone is the residence of the Republican nominee for Vice President. Dr. Fullonton went in through Parishville. Perhaps the cheapest way is to buy a ticket to Ogdensburg, leave the train at Moira, N. Y., take stage for Dickinson Centre, and arriving there inquire for the Rev. E. B. Fuller, or Atwood Dustin, hotel keeper, and finding either, you will secure attention. Or, before you start write to D. S. Smith, St. Regis Falls, N. Y., and secure advice.

From Dickinson Centre, a journey of eighteen miles over the hardest road you ever saw, will bring you to the "Spring Cove House," or "Merrill's Hotel," either you may choose. The first is upon a bay of the river, and you can take boat at any time; the latter is three miles from water. From either of these places you

move into the forest; nay, you are already in the forest. Tall, beautiful trees, a scarcity of undergrowth, hill and vale, shadowed mountain and glimmering stream, and best of all, that great solitude and wonderful quiet that sleeps beneath the lofty foliage. "God is here," is the half-whisper you utter as you feel the unutterable depth of His creation. Pay a guide two dollars and go to the top of Blue Mt., and then climb the cedar tree north of the "pinnacle" or "lookout," and if you do not see "all the kingdoms of the world" you will see "the glory of them." To the north, the St. Lawrence, Canada, Montreal; to the west, lake upon lake, till in the distance you see the Rome and Watertown Railroad, with Potsdam and Canton, and with a good glass Ogdensburg, seventy miles away; to the south, range upon range and mount upon mount, lake, river, forest, pond, and rock; and away to the south-east the fires at "Pol Smiths." Look again towards the east and what a sight! Hill and precipice, rock and fortress, with old Whiteface towering above all. "Eye hath not seen" nor can tongue tell the grace and glory, loveliness and beauty of this grandeur. Students, let Mt. Washington alone and try the Adirondacks!

But what shall I say of the hunting and fishing; of the "John Brown Tract;" of the Raquette and Grass; of Schroon, Saranæ, Tupper, Raquette, and Placid Lakes; of the Chateaugay Lakes, and mines and forges there and at Clintonville, Mineville and Altona; of the State Prison and works at Dennemora, the rolling mills of Keeseville, with its mineral spring, nail-works and wonderful Ausable Chasm? Using the words of Stoddard, "A little depression in the otherwise level country, a wooded valley with gently sloping sides, marks the site of this grand wonder—a Yosemite in miniature almost at the doors of the great city, and, curiously enough, comparatively unknown." This chasm is some three miles long, and full of wonders. We may write another time of its hidden mysteries. If we have called your attention for a moment to this vast wilderness and caused a desire to see its wonders, our object is gained. Once more, let us urge you to see for yourself the living testimonies of God's power and wisdom, of his matchless skill and boundless scope of type and form, and his mystery of cause and effect, thought and finish, with the endless variety of "shifting shade and changing shadow" to be found in the Adirondacks.

SETTLED THINGS.

IN an age like ours, when time-honored opinions are going down before hostile assaults, we are apt to feel that all things are unsettled. In the hour of such misgivings it is well to know that there are settled things. Now, by *settled* we do not mean not liable to any objections, but we hold with Butler, "If a truth be established, objections are nothing." The one is founded on our knowledge, the other on our ignorance.

Among the settled things we place the fact that there is a God. Universally believed, it must be true. Men have indeed been found who had little or no conception of God, but no people, no age, have *denied* the existence of God. A degree of culture sufficient to the conception of a first cause always insures its acceptance as a dependent truth.

Again, the wide-spread desire for *scientific* knowledge—the belief that the multiform phenomena of nature can be classified—involves the thought of an intelligent designer. Admit atheism, and science gives way to chance. For as Peabody well says, "The present system of education is a syllogism, having for its constant term the belief in the immutable attributes of God."

The argument of Socrates, that the works of nature suggest God, has lost none of its force. Even J. S. Mill ranks it as the chief argument. The facts and methods of science have only confirmed the great truth. But lest it be said that to the common mind these facts suggest God because of religious bias, let us see whether the scientist is not likewise impressed. Hear him whose freedom from theological bias all admit. Says Professor Tyndall: "I have sometimes—not sometimes but often—in the springtide watched the advance of the sprouting leaves and observed the general joy of opening life in nature; and I have asked myself, 'Do I in my ignorance represent the highest knowledge of these things?' No man who puts that question to himself, if he be not a shallow man, will ever answer the question by professing the creed of atheism."

Another thing which may be considered settled, is that the ideal of duty presented by the life and teachings of Jesus is the highest. We would not depreciate other teachers, but put them on a level with Jesus, and, like Saul of old, he is higher than any of the people from his shoulders and upwards. The ultimate source of the present enlightenment, freedom, and civilization can be found only in that divine life. Tyndall says that in tracing backward a river from its end to its real beginnings we come at length to the

sun. Trace back to their source asylums, hospitals, benevolent agencies, and you come at length to the Sun of Righteousness. The life of Jesus with its two great truths, the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, has been the germ of all that is best in morals and civilization. To that life the world has not even approximated. J. S. Mill says: "Nor, even now, would it be easy for an unbeliever to find a better translation of the rule of virtue from the abstract into the concrete, than to endeavor so to live that Christ would approve our life." But is it claimed that we must soon lay aside the Christian conception as too small for our needs? Geology declares that nature has culminating epochs. History testifies that three centuries before Christ, architecture, sculpture, eloquence reached their height. In Raphael, painting found its highest development. And Shakespeare is the comprehensive type of the English drama.

The student hopes only to approximate the masterpieces of old. And can we hope to equal the great Master? There are two settled things. God exists; and the truest life is that which is nearest to Christ's. With these settled facts we take courage and look forward.

AT PARTING.

O LOVE, love, love, wilt give me one sweet token,
Something to cherish in the days to come,—
Something to bring to mind both thee and home,
That I in distant lands be not heart-broken?

Wilt speak but one last word, love, low and tender,
That it may linger in this heart of mine,
That it may be an amulet divine,
'Mid all temptations my life's pure defender?

Will give me one last kiss, love, fond and thrilling,
That if we never meet on earth again,
Yet e'en in death may triumph over pain,
Still feeling on our lips love's sweet fulfilling?

Thus bearing forth his lady's farewell token,
Thy knight shall prove him ever chaste and true,
Forever faithful to his love for you,
His armor ever bright, his lance unbroken.

THE INNER AND WRITTEN REVELATION.

THE plant or animal in its normal condition needs no artificial aid to attain to that perfect state for which it was created; every want of its nature is met by an adequate supply.

Man, we may suppose, in his first estate was endowed with the seer's vision for discovering those truths which his spiritual nature demands, and therefore needed no supernatural revelation of God. But sin, "that first brought death into the world and all our woes," by blunting the moral perceptions, created an artificial want which rendered a written Word necessary.

Through the moral instincts of the soul, by what may be termed the inner revelation, God first made himself known. Indistinctly but yet certainly, God by the natural conscience still speaks to us of himself. Socrates heard this voice and called it his good angel. A conception of the spiritual world, thus derived, Plato had, and thought it was the dim consciousness of a pre-existence, where the soul uncontaminated by material touch dwelt in the presence of infinite loveliness. Beattie terms this revelation of God —"That power of the mind which perceives truth, neither derived from education nor habit, but from nature." Aristotle affirms that "The mind of man hath a near affinity to God; there is a divine light in him." But God himself has most clearly explained this manifestation when he says by the mouth of his prophet: "I will put my laws into their hearts, and in their minds will I write them." This natural conception of truth—be it, as the transcendentalists affirm, the product of an innate power; or, according to Empirical Philosophy, the result of experience; or an illumination of the Divine Spirit, as Christian theology teaches—is common to all men.

How far by this natural light man is capable of knowing God—how far it is potent to banish evil from the world, so that we may fulfill as perfectly the condition of our being as the bud that opens at our feet or the bird singing above our head—the results of that great struggle, which, for more than fifty centuries, has sought after positive knowledge of God and of man's duty and destiny, will best answer.

If we view any of the systems of religion which have come from man, we find that they were conceived in superstition and have ended in corruption. During the Augustan age in Rome and the age of Pericles in Greece, those periods when the mind had obtained the brightest development ever known among heathen nations, corruption among the masses was rank as never before.

Cicero says: "Instead of transferring to man that which is divine they transfer human sins to the gods." To-day the Christian missionaries among Pagan nations find no intelligent conception of God; all is blind superstition or blank atheism. The latest definition of God by the free religionists of this country is inferior even to Plato's conception of the "All Beautiful," and proves that man by his own search has added nothing to his knowledge of divine truth for more than two thousand years.

Philosophy has been equally unsuccessful in bringing down truth from the skies, or in raising man above the sway of his passions. The philosophy of Aristotle led to Grecian Skepticism and Roman Stoicism; that of Descartes, to the Pantheism of Spinoza; that of Locke and Berkeley, to the infidelity of Hume. Kant, the Father of German Rationalism, says of his Critique of Pure Reason: "My philosophy will bring eternal peace to the world;" but it has no more stilled the turmoil of the heart and brought peace to the nations, than gravitation, which Newton discovered, has quelled the equinoctial tempests and calmed the mad waves to rest. As new systems have been announced, hopes beat high; but the sublime struggle with the mysteries of being has ended, as it always must end, where it began. In Ethics no system, outside of Christian Morality, can be found which will now commend itself to an intelligent mind.

Psychology has revealed, indeed, the greatness of the human soul through the magnificence of its ruins; but Psychology can no more restore those ruins to their original proportions, than the magician, by measuring with an enchanted rod the desolate site of Babylon, can restore that city to its former splendor.

Science has in marvelous ways discovered the structure of the universe, but it utterly fails of finding the living, personal Architect. Poetic genius ranks little below prophetic vision, but not in its loftiest flights has it solved doubts and brought repose to the mind. Never yet has uninspired poetry pealed forth one song of triumph over sin and death. England's most gifted singer strikes the harp, and the minor strain is but the wail—

> "What am I?
> An infant crying in the night—
> An infant crying for the light,
> And with no language but a cry."

The mightiest intellects of the race, following those spiritual intuitions not wholly obliterated by the fall, have bent their energies to solve the mysteries of God and existence; but, to use the words of Hume, "The ultimate result has been but the observation of human ignorance and human weakness."

Shall we say then that the light of intuition, of consciousness, and of reason, is a false light, certain to lead man astray, and therefore not

to be regarded? God forbid. These natural powers are the moulds into which his molten truth is poured. The mind should be developed to its fullest extent, for in it are the thoughts of the living God. It is the temple which holds divine treasure.

The great mistake of past ages and of Rationalism to-day is, not in ennobling the natural powers of man, but in assuming that the moral faculty is competent to perform the office of Christ, when at best it is only a John the Baptist, pointing men to Him.

Rationalism potent to save men! Think you, if Peter, as he gazed on the impotent man lying at the gate Beautiful, had said: "In the name of Reason and your exalted manhood rise up and walk!" that the beggar would have leaped to his feet before that admiring throng? No. Though human reason may discover man's impotence, nothing but the power of divine truth can make whole.

There is hunger in the soul, but no food; thirst, but no water. There is a conception of moral beauty, but no saving knowledge of the One altogether lovely. Retributive justice cries in the ear of guilty conscience forever, unrelieved by the faintest echo from the calls of mercy.

The last words of Goethe, that man of colossal intellect and broadest culture, were, as he passed away: "More light, more light." The expiring cry of that great soul expresses the universal want of humanity, which nothing but the positive knowledge of a written Revelation can supply.

They who to their natural powers, perfected by all best human culture, add the knowledge of God's written word, shall see not merely the footprints of the Creator dimly stamped on earth and sky, but shall behold, as through an open door, truth in all its beauty and transforming power, revealed in the attributes of God and in the image of his Son.

DEVOTION TO DUTY.

DUTY comes upon us in every path of life and under all circumstances. Whatever our position in life may be, or however narrow may be our influence therein, at all times there are certain forms of obligation which meet us and whose promptings we are expected to obey. It presents its claims to the king on his throne, and it demands allegiance from the subject lying prostrate at his feet. It confronts the leader of society in his palatial mansion, and it calls for attention from the

beggar who knocks at the street door. Being thus comprehensive in its claims, it may not be unprofitable to consider briefly how we may best meet and satisfy them.

He who longs for eminence of character must bear in mind that it is obtained only by a strict attention to every act which he performs, to see that it is performed in a spirit of faithfulness in the discharge of duty. No man who is deservedly "high in the estimation of men," owes his eminent position to anything so much as to his devotion to duty. It is indeed true that ephemeral fame often attends persons whose deeds are not prompted by a regard for duty. Such fame, however, like the thunder-tempests of summer which are forgotten in the brightness of succeeding days, vanishes to be remembered no more. Prominent among the qualities which are possessed by those who conscientiously meet the demands of duty, may be seen moral courage.

There is something positively grand in the spectacle of a person pursuing, in a fearless manner, the course which his conscience approves; something which manifests a dauntless heart that will not swerve from its chosen way, or yield to slurring opposition. Such a sight is full of inspiration. It stirs us to the soul's depths. Just as some lofty mountain, whose rocky summit pierces the clouds, excites in us a feeling of the sublime, so the soul heroism of him who disregards the sneers and jibes, and "what people will say," begets and calls forth a sentiment of reverent and earnest esteem. No "acting from policy" can be attributed to the man who acts courageously. No "expedient measures," whereby self can be best served, can be charged upon the possessor of moral courage, for his achievements are all designed and executed in the realization of a higher ideal. Life is too short and its possibilities too large to permit such a person to forget, for a brief moment even, the pursuit of that which duty makes plain.

Another quality which may be noticed as found in the character of a dutiful person, is a spirit of self-denial.

It is well for us that duty is sometimes rendered agreeable to our inclinations. Upon life's pathway may be found here and there a spot which yields to our plodding feet and affords them rest. But for the most part the way is hard, and we feel like giving up at times. How true it is, that one possessed of a self-denying spirit can be appreciated only by those who stand upon the heights of virtue. With the condition of such contrast that of those persons who, having no such spirit, fly from one object to another as desire may lead; who, shuffling by their duty with averted eye, become less and less able to perform their part in

life with credit to themselves; and who die, having never realized the satisfaction which obedience to duty affords.

Under these two qualities which have been enumerated as pertaining to those who are characterized by a regard for duty, may be gathered others. These stand forth prominent among them all, and to contemplate them is always profitable. Passing, however, from the contemplation of what we should *be* in order to exhibit a devotion to duty, let us consider what we should *do* whenever duty presents its claims to us.

If, as has been said, moral courage is a prime element in the character of one who earnestly heeds the call of duty, then it is manifest that being morally courageous, he will promptly obey its voice. This will not render nugatory the obligation to consider carefully the path which he will choose. On the contrary, it presupposes that some thought has been bestowed upon the intended course of action, and that, having reached a decision, he will engage immediately in the accomplishment of that which his decision may have pointed out. In short, he will endeavor to follow the advice which tells him to "be sure you are right, then go ahead."

Again, if self-denial is another important quality which he who would obey duty should possess, it is evident that one possessing it will endeavor to do cheerfully that which his moral perception may have indicated as his duty. It is in this exercise of the will that a truly magnanimous soul may display itself. To exhibit courage is comparatively easy, because there is that in our nature which is fired and animated by opposition. To deny one's self cheerfully, however, is something which requires long practice and the possession of a resolute will. This element of self-denial is so important in the successful pursuit of the Christian path of life, that the Divine Master himself has placed it as the first and as the key to a triad of duties which he has enjoined upon every one who would be his disciple. "Deny thyself, take up thy cross, and follow me." That the first should be done cheerfully in order that the others may be performed successfully is apparent to all.

Thus briefly we have glanced at some of the elements which a mind devoted to duty may be said to possess. It is always hard to run counter to one's strongest inclinations. If we will determine to do always what is perceived to be duty, we shall find that it will become more and more pleasant. In student life, it may be that we have followed our inclinations, disregarding duty's call. Let us, taking knowledge from the past, improve the present, so that the future may not be entirely one of unheeded obligation.

OCTOBER.

THE golden brown that crowns the wood
And gilds the greener shade about,
Has reached its softest, tend'rest mood,
And speeds the summer's smile to rout.

October, is this smile grown old
Upon the cheek of hoary Time?
It creeps athwart the features bold,
Forerunner from a colder clime.

The face of friend is sometimes cast
And set about with ripples keen,
When o'er the disk there hastens fast
A shadowed image, lank and lean.

For in his glee a thought has come
Of danger in the Future's hand,
That, opening wide, might drop the sum
Of greater evils o'er the land.

And so the smile, in changing, wove
A strand of warning in its wreath,
And all the happier threadlets strove
To fill the warping set beneath.

'Tis thus the year has smiled, till this,
Her messenger of future woe,
Runs thro' the garden, with a kiss
Like that of Judas to bestow.

And all the lovely graces climb
In meekness round the Master's lips,
As, turning with a love sublime,
He kisses while the traitor sips.

Of direful wrath the fullest meed,
And torment such as he could bear
But shortly, for the earth had need
Of men who braver deed could dare.

So winter's chill is at the door
To kiss betrayal back for bliss,
And armed men he leadeth o'er,
Whose tribute money buys the kiss.

To palaces and halls, they lead,
Of judgment and denial, too,
As cold as they of which we read;
For these are built of ice and snow.

And some of us like Peter may
Go out before the cock shall crow,
Because we hear the Master say,
"Ye are the ones I do not know."

October, then, the past reveals,
With glory and with beauty blessed,
And, breaking all the Future's seals,
Accepts the daughters as her guests.

Her robing, too, is not her own,
Her diadem and crown but those
That in the Summer months have grown
Too large and lustrous for the clothes.

O Student! learn that you must wait,
And glean where others went before.
The patient toiler knows no fate;
'Tis labor opens Wisdom's door.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

ENTHUSIASM.

"WHATEVER thy hand finds to do, do with all thy might." How many students obey this maxim? How many would expect to win success in life by following the course they pursue in college? Gen. Grant, on being asked his dominant feeling on entering an engagement, replied: "My overpowering thought in every instance was, that the whole issue of the war might depend on this battle." Macaulay is said to have treated every undertaking in his great literary career, as if his entire standing and reputation rested on that alone. If this feeling actuated students in all their studies, there would be more model recitations, and less dissatisfaction with their course.

The term enthusiasm was formerly used as a reproach. It was applied to Copernicus, Howard, and John Brown. But the enthusiasts of one generation become the reformers of the next. Enthusiasm lends a charm and adds a force to every work. It is the power that carries individuals and nations over obstacles, through hardships, to success and victory. Its original derivation meant to be inspired by the gods, and we think it is not far from right. Men whose names are stamped upon the brightest pages of every nation's history, have been animated by it. It imparted to them a zeal that knew no check. Agassiz had no time for pleasures or making money; his work was his delight. Schiller could forget cold and hunger in his enthusiasm over his noble production, "The Robbers."

Students need more of this to give them a love for their work. The same feeling should animate them in their course that must be theirs in life if they succeed: to make every undertaking a brilliant success; that on its issue rests their fate. Every triumph leads to a better one; every success makes the next one easier.

OUR LITERARY SOCIETIES.

Our literary societies have always been a marked characteristic with us, and one of which we were proud. But they are fast losing their former importance. There is an increasing interest at present; but it has not reached that of the golden days of the past, when every student was an active member of one of the societies. Then, extra exertions were put forth in the Fall to make the societies interesting, to attract the Freshmen; and they usually succeeded in getting them all by the

close of the Fall term. Public meetings were held, in which each society strove not to be outdone by the other. This gave an incentive for the cultivation of the best talent, and offered an extra inducement for the members to work. There was a livelier interest in class debates, and more good speakers and writers. These things belong to the past, and we wish some ghost from those departed days would return to animate the present. If any one will tell us why we can not and ought not to have public exercises and the same interest as formerly, we would thank them for the information.

One can hardly estimate the advantages derived from the right use of our literary societies. They complete the work of the class room, and one is almost as necessary for a perfect and completed education as the other; for the advantage of an education is the power to impart it.

In the society room the student can display his natural powers and characteristics without restraint, and in this way develop what will be available and eradicate the rest. Yet some enter the society room but a few times in a year, who intend to choose, for their life work, a profession in which their success depends in great measure upon their power to express their knowledge and thoughts effectively. As the fruits of this course, many College graduates, when called upon to appear before the public, make pitiable failures.

OUR SUCCESSORS.

Circumstances prevent us from announcing our successors, although they have been nominated. We think the class of '78 are making a wise move in increasing the number of editors. This is a measure that we advocated a year ago, but circumstances prevented its adoption. May our successors accomplish what we anticipated.

A college paper is a peculiar thing to manage, from the the fact that it has no definite purpose, but is assigned to different ones according to individual opinions. It has not the facilities for any news outside of the college. Science is certainly beyond its pale, and literature also in a great measure; for few of its subscribers care to read the second-hand ideas of students on these subjects. Neither politics nor religion is its sphere. And as a source of making money, experience has proved it to be a failure.

According to our opinion, then, its object is to represent the institution, and its sphere is college news and the discussion of such questions as interest colleges and their students. The majority of the subscribers, exclusive of the students, are Alumni; and its interest to them is the news it furnishes of the every-

day life of the college, and the knowledge they gain through its columns of the students who fill the places once occupied by their classmates and acquaintances.

Many judge a college paper by the amount of wit and humor it contains; but it should be elevating as well as pleasing.

It should be devoted to the best interests of the college and students, and controlled by a spirit of candor and independence. It should criticise without reserve what is hurtful and pernicious, commend what is good, and suggest what is needful.

Contributors are needed who understand the needs of the paper; and there should be more editors, so as not to depend so largely on outside contributions. This would prevent much inconvenience to the editor, and not compel him to use many articles that he does not like—articles that are thoughtful and well written, but fail in choice of subject.

BASE-BALL.

The base-ball interest with us is the lowest it has been for the past three years. We regret this, for since we have a good nine, the result of three years' labor, some use ought to be made of it. This is not so much owing to our own fault as to the difficulty of getting nines to play with us. Yet we think that if there had been a little more enthusiasm displayed, we might have had more games. We are waiting patiently for our old antagonists, the Bowdoins, to practice their new men for our annual contest. Their nine was weakened considerably by the loss of their pitcher; but we learn that they are developing some good talent, and anticipate an interesting game with them soon.

Sept. 30th, our nine went to Norway and played the Iron Clads, who had very generously advertised us as champions of the State, hoping by a victory to transfer that title to themselves. A few turns of the Bates at the bat demolished those hopes, and led them to change pitchers, which did not have much effect after one inning. Reports from the Iron Clads, and the fact that they held the championship of the State a few years since, led us to expect a closer game; but the heavy batting of the Bates prevented this,—they making twenty first-base hits and twenty-three total. The Iron Clads played the outs well, but, as usual, failed to bat Oakes. Below we give the score:—

BATES.

	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Lombard, 3d b	3	3	1	2	1
P. R. Clason, s. s.	2	2	0	5	2
Record, c.	4	3	10	3	1
Oakes, p.	4	3	1	3	0
Burr, c. f.	1	2	0	0	0
Noble, l. f.	2	3	0	0	0
O. B. Clason, 1st b.	1	3	12	2	0
Phillips, 2d b.	1	1	3	0	1
Way, r. f.	2	0	0	0	0
Total	20	20	27	15	5

IRON CLADS.

	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Crooker, c. f.	0	0	1	0	1
Judkins, p.	1	1	1	5	2
Robinson, s. s.	1	1	1	3	1
Pike, 1st b.	1	0	15	1	2
Burnham, 2d b.	0	0	5	5	2
Holden, 3d b.	0	0	0	0	0
Sturdevant, c.	0	1	4	1	5
Worthington, l. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Jordan, r. f.	0	1	0	1	0
Total	3	4	27	16	13

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Bates	5	0	1	7	0	2	0	3	2	—20
Iron Clads	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	— 3

Time of game—2 hours 10 minutes.
Umpire—E. G. Bennett.

FOOT-BALL.

Can any one tell us what has become of our Foot-Ball Association? Does it still survive, or is it numbered with the things that were? We hoped enough of that enthusiasm which blazed up so fiercely last year would remain to make foot-ball a permanent thing at Bates. But its growth seems to have resembled that of Jonah's gourd.

Now that the base-ball interest is low, and it is getting cold for that, it is just the time for foot-ball. It furnishes exercise and amusement to a larger number of students, and is as interesting a game when well played. We learn by the *Orient* that Bowdoin is becoming interested in this game. Perhaps a game could be arranged with them as a means of introducing it into the Maine colleges. Why can not the Garnet and White win reputation at the goal as well as in the diamond?

EXCHANGES.

When our last number went to press we had received few exchanges, and enjoyed a delightful sense of freedom from one part of our burdens.

Now, however, the summer vacations are over and all hands seem to have waked up. The general tone of the papers is much the same as before. Here and there some one declares for Hayes or Tilden, and everywhere we find excellent advice to students in regard to politics. It is earnestly impressed upon the minds of collegians that upon them is to devolve the task of reforming the politics of the country,—so earnestly indeed that we begin to believe either that former graduates have been remiss in their duties in allowing so much corruption to exist, or that present college students are possessed of some new qualities with which to enter upon this work of reform. Besides politics we find numerous descriptions of places visited during the summer.

Together with the regular amount of old almanac jokes several new *jags* have made their appearance.

Altogether the Fall opening is good, and we are glad to meet again so many old and to make the acquaintance of several new comers.

There are two papers which always have something to say of each other—the *Cornell Era* and the *Yale Record.* They are at present in a broil, and, as usual, the

trouble is about boating matters. In the first place, Cornell is slighted because Yale and Harvard decide to have a rowing association of their own from which other colleges are excluded,—Harvard rowing in the '76 regatta, Yale withdrawing entirely. In this race, Cornell, as usual, comes off victorious, is somewhat elated thereby, and, claiming to be champion of America, decides to challenge the Oxford and Cambridge crews to row for the college championship of the world. Yale here feels herself slighted, and the *Record* twits Cornell of cowardice in not sending a crew to Philadelphia, where Yale took a good place in the contest. The *Era* replies by satire, and the *Record* followed with abuse such as is often found in its pages. The whole is amusing to an outsider.

Among our new exchanges we welcome the *Princetonian*, which recommends itself at the beginning by its excellent typography. Its pages are filled with matter pertaining to the interests of students, and hence interesting to them. We are pleased with the part called the College Calendar, which is something new, and, as it is so far well written, interesting.

Princeton picks up a statement of Yale in regard to foot-ball, and mildly suggests that Yale has several times come out second best in contests with Princeton.

The *Dartmouth* has re-appeared, and seems all the better for its short absence. The article "Qu'a-t-il fait?" has many good points, and shows that what a man has accomplished is the test for his merit; also that this test applies to morals and government as well. The discussion on Science and the Centennial is a good piece of satire on the ease with which scientific gentlemen find data to prove a pet theory.

ODDS AND ENDS.

The Freshmen have chosen as their class color, navy blue.

When the loafer enters the sanctum of a busy editor, and the editor says, "Glad to see you're back," what does he mean?—*Ex.*

Prof.—"What do we observe when we measure the right ascension and declination of the moon?" Junior—"Yes, sir."—*Amherst Student.*

Our expectations were raised a while ago, by the prospect of a game between our nine and the Lowell's, but the L.'s were unable to come and play us.

Base-ball is beginning to take a back seat now-a-days. Cold weather and lack of games has a depressing effect. Wake up, brace up, and play while you can.

"It is expected that Seniors should have too much dignity to indulge in sticking pins into one another, pinching, &c." There is good authority for this statement.

The bell tongue disappeared a short time since, and was the occasion of several mistakes. For instance, several students, not being warned by its melodious clamor, stayed out to play ball a *little* beyond the prescribed time.

Matters in the bowling alley don't grow any better. Something should be done to prevent wanton destruction of property, either by the Faculty or by the students themselves. Otherwise, it is hardly probable that it will continue fit to use through the winter.

The Freshmen got a cut the other day. One of those who was foremost in the matter came in a little late at the recitation next day and was somewhat astonished to hear the Prof. remark, "Mr. H. we were just thinking of cutting *you.*"

On the base-ball ground yesterday, says the Burlington *Hawk Eye*, a red-hot ball struck the batter just where his mother used to feel for him with her slipper, and the umpire shouted "dead ball." "Dead ball!" retorted the striker struck, "if there's a live ball on the grounds, that's it."

In ancient Paleozoic time,
One muddy day in June,
An obsoletum Rhizopod
Went out to walk too soon.

The carbonaceous soil was damp,
He stepped into the clay,
And left a footprint deep and large,
That muddy summer day.

Next week it rained, and as the earth
Beyond all doubt can show,
The hole the Rhizopod had left
Was filled with H_2O.

—*Tripod.*

One Senior was heard to ask another whose feet were noted for their dimensions: "Jim, why do your feet remind me of Norman walls?" "Give it up." "Why, they are built *flaring*."—*Ex.*

Scene in Psychology class. Prof. illustrating how knowledge is acquired by practice: "Mr. M., when you tap an empty cider barrel on the head, how do you know that it is empty?" Mr. M.—"By experience, I suppose." Prof.—"That's what I thought!"—*Ex.*

Scene: Senior X's room with a caller present. One of the occupants of the room with generous hospitality urges his visitor to have some more of the apples, whereupon his chum blandly remarks, "What are you doing? I'd like to know who *stole* those apples?"—*Dartmouth.*

A person going by a house on College street, heard strange sounds proceeding from the region of the barn. On recollecting, however, that a Senior dwelt there, a cause suggested itself, and he innocently inquired if "S—— was a *praying man.*" Prayer, however, was not the trouble with him this time, nor was he sick. He was only practicing a declamation.

A very pleasing variation was introduced in the exercises of the Polymnian Society at the last meeting. The Junior Quartette sang some taking selections from *Carmina Collegensia*, which were appreciated by the listeners. The singers were Hurd, Mower, Briggs, and Peasley. Let us have more, not only in the societies, but outside. There are plenty of good voices in college, which only need cultivation and practice to bring out the melody.

One of the Seniors while reading a criticism before the class, came upon a part of the manuscript which spoke of the manner in which the book criticised spoke of courting, &c., and made the somewhat extraordinary statement that "he was unable to criticise this portion because he had had *no experience* in such matters." Poor fellow! we should pity him if it were not for the fact that certain of his classmates thought he rather underrated his powers.

A Senior in the course of an astronomy recitation was extremely puzzled a few days ago. In the course of explaining an eclipse, the figures of the sun and moon were drawn in contact with each other. Now this was contrary to all his observations of the heavenly bodies, but to make the thing sure he earnestly inquired: "And does the moon ever hit the sun?" The question was appreciated by the class, and said Senior's face changed from red to redder when he saw the point.

COLLEGE ITEMS.

There are 47 in the Freshman class.

Prayers in the lower Chapel now-a-days.

The Seniors commenced Logic this week.

Stacy, '76, has the Freshmen in Rhetoricals.

Only five of the Seniors room in P. H. at present.

The weather makes things dull about the campus.

Prof. Stanton starts, this week, for the Centennial.

Harvard lately received an anonymous gift of $12,375.62.

Williams has withdrawn from the Inter-Collegiate Rowing Association.

A public Society Meeting has been proposed. We hope to see the plan carried out.

The Amherst Base-Ball Association has decided to have no University matches this fall.

During the last thirteen years Dartmouth has received donations amounting to $960,591.

As it seems that the fates forbid our indulging in base-ball, we propose that foot-ball be revived, and broken shins be substituted for broken fingers.

The entire Sophomore class of Williams was recently expelled for being concerned in a rush.

Yale has about 180 Freshmen; Harvard about 200; Amherst, 83; Dartmouth, 60; Tufts, 35; Williams, 50; Trinity, 35.

A number of students, from the different classes, have visited Philadelphia within a few weeks. Several more start to see the big show soon.

The class of '76, at Cornell, numbered sixty-one men and five women. There are one hundred and eighty in '80. Cane rushes are in order there.

We understand that '78 will increase the number of editors of the STUDENT for the coming year. This is a good plan, and we shall be glad to see it adopted.

Of the class of '76 at Yale, 81 were dram drinkers habitual or occasional, 48 smokers, 29 gamblers. This is called Yale's smartest and wickedest class.—*Exchange.*

The Harvard nine has recently been twice defeated by "Our Boys" of Boston, who played in Lewiston this summer, and were beaten by the Androscoggins. We should like to match our nine with some of the Massachusetts College nines, and should be confident of a good result.

Freshman declamations come off as usual. Owing to the size of the class, there will be three divisions. The first division speak Thursday evening, Oct. 26th, at the College Chapel.

It is interesting to notice how often a base-ball can find the same spot in a man's head. We don't dare to say how many times we have seen one man strike a ball with his forehead.

The nominations by the Faculty for STUDENT editors were not satisfactory to the Juniors; and though there have been several meetings for the purpose of electing, there has been as yet no choice.

The Sophs have been trying their Trigonometry on farms and lots in the vicinity. We suggest, as something novel, that they endeavor to find the height of David Mountain, if they haven't already tried it.

We notice that the Freshmen are somewhat backward in base-ball matters, and are inclined to withhold their hearty support. Now this is a poor way to feel about the matter, for the class of '80 has longer to stay at Bates than the rest of us, and should especially take care not only to keep alive the interest in athletic sports already established, but to introduce more if possible. Why, for example, doesn't '80 try titles with '79 in a game of foot-ball, and have the honor of establishing a precedent for future classes?

The Seniors waited for five minutes after the bell rang one day, and, as no Prof. had put in an appearance adjourned without delay. The next day the matter was explained, and the students concluded to accept the excuse of the Prof. that he had mistaken the recitation bell for one which rang an hour earlier.

Our notice to subscribers, in the last STUDENT, has met with but a feeble response. Now we want to say, once more, that money is wanted for the STUDENT, that many are yet owing for their subscription, and that such ones will greatly oblige by forwarding one dollar ($1.00) to the Manager. So don't forget it.

Winter is coming on and is bringing with it long evenings. Judging from past observations, we hardly think they will all be spent altogether in study; and suggest, as we have before, that a College Chess Club be formed. For the satisfaction of any one who thinks time wasted which is spent in this game, we refer him to Franklin's essay on this subject, and also advise him to try it and judge for himself.

PERSONALS.

[Persons possessing information of interest in regard to the whereabouts or positions of the Alumni, will oblige by forwarding the same to the Editor.—Ed.]

'67.—H. F. Wood has accepted a call to the pastorate of the F. B. Church at Concord, N. H.

'68.—Prof. O. C. Wendell is stopping in Lowell, Mass. We hope his health will permit him soon to reoccupy his chair here.

'69.—Rev. W. H. Bolster is pastor of the Congregational Church in Everett, Mass.

'69.—Miss Maria W. Mitchell has been elected Professor of Languages in Vassar College.

'70.—Rev. A. L. Houghton has recently met with an irreparable loss in the death of his wife. He receives the sympathies of his many friends in this vicinity.

'71.—J. T. Abbott and C. H. Hersey have formed a co-partnership, and entered the practice of law in Springfield, Mass.

'71.—Jesse M. Libby was elected Representative to the Legislature from Minot, at the last election.

'73.—C. H. Davis, who was graduated from the Theological School in class of '76, is stopping at Prescott, Wisconsin.

'73.—Miss Anna E. Haley is pastor of a church at Clove, N. Y.

'73.—Freedom Hutchinson has been admitted to the bar and is now practicing in Boston.

'73.—Wm. Rynne is practicing Medicine in Portland, Me.

'74.—Frank L. Noble was admitted to the bar, at the September session of S. J. Court for Cumberland County.

'74.—Augustine Simmons is Principal of the High School at New Portland.

'74.—T. P. Smith has entered Harvard Medical School.

'74.—F. B. Stanford is in the office of the *Sunday School Times*, Philadelphia.

'75.—A. T. Salley has entered the Theological School.

'76.—E. C. Adams is teaching in Bloomfield, N. J.

'76.—J. Wm. Daniels is Principal of the High School in Lonsdale, R. I.

'76.—F. E. Emrich has entered the Theological School, and is supplying at Mechanic Falls.

'76.—W. H. Merryman is Assistant in Whitestown Seminary.

'76.—A. L. Morey is preaching in Lancaster, N. H.

'76.—I. C. Phillips has entered the law office of Hutchinson, Savage & Sanborn.

'76.—H. W. Ring is meeting with good success as Principal of the High School in Alna, Maine.

BATES COLLEGE.

FACULTY OF INSTRUCTION AND GOVERNMENT.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

OLIVER C. WENDELL, A.M.,
Professor of Astronomy.

REV. CHARLES H. MALCOM, D.D.,
Lecturer on History.

CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

TERMS OF ADMISSION.

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

LATIN: In nine 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 dismission 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.

COURSE OF STUDY.

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.

EXPENSES.

The annual expenses are about $200. Pecuniary assistance, from the income of thirteen scholarships and various other benefactions, is rendered to those who are unable to meet their expenses otherwise.

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.

Tuition, room rent, and use of libraries free.

COMMENCEMENT.....JUNE 28, 1876.

For Catalogue or other information, address

OREN B CHENEY, PRESIDENT, *Lewiston, Me.*

NICHOLS LATIN SCHOOL.

This Institution is located in the city of Lewiston, Maine, and is named in honor of LYMAN NICHOLS, Esq., of Boston. The special object of the school is to prepare students for the Freshman Class of Bates College, though students who do not contemplate a College course are admitted to any of the classes which they have the qualifications to enter. The School is situated near the College and Theological School, and thus affords important advantages of association with students of more advanced standing and scholarship.

The Course of Study comprises three years and as many classes; that is, the first year, or third class; the second year, or second class; the third year, or first class. The classes are so arranged that students can enter the school at any time during the year.

BOARD OF INSTRUCTION.

FRITZ W. BALDWIN, A.M., PRINCIPAL.....Teacher of Latin and Greek.
FRANK H. BARTLETT.....Teacher of Mathematics and History.
EMERY W. GIVEN.....Assistant Teacher in Latin.
MILLARD F. DAGGETT.....Teacher of Elocution and Rhetoric.

For further particulars send for Catalogue.

A. M. JONES, *Secretary.*

FOR

Custom Shirts

—AND—

Gents' Furnishing Goods,

AT LOWEST PRICES,

—GO TO—

W. W. LYDSTON'S

SHIRT STORE,

135 Lisbon St., Lewiston.

P. S.—Be sure and buy the "O K" Shirt, 2d grade.

FOR

FINE SHIRTS

—AND—

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,

GO TO

ROBIE'S

SHIRT STORE,

103 LISBON STREET.

COBB & SMITH,

Practical Tailors.

STUDENTS

And the public generally are cordially invited to call and examine our Nice Selected Stock of Goods for the fine Custom Trade. Constantly on hand all the Nobby Styles to suit the season, which will be

MADE UP IN THE LATEST AND MOST FASHIONABLE MANNER.

FURNISHING GOODS,

In Large Variety always on hand, at Very Low Prices. ☞ Call and examine our goods before purchasing elsewhere.

No. 97 LISBON STREET,

Opposite Paul's New Block, LEWISTON, MAINE.

COBB & SMITH.