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THE

BATES STUDENT.

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EDITORIAL.

WITH the present number of the Student begins a new volume, under a new management. The high position attained by the college journals of our country, the ever widening field for activity and usefulness which surrounds them, and the constantly increasing expectations and demands of the reading public, make the position of a new board of editors peculiarly trying.

But, relying upon the hearty cooperation of all interested in our work, and sincerely trusting that the sympathy and good wishes of our readers will, in some degree, cause them to excuse faults that must exist, we advance hopefully to our responsibility and pledge our untiring labor and devotion to the best interests of the Student.

In the past few years there have been several communications from alumni written in criticism of articles previously published in the Student. The object of these criticisms has been to correct false statements or false reasoning and thereby to raise the literary standard of our paper. Such efforts on the part of the alumni are
commendable and ought to be highly appreciated by undergraduates.

No doubt it is mortifying to the pride of a student to have his productions riddled by a pen sharpened, it may be, in many a word-battle; but no writer who has the temper of a true scholar, will take offense on being clearly shown his errors, for it is only by studying the cause of these errors that he can make any marked improvement.

We hope that during the present year the alumni will not only feel free to give our contributors the benefit of their mature judgment, but that they will feel it their duty as older brothers to do all in their power to draw out the best efforts of their younger brothers. Criticisms and replies will act as a spur to contributors and will make a magazine of twofold interest to its readers.

For students of Bates, the question of electives has contained no slight interest. We believe that elective studies, if properly selected, are desirable; but we do, however, think it not only highly erroneous, but positively injurious that undisciplined minds be permitted to select unrestrainedly the course to be pursued. The multiplicity of electives now offered at several of our older institutions actually extends this privilege to their students and even allows the election of a single branch for the entire collegiate course. A distinctively practical education demands more than this; and certainly one pursuing such a course must come far short of a liberal culture. Most of those who frequent the halls of our Maine colleges anticipate a professional career, and for success in this there should be a special training. But it is entirely outside the province of the college course to furnish this training. To the college we look for the symmetrical development of mental strength, and to this end we deem excellent the classical course offered by Bates and her sister colleges of the Pine Tree State.

That our course is decidedly non-elective, most of those who have attempted to avoid Calculus well know. Yet were we to frankly state our convictions we believe it would be more profitable for those who escape, if the Faculty should elect Calculus for them also.

The one phase of the subject we have deemed lamentable is the disposition of some to rail at their Alma Mater, because she does not offer all the advantages they may desire. Yet very few who enter our Maine colleges, do so without a critical survey of the courses presented, as well as those of other New England colleges. A choice is therefore not ignorantly made. Candor would then suggest, if not perfect satisfaction with, at least, tacit approval of the curriculum of the selected institution. But while our course is non-elective, it is sufficiently comprehensive to suggest fields of research for beholding whose nearer boundaries, even, a long life would be insufficient. These we are in no wise precluded from entering.

Most have sufficient leisure for a dip into Italian or Spanish; but those
colleges which include these in their curriculum touch them but slightly. There are courses of historical study, of which the majority might avail themselves. Our library contains a mine of wealth in English Literature into whose deepest recesses we might not hope to penetrate during our four years at Bates. We do enjoy many advantages. Let us appreciate them.

In undertaking the responsibilities of the Student we wish to state at the outset that we need and shall expect the earnest co-operation and hearty support of both alumni and students. The literary department will always be open to them and any communication from them will always be gratefully received.

The alumni personal department can be made of great value if kept alive with interesting intelligence. For this we shall be almost entirely dependent upon the alumni. If each one would send in any facts which he may possess, this department would be kept supplied with a fund of information interesting and valuable to all its readers.

We hope that in the ensuing year the alumni will take upon themselves the responsibilities of this department and assist us in its maintenance.

In the previous volumes of the Student much has been written about our societies and society work, but the need of such articles is now as great as ever. While sin exists, the minister must preach, and if the congregation sleep through one sermon, he must try to reach their ears and hearts by another: so, while evils exist in college, Student editors must write.

The value of our society work is too well understood by all to need mentioning here; yet there is a strange apathy on the part of many students in regard to this most valuable part of our course. This apathy can, in most cases, be traced to carelessness in regard to attendance and negligence in the performance of the work assigned. At present many allow very trivial excuses to keep them away from the regular meetings, and, when assigned to duty, think they can do extemporaneously all that is required of them.

Many requirements are needed to enable us to derive the most benefit from our society work, a work that, probably more than any other, fits us for the stern realities and duties of life. Among these the most important have been implied above, a more constant attendance and a more thorough preparation. Without the first of these requisites, no society can attain the highest success. Irregularity in attendance on the part of some tends to develop the same evil in others, for members are sometimes in doubt whether a certain meeting will be well attended or whether it will lack a quorum; and so they easily persuade themselves to remain in their rooms. Many excuses can be offered for non-attendance, the most reasonable of which is that of the student who has been away teaching and has work to "make up." But he should consider that his society work is, at least, as important as any, and unlike most other work cannot be made up, even
in the popular acceptance of the term, but if neglected at the time is gone forever.

The second requisite is no less important. A member whose name has been placed upon the programme for a certain meeting owes it to himself and especially to his hearers to prepare himself as fully as possible to sustain his part. He owes it to himself because otherwise it is valueless to him; he owes it to his hearers because otherwise he is trespassing upon their time and patience.

The beginning of a new year and also of a new term afford us opportunities for forming and carrying out good resolutions on this subject. Let us enter upon the work with earnestness, and if possible make the coming year one to be remembered in the history of our societies.

Among the recently formed associations at Bates of which we may well be proud is the Bates College Brass Band. Coming into existence less than a year ago, the outlook was far from encouraging. The regular studies and the literary work, together with the other labors incident to a student's life seemed to leave little time for musical culture. But when individuals or associations determine to pursue a certain course, success is sure to crown their efforts. Such has been the case with our band. Success has attended it beyond the expectation of the most sanguine, and we now have a band that would do honor to the college before any audience.

There is one other association that we want and that is an orchestra. Then we shall be fully provided with music. There is ample material for a good orchestra, if the players will form one and practice as the band players have done. We hope in a short time to note the formation of such an association.

Ideas rule the world. Thinking men produce ideas. The college, if anywhere, is the place to train young men to be close, deep, and coherent thinkers. There is a certain discipline in each department of the course that cannot be derived from any other department. Hence for a perfect development of the mind no study can be neglected. But we see no objection in devoting extra time to a certain branch, if that "extra time" is not taken from another study.

Six hours of hard study each day is necessary for the average student to do good work under each professor; and two hours more should be occupied in general reading which is, by no means, a small factor in a college education. To say nothing of the time needed in preparing society work—equal to any department in the college—eight hours each day can and should be employed in hard study and consecutive reading by every student that intends to go forth from his Alma Mater with a trained and well developed mind.

As habits of study and reading, formed during the Freshman year, are liable to follow one the other three years of the course, this matter should especially interest the lower classmen. Let every student be awake to the im-
portance of systematic work while in college, and at once take the first step towards fastening a habit upon him which will ultimately crown his life work with high excellence and true success. We are here laying the foundation upon which we are to build in the future. Let us lay this foundation so deep and so broad, by hard, honest, and systematic work that we shall successfully meet every great social problem which may be waiting to be solved.

As is usually the case at the beginning of the winter term, but few of the students have returned. A large part of them are engaged in teaching, and many of their schools will not close till near the middle of the college term. Considering the unfaithful manner in which most lost recitations are made up, such delay in the work of the term cannot be otherwise than hurtful. But are not the profits of teaching a term of school equivalent to the loss of a few weeks at college? Our success as students does not consist simply in learning and reciting stated lessons from a text-book. During our grammar and high-school course we have studied enough in the mechanical method, and now that we have entered college we should seek, from all the advantages offered, those which shall best fit us to be men. To a young man, that has a thorough knowledge of the common English studies, no exercise can be more profitable than teaching a few terms of school. The boy must throw off his rough, free and easy style and he must cultivate that faculty which enables him to look a man squarely in the eye and talk of subjects of which men should talk. In teaching a country school, one unaccustomed to contact with the rough side of human nature will often find himself placed in positions that require far more wisdom than is necessary to prepare a lesson in Mechanics or Moral Philosophy. Of course, for the most part, we should pay the strictest attention to our studies, and the practice of "cutting" recitations, when there is no good excuse, should be a thing of the past. But if any student, whatever his intended profession may be, will teach one term of country school we can safely say that he will feel himself amply repaid for time lost in college, even though in making up he burn the midnight oil.

We call the attention of the students to our advertising columns and hope they will patronize the firms there represented. The pecuniary success of the Student depends largely upon its receipts from these columns; and its success in this direction during this year will, in no small degree, influence its success for several years to come. This latter statement is true because it is much easier to obtain consent to renew old advertisements than it is to get new ones. The number of advertisers depends much, of course, upon the energy of the business manager; some advertise to help along the Student; but most of the traders wish some return for their money, and advertise only when there is prospect of increasing their trade. If the students would make it a rule to trade with those
alone who give us their support by advertising, they would thus establish a sort of a reciprocity treaty with the traders which would become a greater source of profit to the Student every year.

LITERARY.

FAREWELL.

By I. J., '87.

Who has not paused
Where life's new pathway bent
In sudden course,—
Sad cause of banishment
From dearest friends
With whom sweet days were spent,—

Letting the eye
With tender longing dwell
On all the scene,
And loath to break the spell
By that hard word
For lips just kissed—farewell?

GLIMPSES OF HAWTHORNE.

By E. B. S., '85.

It is impossible to conceive of men or things as unrelated. On their relations they depend for the particular cast which they take, and it is probably true that in no man's life is it easier to trace results to their causes than in the life of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Under other circumstances he might have become more famous, or he might have become less famous, but it is doubtful true that by appealing to man's natural love for the mystic he has gained for himself a place in letters which he would otherwise have missed. Others had then, and have since, written in this strain; but none have displaced him. His dealing with the supernatural is to that of others as October's wind is to December's. The former makes us draw our cloaks closer but to enjoy; while the latter drives us shivering to the fireside. Others wrote to meet the tastes of their readers. Hawthorne wrote because his experience had made it natural for him to do so, and his very naturalness won him his success.

Hawthorne inherited from his ancestors a sort of somber mind, owing, it is said, to a curse pronounced upon a relative by one of the persecuted during the "Salem witchcraft." Then, too, the city itself, his birthplace, was rife with mystery. It almost seems that a stranger entering Salem without knowing its name, would instinctively feel that it was a fit birthplace for such a mind. He, himself, says of his life at Raymond, near Sebago Lake: "It was there I first got my cursed habits of solitude." Be that as it may, it is certain that in no atmosphere but that of solitude could he have evolved the thoughts that he did.

In his solitary rambles through the forests his quick ear caught strains of nature's harmonies, to echoes of which the reader of his works is compelled to stop and listen. In the winter, while attuning his thoughts to the rhythmic click of his skates and stirring his blood to a healthy glow, his imagination must have taken its brightest tinge; but when, wearied with his exercise, he took refuge in a deserted log hut and gazed into the fire which he built in the old open fire-place, his thoughts must have pictured in the glowing embers some of the fantastic
shapes which appear in his "Twice Told Tales."

Hawthorne did not seek solitude because he was a misanthropist, neither did he wholly withdraw from men; he often turned his course in such a direction as to bring him among the fishermen, where he doubtless got his idea of "The Village Uncle." Then again, we find him in the taverns studying the characters there. There can be no doubt that he was in full sympathy with humanity, otherwise we should not find him giving voice to his pity, through the young woman, to Hester, in the first pages of the "Scarlet Letter." Nor would any but a tender heart have created such a character as little Pearl, as he says: "To connect her parent forever with the race and descent of mortals, and to be finally a blessed soul in heaven." How well did he understand human nature when he said of the old dames, after they had pointed out Hester as so kind to the poor: "Then, it is true, the propensity of human nature to tell the very worst of itself, when embodied in the person of another, would constrain them to whisper the black scandal of by-gone years." Our hearts warm toward him as we see the smiles on his face as he describes the appearance of the denizens of "Brook Farm": "Coats with high collars and no collars; broad-skirted or swallow-tailed, and with the waist at every point between the hip and arm-pit: pantaloons of a dozen successive epochs, and greatly defaced at the knees by the humiliations of the wearer before his lady-love." . . . "Little skill as we boasted in other points of husbandry, every mother's son of us would have served admirably to stick up for a scarecrow."

His journal, kept when he was a boy, shows that he had a healthy appreciation of the humorous, and it is this vein of humor, which he never lost, and his sympathy with humanity, that rescues his writings from the gloom which would otherwise have enveloped them. As a rule, it is true that no reader is satisfied with having read one of his works, but the first step opens the way for an extended journey through the enchanted country which his genius has discovered.

THE FUTURE.


In spring-time, thro' pastures and woodland,
Surrounded by blossoms of May,
I wandered where rivulets warble,
And watched the young lambs in their play.

I sat 'neath the murmuring pine grove
The breezes of spring-time to share;
Long musing on hopes of the future,
And building fond castles of air.

I wished that I might know the future;
What fortunes were destined for me;
What joys and what sorrows my portion,
And what was my mission to be.

'Tis said, in the ages heroic—
Th' illustrious ages of old—
That sibyls, consulted by mortals,
To them would great secrets unfold.

I went to a grot in the forest,
Which bards of old legend declare
Was sought as the haunt of the sibyl;
And poured forth in secret this prayer:

Pray tell us, oh voices prophetic, 
Illustrious sibyls of old,
Oh tell us, what fortunes await us,
And to us the future unfold.

What sorrows and trials o'erhang us?
What joys and what pleasures await?
Will life flow always in sunshine,
Or clouds intermingle our fate?

Then faint as the murmuring waters,
As gentle as zephyrs of May,
A whisper replied, while the pine-tops
Sang "music of seas far away,"

"'Tis not in accordance with nature
The volume of fate to unseal,
Foretelling the woes and the rapture
Which years of the future conceal;

Yet somewhat to us 'tis permitted
The veil of the future to part,
And, speaking from long observation,
Infallible precepts impart.

"Thy life will be brief at the longest,
Nor will it be empty of care;
Oft finding at every station
A labor or burden to bear.

"He only will bear back the laurels
Who toils without rest or delay;
He only advances to-morrow,
Who learns well his lesson to-day.

"The book of the future lies open;
Its pages your deeds are to fill
Inscribing with pictures of virtue
Or staining with blots, as you will.

"And when, many years passing o'er you
Have sprinkled your temples with gray,
When you the past are recalling—
The future you speak of to-day—

"With sighs you'll recall each misfortune
Lamenting o'er each wasted hour:
Those ever recalling with pleasure
Improved with the best of your power."

THE HERO OF HARPER'S FERRY.

By H. M. B., '84.

Great reforms are slow to be received by the majority of humanity. Conservatism numbers far more disciples than radicalism. There must first be an inspiration in a soul more lofty and daring than the crowd. Alone, this leader, by his intensity of will and resolution of action, must arouse others from their indifference and torpidity either to oppose or support him. His cause has then become the question of the times. Opposition may sacrifice to its wrath the leader of an unpopular cause, but this has the reactive effect of arousing unexpected sympathy and of summoning to aid the right an unhoped for multitude of supporters. Such was the relation of John Brown to the reform of one of the greatest crimes that man commits against his brother. The South believed that the institution of slavery was firmly established. Their state laws were as forcible as could be desired to support the master's interest against the slave's. The Southern gentleman defended his position by advocating that the African was naturally inferior and therefore should serve his superior, the Saxon, that the race was ignorant and improvident, and that it was but charity for the master to assume the charge of his slave's interests. All scruples were silenced by the kindly co-operation of their clergy who wrote sermons suited to the spirit of the times, advocating slavery, and then explored the Bible until they found a text that could be distorted to apply.

True, there was anti-slavery discussion at the North, but there was no organized movement and no acknowledged leader. But there was one to come, not from the North, but from the South; not from the ranks of the distinguished and learned, neither a statesman nor divine, but an ignorant old
man from the despised class of the "Poor Whites." John Brown's impelling motive was both the inspiration of youth and the settled conviction of a life-time. He had looked into the depths of slavery and abhorred it as the sum of all villainies. Through his whole life he had known suffering and toil. His childhood was passed in extreme poverty, yet it was then in beholding the slave child's still harder lot that he swore eternal war against slavery. He kept that oath in life and death. With his determined soul whatever his will once decreed was done. He chose as his life work the ministry. Fortunately for his country, however, he never preached his first sermon. It was destined that his "calling" should lead him not up the steps to the pulpit, but to the gallows. The "labors" of a clergyman might be of some avail to emancipation in the North, but in Kansas and Virginia there was no time for preaching. He might have opposed the perfumed sermons of the Southern clergy, but choosing from the same Bible his text he hurled back upon them a scorn and sarcasm of argument, not in words but deeds, the final result of which was to make their labored sermons (not to speak of repetition) too much out of date even to be revised.

The invasion of Virginia at Harper's Ferry, "by an old man with a few followers armed with muskets," though chronicled a defeat, was as necessary to the victory of freedom as was the Fall of Richmond. The whole North was roused to a storm of indignation and sympathy when John Brown, fighting for others and not himself, was captured and wounded in six places, dragged from the dead bodies of his sons to prison, hurried through the form of a trial, found guilty of treason and murder in the first degree, and sentenced to be hung.

Is there anything more pathetic, even in fiction, than the unselfishness of the old Hero of Harper's Ferry as he lay in prison awaiting the most cruel and shameful of deaths? Constantly writing to his wife and children, entreating them not to be ashamed of their relation to "Old John Brown hung as a traitor." Bidding them: "Think of the crushed millions who have no comforter. I charge you all never in your trials to forget the griefs of the poor that cry and of those that have none to help them." Then, as his shameful doom drew near, as if in prophecy of the consummation of his attempt, he said: "I cannot remember a night so dark as to have hindered the coming day, nor a storm so furious and dreadful as to prevent the return of warm sunshine and a cloudless sky." Ah! like others of earth's most unselfish and noblest souls he chose for himself the darkness and sorrow of midnight and storm that not himself but others might see the joy and glory of clear sky and dawn!

But how his enemies erred to think that the scaffold and rope had annihilated the champion of Freedom. Little knowing that of the so-called madman and traitor they had made a Saint the mere invocation of whose name summoned up adorers in multitudes. Little knowing that with the fall of the drop, Richmond fell!

Not a statesman; who better acted in accordance with a higher than his
country's law than the first advocate of national freedom? Not an orator; what is the life-long eloquence of a Webster compromising with slavery in comparison to the speechless eloquence of John Brown's death? Hung as a traitor to his country; who was a greater patriot?

No! His children will not be ashamed of their lineage— they will not blush to own as their father, "Old John Brown hung as a traitor!" The railing voices are hushed by eulogies and acclamations. John Brown, thou art not, as said in scorn; the modern Don Quixote, but the Knight-errant of the freedom of the nineteenth century!

In far distant ages, when the Republic shall have grown old in freedom, looking back upon earlier and darker times, men will choose for many a poem and eulogy the death of Old John Brown, the patriot, the deliverer of the oppressed, who, until he had broken the fetters of his fellow-men, could not ascend to the Heights of Immortality, whose soul could not be buried in his dishonored grave, but rising on high summoned a nation to arms and led the army of Freedom on to victory!

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THE STORM-SPIRIT.

By A. E. V., '86.

Wild and weird and long its shriek! Breathing forth its icy chill
Over house and hut and hill,
Down from mountains cold and bleak
Roars the spirit of wind and storm.
Sad the havoc it would perform!
Moan you may its wanton way;
Cite its crimes whose list you keep;
Praise will I its royal sway;
Me the Storm-Spirit lulls to sleep.

STENOGRAPHY.

By R., '83.

"SPEECH," it has been said, "is, next to the breath of life, greatest of all God's provisions for man." Without it, and its companion the power of coherent thought, man would be reduced to the level of the brute, while none of his great achievements in the past would have been possible. Its importance is shown in the Bible when God confused the tongues of the builders of the Tower of Babel, which had the same effect in preventing their concerted action that the entire loss of speech would have had.

But speech alone is not sufficient. That can be used only within the limited distance through which the human voice can be heard, and though this distance has been wonderfully increased by such inventions as the telephone, it is still manifestly inadequate for man's needs. Some means are necessary for communication between far distant points, and some way of preserving for future generations the inspirations of the poet, the eloquence of the orator, and the wisdom of the sage. This is the function of the written language. As, almost invariably in the march of civilization, the warrior, subduing with his sword the barbarous hordes of savages, has preceded and prepared the way for the scholar, it is probable that the first attempt at a visual or sign language was by him. A flag for victory, a beacon for warning, a "bundle of arrows in a rattlesnake's skin" for defiance, such were undoubtedly the primitive attempts of the human race at a visible language. Then came the use of pict-
ure writing, rude drawings of familiar objects, gradually shortened to mere outlines, then to the indication of an object by some prominent part of it. Next followed the attempt to represent the sounds used in naming an object, instead of the object itself, and the final development of an alphabet. It is in Phoenicia, an Egyptian colony, that we find the first trace of a regular alphabet. From there it passed to the Greeks, thence to the Romans. The latter in their conquest of the world carried with them this alphabet, largely modified to suit their own language. The uncivilized hordes whom they conquered also had a modifying effect upon it, so that it lost much of its phonetic or sound-representing character, and became an arbitrary list of signs, each representing several sounds.

The modern languages use practically the Latin alphabet. This alphabet, while answering its purpose as a vehicle for the transmission and preservation of thought, is nevertheless cumbersome and incapable of rapid use. From the earliest civilization the need of a swifter mode of writing has been felt. We find that Cicero had his speeches written in a briefer character than the Roman alphabet, of which traces have come down to us. From that time to this the attempts to provide a rapid mode of writing have been almost innumerable. In England we find that no less than thirteen attempts were made after the reign of Elizabeth and prior to the granting of constitutional liberty. These systems were all alike in that they were all based upon the Latin alphabet, and all failed of their primary object, the capability of being written with the rapidity of speech. From that time to the present, many other systems have been invented, each one paving the way for something better.

In 1837, Mr. Isaac Pitman of Bath, England, elaborated a system radically different from all which had preceded it, which is still in use and upon which all modern systems are based. Leaving the old Latin alphabet, he based his system wholly upon a representation of the sounds used in speech. For each elemental sound in the language, and there are not so many as might be supposed, he provided one simple sign, easily and rapidly written and as easily read. This system has been improved by later writers until now an expert stenographer can set at defiance the most rapid speaker. At the present time there are three standard systems in use, Benn Pitman’s, Munson’s, and Graham’s, differing but very little in their essentials from each other. All are founded directly upon the Isaac Pitman system, and their differences are in minor points, Graham’s being, paradoxical as it may seem, both the best and the poorest of the three. Best, in that, when thoroughly mastered, it is considerably the briefest of the three, and poorest in that it carries the principle of contractions and phraseographs so far as to be very difficult of attainment and rather illegible when written. Between the other two, Pitman’s and Munson’s, there is possibly but little choice, though probably the Pitman system is used by a large majority of the leading stenographers of
the day. Of the thousand and one other systems in existence, ninety-nine out of every hundred may be set down as comparatively worthless while the hundredth is vastly inferior to either of the three standard systems.

The questions are often asked, "How long does it take to acquire the ability to write short-hand with a speed sufficient for verbatim reporting?" and "Can the art be acquired without a teacher?" The answer to the first is necessarily as varied as the temperaments of those asking it. To some its acquirement is easy and rapid, they seem to take to it naturally, while others can with difficulty learn it at all. But any person of reasonable ability, with not less than one hour's daily practice, should be able to report common speeches in six months' time at the most. The principles of the art are so simple that they can be acquired in a few hours' study. The sole difficulty lies in putting the principles into practice. We often see in newspapers advertisements of new and "wonderful" systems which may be easily learned in a few hours. These may, without exception, be regarded as unmitigated frauds. The man does not, never did, and never will live who can acquire a new method of writing, so as to write it with the rapidity of speech, in a few hours' time. Such a thing is in its very nature impossible. A long-hand writer gives no thought when writing to the form of any letter he may make—it has become mechanical with him; he hears a word and writes it without thought of the shape of the letters composing it. But that ability to write mechanically was not

the acquirement of a few hours, rather it was the labor of years. Just so must short-hand be learned. The formation of its characters must become entirely mechanical, and then, though more easily done than in the case of the complicated characters of long-hand is not the acquisition of a few hours.

To the second question, the answer is. Yes, it can be; but if a good instructor can be found, by all means place yourself in his hands. One great difficulty in studying alone, is the liability of the beginner to get discouraged. He finds some difficult point, and there are many of them, and not being able to puzzle out the solution, gives up in disgust, and throws his book aside, perhaps forever, perhaps to take it up again after a few weeks, to flounder on again until by dint of hard study he wins his way to victory. With an instructor all this is obviated. The instructor can explain the difficult points, and with each one fully explained and understood they grow beautifully less as the learner proceeds, while the knowledge that a certain amount of work is expected at a given time gives the incentive to study which many need, but do not have when studying alone.

Stenography is an art every young man who contemplates entering any of the professions, should master. The lawyer, the doctor, the minister, and the journalist will all find it useful. Nor will the successful business man find a knowledge of it amiss. Its convenience, and its saving of time will far outbalance the difficulties of its attainment,
and once mastered it is yours forever, as good or better than any trade to fall back upon in case of trouble in other pursuits, since the supply as yet by no means equals the demand for good stenographers.

COMMUNICATION.

RAYMOND, Me., Dec. 20, 1884.

To the Editors of the Student:

Doubtless many readers of your columns, particularly those who are natives of Western Maine, know that Hawthorne spent a portion of his youth in this staid old town of Raymond. But, although I had often visited the town, and had long sympathized with admirers of "English Note-books," "House of Seven Gables," "Scarlet Letter," etc., I had never, until a few days since, enjoyed a ramble among the author's early haunts.

Having not been born a lover of pedestrianism (Do you not think pedestrians, like poets, are born?), although pleasant anticipations of my pilgrimage had largely removed objections to that mode of traveling, I gladly accepted a friend's kind offer of a good team, and set forth upon the journey I had for some time desired to make, entertaining a vague longing that I might absorb just a little of that subtle genius which Hawthorne embodied in his famous works. And yet I knew well that genius, too, is innate, although, doubtless, that which we call genius is largely modified by outward circumstances.

But, indeed, an observer of the old house and its surroundings, as they exist to-day, can hardly conceive how they should have fostered the peculiar characteristics of Hawthorne's nature. Yet, three-fourths of a century ago, it was probably a "sequested spot," and viewing it thus we may quite readily attribute to this country home something of that love of solitude, which he himself professes to have here imbibed. But that he loved solitude, even as a boy, is manifest from his frequent visits to the so-called "Pulpit Rock," where, it is said, he was wont to go alone, and delight the little dwellers of the woods with his youthful declamatory efforts. It is a large rock standing in a lonely place by the roadside. Many would call the spot romantic; but doubtless its associations contribute largely to the pleasurable emotions which one experiences while standing upon its summit, while they may not be the entire source of pleasure. I fancied, as I clambered to its highest point, in the stillness of a chill December morning, that I could see the youthful figure, and hear the boyish tones, as, with the patriotic ardor of Young America, seventy years ago, he poured forth the eloquent sentences of Patrick Henry and Adams.

As you approach the house there is nothing to attract the attention. You observe only one of those old-fashioned, square, two-story structures, which were the pride of the better class of citizens, seventy years since. One would scarcely give the place a passing thought; but to know that it was Hawthorne's home, makes a perfect transformation. Wall and door and window become expressive, and tell us
of the youthful genius. There is, now, nothing homelike or cheerful in its exterior. This is, however, easily explained; it is no longer a residence, but was, some fifty years ago, made a church; or more correctly, perhaps, as in the phraseology of its neighbors, a "meetin'-house," since it has subserved a variety of purposes.

I presume the external appearance of the building is but slightly altered. The storms of many seasons have, of course, caused its pristine freshness to fade. The original form has been preserved; the large, elaborately ornamented door, in the center of the front, still forms the one entrance of the church. But the ponderous brass knocker, which sent its echoes through the roomy structure, disappeared with its usefulness.

I did not immediately enter, but passed beyond to the home of one on whom the weight of years is resting, but who was in boyhood a playmate of our author. With him I enjoyed a pleasant chat, and on my inquiry as to Hawthorne’s personal appearance when a boy, he pictured to me a slender, delicate figure, always well-apparelled, and always exhibiting a manner and exterior different from those of the lads who were his playmates.

But learning from him that I should find the church unlocked, and that I might enter and explore at my pleasure, I returned. I thought of Irving’s description of his visit to the place of Shakespeare’s nativity, but I knew that here would probably be found no garrulous old lady, nor relics with their magic power of replacement and preservation.

Narrowly watched by curious eyes which gazed from neighboring windows, I passed within the ancient structure. One is not greatly surprised, having previously learned its present character, to observe the changes which the interior has undergone. You notice that the partitions have been removed, leaving the windows of the two stories, as at first, still retaining the old-fashioned sliding shutters. A gallery has been erected across the front, in that part which was, I presume, originally occupied by the "best" chambers. And below are ranged pews, sufficiently straight and stiff and painful to have delighted the heart of any Puritanic ancestor. Upon the walls and pew-backs are seen the inscriptions of several youthful generations, but these can hardly be deemed, as in the case of those of which Irving speaks, upon the squalid walls of Shakespeare’s birthplace, an expression of homage. I wandered up and down the yielding, creaking aisles, sat in the gallery, and mused upon it all, and wondered if Hawthorne, in those halycon boyhood days, was permitted to gaze down through the vista of years and behold the homage which would be paid him by many loving hearts.

I would fain have continued my reveries, but the thickening mists, and a promise to be home at midday, compelled me to leave the old place and return homeward. E. D. V., ’86.

The German Universities have one teacher for every twelve students.
IN MEMORIAM.

LIZZIE H. RANKIN.

"If a star were confined into a tomb,
Her captive flame must needs burn there,
But when the hand that locked her up gave room,
She'd shine through all the sphere."

AGAIN the unwelcome Messenger has been among us. Again we are confronted with the mystery of death. We have been compelled to yield our claim upon one intensely loved and admired. In vain we look for her friendly face and listen for her kindly voice, and not for "many a day" shall we be enabled to get beyond the feeling that she must come back to us. Knowledge cannot stifle feeling. Something within compels us to look and listen even when knowledge coldly says—"in vain."

Miss Lizzie H. Rankin, daughter of Hon. Charles Rankin, of Hiram, Me., died in Lewiston, Dec. 8, 1884, at the age of 21 years 8 months and 6 days. She was a graduate of Nichols Latin School, and at the time of her death a member of the Junior class of our college. All who knew her, knew her but to love and admire; and those who knew her best had learned to love her most. Especially is she missed and lamented by her class. One sentiment fills the hearts of all. She was a favorite. She had been constantly growing into our admiration and love from the first day on which we found ourselves classmates together, united in the interest of a common pursuit. Some of us had been with her for five years, and we knew her thoroughly. She was a faithful scholar, and though her teaching took her considerably from her studies, she yet maintained a high standing in her class. And not only this, but she was a young lady of rare good sense and taste. She possessed a happy, genial spirit. She was quick, keen and sympathetic. She loved her classmates and had a pride in and a loyalty for her class that we rarely see in a lady belonging to a class made up so largely of young men. She was always interested in things that interested them, and yet, while entering so keenly into their ideas and feelings, she was everywhere the same high-minded lady, with the same spontaneous loyalty to the principle of right. This, of course, is the explanation of the high regard in which she was held. She had an intuitive perception of what belonged to the lady, and to the lady occupying a position in a college like Bates and in a class like hers. It was always a matter of delight to her that the class was so thoughtful and considerate towards its two ladies. The young men had done many thoughtful things, every one of which she remembered and often spoke of. Especially was this true in her sickness. She thought much of the kindly attention shown and sympathies expressed.

And now we mourn her; but we mourn her not as those who have no hope. Such a visitation of the Dark Angel must always remain a mystery. Yet the mystery lies not in the fact that she must go, but in the fact that we were compelled to give her up and to see her led away. To her there has been a gain; to us a loss. She, with all her love for truth and delight in study, has gone where the true is more easily at-
tained, and where greater opportunities for study will be granted. She has graduated from this little fitting school of earth into the great university above, where all those noble faculties of mind and heart and soul will go on in unending development. Let us think of her as having taken up her education there where here it was interrupted. She was intensely earnest here. She will be more so there. She had a love for all that was noble and beautiful and true here. She will love them more and appreciate them better now, as she will every moment be meeting with their fuller revelation. She was a firm believer in religion, and while returning from the last college prayer-meeting that she was ever permitted to attend had freely expressed her desire to be a Christian. She died a trusting believer.

LOCALS.

An editor knelt in his room
Praying for locals to come;
The only response to his prayer
Was tweedle-de-dum de-dum.

Another one sighed for some news
As he walked on the shore of the sea;
The result of his painful sighing
Was tweedle-de-dee de-dee.

Do pity the chap in the closet,
Do pity the waif by the sea,
Do send some contributions
To this other boy and me.

Where are the reading-room papers?
The co-eds. are playing tennis in the gym.

Only two of the student editors are in town.

Sale is still on hand to furnish books for the students.

Twenty-seven students were at prayers the first morning of the term.

The water pipes in the basement of Parker Hall were recently tapped by the frost.

Professor—"Oh—that's-easy-you-ought-to-have-that-well-fixed-in-your-mind." Student—"I have—in my mind."

The hoarse rasping of the fiddle and the pick-er-te-bunk-te-bunk of the banjo are sounds not infrequently heard issuing from the rooms of the students.

Chaucer recitation: Prof. — "Mr. M., what should you say in modern English instead of 'my heart will starve'?

Mr. M. (who, evidently, has not been as deeply in love as was Palamon) — "Shouldn't say it."

Greek recitation: Prof. (to student who didn't understand the form θ)—"It is for θ, look under 's and you'll find θ." Student (who thought he said, "Look in your hoss and you'll find hay") — "All right, sir."

Bates pedagogue (illustrating the earth's axis to his small geography class by a wire passed through an apple)—"Now, Johnnie, with respect to the apple what might this wire be called?

Johnnie (big with confidence) — "A wire."

A Junior said to a friend: "I think Whittier is the best of American poets."

The friend thought no more of the matter till a certain young lady happened to show him her Christmas
presents. Among them was an elegant copy of Whittier. What does this signify? Perhaps G. can enlighten us.

Student (in English language)—"After the Roman conquest the people were all broke up." Prof.—"I think you have the right idea, but please express it a little more elegantly." Student—"Well, they were all tore out."

One of the band boys recently carried a young lady a distance of several miles and brought back in her place on the seat beside him a large bass horn. On being asked which was the most preferable companion he remarked, "The horn was brassy and musical, but the maid was that, and fair to look upon. Besides, that horn was an ungainly thing at best."

"Ah, well for us all
Some sweet hope lies—
Plotting done."

The above lines came to light recently. By the last two words we judge them to have been written last term just after the Sophomores had finished surveying. The hand is decidedly feminine. The first two lines are quite sentimental and remind us of a sigh; the last line reminds us of another sigh; and the connecting link between it and the other lines must have been another sigh.

A few days since as a certain Freshman who was a few minutes late at prayers had entered the chapel and closed the door, the professor read from the Bible this passage: "When thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret." The boy looking at the Prof. in a startled and dazed manner, retreated a few steps toward the door to obey the unexpected command. The grinning Sophs at once began to "wood up" with much vim and the erring member was brought to order. Let us all try to be on time at prayers.

One of the retiring editors, whose delicacy prevented his making a local of it, tells the following incident which happened during one of the tramps with uniform and torch that the Bates boys took last term. The company was passing through one of our narrowest streets and the officers, who were finely riged out with very large narrow hats having long points fore and aft, were obliged to walk in the ditch, very close to the gabbling crowd that packed the sidewalks. One of them attracted the attention of a burly Irish woman, who exclaimed: "Look; look at the filler wid his nose es long es his hat."

One of the students, teaching in a rural district, is very particular that his scholars address him with all the politeness due his high position. As one of his small pupils was leaving the desk without thanking him for a certain favor, the stick-swinger said: "Now what do you say, Charlie, after I have given you the pencil?" Charlie—"Hain't you got a longer one for me?"

At another time, not having received thanks for lending a pencil to a boy, the teacher, with great sarcasm, exclaimed: "Much obliged." But the boy, turning about in a kind of condescending manner said: "Oh! not at all!"

A certain young man who staid in Parker Hall during vacation, fell into the habit of keeping very late hours.
One night, or at least while it was still dark, as he approached the building he was thunder-struck to see a light in his window. He crept stealthily up the stairs and peeped through the key-hole. There, comfortably reclining in an armchair, he could see the interloper. Dashing open the door, he confronted—not a tramp as he had supposed—but an '84 man who had happened in town and taken possession. "How did you get in? I locked the door," said the belated proprietor of the room. The '84 man drew himself up with astonishment and replied: "Do you think a man that has been four years in college will ever find any difficulty in entering a room?"

A very interesting lecture was delivered a few evenings since at the Pine Street F. B. Church, by Prof. D. W. C. Durgin, ex-President of Hillsdale College. The Doctor's subject was "Iceland," and all who heard him agree that a great many amusing things can be told about that country. A goodly number of students were present and highly appreciated the Doctor's fund of fact and anecdote. The illustrations used were brought from Iceland. Although the lecture lasted more than two hours, the interest of the audience never lagged. It was evident that the Doctor came far short of exhausting his subject, and that in fact he could entertain an audience for half a dozen nights in succession, and then have a few more of his Icelandic jokes left.

A Bates student who prides himself on a luxuriant growth of moustache, was sitting in his father's office one day last vacation, when an old gentleman called and inquired for Mr. X—. The young man said Mr. X— was out of town. "And what may I call you," asked the stranger. "My name is X—," replied the student twisting his moustache, "I am the son of the gentleman you wish to see." "Ah! ha!" said the old man, "I want to know if Mr. X— has a son old enough to have eyebrows growing down under his nose."

The first reunion of Bates Alumni residing in Boston and vicinity, was held at Young's Hotel, in Boston, January 7th. Such a meeting was planned six years ago, but on account of the sudden death of Mr. Bates, was postponed. The success of this first reunion is due to the efforts of a few alumni who believed that "An annual dinner will be the means of renewing college acquaintances and friendships, and of forming new acquaintances between older and younger alumni." Twenty-nine of the alumni with two invited guests, Pres. Cheney and Mr. W. B. Wood, gathered around the board on January 7th, and formed an association, with G. C. Emery, '68, as President; Rev. F. W. Baldwin, '72, as Vice-President; and G. E. Smith, '73, as Secretary and Treasurer. After the dinner speeches were made, President Cheney was the first called upon and he responded to the sentiment, "The College." After a short review of the work of the college he said, "It must be conceded that the college has had some degree of success. But in order to become what is implied in that word success, she must have a large place in the hearts of her alumni. Let her children love her as a mother is deserving.
... let them speak well of her, defend her good name, work for her and see that her wants are all supplied, and she will not fail to bless the nation and the world." .... "This Boston Association of Alumni of the college is the first, and so is entitled to be called the mother association. That daughters of hers will, before many years, be born in New York, Chicago, Minneapolis, Denver, and San Francisco is what we all believe." Prof. G. C. Chase, of the college, in a few appropriate words expressed a wish that the alumni would always assemble at Commencement, and mentioned the struggle which all had experienced in gaining a college education, and the results traceable to the energy developed in that work. The teachers from Bates were ably represented by Mr. G. E. Gay, who advocated a professorship of teaching in connection with a professorship of Psychology in the college. Mr. R. F. Johonnett, with an eloquent speech, responded for the alumni residing in Boston. Rev. W. H. Bolster then followed with an amusing series of reminiscences and ended by exhorting all to perpetuate their names by aiding the college, after they had obtained wealth. Before adjourning the alumni voted to meet each successive year in the month of January or February. By request of the Association we give below the names of all the alumni present:


IN MEMORIAM.

Since the close of last term the Junior class has been called upon to mourn the loss of one of its number. Miss Lizzie H. Rankin, who died in Lewiston, Monday, Jan. 8th. Services were held on the evening of the 8th and the remains were carried, the following morning, to East Hiram, where the obsequies were held. It being in vacation only two or three of the class were in Lewiston when the sad event occurred. At the opening of the term a meeting of the class was called and the following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God in His mysterious Providence to
remove from our midst our beloved classmate, Miss Lizzie H. Rankin;

Whereas, By her removal the class has sustained a great loss and wishes to pay a tribute of love to her memory, and publicly express the deep feelings of sorrow which her death has caused; therefore be it

Resolved, That we bow in humble submission to the irrevocable decree of the Most High;

Resolved, That we deeply deplore the loss of her valued help and companionship, and, regretting the scattered condition of the class at the time of her decease, we now give expression to our sincere and heartfelt grief;

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the bereaved family as a token of our sympathy, and that they be published in the Bates Student and the Lewiston Journal.

C. E. Stevens,
C. Hadley,
W. A. Morton,
Com. for Class of '86.

PERSONALS.

'71.—C. H. Hersey was elected last fall as representative from Keene to the New Hampshire Legislature.

'72.—H. Blake is practicing law in Hallowell.

'72.—J. A. Jones has just returned from his European trip.

'74.—R. Given is practicing law in Denver, Col.

'76.—A. L. Morey, of Hampton, N. H., has been elected acting president of Ridgeville College, Indiana, and will probably enter upon his duties at the beginning of the March term.

'78.—Rev. J. Q. Adams, of Dover, has been visiting friends in this city.

'78.—C. E. Hussey was married Dec. 25th to Miss Carrie H. Wallace of Rochester, N. H.

'80.—E. H. Farrar is employed in J. P. Putnam's architect office, Boston.

'80.—I. F. Frisbee has an interesting article on “Scansion” in the Journal of Education.

'80.—H. L. Merrill is principal of the high school at Hutchinson, Minn.

'80.—E. E. Richards is Register of Probate for Franklin County.

'81.—H. E. Coolidge has been chosen principal of the High School at Dover, N. H.

'81.—F. H. Wilbur is employed with the Auburn Paper Box Company.

'82.—W. S. Hoyt is attending a medical school in New York City.

'82.—J. F. Merrill is spending a few weeks in Boston.

'82.—E. R. Richards is the successful editor of the Wood River News, Minor Hailey, Idaho.

'82.—O. H. Tracy was married Nov. 3rd at Ossipee, N. H., to Miss Susie E. Barbarie.

'84.—A. Beede, Jr., is principal of the East Wilton Grammar School.

'84.—Miss H. M. Brackett is studying librarianship in the Columbia College library.

'84.—R. E. Donnell is teaching during his vacation at Allen's Mills.

'84.—E. H. Emery has entered the United States Signal Service.

'84.—S. Hackett has entered the law office of A. K. P. Knowlton in this city.

'84.—F. S. Sampson is engaged in a bookstore in Boston.

'84.—W. D. Wilson is spending a
few weeks at the New Orleans Exposition.

'84.—H. Whitney has entered the Veterinary School in Boston.

STUDENTS:

'85.—E. H. Brackett has just closed a successful school at Scarboro.

'85.—A. F. Gilbert has just completed a term of school at Wells.

'85.—B. G. W. Cushman and C. W. Harlow have just completed their schools in Washington, Me.

'85.—F. A. Morey is teaching in Westport.

'86.—J. W. Flanders is teaching elocution in the Nichols Latin School.

'86.—H. S. Sleeper is teaching in Leeds.

'86.—L. H. Wentworth has been obliged to give up his school at Canton, on account of sickness.

'86.—W. N. Prescott is teaching at Hiram.

'86.—J. Bailey is teaching in Vinalhaven.

'87.—I. W. Jordan is teaching in Damariscotta.

'87.—Miss M. N. Chase is teaching in West Berwick.

'87.—P. R. Howe has been employed during the vacation in J. M. Fernald's bookstore.

'87.—J. W. Moulton has been canvassing in Lewiston during the vacation.

'87.—E. I. Sawyer is teaching in Gray.

'87.—Miss N. E. Russell has been canvassing during the vacation.

'87.—F. Whitney is teaching in Norway.

'88.—B. W. Tinker is teaching in Intervale, N. H.

'88.—A. E. Thomas, of Lewiston, has entered the class of '88.

THEOLOGICAL:

'83.—Rev. B. Minard has been having marked success in Houlton, Me.

'84.—J. L. Smith was married January 1st to Miss Lizzie C. Goss of Lewiston.

'85.—A. E. Cox is still preaching at Brownfield, Me.

'86.—A. W. Anthony has been spending the vacation at his home in Providence, R. I.

'86.—F. Blake still supplies at South Lewiston.

'86.—W. W. Carver has been engaged as pastor of the church at Greene for another year.

'86.—W. H. Getchell still supplies at Sabatis.

'87.—S. A. Blaisdell is teaching at Blue Hill.

'87.—A. W. Bradeen has been teaching at Mexico.

'87.—R. D. Gilkey has been in this city during the vacation.

'87.—J. A. Wiggin has been teaching at North Baldwin.

'87.—I. Windsor has been canvassing for "Our Home," in Bangor.

EXCHANGES.

The Haverfordian, in its last issue, presents some very interesting and valuable reading. The article on "The Story of Port Royal and Louis XIV.," is well worth the attention of any person interested in historical studies; while "Around Haverford" gives us some very pleasing glimpses of the surroundings of the college.
The *Hamilton Literary Monthly* is one of the most interesting of our exchanges. Its chief literary article is more instructive than interesting, but shows much labor and an acquaintance with the temperance question. The "Editor's Table" is quite a large table and might, perhaps, be reduced in size, and give its spare room to the literary, but it presents us some good "clippings" and considerable news. On the whole, the *Monthly* is far above the majority of our exchanges.

The *Brunonian* is at hand. Its literary department is not extensive, but it has some very good editorials.

The *Bowdoin Orient* is presenting a series of papers on "Bowdoin in Journalism." These papers will present an exhaustive list and brief account of all the alumni who have been engaged in journalism for a long or short period. The idea is a good one and if other college papers would follow the example of the *Orient*, it would add much to the value of college journalism.

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**AMONG THE POETS.**

**PREMONITION.**

With heart as free as wind or wave,
I laugh at those whom love beguiles,
And boldly mark and safely brave
His most alluring smiles.

And yet I know she somewhere stands—
She I shall love—my joy, my queen—
In what fair form, in what far lands,
As yet unknown, unseen.

But I shall find her fairest face—
Her glance will gleam upon my ken—
Somewhere—I know not in what place;—
Sometime—I know not when.
MISCELLANEOUS:

The Yale Library Magazine, established in 1839, is the oldest college paper.

Iceland is to have a university next year.

A class in short-hand has been organized at Princeton.

Prof. Sylvester, now at Oxford, is declared by English men of science to be the greatest living mathematician.

The great event of the year at Johns Hopkins University will probably be the lecture by Sir Wm. Thomson upon "Molecular Dynamics."

Prof. R. Dunn, D.D., has been appointed to act as President of Hillsdale College until the close of the current college year, Pres. Durgin's resignation taking effect January 1, 1885.

Oberlin is to have a new college building to cost $60,000. Work will be begun when the spring weather permits.

The new laboratories erected at Lehigh are said to be the finest in this country, and the equal of any in the world. A new course in advanced electricity has been started there to meet the needs of the coming age.

The Legislature of Texas has set apart a million acres of land, in addition to that already given, for its university.

The Faculty of Harvard College has decided by a vote of 24 to 5 to prohibit the Harvard College eleven from engaging in any more inter-collegiate football games.

Two new lecturers have been appointed at Harvard, one on Protection and the other on Free Trade.

LITERARY NOTES.

The first number of Alden's Juvenile Gem is at hand. This publication will endeavor to place in the hands of youths, good wholesome reading, in the hope that it may tend to offset the evil influences arising from reading some of the sensational works of the day. The first number gives good promise of the future. We wish it success.

The February number of the Atlantic Monthly contains, besides the serials, an interesting and instructive article on "The Quest for the Grail of Ancient Art," and a scathing review of Julian Hawthorne's work, "Nathaniel Hawthorne and His Wife." The Atlantic sustains its reputation.

Queries is a new publication, devoted to educational interests. It will present to its readers a carefully selected series of questions on all departments of knowledge. The first number presents two hundred of these questions, embracing Literature, American History, Science, Art, Music, Theology, Mathematics, and Evolutions. If well conducted, Queries will be invaluable to all interested in the cause of education.

"Chinese Gordon". A biography of this remarkable man ought to be interesting reading, especially if written by the famous war correspondent, Archibald Forbes. The "Literary Revolution" edition is now out, with large, handsome type and good binding, for only 50 cents. John B. Alden, Publisher, 393 Pearl St., New York.
CLIPPINGS.

Tiny little letter
On a little card,
Help the jolly student
Answer questions hard.
So the little ponies,
Glanced at on the sly
Make the naughty Freshmen
Soph’ mores by and by.—Exa.

"Oh, ma! there’s a dude on wings."
"No, child, that is only a mosquito."
—Ex.

Class in History. Three men flunk in succession. Fourth rises and says the next paragraph is: "The Dawn of Intellectual Light." Great rejoicing!
—Ex.

AMO.

"I love," the radiant maiden said,
The Freshman gave a start;
A thousand fancies rilled his mind.
He clasped her to his heart.

It seemed to his bewildered sense
As if 'twere all a dream:
But as he pressed her closer still
She only said, "ice-cream."
—Bowdoin Orient.

Masher—"Ah! Ladies, permit me to escort you." Ladies—"Certainly, we're just going to get some ice-cream." Masher can't be seen disappearing for a cloud of dust.—Amherst Student.

First Soph. (suddenly taking out his Waterbury)—"Great heavens! I’ve lost my train." Second Do. (sympathetically)—"What train?" F. S.—"Train of reflection. Ta-ta!"—Ex.

Prof. of Latin (to student boarder)—"Will you have some jam?" Student Boarder—"Not any, thanks. Jam satis!" Prof.—"Are you sick?" Student—"Sic sum!" There's an empty chair at that table now.—Ex.

"What is a ship without a sail?
Adieu, my lover adieu,
What is a monkey without a tail?
A dude, my lover, a dude."—Ex.

Freshie receiving a card, "at home, etc.," from Prof. and Mrs. Blank, eyes it a moment in mute bewildernent (same Freshie not being used to the graces and refinements of society) and then exclaims: "Ugh! wonder if he thinks I care whether he's at home or not!"

Prof. of History proceeds to explain the differences between the Latin and Greek churches. Accurate Senior (fresh from Psychology)—"Do these differences belong to the Greek or the Latin Church?" Prof. and class become demoralized and as yet the question is unanswered.—Ex.

"So you are the new girl," said the boarders to the new waiter: "and by what name are we to call you?"
"Pearl," said the maid with a saucy loss of her head. "Oh!" asked the smart boarder, "are you the pearl of great price?" "No, I'm the pearl that was cast before swine." There was a long silence, broken only by the buzz of flies in the milk-pitcher.—Ex.

Now the time draweth near when the Junior bethinketh him of a subject for his oration. Yea, verily, the prospect seemeth bright until he trieth to set forth his deep thoughts on paper. But then the bright vision with which, heretofore, he hath cheered up his spirits vanish, and wearily doth he think, and write, and erase, murmuring to himself meanwhile the exhilarating melody:

"With so many college duties to be done,
To be done,
Oh! the Junior's lot is not a happy one."
The Bates Student.

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

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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.

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