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IN entering upon our new duties as editors of the Bates Student, we cannot suppress a thousand misgivings that we never felt before. Human weakness is never self-conscious until it is called upon to assume the office of strength. Doubtless the task seems larger to us than it really is, yet we take the pen with trembling hand, and should shrink from it were it not for the assurance that abler brains will not withhold their kindly aid.

We refrain from any delusive hopes that we may be able to raise the standard of the Student. We have no radical changes to suggest. It has been well and ably conducted during the past years, and we shall aim at no higher ideal than we find embodied in its history. And even in this we can hardly feel that we are disregarding the ancient motto: "Aim higher than you expect to attain."

We believe that the journal which represents the interests of a college should be a matter of personal interest to every member of that college. And surely, if we may judge from the echoes that come back to us through our exchanges, some of which were published in the last number, we may justly pride ourselves that the Bates Student holds a front rank among the college journals of the country. We believe its character has been such in the past as to render it of general interest to the reading public.

Now if each member of the college, through the pride that he may justly feel, would make a personal effort to increase its circulation, which probably already compares favorably with that of other college journals, its subscription list might, without doubt, be greatly extended. Many of the students come from small towns and villages, and in such places the people usually take considerable pride in sending one of their young men to college. And if the students would take advantage of this fact, we believe there is hardly a town represented in the college to which we might not send from twenty-five to fifty copies of the Student. We would, there-
fore ask each student of the college to show his personal friends copies of the Bates Student and request them to subscribe. It can do no harm, and will, at least, show how much interest your friends take in the college of which you are a member.

We would also appeal to the patriotism of this city. It is far from a disgrace to any city to have a college located within its borders, although it may at times be inconvenient to the suburban farmers. But the college is not without its influence for good upon the city. There is always a radiation from the college which charges the atmosphere of its city with the spirit of aspiration. A college has its influence upon the pulpit of a city. It has been said that the high tone of the Boston pulpit is in no small degree due to the influences of Harvard University. Indeed a college always, to a certain extent, makes an Athens of the city in which it is located.

And now, people of Lewiston, we appeal to your patriotism, not with the strangling cry for help, which is far from necessary, but with a simple request for your patronage, which we trust you will not refuse to grant.

Perhaps it would be well to impress upon the minds of the students that while the college magazine may be under the direct management of the Junior class, it is not designed to be strictly devoted to their interests. Occasionally we hear such remarks as: "One would think from reading the Student that there was but one class in college," "Why are the other three classes ignored?", etc. Now we do not think that any fair-minded person could believe that it is, or ever has been, the desire of any one class to monopolize the contents of the Student. So far as we know, its pages have always been open to other classes, and it has endeavored to maintain the interests, not of any one class, but of all. No doubt this was the principle on which the Student was founded, for without the hearty co-operation of all classes it must of necessity be a dry and uninteresting sheet. Perhaps each class should be represented on the editorial staff (we will not attempt to discuss that now); but while the Student exists under its present management, each class can be represented in its columns, and it is the sincere desire of all that they should be.

Brothers, the columns of the Student are open to you. We bid you welcome with your editorial, your locals, or your literature. Incidents may take place in your class that would be of interest. Note them down. You may have some ideas that you would like to put in the form of an editorial. Write it down. You may have a literary article that you would like to have published. Hand it in. While it may not always be advisable to publish the same, yet anything of a suitable character and written in the right spirit will always be acceptable. While we will try to keep ourselves posted on college affairs in general, we are not cognizant of all, hence we need your aid and support, and without it we fear the Student will fail to fulfill its intended mission.

An effort is being made by the Faculty and friends of the college to increase quite largely the present number of volumes in the library. Compared with other colleges our list of books is small and we have need of large additions. No doubt there are many persons who have books in their private libraries which are of but little value to the present owners but which would be worth much to the college. Would it not be a privilege for all who are interested in the success of this department of our college to look over their shelves and see if they have not a few
volumes, at least, which they could well spare for so worthy an object? If each of us do what we can, the present number of books will soon be doubled. In other colleges, friends make such donations, and very frequently they provide that the institution of their choice shall receive upon their death the greater part, if not all, of their library. Frequently such donations, taken individually are small, but collectively viewed they fill a large place. Each donor's name will, of course, be written in the book, and we think it will be very pleasant in future years to see in many of our books the autograph of those who knew, sympathized with, and labored for the college in her weakest and darkest hours. While we are just as needy are we not just as worthy of such favors as other colleges? If so, is it not the privilege of each to help?

While we have no desire to use the STUDENT as a medium of censorship to our fellows, we shall fail of our duty, we think, if we refrain from making use of its columns to condemn anything falling under our notice, that we regard adverse to the material interests of our college. We have often noticed the tendency of many students to speak slightly and even derisively of our chosen "Bates." Particularly have we regretted to hear her thus spoken of by fellow-students in comparison with other colleges, in the presence of students from those colleges. It is true, perhaps, that Bates, being comparatively young in years, lacks some advantages found only at older institutions. But this, instead of being a cause of derision and envy on the part of her students, should impel them to act and speak in her behalf on all occasions, as becomes true and loyal sons—that their combined loyalty may give her a strength not to be measured by any length of years.

Our college has an able, efficient, and live Faculty, inferior to that of few even of our most "Ancient Institutions—a Faculty that is able and labors assiduously to give us the freshest and best in all that goes to make up a college education. If we fail to ride on the "top wave" at Bates, let us not attribute it to any fault of her or her Faculty, nor to her lack of years and ancient standing in the college world.

Failing at Bates, through lack of diligence on our part in the pursuit of what is here set before us, we cannot hope to rise to eminence at some other college, simply because it has the prefix "ancient" attached to its name.

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp, The man's the gowd for a' that,"

Be he student at Bates, Bowdoin, Harvard, Yale, or elsewhere.

More than a year ago the college painted, papered, and repaired a room in Parker Hall and very kindly gave its use for religious meetings. The association and others of the college then furnished it with a nice attractive carpet, chandeliers, curtains, stove, and other fixtures. The firm of Chandler & Estes kindly presented the association a very handsome Bible, and Miss Bickford, of the Junior class, gave it a very appropriate motto and a beautiful engraving for the wall.

During the coming year we expect to complete the furniture of the room, but we shall need six or eight more mottoes. Now if our sister college mates, who are "wise hearted," will work a few more mottoes, with appropriate sentiments, the association will very gratefully accept and very gladly frame them.

But while providing a suitable place for holding our meetings, we should not forget those greater essentials for larger attendance, deeper interest, and grander results. In the first place we of the faith should make an effort, even though it be a sacrifice to attend all the Wednesday
evening meetings. Again, we should be more earnest in our efforts to get others, who are strangers, to promise to attend them. And then we are very frequently too inactive at the meetings, and so the service seems to take more of the formal than the spiritual nature.

Shall we content ourselves during the coming term with no more conversions than we saw last year? Shall we not rather labor for the richest blessings, and expect and claim upon His promise the copious descent of saving power?

Perhaps to some it may seem that to complain of long lessons should be beneath the dignity of college students, but the grounds for such complaint are as well founded in college as in any school, and equally deserving of redress. We anticipate the chief benefit of our college course, not merely in the amount learned,—for many branches are never applied in after life—but in the general building up of the mind as a foundation for future study and work. For this purpose very long lessons are not advantageous. They present an inducement to superficial work. The danger in this will be apparent when we remember that in college we are forming permanent habits. It is a mistake to assign lessons for the full capacity of the best students. They may learn them, but too many, discouraged by their length, are content if they only avoid complete failure; a few are incited to study beyond their strength. These last, confirmed "digs," if health is not impaired, are liable to lose much of the benefit of college life. In college, with the libraries at our command, the formation of a taste for good reading is of prime importance. During our Freshman year one of our professors well said that a young man who leaves college without having formed such a taste deprives himself of half the benefit of his college course. Yet how can such a taste be formed when all the time is occupied preparing daily recitations?

Morally the effect is demoralizing, causing students to justify any means to make a recitation or to pass an examination. We do not make here at Bates indiscriminate criticism. In some departments there is none of that crowding which at some places compels resort to unfair means, but in other branches there is a disposition to cover ground at any rate. It may be said that this ground must be covered to keep up the standard of the college. Is this fair? We do not believe that the students of other institutions can master this difficulty better than those of our own, but even if they could the question for us would be, "Will not superficial scholarship and loss of true culture more than balance the gain in surface knowledge?"

To some of our instructors we commend these thoughts. If, in some studies, you will give us shorter lessons and more opportunities for miscellaneous reading, though we may go over a few less pages in our text-books, we shall know more, and shall go forth from college better fitted for the duties of life and to honor our Alma Mater.

LITERARY.

A LISTENER BY THE SEA.

Last night I lay beside the winter sea,
And, waking late, I heard the sound without
Of rain, and heard the wild sea shout
Beyond the town,—a lonesome melody.

Heaving with ebb and flow, eternally
Along the rocky coast it pours its rout
Of waves, with constant roar, as of some stout,
Hoar monster, fierce with grief or savage glee.

Dark Afric hears, methought, that thunder sound,
And Indian rivers, lone Pacific isles.
Trembling do hear it; from unnumbered miles
Arising, as the brown earth wheels its round,
It with vast whisper grieves the pale moon's height.

With how great songs, O God, thou fillest the night.
AMERICAN LYRIC POETRY.

BY MISS E. S. B., '83.

THE lyric poem has as its subject the poet's own emotions. As such it is the noblest and purest utterance of a poetical soul. It is the outpouring of the deepest thought. It comes from the heart, and its aim is to reach the heart. Its chief characteristic is sweetness. The lyric poet, to be successful, must be true to life and his own feelings, with "the freedom to sing his own song to his own music."

To get a clear conception of lyric poetry, let us consider its masters and their characteristics. First, let us turn our attention to the representatives of the mother land. Shakespeare and Milton have produced some of the finest lyrics in poetical literature. In Spencer's songs is apparent a fine appreciation of the beautiful. The mention of the "Elegy" is a sufficient tribute to Gray. As the poets of nature we point to Wordsworth and Cowper, the one further distinguished by a meditative and philosophical vein, the other by simplicity. Coleridge fascinates by the music of his rhyme and his imagination. Collins and Keats hold a place among lyrical writers by their individuality. Scott exhibits tenderness and lappiness of thought. Mrs. Browning's lyrics are rich in thought and earnestness, but often lack that melody and felicity of expression which characterize those of Tennyson.

In turning to our own poets we find that those to whom our hearts respond with the deepest thrill are of the lyrical class. Bryant may be called the father of American poetry. He becomes the poet of the nation by picturing truthfully American scenery. His lyrics are characterized by a certain grandeur of thought which arouses the noble sentiments in our nature. The charm of his poems is in the dignity and beauty he breathes into common objects. He finds God in every flower, bird, and rill. Longfellow's power as a lyric poet lies in the exquisite finish he gives his poems. He is truly the poet of culture, appealing to the intellect more than to the heart. His lyrics, characterized by sweetness and elevation of thought and revealing a fruitful imagination, do not appeal to our sentiments. His power of picturing objects, delights, but fails to make the impression that Bryant's more simple pictures leave. Lowell stands in the same rank of culture as Longfellow, yet he does not possess that hidden power of expression which renders Longfellow's poems so attractive. A deep vein of spirituality, almost a mysticism predominates. The lyrics of Willis charm by their tenderness and delicacy of feeling. He treats his subjects with rare grace and energy. His human sympathy that so wins our hearts is not found in Poe, over whom the supernatural holds sway. Yet the latter exhibits a sweetness of expression and strength of thought that make his lyrics well known. The rich humor of Holmes does not surpass his perception of the beautiful. We are drawn to him by a certain vigor in his style, his thoughtfulness, and the depth of his sentiment. His poems display a careful finish like Longfellow's, but there is more play of the sentiments. It is sufficient to mention in addition Taylor, Read, Bret Harte, and the Cary sisters.

Now let us estimate the relative worth of American and English lyric poetry from the two representatives, Whittier and Milton. Milton is called the sublimest of men. He chooses subjects that awe us by their grandeur. Whittier chooses subjects that are grand from their simplicity. Milton appeals to the imagination, and we grow almost weary with admiring. Whittier is the poet of pure sentiments, and while we admire, a feeling of peacefulness steals over our hearts.

The religious element is one of the most striking characteristics in both. In Milton
it appears as philosophy; in Whittier, as faith. The same energy of expression exists in both. They share the same high moral purpose, strength of thought, and admiration of the beautiful. Whittier is the laureate of the people, Milton of the few.

Lyric poetry is found in the front rank of our literature. Our poets, by treating "home themes," by faithfully presenting our purest emotions and aspirations, and by the delicacy and finish of their thought, satisfy the longings of the nation and are enthroned in each individual heart. They occupy a position that poets of other countries may never aspire to fill. They "make the imagination and the sense of beauty ministering servants at the altar of the highest good and the highest truth."

THE FRUITLESS SEARCH.
BY S., '99.

How oft, fair Pleasure, in my youth,
I've gazed upon thy gaudy wing,
And lain enraptured in thy thrall
To hear thy siren maidens sing;
I've sought thee in the bower of love,
In roses' most congenial clime,
Where breathing perfume fills the air,
And music's gentle pulses chime.

I've sought thee in the halls of mirth,
Amid the mazes of the waltz,
Where midnight lamps o'er beauty shown,
Yet showing naught of human faults;
I've sought thee mid the city's roar,
On that deep, surging sea of strife,
Whose waves at great cathedrals break,
And foam with crimson crests of life.

I've chased thee through ambition's hall,
Where weary inmates never sleep,
But silently, with wasted form,
The scholar's lonely vigils keep.

But something in the breast of man
That pauses in the roaring mart,
And flies from Pleasure's guilty hall
With weary feet and aching heart,

Turns back to childhood's sinless hour,
When care to us was but a name,

And furrows deep on mother's brow
Were mysteries that went and came.
'Tis then on contemplation's wing
That years, and power, and manhood flee,
And with our hearts subdued and soft,
Leave us beside our mother's knee.

THE TENDENCY OF HERO WORSHIP.

FROM the very nature of man and existing circumstances he cannot escape being influenced by those with whom he is placed in contact. But from the diversity of these circumstances and of natural gifts it is evident that each person has his own work, his own career, and that to accomplish this in the best way and to make true success in life, energy, independence, and self-reliance are of prime importance, and that the life and opinions of one person cannot be blindly followed as a standard by others. Yet in all ages this truth has been disregarded. Men of high ability, taking advantage of favorable circumstances, have risen to such heights of fame that, looking down on the mass of mankind, they have exerted on them an influence that has reduced their minds to blind, unquestioning devotion. This is the hero worship of the past and the present.

Let us consider its effects. It is claimed that its influence is ennobling, since high standards are presented for imitation. But the force of this claim is weakened by the fact that the grandest models of human character are far from faultless, and that it is the universal tendency of human nature to imitate vices rather than virtues. On the other hand, there are results of a directly detrimental character. It tends to the destruction of the individual man, directly contradicting the universally admitted truth that the mind of man is his own. The worshiper, losing his identity, acts only in accordance with the will of his leader to such an extent as to be almost
morally irresponsible for his actions, right or wrong. On the one who wields such an influence, its effects, though seemingly advantageous, are morally most blighting. This great power of being able to influence others to a blind devotion has turned the head of nearly every one who has possessed it. Accounting themselves as gods, they regard their followers as but worms, and every latent spark of ambition is fanned into a glowing flame. Such an ambition is characterized by the most supreme selfishness, and blinding itself to every principle of right, eradicating every vestige of philanthropy, can look on unmoved and see thousands of its followers bleeding and dying, if thereby it can rise but one round in the ladder of fame. It makes of its possessor a despot, not less tyrannical, because ruling over willing subjects, than the most cruel tyrant of the East.

Hero worship is not compatible with calm and clear judgment. This is, from its very nature, impossible. As soon as the mind adopts for its standard and guide any hero it becomes unfitted to judge correctly of him. It can see only the excellencies of his character, disregarding those traits and actions that are unquestionably weak or wrong. The effect is liable to be worse since, in the false light so caused, failings and vices pass for strength and virtues. This, in turn, misleads the mind in judging of other matters. True, this devotion may give rise to a faith and confidence steadfast and capable of self-sacrifice almost sublime, but it is a faith born of weakness and not of strength.

Hero worship is not a product of the highest civilization. It had its origin in the ages of war and bloodshed, and though with the advance of civilization it has changed in form, it retains that spirit. As we look over the pages of history, and consider the cases of hero worship with which it abounds, we shall be struck with the barrenness of result to the good of mankind. We might almost say of any result; for, being contrary to nature, in many cases it recoils upon itself, defeating its own purpose. Alexander, Caesar, and Napoleon were three of the greatest heroes of history. During their lives the whole world was the scene of their exploits, but their vast empires crumbled into ruins. Compare the fate of their projects with that of those undertakings of which some great principle has been the guiding motive. Napoleon with the Puritans: the one had all the resources of an empire at command; the others, poor and persecuted, labored on amid incredible difficulties to sustain life. But the one, gratifying personal ambition, died an exile. The others, strong in the principle of religious freedom, laid the foundations of a nation. So with the leaders of the Revolution. Not men but principles they supported, and Great Britain yielded.

The time when heroes must be warriors has now passed away. As the world advances its ideals change, but the principles and effects remain the same. Hero worship has entered the church, and personal popularity and notoriety is the standard by which ministerial ability is measured. It has stalked into the political arena, and personal following and "magnetic" presence are the claims to support, presented by some prominent statesmen. It has invaded literature, and the question in regard to a new book is not "Is it useful?" but "Is it written by a popular author?" The result is easy to see. Spirituality cannot thus be promoted in the church. "Bossism" is triumphant in politics. A higher standard of literature is not promoted. The most trivial actions of those, who thus enjoy popular admiration, are heralded throughout the land. Seeing their fame and success, their admirers think that to aspire there they must follow their actions and may even
imitate their failings and vices. Some of the brightest geniuses have had the most pronounced failings. As Poe, the poet, with talents clouded by dissipation; Byron, with influence rendered poisonous by misanthropy; and many others. They are dead; their voices are hushed; but from them have gone forth teachings and influences, giving false views of life and unworthy standards of right, that have done more to degrade mankind than they ever did to elevate them,—influences that cannot be measured, as they must continue to the end of time.

It is a significant fact that no man who regarded himself as a hero, or was so considered in his own time, has been one of the truly great ones who have done the most to advance science, learning, and civilization. Those who were such, have been obliged to labor on in obscurity. Such have been the sources of great inventions, the origin of great discoveries, the birthplaces of grand moral and religious truths. By thus observing the effect of hero worship in the past, we may read the lesson conveyed to ourselves. Mankind are taught to beware of hero worship. It may hold out dazzling lights to the view, but, like the false signals displayed by wreckers on rock-bound coasts, they are calculated only to allure all who come within their view, on to destruction.

MASKS.

MASKS are as old as the world. The first man, Adam, when he heard the voice of the Lord in the garden of Eden saying unto him, "Where art thou?" and replied, "I heard thy voice and was afraid because I was naked," vainly sought to mask himself from the consequences of his disobedience by crying out, "The woman thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the fruit and I did eat." A mask so flimsy, an illusion so vain, that it availed him nothing, as the pains and tears, —bread gathered in sweat and toll from among thorns and thistles,—from Adam's day to ours have abundantly proved. Man donned the mask of hypocrisy and sin in Paradise, for numberless centuries he has worn it, and he wears it to-day in all its countless forms and characters.

We look on the floor of a modern "masquerade ball." We observe there not only the striking contrast between the gorgeous costume of ages ago, and the plainer dress of later days, but closer observation reveals to us inconsistencies of character and sentiment equally as marked. We behold the exterior of an ancient king, while behind the mask are the sentiments and opinions of a staunch republican. Every character which the masquerader assumes for the occasion may be wholly at variance with the principles and emotions which regulate his daily conduct. So upon the broad field of life is to be found the same masking of true character beneath a false exterior, the same difference between the outward semblance of the hypocrite and the inward promptings of his heart. The virtues and the piety which he ever pretends, the false positions which he occupies, are but the trappings and the mask which for a time conceals the utter worthlessness behind.

It has been said that "Selfishness is the religion of the hypocrite." That in his actions towards his fellow-men he will ever sacrifice all principles of honor and integrity for the agrandizement of self and the furtherance of selfish ends. The class of those who wear this mask of disinterestedness (disinterested apparently as far as self is concerned) embraces those who are so very philanthropic, whose benevolence is theoretically so large, yet like their generosity is practically so small. It includes those who would be "martyrs for conscience sake," yet when there is
occasion for their martyrdom "are weighed in the balances and found wanting." But by far the meeker part of those who wear this mask of "Disinterestedness," are they who are false to the claims of friendship. Their disregard of self, when prosperity favors, leads them to be the most magnanimous and whole souled of men, but when calamities threaten and adversity frowns upon you, the helping hand is withdrawn, the cheering words are unspoken, and the noble qualities, which have made them the firmest of "fair-weather friends," are hid beneath the utter sordidness of self.

Another masquerader is the pedant, the man of profound erudition, and with a ready faculty of showing his mask on all occasions. He is full of "wise saws", and expresses himself in words of tremendous calibre. On all subjects he is ready to instruct you, but his mask is flimsy and you soon discover the false pretender behind it.

There is the mask of beauty, worn by those masqueraders who, in their blind chase of fashion, forget the noble qualities of the soul, whose cultivation alone can fit them for a higher life. In their eagerness for outward show and attractiveness of persons and surroundings, they cover the deficiencies of virtue and intrinsic worth with the tinsel and glitter of fashionable life.

Such are some of the masqueraders to be found on every hand, and such are some of the many characters in which they present themselves. These characters, though apparently so real and sincere, are shown by Time—"Time the great leveler"—in all their falsity. From them we may learn many lessons, but the chiefest of them is this, that the most profound and inexorable law that underlies all efforts for success, is Truth, that how much so ever we may disguise it, or under whatever mask it may lie hidden, it is sure ultimately to vindicate itself. If, then, we fail to work out the individuality which is in us, and seek to hide natural deficiencies of character or intellect with hypocrisy, or by aping the virtues or manners of some one else, we have the certain assurance that our mask shall be stripped from us, if not here and now, hereafter.

"When the soul disenchanted of flesh and sense;
Unscreened by its trappings and shows and pretense,
Must be clothed for the life, and the service above,
With purity, truth, faith, meekness, and love."

But to gain this truthfulness in action toward our fellow-men we must begin at home with self. The principles which regulate our daily conduct must have their foundation in truth and honesty of purpose.

"This above all—to thine own self be true,
And it must follow as the day the night,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

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**LOCALS.**

**DREAMY.**

"Afar in yon blue ether
One star was shining brightly,
And hand in hand together
We gazed upon it nightly.

We gazed on it together,
Nor saw it e'er depart;
Nor I, nor she, the maiden,
The darling of my heart.

Her parent came up swiftly,
The clock was striking eight;
I saw two thousand planets—
He fired me on the gate."

Happy New Year! Late (?).

Jordan, of '83, has left us and joined '83 Bowdoin. Vale Jord.

We hope the Sophomores are enjoying (?) "General Geometry."

Be charitable, and if you can't be charitable be as charitable as you can.
Now is the lime to subscribe for the
STUDENT. N. B.—This is not a joke.
Prof. in German—"Mr. A., do you use
the old or new edition?" Mr. A.—"Yes,
sir."
The Juniors use a new text-book in Politici-
Economy this term, "Chapin's Way-
land" being substituted for "Perry's."
"Pull for the shore, Junior, pull for the shore.
Heed not the barking dog, bend to the oar.
Safe are the apples, dangers now are past.
Open wide the pillow-case, and treat while
they last."—Exc.
The following couplet applies well to
our Juniors:
"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, I've flunked again."
Keep up your courage (and wind)
brother Sophs.; the fish carts will be
round in the spring.
Tinkham, '83, is now teaching his second
term in the high school at Wakefield, N. H.,
and is very successful.
The Sophomores, as yet, have failed to
appreciate the superiority of the revised
edition of the by-laws over the old one.
There were two Seniors, eight Juniors,
one Sophomore, and fifteen Freshmen
at prayers the first morning of the term.
Wonder how the boys are prospering in
the book business! Brace up boys, and
come back with your pockets full of ten.
Evans, '84, is spending his vacation
 canvassing among the snow-capped hills
of New Hampshire. How do the nickels
turn out, George?
One of the Professors, while comment-
ing on the revised edition of the by-laws,
remarked, "I-hope-you-will-keep-the-
pamphlet-even-if-you-do-not-observe-
the-laws."
Contrary to the advice of Prof. Stanton,
Mr. H., of '83, the much-admired school
teacher of Wells, has become entangled in
the toils of a big girl from Cole's Corner,
who, in anticipation of closer relations with
a literary genius, has recently changed her
place of business from Waltham Watch
Factory to South Berwick Academy.
The word love in the Indian language is
said to be "Scheinlendamourteh-wager."
How nice it would sound whispered softly
in a lady's ear, "I acheinlendamourd-
wager you!"
The bee hive now presents a fine
appearance, and you would never recog-
nize it as the building that stood so long
near the Latin School. May the barn go
next! What do you say Preps?
It was in Chaucer: "Mr. R., you may
read, if you please." Mr. R. (beginning
with the passage, "I passe of al this
lusttheed")—"I pass." The Prof. im-
mmediately ordered it up, and the game
went on.
Conversation in reading room. First
Student—"I say, do you shave up or
down?" Second Student—"I shave down
of course." First Student—"That's what
I thought; it does look as much like down
as anything."
Frisbee, in walking through Parker
Hall, one day during vacation, on turning
a corner found himself face to face with a
monster rat. He says he put the rat to
flight, but as there were no witnesses, it
may be the reverse is true.
What has become of that secret society
that the Seniors started so bravely last
March? Did the cold March wind blow it
away in its infancy, or did the publication
of all its officers take away so much of its
secrecy that they concluded to give it up?
We believe a less number of students
have taught during the past winter than us-
usual. Quite a large number have canvassed
for a Springfield firm, and we understand
that most of them have succeeded quite
well, though the general verdict is that it
is very disagreeable work.
One of the boys in writing to Millett, who was away teaching, made frequent use of the German *Ich habe*. In reply, Millett says: "Ed., who in the —— is this *Ich habe* you talk so much about? I don't find his name in the catalogue."

One of the boys, who has been teaching a class in Virgil the past winter, wrote to a classmate to send him all the different editions of that author he could find, winding up with, "For God's sake send an Anthon, for I haven't got any horse."

Rural Freshman (exploring the depths (? of Lisbon Street, and about to enter the Boston Tea Store in search of a pair of slippers) to a brother Freshman who happens to be passing—"I say, Mr. E., I'll be gol-darned if I know much about this ere town; can you tell a feller where he can get a pair of slippers?"

Seven collegiates teach in Wells this winter. One is from Dartmouth, one from Colby, one from Bowdoin, and four are from Bates. We understand all are successful. Parlin, of '85, closed an eminently successful term the 6th of the month. Ham, of '83, closes his second term in the same district about the middle of the month.

As one of the students was going to recitation, a few days since, he was overtaken by a rough old farmer of his acquaintance, who hailed him, and asked if he was going to recite his lessons. "Yes," says the student. "Does your teacher *bat you any?" asked the farmer, "That is what I ask my young-ones." Imagine the feelings of that student.

We, too, are "pleased to see in the catalogue just issued, the names of Geo. S. Dickerman and Wm. H. Bowen, as lecturers in History and Natural Theology;" but we fail to understand its meaning, inasmuch as one of the lecturers was advertised for the fall term and has never made his appearance. If we are to have the name wouldn't it be well to give us the *game*?

It was a Western girl who was sitting under a tree, waiting for her lover, when a grizzly bear came along and, approaching from behind, began to hug her. But she thought it was Tom, so she just leaned back and enjoyed it heartily, and murmured "tighter," and it broke the bear all up, and he went and hid in the forest for three days to get over his shame.

Some of the boys think that reciting German is like the case of the Irishman who wrote from this country to his friends in Ireland to come over here. "For," said he, "I have a foine asy job; all I have to do is to lug bricks up six flights of stairs, and a man up top does all the work." They think all they have to do is to go to recitation and the professor does all the work.

Any one who happened to be at the upper Maine Central Depot on Thanksgiving afternoon, might have seen a dignified looking man, with a *young* lady on one arm and an umbrella under the other, waiting for the Portland train. It was our Mathematical Professor, who had just taken upon himself the matrimonial yoke, and was off on his bridal tour. — May their lives be long and happy.

We wish to call the attention of our readers to the advertisements found in our columns. They represent the oldest and most reliable firms in the city, and merit the patronage of the college. Upon the advertisements depends, to a great extent, the financial success of the *Student*; and '84 and '85 can do nothing better to insure their success, when they assume the editorial duties, than to patronize the present advertisers. '82 and '83 already appreciate the importance of giving their trade to those who ask for it in our columns, and we trust the rest of the students will patronize those whose assistance, as advertisers, will be so essential when they assume the management of the *Student*. 
A Sophomore, on returning at the beginning of the term, found that his roommate, who had not returned, had taken away that useful article known to students by various names, such as "Bohns," "Helps over Hard Places," "Youths' Companion," etc. He immediately sent him a postal, saying, "Send the cavalry at once. The enemy is upon us." It is needless to say the cavalry was sent.

In seeking advertisements, our business manager called one day at the store of one of our most prominent business men, and asked him to advertise. "No, sir; I never advertise. I don't believe in it," said the merchant. "Well," says F., "it always seemed to me that this not advertising is a good deal like winking at a girl in the dark. You know what you are doing yourself, but no one else does." Nevertheless, he failed to obtain the ad.

We do not know whose duty it is to furnish rulers, chalk, etc., for the different recitation rooms, but it must be the duty of some one, and we would suggest that a few rulers and a box of crayons would be very acceptable in Prof Stanley's room. That six-foot stick has done good service and would it not be well to give us a few more? only, as wood is high, we could get along with a little less material in them. An eraser would come in quite handy, too.

If there is a lonesomer place on this footstool than Parker Hall was about two weeks after the fall term closed, we should like to know where it is. One walking through the halls found himself in the condition of the "Ancient Mariner," "Alone, alone, all alone." He could easily imagine that he had found the original "Enchanted Palace," but for the fact that Parker Hall is not much of a palace. Not a student remained in the building during the vacation and the rats and mice reigned supreme.

A student who has been teaching the past winter wrote a classmate, soon after leaving Lewiston, that he thought he should like his boarding place, though it was rather a peculiar one, the landlady being a buxom lady of 200 lbs. Averduoise, and able to talk one to death in a short time. In addition there was a crazy woman in the family who thought it a sin to eat, and often drank a quart of water at a time to keep the devil from getting her. We should say it was peculiar.

One afternoon, a few days after the close of the fall term, a knot of students were standing upon the campus talking over the recent examinations, and laying plans for the coming vacation, when one of the professors passed them, and said: "Well, boys, I suppose you are glad you have got through your examinations?" "We are not so sure that we have got through them," answered one of the boys. The Prof. looked back, ran his eye over the group, and said, "Well, I guess everybody in that crowd is all right as far as I am concerned, at least."

During the last of the fall term, it was the pleasure of '83 to entertain some of their Bowdoin friends in Lewiston, for a few days. The boys came up Friday, on the evening train, and were there met by our boys en masse and escorted to the chapel, where seats were reserved for them, the occasion being the prize speaking by the Freshmen. After the speaking all repaired to Parker Hall where refreshments were served, under the direction of mine host, Manson, after which speechmaking, singing, etc., were indulged in till the "wee small hours" of the morning. The next day, by the kindness of the overseer of the Bates mill, all were shown through the mill and pointed out its workings from top to bottom. The trip was very enjoyable. Some of the Bowdoin friends returned Saturday, while others
remained till Sunday. That we may meet them again is our earnest desire.

Cannot something be done to improve the singing at the morning exercises in the chapel? The singing last term was about as bad as it could be, to say the least, and no one was better aware of it than the singers themselves. But they said they had no time to prepare and that we could not expect anything better of them. Now, it seems to us that a good choir could be chosen who would agree to spend a short time each day in preparing a piece for the next morning. There is surely talent enough in college, and we believe that a very little practice daily would have the effect of making the singing, at least, endurable. Try it.

We clip the following in regard to an advertisement appearing in our columns, from the Lutheran Sunday School Herald: "The Family Education.—No family of children ought to be brought up without having ready access to this grand volume. (Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.) It is a library in itself. It will answer thousands of questions to the wide awake child, not merely concerning the spelling and meaning of words, but also with reference to every branch of study with which the young mind must grapple at every stage in the course of securing an education. The book is an ever present and reliable schoolmaster to the whole family."

We hope that our readers will pardon the unusual delay in the appearance of the present issue of the Student. Several things have combined to cause it, any one of which would have been sufficient in itself, and when combined it truly seemed as though the fates were against us. The changes in our covers and manner of arrangement naturally caused some delay, especially as the paper and ink had to be sent for and were quite late in coming. Again, being new to the business, we, of course, were unaware of the exact amount of matter required to fill our columns, and so, almost at the last moment were amazed when met by the statement of the printer, that "your matter is about a page short, we must have more matter at once." Last, but by no means least, we were delayed by the lateness in the appearance of the last number issued by the old board, as we were thereby restricted in the number of exchanges. We hope our readers will pardon us, and we will endeavor to be more prompt in future.

PERSONALS.

[Will each alumnus send at once a brief account of their fields of labor, and the years during which they occupied them since they graduated from Bates? Persons possessing any information concerning the alumni, will greatly oblige us by forwarding the same to editor on correspondence. Let every alumnus be reported without delay.]

FACULTY.—Prof. J. Y. Stanton, of this college, has been lecturing on the subject of characteristics of birds in the town of Turner Maine. Prof. R. C. Stanley has been giving lectures on chemistry at the Medical College during vacation. Prof. F. C. Robertson, formerly of this college, is teaching elocution in Colby University, and also in the new Theological School in Boston, Mass.

72.—Rev. C. A. Bickford has lately taken a new degree. Pater familias. It is a son.

74.—F. P. Moulton is assistant principal and teacher of Greek and Latin at New Hampton Institution. The school was never more prosperous.

76.—Rev. T. H. Stacy, has accepted a call to the F. B. church at Lawrence, Mass.

77.—A. G. Potter is teaching at Harwich Port, Mass.
'77.—Rev. J. A. Chase recently delivered an able address before the New England Society of St. Joseph, Mo., at their celebration of "Forefathers' Day."

'77.—P. R. Clason is in Portland Medical School.

'78.—J. W. Hutchins has charge of the high school at Hyannis, Mass.

'78.—M. F. Daggett is teaching the high school at Chatham, Mass.

'80.—A. L. Woods is teaching at Harwich, Mass.

'80.—I. F. Frisbee is principal and teacher of Greek and Mathematics in Nichols Latin School.

'80.—F. L. Hayes is tutor of Greek in Hillsdale College, Michigan.

'80.—J. H. Heald is a student in Andover Theological Seminary.

'81.—O. H. Drake is teacher of ancient languages in Maine Central Institute.

'81.—F. H. Wilbur has returned from his western trip.

'81.—J. H. Parsons is principal of Maine Central Institute.

'81.—C. P. Sanborn is teaching at West Yarmouth, Mass.

'82.—C. E. Libby, formerly of this college, is connected with the South Boston Enquirer.

'82.—W. H. Dresser is teaching the high school at Lisbon.


'83.—E. J. Hatch has recently commenced a term of school in the grammar department at North Auburn.

'83.—O. L. Frisbee has given his vacation to the management of the Student.

'83.—Miss Bickford is canvassing in Augusta, Me.

'83.—Lord, Johnson, Hinds, and Wright, once in Bates, and now members of Colby, are all out of college teaching.

'84.—E. R. Chadwick is teaching a successful term in York.

'84.—Miss E. L. Knowles is proving her efficiency as an agent.

'84.—C. H. Little has a prosperous term of school in New London, N. H.

'85.—M. P. Tobey is teaching in York, with good satisfaction.

'85.—C. A. Washburn is spoken very highly of in the school where he is laboring.

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**EXCHANGES.**

Perhaps the spirit of progress has in no way more potently manifested itself than by the change it has wrought in the character of college journalism during the last half century. The average college paper no longer consists of a single sheet containing a few stale jokes and a piece of sentimental poetry, but most of them contain articles whose literary merit would entitle them to a place in the leading publications of the age. Although there are a few who still cling to the foolish theory that a college journal should treat of nothing but college affairs, that the alphabet of its literature should consist of foot-ball, boat races, class meetings, and faculty decisions, yet we believe their number is constantly decreasing. We see no good reason why a college journal should not be a literary, scientific, political, and religious magazine. Not that it should be sectarian or partisan, but that it should discuss the great problems that confront the age. There is a certain boldness and fearless freedom in the thought of college students that particularly fit them for the discussion of new and unsolved problems, social and religious, political and scientific. And we are glad to notice in most of our exchanges numerous articles of real merit on the living, vital issues of the hour.

The Brunonian has an editorial on the subject of Guiteau that deserves to be copied by all the leading journals of the
country. It tells us what the calm sentiments of the country will be ten years hence. It says: "A spirit of vengeance has taken possession of the people, and vents itself in the popular cry, 'Hang him,' 'shoot him,' 'down with the wretch.' The desire for vengeance may blind the eyes of men for the present; Guitcau may be hung, the low thirst for blood may be satisfied, yet the verdict of future generations will be that he was but a poor, pitiful wreck of humanity, after all."

Foremost among our exchanges in point of literary merit we place the *Southern Collegian* of Washington and Lee University. If we may judge of its general tenure by the article on "Othello," in its last issue, it certainly deserves to rank among the leading magazines of the country.

The *Tech.* is perhaps the finest in external appearance, and its beautiful dress is not altogether inconsistent with its general character. Its editorials are good, and its wit is high-toned and original.

The December number of the *Acadia Athenæum* is a memorial number, and contains several fine eulogies on the late president of the college.

There is a certain air about the *Ada Columbiana* that carries the conviction that there are brains behind it, and on this account we would censure it the more because it persists in feeding its readers chiefly on Mother Goose stories.

The *Kenyon Advance* in its general appearance is suggestive of one who "takes the lowest rooms at feast." It is more than it pretends. It is one of the most newsy of our exchanges.

The *College Transcript* shows a maturity of thought that is worthy of notice. The poem in its last issue, entitled "The Contest," written in the meter of Hiawatha, is a remarkable production.

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**Seniors at Dartmouth are preparing for a Daniel Webster celebration.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>COLLEGE WORLD (Selected)</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Williams is to have a new observatory.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Knox College has 321 students, and two papers.</td>
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<td>There are 150 college papers in the United States.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Nearly 200 colleges in the United States are in favor of co-education.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Of Harvard's valedictorians for the last fifty years, not one used tobacco.</td>
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<tr>
<td>A subscription of $21,000 has been raised to pension retiring Harvard professors.</td>
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<td>A poem of one hundred lines is required of each Senior at Trinity before Commencement.</td>
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<tr>
<td>The average expense for each member of the graduating class at Yale is $3825 for the whole course.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Rev. John Mockett Cramp, D.D., President of the University of Acadia College, died Dec. 6th, aged 86 years.</td>
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<tr>
<td>A class of ladies has been formed at Yale to receive instructions from Profs. Sumner, Williams, Brem, and others.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Victory University, of Manchester, England, has decided to grant academical degrees without demanding a knowledge of Latin and Greek.</td>
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<tr>
<td>At Wesleyan University, Ill., a student was expelled from a literary society because of his color. [At times, the world moves backward.—Ed.]</td>
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<tr>
<td>President Barnard, in his last annual report, recommends that the doors of Columbia College be opened to women. [The world moves.—Ed.]</td>
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<tr>
<td>Greek has been dropped from the list of required studies at Cambridge, England. [This report comes as a messenger of progress, and we hail it with delight. —Ed.]</td>
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Yale has 150,000 volumes in her library.

Swarthmore College, one of the finest educational institutions, in respect to buildings and equipments, in Pennsylvania, has lately been utterly destroyed by fire. The loss is estimated at $350,000.

The English Universities have given up the effort to pronounce Latin and Greek after the "Continental" method. [In behalf of Kikero and Caesar, we extend our thanks to England.—Ed.]

The University of South Carolina, at Columbia, before the war, held a very prominent position among our colleges, but died out during the "reconstruction" times. It has been revived, however, and will perhaps regain its former high rank.

Cornell University has recently disposed of the poorest part of her lands at about $16 per acre. The total sum realized by this fortunate transaction is fully half a million dollars. It is estimated that the land still unsold will net the university about $3,000,000.

The tuition fees of various colleges are as follows: Syracuse, $60; Cornell, $75; Bowdoin, $75; Rochester, $75; Brown, $85; Williams, $90; Dartmouth, $80; Amherst, $100; Yale, $150; Harvard, $150; Pennsylvania, $150 to $170; Ann Arbor, $20; Rutgers, $75; Kenyon, $75; Bates, $36.

"ODE TO NIGHT."

"The evening for her bath of dew
Is partially undressed,
The sun behind a bobtail flush
Is setting in the West.
The planets light the heavens with
The flush of their cigars,
The sky has put his night shirt on
And buttoned it with stars."—Ex.

Jan. 1, 1882, was a cold day for Mother Shipton.—Tech.

It is announced that a brass band has been discovered in the solar spectrum.—Tech.

Professor of Physics—"What is Boyle's Law?" Diligent Junior—"Never trump your partner's ace."—Ex.

It is a Vassar girl who keeps an autograph album exclusively for male signatures, and calls it her 'him book.'—Ex.

Professor in Psychology—"We will now show you a singular phenomenon; Mr. F., will you please recite?"—Berkeleyan.

A Freshman says that as soon as he gets out of college he is going to write a book entitled, "Four Years in the Saddle."—Ex.

Brilliant teacher to first year boy—"What is the use of cavities in bones?" Boy—"The hole is there to put the bone around."—N. H. S. Annual.

A homely girl with a small foot takes ten per cent. more comfort in this world than a pretty-faced girl who knows it is all day with her if she falls over a log.—Ex.

A Hindoo, in an essay on Oliver Cromwell, gave the original information: "Oliver Cromwell was a very stern man. He destroyed Charles I. by repeated beheadals. After this, he was never known to smile, but was frequently heard pensively to murmur: If I had only served my God as I have served my king, he would never have deserted me in my old age."
When spelling is "reformed," she'll write:
"I'm sailing on the oshun,
The se is hi, no sale in site,
It fills me with emoshun.
But one "spell" will not change its name,
For she'll be se-sic just the saim. —Annual.

Professor—"Mr. X., can you tell me why the days are longer in summer and shorter in winter?" Mr. X. (with alacrity)—"Yes, sir; it's because heat expands and cold contracts."—Tech.

Dr. Cuyler wants all young ladies to band together and say: "No lips shall touch my lips that have touched a bottle." Rather rough, this, on the fellows that were brought up by hand.—Ex.

Adolphus had just folded his arms about her. "Why," asked she, "am I like a well-made book?" He gave it up. "Because I am bound in calf!" The "binding" was hastily torn off.—University Press.

"Never leave what you undertake until you can reach your arms around it and clinch your hands on the other side," says a recently published book. Most excellent advice; but what if she screams?—University Press.

"Pray, Mr. Professor, what is periphrasis?" "Madame, it is simply a circumlocutory cycle of oratorical sonorosity, circumsplicing an atom of ideality lost in verbal profundity." "Thank you, sir."—Kenyon Advance.

This is the way a Vassar girl tells a joke: "Oh, girls, I heard just the best thing to-day. It was too funny. I can't remember how it came about, but one of the girls said to Prof. Mitchell—oh, dear, I can't remember what she said, but Prof. Mitchell's answer was just too funny for any use: I forgot just exactly what he said, but it was too good for anything."—University Press.

Mother, may I go out to skate?
Yes, my darling Julia,
But don't you try the figure 8,
For it will surely fool you.
Just as you make the lightning whirl
To show your springy muscle,
The boys will see a foolish girl
Sleigh-riding on her bustle.—New York Graphic.

The following calculation was recently found, supposed to be made by some Sophomores undecided as to whether they should vote to give the Freshmen a reception:

If we give them a banquet, 4 suppers (self, girl, and 2 Freshmen), $4.00
Hack hire, etc., 2.00
Four poor lessons next day at 3 cts., 12
Scoffings of Juniors at $1.00, 28.00
Total, $34.12

If we rush:
One new shirt, $1.00
One new pair pants, 8.00
Doctors' bills, medicines, etc., 18.00
One smashed nose, valued at 40 cts., 40
Three Irishmen (to help swear) 10 cts., 30
Consolation, about 1,000.00
Sixteen poor recitations (next week) at 3 cts., 48
Scoffings of Juniors, at $10.00, 280.00
Total, $1,308.18—Ex.
The Bates Student,

A Monthly Magazine, published by the class of '83, Bates College.

TERMS—$1 a year, invariably in advance.
Single Copies, 10 cents.

The STudent will be furnished to all subscribers until an explicit order is received for its discontinuance, and until all arrearages are paid, as required by law.

Rates of advertising, 75 cents per inch for first and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

Missing numbers will be sent to any subscriber on application to the manager.

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

CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

TERMS OF ADMISSION.

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

LATIN: In six books of Virgil's Aeneid; six orations of Cicero; the Catiline of Sallust; twenty exercises of Arnold's Latin Prose Composition, and in Harkness' Latin Grammar.

GREEK: In three books of Xenophon's Anabasis; two books of Homer's Iliad, and in Hadley's Greek Grammar.

MATHEMATICS: In Loomis' or Greenleaf's Arithmetic, in the first twelve chapters of Loomis' Algebra, and in two books of Geometry.

ENGLISH: In Mitchell's Ancient Geography, and in Worcester's Ancient History.

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

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

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

COURSE OF STUDY.

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

EXPENSES.

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

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

THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

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

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

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

Tuition, room rent, and use of libraries free.

COMMENCEMENT, Thursday, June 29, 1882.
NICHOLS LATIN SCHOOL.

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

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

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