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EDITORIAL.

There is evidently an evil tendency prevailing to quite an extent among the students, the progress of which must be opposed. We refer to the spirit of laxity and indifference, which we have seen so generally exhibited during the past year. We have seen this spirit especially manifested in the course which has been taken in reference to Field-Day sports.

In our last issue, we expressed the hope that Field Day would be even more interesting this year than usual. Appearances warranted such an assertion. But something seemed to dampen the ardor of the boys, and consequently Field Day was not observed at all. Now the observance of Field Day is too good a custom to be neglected. It is universal and beneficial in all its tendencies. This same spirit seems to pervade somewhat the interest in base-ball matters. At any rate we know that base-ball does not receive that hearty support which is so essential to success. To this partly must be attributed our failure on the ball field this year.

This same indifferent spirit has been the primary cause of the decline of our literary societies. They have
fallen from active organizations to mere names. Their influence in the past has been very beneficial, and the opportunities for work which they afford are more necessary than any of the regular studies of our course. This spring, an effort has been made to secure the introduction of a secret society into our college, but the students have not shown that unanimity of purpose necessary for its successful accomplishment.

The evil effects of these tendencies are apparent, and it is the duty of each of us to do all in his power to avoid them. In whatever is undertaken, each one must feel a personal responsibility, and remember that upon him devolves the duty of securing its accomplishment. With the awakening of such a spirit, we believe our student-life will exhibit more vitality, and that we shall see an increase of interest in base-ball, and more vigorous society work.

Nothing so plainly marks the cultured man as pronunciation. A man may be learned in a particular direction, and yet in some branches of knowledge be deficient. That may be excusable, for it would be impossible for one man to be encyclopedic; but there are a few points of culture which form a part of a true education, notwithstanding that they are almost wholly ignored by many learned men. Among these are voice culture, or the avoidance of peculiar tones, twangs, and inflections; the every-day use of good, grammatical language; and, quite as important, care in pronunciation. Of these, it is the last, perhaps, that educated men are generally most careless about. As a proof of this, let us call to mind a few examples:

Some educated persons are sure to say of-ten and ev-un, while every dictionary gives of-fn and e-vn; we hear the words re'source and a'l-ly called re'source and a'l-ly; isolate is called iso-late, by no less eminent a person than an ex-president of Harvard Col-lege; less excusable is it for an edu-ca-ted man to pronounce none with a long o, italics, civilization, or or-gani-zation with a long i—blunders for which there is not a shadow of author-ity.; again, some say 'leven, multi-plica-tion, and neural-er-gy, through care-lessness, solely. This list might easily be lengthened to several columns, but the examples given serve to emphasize the fact, that many educated persons are too careless or too indolent to be correct.

If the mispronunciation of a certain word is wide-spread, it seems to us that the evil is all the greater, unless it be enough so as to establish that pronun-ciation by usage. For the student is then in doubt whether to follow the dictionaries, or persons who ought to be almost as good authority. The writer is forcibly reminded of this in the case of the words direct, directly, and direction. He has often heard them pronounced with long i by preachers, lecturers, lawyers, and pro-fessors, and has searched many dic-tionaries in vain for any authority for such a pronunciation.

The student of history can easily see that it is by such carelessness that
nearly all the corruptions have crept into our language. A responsibility therefore, is laid upon every educated man, a duty which he should not forget—that of keeping pure his mother tongue.

That which is properly a local, lengthened out at both ends and styled an editorial, is scarcely pleasant for writer or reader,—still less so when it savors of fault-finding or "suggestion." But whenever reform in any respect has seemed to us necessary in our college, we have held it our duty to urge this in the columns of the Student. And indeed, the present writing may be the more excusable, if it be true that the evil to which we refer is not purely local, but widely prevalent throughout the colleges, viz., the very poor ventilation of class-rooms. But whatever may be the extent of the evil, it is one that we feel cries out for speedy correction at Bates, and as such we earnestly press it upon the notice of our college government.

Three hours, the time regularly passed each day in the recitation-room, is indeed not a large portion of the twenty-four, but it is sufficiently long, when continued for several years, to transfer the germs of disease from the vitiated atmosphere into the system. It may seem out of season to present such a matter, when doors and windows may be thrown wide open, and air that contains its normal amount of oxygen may have constant circulation. But this may be done with impunity during only a small part of the collegiate year. Indeed, for the greater portion of the year, the injury attending the opening of these—our present only method of ventilation—would certainly overbalance the derived benefit. For draughts of cold air, while not less certain, are speedier in their detriment than an impure atmosphere.

It were much better than at present, if care were only taken to have the air in the rooms pure, when the classes enter them, but the doors are more often closed than left open, after the morning recitation, and day after day have we passed into the rooms to experience a feeling akin to suffocation, from an atmosphere heavily laden with carbonic acid. It enervates even for the hour, and renders the mind far less grasping and acute, than it might be with a better supply of oxygen. May not such measures be taken before the cool days of another year come again, as shall ensure an abundance of the life-bestowing element? Certainly this should claim the attention of all who recognize a healthy body as essential to the best intellectual progress.

Sometimes students are apt to neglect the common philanthropies and small courtesies of college life, because they are either wholly absorbed in the regular work, or buried in selfishness.

Nothing has a better influence over a young man than the habit of looking beyond himself, to study the ways and needs of others—the trifles and little things that are commonly made light of, or entirely overlooked. And any-
thing that keeps him from establishing this habit is not as it should be, and ought to be remedied.

While the different studies in the course should be completely mastered, there is time for every student to begin to form a habit which, if constantly adhered to, will cause him to reap the golden fruit of true success, the habit of kind and sympathetic action, the habit that brings every one into right relations, and proves every one to be the true friend of humanity.

When a young man in college forgets everything but books, he loses the most valuable lessons of his life, lessons that pure and healthy college associations alone can teach. In colleges nearly all societies and associations must be supported by students. Many of these associations are for the good of the institution, and ought to interest every one connected with it. Some of them are supported by student charity, as Field Day and Base-Ball Associations.

Now when a member of college, a young man enjoying the highest and best privileges this educational land affords, allows himself to betray such "significant" littleness, as to refuse to cast in his mite,—and thus do his part in supporting the various associations, the exercises of which he enjoys,—he demonstrates to his college companions, who wish to be his friends, that giant selfishness controls the intellectual faculties of his mind. We believe the germ of generosity is possessed by all, and we hope that every one will not forget to develop—in some degree—this germ, while in college.

One of the most common and serious misfortunes peculiar to students is weakness of the eyes; but if we consider the carelessness of the majority of students regarding this subject we can readily see the cause of the complaint.

Although the student's work is essentially a task of the eyes, yet by strictly observing a few simple rules in the manner of reading one may easily favor them. A large part of near-sightedness is due to the very common practice of reading while lying down, although every one knows well its bad results. Reading without a light after sunset and facing a bright light are faults too evident to deserve mention, yet how many there are who become so interested in their work that they continue to strain their eyes until far beyond the right time for study. We do not need to be cautioned against startling and extraordinary accidents since we are usually guarded against them, but in our carelessness we often fail to attach due importance to seemingly trivial affairs. It is by slow but gradual degrees that the eyes, if not properly tended, lose their keen sight. Many a student has found in the midst of his course that, as a result of his own negligence, he is doomed to behold the beauty of this world reflected through the medium of a pair of glasses. With only a common degree of care the majority of students might graduate from college with even stronger eyes than they possessed at the beginning of the course.

The most difficult duty to practice is thorough truthfulness.
THE SONG OF THE SOUL.

BY W. P. F., '81.

When the wind was out on the sea alone,
The sky was dark, but the white waves shone,
A voice in the tumult arose and cried
To my soul, and my soul replied:

"I am stronger than land or sea,
The world and the stars were made for me,
The sea that tosses its storm-vexed breast
But foams and tosses that I may rest.

"I am older than wind or tide,
I stood in the dark by the great God's side
Ere the suns and moons by his hand were wrought,
I shall still be young when these are naught."

The voice in the tempest died at last,
And cloud and cloud-rocks drifted past
Down the long white waste of turbulent sea,
But the voice in my soul sings eternally.

THE INFLUENCE OF POETRY IN EDUCATION.

BY A. S. T., '86.

Of all the words of human language this word poetry is, perhaps, the most suggestive and the hardest to define. And yet a good definition of this much-defined word, or rather a clear statement of the generally accepted ideas involved in it, will go far towards establishing the proposition that I bring forward: that the study of poetry exerts an influence indispensable in any system of education that aims at the highest and broadest and most harmonious development of that wonderful combination of mysteries known as man.

The poet, using that word in its highest significance, is a favored child of Nature, who not only discerns an unusual amount of the beauty and mystery that enfold us, but who is also endowed with the power to give a lofty expression to the exalted thoughts and feelings which the unveiled beauties inspire.

Poetry, then, from what has been said of the poet, may be defined as the impassioned expression of heaven-born thought and feeling. It is emotion clothed in the dress of tropical language—language that charms the ear with its melody and rhythm, that captures the fancy with its glowing word paintings, and-enwraps the soul with the loftiness of its conceptions.

Poetry does not indeed confine itself to expression in verse, for if it be, as has been intimated, the highest, most impassioned thought expressed in a perfectly melodic flow of language, then there is much that is not embodied in verse that may yet be ranked as the highest poetry. Some of Longfellow's sweetest poetry is to be found in the unrhymed yet musical flow of the emotion-awakening language of "Hyperion."

Poetry then, in its broadest sense, must be sought not in form but in spirit.

Popularly speaking, however, we may say that it is embodied in rhythmical form; and with this popular meaning in mind I claim for poetry an important rank among the studies of every system of liberal education.

Poetry, then, needs to be considered in respect both to spirit and to form, to thought and dress. Both of these are important and need attention, while we try to estimate the influence of this study in education.
Poetry confines itself to no particular class of ideas or line of truths, but ranges in freedom over every field of human thought, and through every avenue of human emotion. Not a feeling of pain, not a thrill of joy, not an emotion of the soul, to which poetry has not given a divinely inspired expression. Happiness and regret, hope and despair, love and anger, with all the attendant shades of feeling that float across the bosom of the soul, are mirrored in the silvery flow of the poet's song. But poetry is not confined to the subjective. It gives itself equally to the objective, and to the objective as the inspirer of the subjective. Poetry aims to paint the beauty that lies behind and above the material. It endeavors to unfold the majesty that surrounds us. It tries to catch the harmony and melody that lie beneath the seeming discord. The poet is he who takes the broadest survey of things and events. He views Nature with the eye of a lover—seeing the beauty and overlooking the defects. In his gaze upon the landscape's varied charms, he looks not upon the deformities near at hand, but, taking a broader view, he dwells upon the harmoniously-blended colors and beautiful proportions of Nature as a whole. He looks out upon the distant, slumbering landscape, upon the hills with their changing lights and shadows, and upon the far-off mountains in their robes of purple and wreaths of mist. And of current events, he takes an equally comprehensive view. He looks at the progress of the ages, and he sees that through them "one eternal purpose runs." He is not overcome by the injustice and cruelty and sorrow that he sees in the world about him, for he reads, with his deeper insight into historic events, the workings of a power that will overcome all injustice, that will right all wrongs, and wipe away all tears. Thus the poet becomes the highest interpreter of that Infinite Mystery—the soul of all that is. Briefly, poetry is the "natural ally of all truth." It is equally at home in the fields of science and history, of philosophy and religion. Hence its value in education.

But we should not forget to mention the value to be derived from studying the language of poetry. The vehicle in which thought is conveyed rivals in importance the thought itself. He who impresses with thought is he who pleases in expression. Language at its best is but the imperfect expression of ideas. The best part of thought and emotion is lost in the attempt to bring it within the province of language. Who that has ever been aroused by glimpses of great truths, or stirred by great emotions, has not felt how beggarly, how almost powerless was human speech to give expression to what the soul vainly strives to utter. Poetry offers a study of the most exalted ideas and emotions, expressed in the most exalted form. Its language is bold, brilliant, sparkling, musical. It is the soul's sublimest utterance of soulful emotions; and he who would cultivate the art of expression, must study it in its sublimest and most beautiful forms,—in short,
he must study the poets and make them his masters.

PICTURES.
BY A. C. T., '88.

In each human heart, hid from mortal vision,
There's a chamber hung roundabout with pictures,
Some of them all bright, with a light Elysian,—
   Memory's pictures.
Some that bring remorse,—Memory's warning mission,
These we fain would turn to the wall forever,
Wishing they would fade, past our recognition,—
   Warning pictures.
Some we look upon with a tearful sadness;
   For they speak of days, full of joy and gladness,—
   Sacred pictures.
Faces we have loved, and of those that love us,
Drawn by Memory's hand, by her pencil painted,
Seem like angels bright, bending low above us,—
   Cherished pictures.
Who has not withdrawn, leaving care behind him,
Holding with the past, still and sweet communion,
Living it again, letting Memory bind him,—
   By her pictures.

THE LIVE SCHOLAR.
BY G. E. P., '86.

Whatever of good, whatever of use, whatever of stability there is, is designed for him who will perceive it and avail himself of its help. Therefore, to discern the force and intensity of existence, to apply ways and means of solving problems of practical bearing, to use energy and self-reliance in continual progress, to conform in life to the strictest and highest morality, is the office, the duty, and the pleasure of the live scholar.

The survival of the fittest is the involuntary action of the dualism that bisects nature. To disregard the law of gravitation is folly; to disobey the laws of nature shortens life; to break the laws of society has its penalties; to deny the existence of good because we see much evil is pessimistic. Everything has its opposite; sun and moon, solid and fluid, positive and negative, courage and cowardice, love and hate. Thus, little by little, day by day, is one great entity evolved, so that if a single act of conscious wrong is committed, the whole tone of moral character is vitiated. Is a man wanting in moral courage? His deeds and words evince it; in each inflection and tone of voice, in every look, in every gesture, in walk, eyes, mouth, and carriage are written, as with a pen of iron, his thoughts, his motives, his intentions, his designs, his purposes. There is nothing hid that shall not be made manifest; nothing secret that shall not be made known. The great soul will shine forth through its deeds.

Therefore, the scholar of to-day is free and independent in action.

What steam is to the engine, courage is to life. Well did the luminous-eyed goddess Athene say to the brave Ulysses: "A courageous man is better in all his deeds." To undertake a bold and arduous work requires courage; to carry it through, persistence. Courage is the pre-requisite. Courage is not bravery and not valor; it is that high and indomitable spirit which surmounts all obstacles and
crushes all opposition. "Better like Hector on the field to die, than like a perfumed Paris turn and fly." Things harder and more difficult, ever increasing in weight and measure, circumscribed by neither opinion nor judgment, courage attempts with the surety of success. "Believe you can do a thing and you can," contains more of truth than the critical and the captious will admit.

Courage inspires self-sacrifice and self-surrender. The scholar's life is not one of ease and luxury. Frugality and temperance mark his course. "To scorn delights and live laborious days is his commission." Firm to endure, ready to encourage and to assist, by the living example of self-denial and rectitude, he shadows forth the nobility and grandeur of soul.

The feelings, the thoughts, the reason, the intelligence of all men bear witness that thoroughness in every department is respected; that to be completely alive to the needs and requirements of the present condition is the sure foundation of manhood. Ingenuity in devising methods, skill in executing them, and unfailing knowledge in comprehending the whole, is the beginning of utility. Concentration, steadiness, and moderation lead to permanence. In the scales of Time solidity only is counted of value. Sooner or later worth rises and show collapses in its own littleness. Brass is not gold. In the furnace fire of observation, in the white heat of truth the dross is purged away, and only what partakes of the Divine remains. Compare these lines of Whittier:

"Better to stem with heart and hand
The roaring tide of life,
Than lie unmindful on its flowery strand
Of God's occasions drifting by.
Better with naked nerve to bear
The needles of this goading air,
Than in the lap of sensual ease
Forego the godlike power to do,
The godlike aim to know."

Therefore, the true scholar is to emphasize the importance and the validity of character. Beauty and truth are his aids. Through the light of the years that bring experience and wisdom, courage and calmness, the beautiful sisters of justice shine forth as the stars in heaven. Before him time and space disclose their rarest treasures. The vision of the days flees by him. Wild harmonies, the music of sky and stars, the gentle zephyr, and the waving deeps of ocean throw around him the veil of enchantment. Life is clothed with the beauteous imagery of thought.

IF WE COULD KNOW
By C. W. M., '77.

Dear friend of mine, if we could know
Which one of us the first would go,—
Would leave behind this earthly strand,
And journey to the better land!

If it were you who first must go
Leaving my heart to mourn you so!
Could I one moment lose from view
Your loving face, so good and true?

If it were I must leave behind
All earthly ties that hold and bind!
Would you more often love express
With earnest words of tenderness?

Beyond to-day that we should know
It is not best,—God wills it so;
But whether it be you or me
Who first must cross that unknown sea,

God grant the time but short shall be
That separates you, dear, from me,—
Between the parting on this side,
And the sweet meeting 'cross the tide.
PRESIDENT CHENEY'S BACCALAUREATE.

Sunday A.M., June 21, 1885.

Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven.


There must be a heaven. Cicero's soul cried out for immortality. Paul was of all men most miserable, if in this life only he had hope. In conversing with William Lloyd Garrison, a few months before his death, I asked him if he was troubled by the questions raised by certain modern scientists, touching a future life. He said he was not. I asked him if he doubted the immortality of the soul. He answered no; and spoke on, expressing to me his strong faith in a blessed and never-ending existence on the other side of the grave. Again I asked him how death seemed to him, and his quick reply was: "The nearer I get to it, the less there is of it."

But as yesterday the solution of the question of human life was with some scientists development without God. To-day it is with them development with God—a difference as wide as infinity itself. An evolutionist has recently thus spoken: "It seems to me both scientific and logical to hold fast to the conclusion that this progression, of which we are a part, means some grand outcome, which shall justify it all." I am glad of this announcement. It is an admission that settles the question between Atheism and Deism. We may call our progression what we will,—a "grand outcome," or what the Bible calls it, "eternal life,"—there need be no quarrel over the use of terms. Yes, there must be a heaven.

I know death is before us all. It is, as we say, a river to be crossed; and the question is, shall we be able to go down one shore, through the deep waters, and up the shore on the other side. I believe we shall be able. It is as we say, a valley to be walked through, and the question is shall we be able, from the places where we are now standing, to descend into the shadowy lowlands before us, safely tread them, and reach the opposite heights? I believe we shall be able. "Why is it judged incredible with you if God doth raise the dead." "There shall be a resurrection both of the just and unjust." "For as the Father hath life in himself, even so gave he to the Son also to have life in himself. Marvel not at this, for the hour cometh in which all that are in the tombs shall hear his voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done ill unto the resurrection of judgment."

How we are to come into possession of this heaven is with us the all-important question. Our own choices set aside, it cannot come to us through any divine decree of salvation to ourselves and damnation to others. This would make God a monster. Nor, though of grace it be, are we sure of it without effort on our part. Then would the text be without meaning. After all that has been done for us by the Father, by the Son, by the Spirit, by angels, and by men, heaven must be gained, if gained at all, by
something done for ourselves, by ourselves. Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven.

Just fifty years ago I left New Hampton Institution to enter college. Martha Hazeltine was lady principal. She was a great woman intellectually. She was a humble Christian. And it is saying nothing against the gentlemen teachers to say that hers was the lasting influence for good, not only upon the young women but upon the young men of that school. This woman has been dead many years; and yet I hear her saying, "If there were but one thing I were permitted to enjoin upon you, as a last legacy of an affectionate teacher, it should be that you make the law of Christ absolute and ultimate over all your resources, and in all the details of life." In other words, this woman would say—and loving her memory, I choose, my friends, to let her tell you how to lay up treasures in heaven, rather than tell you myself—this woman would say that keeping the law of Christ is the way to lay up treasures in heaven.

In the few words I speak on this occasion, I speak for the special ear of those who are now going out of our schools of learning to take upon themselves new responsibilities and duties. They are young. They do not see life as we who are older see it. They cannot see it as we see it, and perhaps it is better on the whole that they cannot. But it is the duty of us who are older to give them good advice, and it is their duty to receive this advice in the spirit in which it is given.

To lay up treasures in heaven is to get to heaven. That is, if heaven be a place—either this earth made new or some other planet—to lay up treasures in that "holy, happy place," whatever or wherever it may be, is to get there. Or if heaven be simply a holy and happy condition of the soul, to be enjoyed anywhere in the realms of space, then to lay up treasures in heaven is to come into possession of this enjoyment. Two things may here be said: One is, that it is of small consequence where we may enjoy the blessing of holiness and happiness, provided we enjoy it. The other is, that whichever of the two ideas of heaven spoken of we adopt, it is ours to be partakers of the blessing of it in this life; and so the sooner we receive the enjoyment of this blessing, the more there will be for us to enjoy.

Christ's word is law. It is love, and yet it is law. Under the new, as well as under the old dispensation, we are commanded to do some things, and not to do others. The text is law. Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven. The context is law. Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth.

It cannot be meant by this prohibition that it is wrong to earn money, or make money, or use money, or hold money. For it is a law of that religion which Christ founded that we must work. Now if we render obedience to this law, we must necessarily earn something—and that which we earn we ought to possess. It is ours by the highest right. If we are diligent in business, whether working with our hands or with our brains, we shall, in larger or smaller sums, accumulate property.
Certainly we need money, and having it we must spend it. Money is but our labor—that which we part with in exchange for the food we eat, the clothes we wear, the homes we live in, the books we read, and the other things necessary to satisfy the proper demands of our bodies and our souls.

It is true there is danger in holding money. There is danger in being rich. Yes, and there is danger also in being poor. Every condition and calling in life has its temptations. There are special promises for the poor; and yet poverty in and of itself does not entitle one to salvation. Salvation is not a question of dollars and cents. We are not to be rich in heaven because we may have been poor on earth.

The Bible tells us of one who desired neither poverty nor riches—not riches, lest he should be full, deny God, and say who is the Lord?—not poverty, lest he should steal and take the name of God in vain.

Medicine is a high calling. Physicians are privileged persons. They are part of our families. We commit to them our secrets. We welcome them to our bedsides. And yet in instances not a few, dishonor has been brought upon this profession by members of it.

The law is a high calling, but not all lawyers are laying up treasures in heaven!

The Christian ministry is a high and holy calling. But there have been ministers who have been but hirelings. There may be such now.

Rich men, like all other men, have their temptations. They may have more than some other men. They may have less. It is hard for rich men to enter into the kingdom of God. But with God all things are possible.

Saint James speaks of the rich men of his day in this wise: "Go to now ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you. Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are moth eaten. Your gold and silver is rusted, and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. You have heaped treasure together for the last days. Behold the hire of those who have reaped down your fields which is of you kept back by fraud crieth, and the cries of them who have reaped have entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth. Ye have lived in pleasure on the earth and been wanton. Ye have nourished your hearts as in a day of slaughter. Ye have condemned and killed the just and he doth not resist you."

This is a terrible record of fraud and lust, and murder. But these crimes do not necessarily grow out of the possession of an abundance of the good things of this life. They come from trusting in riches, abusing riches, loving riches, and taking wrong measures to secure them. This was the sin of rich men two thousand years ago. This is the sin of many rich men of this age.

But this sin need not be. Our divine Lord himself was rich, and yet for our sakes he became poor—so poor that though the foxes had holes, and the birds of the air nests, yet he had not where to lay his head.
We owe it largely to rich men that the world is as good as it is. It is the rich men who give us millions of dollars with which to found our colleges. It is the rich men who endow professorships in these colleges, provide for them libraries, build for them observatories, and supply many of their other wants. It is the rich men who make our blind to see, our deaf to hear, our dumb to speak, our lame to walk, our sick whole, by preparing asylums for them. Not that rich men do all that is done to bless the world in this direction. But they are doing so much that, without their efforts, the world would be much more wicked than it is. How soon this earth would be like heaven if all men—men of large means and men of smaller means—would make that disposition of their property which God desires they should make of it, and which many are making of it.

Treasure in heaven is not a creed, a dogma, an opinion, a sentiment, an enthusiasm, a profession, a sacrament, a prayer, an exhortation, or a song. But it is believing in God, being born of the spirit of God, loving God, loving man, whether he be friend or enemy, and using this world which God in love gives us as not abusing it. In a word, it is as I have already said—quoting the words of the noble woman, whose name I have once spoken—it is keeping the law of Christ. This is the teaching I received in early life. And how dearly I love those who thus taught me, the dead and the living. I have not the words to tell—and this is the teaching I desire to leave for others.

Thus taught, and receiving into honest hearts that which they are taught, the rich man may rejoice in that he is made poor, the poor man in that he is made rich, and all men that one is their Master even Christ, and all they are brethren.

There is one man upon whom the eyes of the world are now fastened. It is something to see such a man, and I have seen him. It is something to hear such a man, and I have heard him by the hour upon the floor of the House of Commons. Mr. John Adams-Acton has carved, in Carrara marble, a statue of this man, in his robes as Chancellor of the Exchequer; but the sculptor is not born, who will be worthy to carve a statue of Gladstone, in his robes as Premier of England and peacemaker of the world.

What is the secret of the power of this man, do you ask, my friends? For though parties may change, such a man is always in power. He is always the world's example. What is the secret of his power? It is that by keeping the law of Christ, he is seeking to lay up treasures in heaven.

In walking over the field of Waterloo, I not only thought of Napoleon, Blucher, and the Duke of Wellington, but of Victor Hugo. And I speak of him here because of his dying testimony, which we have just read. Faith in God, ten thousand dollars given to the poor, and two hundred thousand dollars given to found an insane asylum is that testimony. If Infidelity claims this man as hers, she is now at liberty to give the reasons for her claim.

Bishop Taylor, with his little band
of missionaries, has just gone up the Congo, to apply his self-supporting principles in conducting foreign missions. He may succeed; he may fail. In either event he is laying up treasures in heaven. And why not men seek to lay up treasures in heaven? Why not go to foreign lands, as they sometimes go to cities and sections of our own country, to preach the gospel? The trip has become a pleasant one, and it costs but little to go. And, then, if one has mistaken his calling, and the door does not open for him to do the work of a missionary, he is at liberty to come as he went.

Twenty-five years ago we were but a confederacy of slave-holders. Today we are a nation of freemen. We are not all freemen, I regret to say. For there is a large class of our countrymen who have no voice in choosing our rulers. But this is not always to be. The time is coming when we shall be a nation of freemen in fact, as well as in name. This was the meaning of Grant at Appomatox. And with this meaning how great he was there! But not so great there was he, as he is now upon his sick bed, with his eyes turned heavenward, in the faith of Him who says, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me though he die, yet shall he live."

Thirty-one years ago this year, God in his providence made known that another school of learning was needed to help men lay up treasures in heaven. For it has pleased God, in this way, to help men lay up treasures in heaven. So this school was born. It is no sin to be born. It is no sin to be young. All colleges are born. The oldest colleges were once young. This college is young. But it is healthy and vigorous in its youth; and it only needs the completion of its endowment and the erection of all the buildings contemplated in the day of its coming into life, to enable it to put on the full dress of manhood. Let the rich and the poor, then, unite to do for the college that which needs to be done, and come and follow Christ, and they shall have treasures in heaven.

My young friends of the graduating class: The one thought I desire to leave with you, as you go from these halls of learning is that you must do something to be good. It is a great mystery; it is a problem which no living man has ever solved, and which no living man ever will solve, as to why it is so—and yet it is true that the tendencies of our nature are to evil. And so to be good we must wage a great warfare against these tendencies. In the future life, even, we expect to find our highest happiness in doing something. Harriet Martineau said, "I have had a noble share of life; I do not ask for any more." Great woman to be pitied! What darkness is this to live in! Oh what darkness to die in! Martha Hazeltine said when dying: "The Lord is precious. Read to me: 'In my Father's house are many mansions.'" The belief of one of these women was no life, the belief of the other was more life after death. Now I know, my young friends, there must be times, when this prayer goes out of the hearts of each one of you, up to
something greater and higher than yourself. Such a time is even now. Give me, both dying and living, the faith of the Christian woman. Give me the faith of Miss Parlin, my classmate, who is not here to-day, for God has taken her. Give me "more life," a life longer than this, measured only by "the eternal years of God." Give me "more life," a life with no evil, and so with no mystery of evil in it. Give me "more life,"—a life in which to do something more and better than I have done in this life.

Two weeks ago to-day I sat with one of you in the house of mourning; and the years coming and going so swiftly, how soon all of you will be fatherless. What need, then, of a heaven, and of a Father in that heaven, to care for you. For no man is able to take care of himself. This Father, then, I bring you in the "old, old story" of the gospel of his Son. He is both Lord and Saviour, and Spirit, and Teacher, and Friend. Hear his voice: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon the earth, where moth and rust doth consume, and where thieves break through and steal: but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth consume, and where thieves do not break through nor steal; for where thy treasure is, there will thy heart be also."

COMMUNICATIONS.

MIDNAPORE, INDIA, Mar. 28, 1885.

To the Editors of the Student:

Since mailing my letter to you at Liverpool last November, we have safely arrived in India and already had three months' residence in this land noted for its idolatry. The weather hitherto has been delightful, just comforting without any fires, while at dear old Bates I can see you hovering over your stoves, and awakening many a morning with a rather strong expression on your lips at the fire that went out during the night. The principal thing we have had to remind us of your winter were some good-sized hail stones during a thunder-storm the other day. Now the hot winds are beginning to blow, and we work during the middle of the day with closed doors and punkhas going so the thermometer stands about 85 in the house, and 95 to over 100 out of doors. At night cool winds blow from the Bay of Bengal, forty miles distant, so we manage to keep comfortable. But I will write more of our life in Midnapore some other time.

I promised a few words concerning our visit to London; though it will be impossible for me to do justice to telling all our experiences there, as it was impossible for us to fairly see the city in a week. Only a few of the most important objects were visited. London simply amazes one by its magnitude. You can ride for miles and find buildings everywhere, with a park scattered here and there, and the Thames with its muddy water, very much as the Tiber is described to us in Roman history, rushing on to the sea. A ride upon this river, in one of the passenger boats, from Westminster bridge to the famous London bridge, was recommended to us, and the two miles cer-
tainly repaid us for our trouble. For over half the distance the river on the north side is lined with a strong embankment of solid masonry, which is much preferable to the muddy banks elsewhere found at low tide. A portion of the way this side is laid out in flower gardens, between the river and the houses. Midway of this embankment, about half a mile from Parliament Houses, stands the famous Cleopatra’s Needle, brought from Egypt in 1878. This was formerly erected at Alexandria by Thothothes III., who is supposed by some to be the Pharoah in whose reign Joseph died. The Needle is sixty-eight feet high, about seven feet six inches square at the base, and the four sides are covered with hieroglyphics. Two bronze sphinxes are reposing quietly on either side, and the whole is very suggestive of Egypt. The obelisk is not very unlike the one in Central Park, New York.

Egypt and the ancient East were still more forcibly presented to us by the many pieces of statuary brought from those countries and now to be seen in the British and South Kensington Museums. Here was statuary from all those countries we studied about in college. It was certainly a privilege to see these relics of the East thus collected together, but it almost seems like vandalism that they should thus be brought from their own countries to satisfy the thirst of this age for collecting antiquities. They would possess much greater charm if seen by the traveler on their native soil.

To speak of the many other things in these museums would be nearly an endless task. Not the least interesting sight were the library rooms in the British Museum. Here is expected to be sent a copy of every book that is published. The room containing a curious collection of manuscripts, autographs, and early printed books was most interesting of all. Among the autographs we found Washington’s and Franklin’s. Books of Wycliffe and John Knox were here seen. The books printed in the youthful days of the art were a rare sight.

The National Picture Gallery was one of the most interesting places visited, though our time there was short.

One day, having occasion to call upon a Mr. Stanton, a commission agent, I was much pleased to find an American, and a man who was a cousin of Prof. S., of Bates, reminding me of him in appearance, and having the same nervous smartness. He was very kind and lent us tickets to the Doré Gallery, where we saw some of that noted French artist’s best paintings, especially “Ecce Deus,” “Ecce Homo,” “Christ Leaving the Praetorium,” “Moses Before Pharaoh,” and his last design, finished after his death, “The Vale of Tears”—all large pictures, fifteen by twenty feet and more. It was the best sight we had in London. The gallery was small, but the arrangement for lighting was perfect, and people walked and talked as though they were on holy ground.

I dare not attempt a description of Westminster Abbey. The statuary, tablets, monuments, and tombs of kings and queens and others of note, had something awful in them. One
listening to a sermon in that transept
must be hearing a thousand sermons
coming from the different parts of that
great Abbey, impressing upon his mind
the lessons taught by the lives of the
world's noted personages, many of
whose bones lie under the marble on
all sides. In the poet's corner we
found a tablet to our own Longfellow,
fitly deserving of remembrance with the
illustrious ones around him.

Our walk through the Parliament
Houses is forcibly recalled to mind by
the recent dynamite explosions occur-
ing there. It is a great pity such mis-
creants cannot be apprehended and
suffer the full penalty of the law. The
buildings are said not to very much
excel our own Capitol at Washington.

Another interesting day was spent
visiting the Tower of London, where
also the dynamite fiends have exer-
cised themselves. At that visit we
found a portion of the White Tower
closed to visitors, for fear of the work
of dynamiters, so we could not see the
famous dungeons, where William Wal-
lace, the Bruces, and others were con-
FINED. The place where stood the plat-
form upon which Lady Jane Grey and
others were beheaded, was pointed out,
and made one think of the blood that
has reddened England's history. The
crown jewels in a separate tower, well
guarded, were strong reminders of a
royal splendor not seen under a repub-
lican form of government.

I might continue, but space forbids.
St. Paul's Cathedral, London Bridge
and other things received some atten-
tion, and after a week's tiresome sight-
seeing we took the cars for Liver-
pool, where our steamer for Calcutta
waited us.

Yours of '78,
F. D. George.

RIDGEVILLE COLLEGE, IND., 1885.
To the Editors of the Student:
The Androscoggin gave us Lewiston
and its facilities for manufacture and
study. The Mississinewa brought
Ridgeville into notice. Rising in south-
west Ohio it flows north-west through
Indiana's fertile fields, and reaches the
Wabash to the east of Logansport.
The first thing one notices, coming here
from the East, is the level extent of
land in every direction; the next, its
richness of soil, the smallness of ordi-
nary dwellings, and the apparent little-
ness of the trees. On approaching the
latter, one finds the usual growth of
the East. The lack of evergreen trees,
want of hills, and openness of forests
has deceived him. Soon he finds the
valleys are rich and fertile. Such are
the Wabash and Mississinewa valleys.

In earlier times settlers in these val-
leys hauled their merchandise and sup-
plies of fruit, potatoes, flour, etc., to
the Mississinewa at Ridgeville, built or
bought a flat boat, and guided the awk-
ward, unwieldy thing down the current
to the settlements below. So the rising
ground about here came to be occupied
by a "boat-buildery," then a mill,
until by slow and tedious growth it
came into being. The "Pan Handle
R. R." helped it some, but the Grand
Rapids R. R. crossing the former at
this point caused a permanent growth.

In 1867 the F. W. Baptists founded
a college here. Rev. J. L. Collier was
its first President; Rev. S. D. Bates,
who instructed Garfield the winter after he was on the Ohio canal, is now President. The lamented Garfield stated that this was the turning point in his life, and that he was more indebted to Mr. Bates than all other men.

Not only Garfield but the college is indebted to him. From an endowment of $1,000 he has carried it up to $30,000, besides raising several thousands for the completion of the building, increase of library, etc. I understand the town gave $20,000. The building is three story, 108 by 80 feet, with eleven commodious rooms, besides cellar and chapel, and halls on the second, third, and fourth floors; standing on an elevated campus of about five acres, planted with shade trees. Four courses of instruction are presented: Classical, Scientific, English, and Normal. Its graduates have taken a high standing, one of them serving in the present faculty.

Ridgeville is nearly Auburn's size, a thriving, quiet, moral village, and we know of no place save our Alma Mater, whom we still cherish fondly, where one can pursue a course of study so well as here. Our students are all of pure American stock; earnest, intelligent, studious. Young men predominate in the West; strong, vigorous, powerful, healthy, able, and willing to dare and do. Fired by Lincoln's, Garfield's, and Grant's purpose, energy and perseverance, many of them will yet be heard from as among the leaders of men.

The abundant fertility of soil, ease of cultivation (there being no stones, hills, or obstructions to agriculture), railroad connection, timber growth, and educational advantages derived from an enormous school fund, place Indiana among the rapidly growing states of central place and power. Presidentially, Ohio, with her daughters, Indiana and Illinois, recently has spoken and in the near future may be heard again. With other duties pressing, these lines are imperfectly written, and indulgence sought by A. L. M., '76.

LOCALS.

Two gallant Seniors went on a spree
To Auburn Lake's pellucid waters;
Each rode, that he might ton'y be,
With one of Lewiston's charming daughters.

A happy eve was far prolonged;
Up from the east the dawn was peeping,
When they recalled where they belonged,
And o'er the paternal lawn were creeping.

The wakeful sire was at the door,
Waiting with silent, stern demeanor,
"Where have you been," they heard him roar,
And lo! in sight there wasn't a Senior.

"Give it up."
"I was just—just getting ready to sl—lug him."

Good-bye and good luck to '85.

The historian of '85 gives its average age as 23 years 4 months and 25 days.

In order to keep small boys, tramps, etc., out of the buildings Prof. Rand has ordered all the outer doors locked.

Prof. (in Botany)—"What is the difference between cordate and obcordate?" Student—"Just the other end to."

Senior wit: W. (on meeting a class-
mate, with his graduating suit in a two by four feet box under his arm)—"Say, Charlie, got a new pair of shoes?"

A number of the Bates boys went to Portland, during the National Encampment, to wait in Frost's mammoth restaurant.

Although the concert talent was quite expensive this year, and the prices were reduced, the Seniors did not lose money by the concert, as has sometimes been the case.

The base-ball nine, together with the manager and scorer, have been taken in a group by Curtis & Ross. The pictures are quite satisfactory, and can be obtained at a reasonable price of the Manager.

Some students were rusticating for the day at Lake Grove. One of them was accosted by a classmate with, "Let us climb Mt. Gile." "No, thank you," was the reply, "I was brought up in innocence."

Soph.—"Did you feel that earthquake?" Fresh.—"No, did you?" Soph. (turning his head as he passed a window, in which was quite a display of glass ware)—"There is quite a jar." There is some doubt about the Freshman's recovery.

Twelve of the graduating class, with ladies, went to Lake Auburn, one evening, recently. The lake was crossed and a banquet partaken of at the Lake Auburn House. After toasts and responses, jokes and songs, the party returned at a late hour.

Prize declamations were held by the Senior Class of Nichols Latin School, Friday evening, June 19th. The committee—H. M. Cheney, A. W. Anthony, and W. H. Newell—awarded the first prize to J. G. Quimby, the second to E. Edgecomb.

At the annual meeting of the corporation President Cheney submitted with his report the plan of the proposed observatory. The building is to be eighty feet in length and forty in height. The site, on Mount David, is one of the best in the State.

Prizes to members of the Botany Class were awarded as follows: For best Herbarium, to Sylvester Wright, who presented 104 plants in very fine condition; second prize to C. E. Stevens. For plants analyzed and described, first prize to Sylvester Wright; second prize to W. Bartlett.

Sixteen of the class of '82 held a reunion under their ivy vine on the college campus, Thursday afternoon of Commencement week. A silver cake basket was presented to Mr. Norcross, the first married; and to the child of Mr. Eaton a silver cup. It was voted to meet again in three years with appropriate exercises and a supper.

The Juniors, with ladies, were tendered a reception, near the end of the term, by Prof. and Mrs. Angell. All passed a very pleasant evening, even those who from necessity or inclination went alone. The class left with the Professor, as a token of esteem, a set of Hawthorne's works. The Sophomore Class was also entertained by Prof. Stanton and wife.

It is a lonesome spot about the college since the close of the term, yet
The few denizens of Parker Hall were startled one evening lately by fearful noises in one of the upper stories—as if it might be peopled with something not earthly. On examination one reports that he found only a tramp who had broken into a room and taken possession of the bed. Further investigation, however, proved the tramp only an alumnus.

'85 has held its first meeting as alumni, and has chosen officers for the coming year, as follows: President, R. E. Attwood; Vice-President, W. W. Jenness; Secretary, Miss M. A. Emerson; Treasurer, F. A. Morey; Executive Committee, B. G. W. Cushman, F. S. Forbes, C. W. Harlow; Orator, C. A. Washburn; Historian, C. T. Walter; Poet, D. C. Washburn; Prophet, M. P. Tobey; Odist, E. B. Stiles; Curator, W. B. Small; Chaplain, A. B. Morrill.

The third game between the Bates and the M. S. C. was played at Waterville, June 18th. Considerable interest was manifested, as this game was to decide which was to have the third place in the league. Below is the score:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Bates</th>
<th>A.B.</th>
<th>R.</th>
<th>B.</th>
<th>P.O.</th>
<th>A.</th>
<th>E.</th>
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<td>Cushman, 3B</td>
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<td>0</td>
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<tr>
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<td>2</td>
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<tr>
<td>Walker, 2B</td>
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<td>0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Tinker, l.f.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Woodman, p.</td>
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<td>11</td>
<td>2</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hadley, c. f.</td>
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<td>Atwood, 1B</td>
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<td>6</td>
<td>8</td>
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<tr>
<td>Thayer, r.f.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sandford, c.</td>
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<tr>
<th>Maine State College</th>
<th>A.B.</th>
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<th>B.</th>
<th>P.O.</th>
<th>A.</th>
<th>E.</th>
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<tr>
<td>Ray, s.s.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>1</td>
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<td>2</td>
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<td>6</td>
<td>9</td>
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<td>Hull, c. f.</td>
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<td>9</td>
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<td>Burleigh, c. l.f.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Rogers, 2B</td>
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<td>0</td>
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<td>4</td>
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One of the most imposing and tearful ceremonies ever performed under the auspices of the Sophomore Class, was the burning of Anna Lytics at the top of Mt. David on the night of June 19th. The grief of the bereaved class knew no bounds and with true magnanimity they invited the other classes to join them in their lamentation. At midnight the funeral procession, lead by the College Band, started from the gymnasium. All were clad in sheets and black masks. Sobs and spasmodic bursts of anguish rent the air as the pall-bearers slowly raised the bier on high. When the procession reached the college chapel a eulogy was spoken over the departed, dirges were played by the band, and a hymn was sung by the mourners. Afterward the procession passed down College and Sabatis Streets, up Main and Mountain Avenue to the top of Mt. David. Here, by the glare of torches amidst the groans of the mourners, the funeral oration, was delivered. Finally, after all had taken the last look at the departed, a libation of kerosene was poured over the casket and the funeral pile was fired. As the flames leaped high into the air, the assembled multitude gave expression to their sorrow in another song. At last one by one the sad mourners departed and only yaggers were left to keep tender vigil over the smouldering ashes. The walls of lamentation were quickly followed.
by the noise of the awaking city.
"Night's candles were burned out and
rosy-fingered dawn stood tip-toe on the
misty mountain tops" of Greene.
Following is the programme:

**Humatio Anna Lytice in Collegio Batesini, in tertio decimo die ante Calandus Quintiles, MDCCCLXXXV., ab '87 celebrabitur.**

**ORDO EXERCITATIONUM.**

**DIRIGE.**

Eulogia. Carolus S. Pendleton.

Elegia. Israelius Jordan.

**CARVEN.**

That slow consumption, ah ! it made
In this sweet month of June,
Our Anna Lytice, fair, to fade,
And perish all too soon.

"Can this be sleep? or is it death?
Say, is she still alive?"
The cribbers cry; and hold their breath
For fear she may revive.

**CHORUS.**

Oh, let us wail and weep,
As now we climb the steep!
Yea, groaning up Mount David's top,
Let the procession sweep!

If Anna from this death-like trance
Had yesterday awoke,
There's not a Soph that would not prance
And cry, "A fearful joke!"

O, Anna dear! we've traced it thro'
From crib to funeral pile:
With spheres of tears we make ado,
With matches and with ile.

**CHORUS.**

**ORDO PROCESSTONIS.**

**Imperator.**

**Lictores.**

**Catarefa Musicorum.**

**Crematores Rogi.**

**Vesprillo.**

**Vesprillo.**

**Vesprillo.**

**Pontifex Maximus.**

**Princeps Lugens.**

Feror Fekiris.

Clateri Pioritores.

Novi Homines.

Yaggera et Alii.

Postquam ad pyram ventam erit, corpore in
aram posito et uncto, panegyricus offeretur
a Lenardo G. Roberts.

**CANTUS.**

For you, our Anna, we bawl and bawl;
Good-bye, bann'd Anna, good-bye!
You're giving a lengthy cut to us all;
Good-bye, bann'd Anna, good-bye!

**CHORUS:**

By Anna by O! By Anna by O!

Good-bye, bann'd Anna, good-bye!

We all have passed over the final test;
Good-bye, bann'd Anna, good-bye!

You've given us trouble, now give us a rest;
Good-bye, bann'd Anna, good-bye!

**CHORUS.**

**COMMENCEMENT NOTES.**

**BACCALAUREATE SUNDAY.**

By the time the usual hour of morning service had arrived, on Sunday, June 21st, a large audience had gathered in the Main Street Church to listen to President Cheney's baccalaureate sermon.

The graduating class were ushered in by two Juniors, and the exercises began with a voluntary by the choir. The following was the order of exercises: Invocation by Prof. Hayes; Hymn by the congregation; Scripture Reading by Prof. Stanley; Prayer by Prof. Howe; Hymn, solo by Frank S. Pierce; Baccalaureate Sermon by President Cheney; Class Ode, sung by the Choir; Benediction by Prof. Ful lonton.

President Cheney's text was: "Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven."
The sermon was marked throughout by sound reason and depth of feeling.

The Class Ode, written by C. T. Walter, is as follows:

O Father (as we come to ask
Thy blessing on this hour,
We thank Thee for Thy tenderness,
Thy pard’ning love and power.

We praise the name of Thy dear Son,
He is our hope and light.
From him comes all our happiness;
In him our hearts unite.

O heavenly spirit, ever guide
Our hearts and make them true,
And unto Thee, blest Three in One,
Will all the praise be due.

And now, once more before we part,
We humbly plead Thy grace;
Be merciful to us, we pray;
Hide not Thy holy face.

At last, when duties here are done,
When toil and pain is o’er,
May this united, happy band
Meet on the other shore.

At 2.30 P.M. Rev. Waldo Messaros, of Philadelphia, delivered before the college a sermon, from the text: “What think ye of Christ?” That any foreigner should acquire such a mastery of the English tongue as Mr. Messaros exhibited is marvelous. A very large audience were listeners, and none could fail to intensely enjoy such oratory as but few of the students had ever before enjoyed. The sermon was remarkable for its imagery, while the speaker was intensely earnest as he presented “The endurance, the love, and the divinity of Christ.” Certainly the title often given him—The Greek Orator—is no misnomer.

In the evening, the sermon before the Theological School was delivered by Rev. M. B. Thompson of New York.

**Sophomore Champion Debate.**

At 2.30 P.M., Monday, occurred the Champion Debate. The following is the programme:

Debate—Question: “Has the condition of the laboring classes of the United States been improved during the last fifty years?”


*Excused.

The Committee of Award was: H. W. Oakes, Esq., E. M. Briggs, Esq., W. H. Judkins, Esq. The decision, as announced on Commencement Day, is given in another column. The debaters are to be congratulated upon having an unusually large audience. The debates were good—some of them excellent. Among the best were those of Cushman, Nelson, and Hayes.

**Junior Exhibition.**

Twelve members previously selected from the Junior Class, took part in the Original Declamations, at the Main Street F. B. Church, Monday evening, June 22d. Below is the programme:

**MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.**

Elements of Modern Progress Attributable to Christianity. E. D. Varney.

The Live Scholar. G. E. Paine.


**MUSIC.**

The Obligation of Citizenship. H. M. Cheney.

Success and Its Conditions. C. E. B. Libby.


**MUSIC.**

Apathy as a Defect of Character. C. E. Stevens.

Decline of Monarchical Power. J. W. Flanders.

Self-Control is True Freedom. S. G. Bonney.

**MUSIC.**
Sources of Corruption in Civil Offices.
F. H. Nickerson.
The Monitor and the Merrimac.
A. E. Verrill.
Moral Earnestness in Character.
H. C. Lowden.

Two of the committee of award—O. B. Clason, Esq., and W. E. Ranger, A.M.—being absent, H. W. Oakes, Esq., and E. M. Briggs, Esq., were appointed to serve with the other member of the committee—A. M. Garcelon, M.D.

The audience was large, and good music was furnished by Glover's Orchestra.

CLASS DAY.
Music—The Bird and Maiden.—Dudley.
Prayer. W. V. Whitmore.
Music—The Star of Love.—Buck.
Oration. A. F. Gilbert.
History. J. M. Nichols.
Poem. D. C. Washburn.
Music—Little Jack Horner.—Caldicott.
Prophecy. C. A. Scott.
Music—The Letter.—Hatton.
Parting Address. E. B. Stiles.
Class Ode. Sung by the Class.
Pipe of Peace. Smoked by the Class.

The Class Ode, written by C. T. Walter, was as follows:

To-day we come to bid farewell,
Dear college home, to thee;
Henceforth, these halls and trees must live
In loving memory.
The joyous days of college life
At last are at an end;
These years have made us of one heart,
Made each a firmer friend.

May future years new blessings bring
To strengthen friendship's tie,
And if it be God's holy will,
We'll meet here bye and bye.
And then with genial voices raised,
Sweet mem'ries to revive,
We'll sing of happy college days,
And good old "'Eighty-Five.'"

ALUMNI MEETINGS AND EXERCISES.

The Bates Alumni held their annual meeting for the election of officers on Tuesday, at 5 P.M., at the college chapel. The following officers were elected: President, T. H. Stacy, '75; Vice-President, O. B. Clason, '77; Secretary and Treasurer, Henry W. Oakes, '77; Orator, G. E. Gay, '72; Substitute, T. E. Evans, '75; Poet, J. H. Heald, '80; Substitute, C. S. Stout, '81; Executive Committee, G. C. Chase, '68, E. M. Briggs, '79, and W. H. Judkins, '80.

In the evening the annual literary exercises of the alumni were held at the Main Street Church. Perkins Orchestra furnished music. Prayer was offered by Rev. T. G. Wilder, '72. President Wendell being absent, G. A. Stuart, '77, presided. The oration was delivered by A. M. Spear, '75, the poem by W. E. Ranger, '79.

At a meeting held after the exercises, A. M. Spear, '75, I. F. Frisbee, '80, and H. B. Nevens, '81, were appointed to draw up appropriate resolutions upon the deaths of James Nash, '75, Oscar Davis, '81, and E. D. Rowell, '81.

ORATION BEFORE THE LITERARY SOCIETIES.

On Tuesday evening Prof. Hezekiah Butterworth, editor of the Youth's Companion, delivered the address before the Literary Societies. His subject was "The Value of Early Inspirations," and was handled with a skill in poetic imagery and illustration rarely excelled. He said: "We need inspired young men in everything. Heed
the face in the young dream. Have faith; be pure. To the truly inspired all things are possible.

COMMENCEMENT.

The Commencement exercises were held in the Main Street Church, Thursday forenoon. The following was the order of exercises:

MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.

Salutatory.
William Bryant Small, Lewiston.
Our Danger from Plutocracy.
William Vincent Whitmore, Bowdoinham.
(Psychology—Second Honor.)
The Love of Fame.
Clara Louise Ham, Sandwich, N. H.
(Modern Languages—Second Honor.)
Unsolved Problems of Science.
Benjamin Glazier Willey Cushman, Summer.
(Mathematics—First Honor.)
MUSIC.
The Study of History Essential to National Progress.
William Whittem Jenness, Barnstead, N. H.
(Mathematics—Second Honor.)
Music as the Servant of Religion.
Mary Ann Emerson, Lewiston.
(Class Honor.)
Carlyle’s Conception of Heroism.
Carl Atherton Scott, Georgetown.
(Natural Sciences—Second Honor.)
The Future Statesman of America.
Arthur Forester Gilbert, Lewiston.
(Class Honor.)
MUSIC.
Moral Tendency of the Physical Sciences.
Frank Andrew Morey, Keesoveille, N. Y.
(Modern Languages—First Honor.)
The Responsibility of the Journalist.
Charles True Walter, Lyndon, Vt.
(Rhetoric and English Literature—Second Honor.)
Is Our Age Skeptical?
(Ancient Languages—Second Honor.)
The Rewards of Literary Labor.
Dexter Carleton Washburn, Lewiston.
(Natural Sciences—First Honor.)
MUSIC.
The Culture Required in America.
Ada Henrietta Tucker, Norway.

(Ancient Languages—First Honor.)
The Sanctity of Justice.
Charles Addison Washburn, Greene.
(Psychology—First Honor.)
Literature an Index to National Character.
Alfred Brown Morrill, Palmyra.
(Rhetoric and English Literature—First Honor.)
Valedictory—The Value of the Ideal.
John Manson Nichols, Greene.
MUSIC.
oration for the Degree of Master of Arts.
The Ideal in Education.
Ben Wilton Murch, Carmel.
Confering of Degrees.
 Benediction.

Mr. Murch was excused. After the conferring of degrees, the President announced that the committees awarded the following prizes: Sophomore Debate—Prize awarded to H. E. Cushman; Junior Exhibition—First prize to J. W. Flanders, second to H. M. Cheney.

At the close of the exercises the graduates, visitors, and friends attended the Commencement dinner at Gymnasium Hall. Speeches were made by ex-Gov. Dingley, Judge Savage, Rev. Mr. Fowler, editor of the Christian Union, Prof. Mowry, editor of the Journal of Education, Prof. Anderson, of Whitman College, and others. The exercises closed at four o’clock with the singing of the doxology.

COMMENCEMENT CONCERT.

The concert, in Music Hall, Thursday evening, was one of unusual interest. The talent consisted of the Temple Quartette, W. R. Bateman, 1st tenor, E. F. Webber, 2d tenor, H. A. Cook, baritone, A. C. Ryder, basso; the Germania Quartette—E. M. Bag-
ley, 1st cornet, B. Bowron, 2d cornet, E. Strasser, clarinet and saxophone, G. W. Stewart, baritone and trombone; Miss Emma Howe, soprano; and Leon Keach, accompanist. The following was the programme:

Two Movements from Quartette in B flat.
(Adagio Scherzo.)

Germania Quartette.

March of the Storm King.—Cowles.

Ah! non creda. | Sonnambula.—Bellini.

Ah! non giunge. | Miss Emma Howe.

Clarinet Solo—Fantasie Brillante.—Brebant.

Part Song—Star of Love.—Buck.

Temple Quartette.

Grand Operatic Melange (introducing gems of the popular operas of the day).—Stewart.

Germania Quartette and Mr. Keach.

Song—Only Once More.—Moir.

Mr. Webber.

Duo for Cornets.—Popp.

Messrs. Bagley and Bowron.

(a) Memories in Spring-time.—Warren.

(b) Merry Postillion.—Aht.

(c) Lullaby.—Pease.

Miss Emma Howe.

Extravaganza—Carnival of Venice.—Genee.

Temple Quartette.

Baritone Solo—Air Varie.—Ernst.

Mr. Stewart.

Quintette—Hie Thee, Shallop.—Kucken.

Miss Howe and Temple Quartette.

The President's Reception.
The Senior Class, with ladies, passed Friday evening very pleasantly at President Cheney's house. This closed the long series of Commencement exercises, all of which reflect much credit upon the students and upon the college.

PERSONALS.

ALUMNI.

'72.—Rev. Theodore Wilder was in attendance upon Commencement exercises.

'72.—G. E. Gay will deliver the oration before the alumni, at the next Commencement.

'76.—R. J. Everett has been re-elected principal of the high school at South Paris.

'76.—Dr. H. Woodbury has a lucrative practice at South Paris.

'77.—J. W. Smith, of Philadelphia, was in town during Commencement.

'77.—H. W. Oakes was married, June 24th, to Miss Thalie Toothaker of Phillips, Me.

'77.—L. H. Moulton, the popular principal of Lee Normal Academy contemplates taking a course at the Bowdoin Summer School of Science.

'80.—A. L. Woods was married, June 24th, at South Harwich, Mass., to Miss Clara Small.

'81.—J. F. Shattuck, who recently graduated from the Chicago Medical School, has located at Well River, Vt.

'81.—C. L. McCleery, of the Boston Journal, was in town recently.

'84.—A. Beede, Jr., is continuing his law studies in the office of W. W. Bolster. He intends to enter the Harvard Theological School in the fall.

'85.—A. F. Gilbert will teach a private school during the summer at Clinton, Me.

'85.—M. P. Tobey, at the last meeting of the Rockingham District Free Baptists, was granted a license to preach.

CLASS OF '85.

R. E. Attwood: Intended profession, business; religious belief, Universalist; politics, Democrat; height, 5 feet 10
inches; weight, 160; size of hat, 7; age, 21.

E. H. Brackett: Intended profession, teaching; politics, Republican; height, 5 feet 8 inches; weight, 150; size of hat, 7 1-4; age, 25; expenses, $800.

B. G. W. Cushman: Intended profession, teaching; religious belief, Congregationalist; politics, Republican; height, 5 feet 11 1-2 inches; weight, 160; size of hat, 7 3-8; age, 22.

Miss M. A. Emerson: Intended profession, teaching; religious belief, Baptist; politics, Republican; height, 5 feet 5 inches; weight, 135; age, 22; expenses, $900.

F. S. Forbes: Intended profession, theology; religious belief, Free Baptist; politics, Republican; height, 5 feet 6 inches; weight, 147; size of hat, 7 1-8; age, 25; expenses, $1000.

A. F. Gilbert: Intended profession, undecided; politics, Republican; height, 5 feet 6 inches; weight, 135; age, 22.

G. A. Goodwin: Intended profession, business; religious belief, Free Baptist; politics, Republican; height, 5 feet 11 inches; weight, 160; size of hat, 7 1-8; age, 22.

Miss C. L. Ham: Intended profession, teaching; religious belief, Free Baptist; politics, Republican; height, 5 feet 6 inches; weight, 127; age, 24.

C. W. Harlow: Intended profession, medicine; politics, Democrat; height, 6 feet 1 1-2 inches; weight, 150; size of hat, 7 1-4; age, 20.

W. W. Jenness: Religious belief, Golden Rule; politics, Democrat; height, 5 feet 5 inches; weight, 138; size of hat, 6 7-8; age, 23.

F. A. Morey: Religious belief, Methodist; politics, Democrat; height, 5 feet 5 inches; weight, 140; size of hat 6 7-8; age, 23.

A. B. Morrill: Intended profession, teaching; religious belief, Free Baptist; politics, Republican; height, 5 feet 10 inches; weight, 150; size of hat, 7 1-8; age, 27; expenses, $1200.

J. M. Nichols: Intended profession, teaching; religious belief, Free Baptist; politics, no preference; height, 5 feet 7 1-2 inches; weight, 135; size of hat, 7 1-8; age, 20; expenses, $1200.

C. A. Scott: Intended profession, law; religious belief, Congregationalist; politics, Republican; height, 5 feet 6 inches; weight, 125; size of hat, 7; age, 21; expenses, $900.

W. B. Small: Intended profession, medicine; religious belief, Free Baptist; politics, Republican; height, 6 feet 4 inches; weight, 200; size of hat, 7 1-4; age, 21.

E. B. Stiles: Intended profession, theology; religious belief, Free Baptist; height, 5 feet 7 1-2 inches; weight, 136; size of hat, 7 1-2; age, 25; expenses, $1100.

M. P. Tobey: Intended profession, theology; religious belief, Free Baptist; politics, Republican; height, 6 feet 2 inches; weight, 165; size of hat, 7 1-8; age, 28.

Miss A. H. Tucker: Intended profession, teaching; religious preference, Free Baptist; politics, Republican; height, 5 feet 5 inches; weight, 130; age, 23.

C. T. Walter: Intended profession, journalism; religious belief, Free Baptist; politics, Republican; height, 5
feet 6 inches; weight, 139; size of hat, 7 1-4; age, 22.

C. A. Washburn: Intended profession, teaching; politics, Democrat; height, 5 feet 10 inches; weight, 150; size of hat, 7 3-8; age, 24.

D. C. Washburn: Intended profession, medicine; religious belief, Episcopal; politics, Democrat; height, 5 feet 8 inches; weight, 135; size of hat, 6 7-8; age, 25.

W. V. Whitmore: Intended profession, medicine; religious belief, Free Baptist; politics, Republican; height, 5 feet 10 inches; weight, 135; size of hat, 6 7-8; age, 23.

STUDENTS.

'86.—C. E. B. Libby has just closed a very successful term at the Lisbon High School.

'86.—W. A. Morton retains his old position at Saratoga.

'86.—I. H. Storer is head waiter at the Fiske House, Old Orchard.

'86.—H. C. Lowden is employed by the Lewiston & Auburn Horse Railroad.

'86.—E. D. Varney is waiter at the Bay View House, Old Orchard.

'86.—We clip the following from the Lewiston Journal:

The spring term of the Oakland High School has been under the instruction of Mr. F. W. Sandford and Mr. W. H. Harts horn. On Thursday, June 25th, occurred the public examination of the school. Thirty-six of the prominent citizens, besides the examining committee, were present. It is estimated that twelve hundred questions were asked during the day, not one of which the class reciting failed to answer. A remarkable instance of rapidity in questions and answers was seen in the Physical Geography class. Over one hundred and forty test questions, extending throughout the entire book, were asked and answered in fourteen minutes, or at the rate of six seconds for a question and its answer. In the written examination on the entire term's work, for admission to higher classes (each examination occupying one half-day), the English Literature class without an exception, took 100 per cent. Saturday evening occurred the public prize declamations. The speakers held the close attention of the audience throughout the evening . . . This has been one of the pleasantest schools ever taught in Oakland. Pupils and teachers have worked together to raise the standard of the school, and make it a success in the broadest sense of the word. It is not necessary to state, at least to the people of Oakland, that their efforts have succeeded.

'87.—H. E. Cushman is head waiter at Poland Spring House.

'87.—A. S. Woodman is waiter at the Glen House.

'87.—P. R. Howe is head waiter at the Bay View House, Old Orchard.

'87.—I. W. Jordan is waiter at the Bay View House, Old Orchard.

'88.—A. E. Thomas is waiter at the Fiske House, Old Orchard.

'88.—A. C. Townsend is waiter at Crescent Beach, Mass.

THEOLOGICAL.

'81.—Rev. R. D. Frost has closed a very successful four years' pastorate with the Free Baptist Church, at Farnumsville, Mass., and accepted the call of the Free Baptist Church and Society at Springvale.

'85.—A. W. Anthony has accepted the call of the Free Baptist Church at Bangor.

'85.—A. E. Cox has received a call to a church in Pennsylvania.

'85.—C. E. Mason has accepted a call to the church at Milton, N. H.

A paradox: When a man is out of temper he is in temper.—Ez.
EXCHANGES.

The Commencement number of the Colby Echo comes to us laden with good things. The best article is the "'85 Class Poem." Having received many Commencement numbers we have had ample opportunity to compare the various class poems, and we must give this one the preference over any yet received. We admire the way in which the Echo turns the tables on a contemporary in regard to base-ball poetry.

One of our neatest exchanges is our yearly visitor, the Nichols Echo. Published by the students of Nichols Latin School, it exemplifies in a striking manner what students who have not yet entered college halls can do in the field of journalism. "The Hero Gordon," in an easy and flowing style, and with well-selected matter, gives us a vivid and interesting picture of this wonderful man. "Every Man is the Architect of His Own Fortune" presents many truths that will bear meditation. The other prose articles, though not inferior, cannot be mentioned. The poem, "Portsmouth Bells," is a gem of its kind. We can truthfully say that this number of the Echo is far superior to many of the college exchanges. We congratulate the students of Nichols on their success and hope that in the future they may awaken more Echoes.

AMONG THE POETS.

REFLECTION.
Slowly the flickering flame dies out,
And all is still,

Softly the rays of the moon creep in
Across the sill,
Sweetly the thoughts of my inmost soul
Speed far away,
Sadly they turn to that tender scene,
That sweet, sad day.

Low sank the sun and sinking low
Passed out of sight.
Brightly the rays of the moon shone, as
They shine to-night.
Gently the touch of a maiden's hand
Made warm my own.
Sweetly our lips kissed a sad farewell,
And I was gone.

Many a sun with golden light
Has filled its ray.
Many a moon with silver light,
Since that sad day.
Many a maid have I bid farewell,
Yet not my own,
For the sun of life has sunken low
And she is gone.

—Yale Record.

HER REFUSAL.

"Just one, before I go," I plead,
"Just one before I go."
But still she shook her pretty head,
And still she answered, "No."

"It is not much I ask of you,
One kiss—you will forget—
I go to-night." Her eyes of blue
Were dim, her lashes wet.

And lower drooped the golden head,
"You need not longer sue,
I will not give you one," she said,
"But I will—give you two."

—Fortnight.

A FAIR EXCHANGE.

Only a rose! but if you could have seen
The smile that lit up her dark-brown eyes,
And the roughish glance that wandered between
The rose and my face, then drooped maiden-wise.

Only a rose! was I wrong to have thought
Some slight return—you know how it goes—
Did I know but she, too, was thinking I ought?
So bending—but no! that was under the rose.

—Advocate.
The Bates Student.

NELLIE.
Pretty Nellie, laughing Nellie,
With her wealth of flowing hair,
Bounding gladly from the nursery,
Lightly dancing up the stair,
Come a tripping 'cross the hallway,
Knocks upon my study door,
Bursts with laughter in upon me,
As I pore o'er ancient lore.

Away with Greek, away with Latin,
Cast dry books upon the shelf
What are roots and musty nomens
To this romping joyous elf?

Happy Nellie, laughing Nellie,
Had I half thy buoyant mirth,
Hoots and vulgaries might go a-begging,
There would be a heaven on earth.

—Colbiensis.

COLLEGE PRESS OPINIONS

It has been a noticeable fact in the past that the underclassmen, as soon as examinations are over, take the first train for home. Now, we do not wish to say anything against this desire to get home ; we simply wish to raise the question to the underclassmen, whether it would not be just as well if they would curb their impatience, and remain in the city until the Commencement exercises are over. It would take but a few days from their vacation home, and would, we think, add materially to the pleasure of their college life. Commencement time is certainly the most animated and enjoyable part of the college year. This is true, not only to the Senior with his "mingled feelings," but to all who are connected with the college. But not alone because of the additional pleasure thus gained, would we urge them to remain to Commencement. If they remain and observe the manner of conducting the exercises, they will be the better able, when their turn comes, to finish their college career in a manner creditable to themselves and to their Alma Mater. We ask that the underclassmen give this matter a little thought, feeling confident that if they do so, the number remaining to the final exercises will be considerably increased, compared with that of a year ago. —Concordiensis.

—

COLLEGE WORLD.

AMHERST:
A chapter of the Theta Delta Chi fraternity has been organized.
Prof. Tyler and a party of Seniors will devote part of the summer to zoological work at Mt. Desert.
President Seelye says in regard to "compulsory chapel" that "it has done incalculable good for Amherst, and its omission would prove an irreparable loss."

BROWN:
Spanish and Italian will be added to the Senior electives next year.
This is Brown's one hundred and seventeenth commencement.

BOWDOIN:
Rev. William DeWitt Hyde, Harvard, '79, has been elected President of Bowdoin College and Professor of Mental Philosophy.
The trustees have instructed Prof. Young to make a contract for erecting the new gymnasium.
In a game of ball between the college nine and the alumni nine, the col-
The Hates Student.

College nine was defeated by a score of 10 to 9.

Harvard:

Next year is the 250th anniversary of the founding of the college.

The lacrosse team, in the tournament held on Decoration Day, secured the college championship, and the Oelrich's cup for the championship of the United States.

The Harvard elective system embraces nearly three hundred courses.

Athletics will be governed in future by a committee of five, composed of the director of the gymnasium, a resident physician, a graduate, and two undergraduates.

A Chair of Journalism has been recently established, and is to be filled by Mr. Joseph B. McCullough, editor of the St. Louis Times-Democrat. He will receive $4,000 for delivering ten lectures.

Yale:

The students are now alarmed at the discovery that a man in New Haven has organized a Detective Bureau for the benefit of parents and guardians.

The graduating class numbers 122. The average age is 22 years 9 months 11 days. The oldest is 24. The valedictorian is the youngest, being only 19 years 7 months old.

W. H. Bishop, the novelist, is spoken off for the Chair of English Literature.

Miscellaneous:

It is proposed to enlarge Girard College. It is said that the income will warrant the admission of 200 more students. There are at present 1,130 in the institution.

The intercollegiate games resulted as follows: Harvard, four first prizes, five second; Yale, four first; University of Pennsylvania, two first, one second; Lafayette, two first; Columbia, one first, six second; University of Michigan, and Princeton, each, one first.

There are forty men in the graduating class at West Point this year.

Baltimore, under the influence of Johns Hopkins University, is beginning to assume the atmosphere of a university town, and bids fair to shortly rival Boston as a center of culture.

The trustees of Vassar College have accepted the resignation of President Caldwell. The financial report shows a deficiency of $13,800 for the year.

J. Rendel Harris, Professor of New Testament Greek at the Johns Hopkins University, has resigned his chair because of a vote of censure received from the trustees of that institution. The censure vote was called forth by a criticism of Prof. Harris' on the work of M. Pasteur, on vivisection.

Mr. Ruskin has resigned his Oxford professorship. He states that he did so "solely in consequence of the vote endowing vivisection in the University."

Prof. Wolcott Gibbs, of Harvard, is the first American to be honored with an election to the German Chemical Society, at Berlin.

It is stated that of the Yale Freshman class, more than fifty per cent. use tobacco.

Education begins the gentleman, but reading, good company, and reflection must finish him.—Bacon.
CLIPPINGS.

Oh give me a seat on a sofa soft,
With a maiden young and fair,
Who has never been pressed by an arm before,
But just for this time doesn’t care.
And give me a ma who will kindly connive
At whatever we chance to do,
Who remembers that she was a maiden once,
And a pa who remembers it too. —Ex.

It was night. They sat at intervals
upon the stile. She (softly)—“I
hope, Charlie, that no darkness will
ever come between us.” He took the
hint.—Ex.

A professor of systematic divinity
being unwell and unable to hear his
classes, the following notice was given:
“‘The professor, being ill, requests me
to say the Seniors can keep on through
Purgatory, and the Middle Class can
continue the descent into Hell, until
further notice from the professor.—Ex.

“'The June bug has a pretty wing,
The lightning bug has fame;
The bed-bug has no wing at all,
But he gets there all the same.” —Ex.

“I want to be a Senior,
And with the Seniors stand;
With cheek upon my countenance,
And a note-book in my hand.
Right there before the President,
In everybody’s sight,
I’ll wake the loudest echoes,
And strut from morn till night.”—Ex.

Young Lady— ‘Wouldn’t you be
surprised now to see a taking article
over my signature in some magazine?’
Young Man (without hesitation)—“Yes,
indeed, I would.” Young lady thinks
the compliment somewhat doubtful.—
Ex.

“What is the safest way to trans-
fer bees?” asked a suburban corre-
spondent. The safest way would be
to administer chloroform to them. If
this should be too expensive, he might
catch the bees and muzzle them. The
muzzles, by the way, should be worn
in the place where the bustle usually
goes.—Daily Graphic.

“Where is the man who hath not said
At evening, when he went to bed,
“I’ll waken with the crowing cock
And get to work by four o’clock?”

Where is the man who, rather late,
Crawls out of bed next morn at eight,
That hath not thought with fond regard,
“Tis better not to work too hard!” —Ex.

Charming Maiden— “You threw
me a kiss yesterday, didn’t you?”
Junior (apologetically)—“Yes—I did.”
Maiden (confidingly)—“I don’t ex-
actly like extemporaneous or off-hand
kisses.” Junior (promptly and with an
appropriate gesture)—“Neither do I.”
—Courant.

ARMA VIRUMQUE CANO.

They were driving in the moonlight,
While the moon was new,
In a little village wagon
Just for two.

But, alas, the horse was restive,
So, in fear of harm,
Neither of his hands were idle,
Neither arm.

Was it that the back was awkward,
That she, by his side,
Softly touched his left arm near her,—
Softly sighed.

Then, with bashful glance, but regal,
Knowing he’d connive,
Whispered low ‘mid her blushes,
“I can drive.” —Courant.
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Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

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

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