The Bates Student - volume 1 number 06 - June 1873

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THE

BATES STUDENT.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

Published by the Class of '74.

EDITED BY FREDERICK B. STANFORD AND HENRY W. CHANDLER.

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LEWISTON:
Nelson Dingley, Jr., & Co., College Printers.
1873.
MY CHUM AND I;
Or, A Winter in the Pettifer Neighborhood.

VII.

Do the dead ever mourn for the living? Can they whom we love with all our souls, be happy in another world when our hearts are full of misery here? Nay, though the very heavens shine on them with all the dazzling splendors of our God's abode; though angel voices fill the air with sweetest chorus; though life and death, and things past, and things to come, have ceased to be a part of them, yet do I believe the voices of their loved ones sorrowing, will pierce through heaven itself and cause them to grieve. Yes, I believe the spirit of little Ebb came back to that lonely old house by the sea, and watched with Flo weeping, and the poor old captain, sitting so silently in his accustomed place. The week after the burial was a long, dreary time; and at nights the wind sounded lonesomer, and the waves seemed louder than ever. I found myself waking from sleep more than once during those nights, with the idea running through my head that I had just heard the hard gravel falling upon the coffin — that little coffin over which the cold earth was freezing.

But, as has been intimated, our school was drawing to a close. The day came at last, and although Chum and I had been waiting for it, we felt sad upon its coming. The captain and Philothety regretted so much to have us leave them, and we had got to feel quite at home in the Neighborhood. Our pupils, too, when the school house door had been locked for good, began of a sudden to believe they liked us exceedingly; and, flocking around us, they uttered regrets that the term was done, for they were sure no other teachers had ever instructed them quite so well, and they hoped we would come again. So did our days in the Pettifer Neighborhood end, and, packing our trunks, we turned our faces toward the College.

Of course I am aware the above sentence abridges things considerably, and yet I expect the thought of the reader not to follow the words of the writer blindly, but with an independent, creative power, making detours
now to the right, now to the left, catching up the strands that have been dropped and weaving them into the woof, to imagine and believe that our last evening in the Neighborhood was passed at the light-house in the pleasantest way possible, while the thought was constantly occurring that a few hours would put us leagues apart. Yes, and you must let a pretty vision of Mary come up before you. Mary as she stood upon the pier, waving her handkerchief until the boat that was bearing us away was out of sight. John Myrtle was there also. And it was the last time we ever saw the captain.

We had known these people only a short time, yet we were strangely and deeply moved at bidding them farewell. We would come again, we said. We would come again; but, ah, me! every one knows what that coming again is!

At the College there were the same old faces to greet us we had been familiar with so long. Dalton, Wintercast, Pious, and the others. And each had a great deal to relate that had taken place during our absence, so that we were kept out of bed until midnight, listening to them. It was pleasant for Chum and myself to be with them again; it was pleasant to roll up the curtains of our room on the following morning, to look out on the campus from which the snow was departing, to hear the tones of the chapel organ, and the students singing the old hymns, at morning prayers, yet our thoughts went back to the Neighborhood, and we fell to wondering what each and all were busied about.

If I were writing a drama I should say here, while holding the pen suspended and thinking of how little occurred between the time of our return and the time of graduation, that you are to suppose three months to intervene between the scenes, and that the one we have to deal with now opens on a bright, June morning—Commencement Day. I say bright, because it was so in more respects than a cloudless, sunny sky, and a warm, congenial atmosphere. It was the beginning of a new life, to us of the graduating class, and we hailed this natal day with all the wild fancies and romantic follies peculiar to young men eager to battle with the world. At an early hour everything and everybody were astir; there was music in the air, flags were flying, students hurrying to and fro, merry songs and merry laughter breaking forth from the old rooms. Then came the forming of the procession, and the marshals making themselves conspicuous everywhere, commanding loiterers to fall in, respectfully notifying grave professors and other dignitaries that all was ready, and finally a heavy tramp, tramp, a lively air from the band, and the class was on its way to the church, escorted by the under-classmen, and a long line of carriages filled with, as we really believed, representatives of every profession in this wide world.

A large crowd was awaiting our arrival and an admittance into the audience room. In short, it was the same scene we had witnessed a number of times before, the same sort of Commencement that occurs at every college in the land, and what every college
man remembers well. A sea of young and pretty faces in the galleries, the air fragrant with fresh-cut flowers, the fluttering fans and rustling ribbons, all were there, and nothing was lacking to cause on the part of the orators a rush of blood to the head and a palpitating of the heart.

Chum's oration was the closing one, the valedictory; and when the hours had dragged on, and people had got quite wearied listening to the others of us, discoursing about "Dead Centuries," "The Ancient and Modern," "Athens and Rome," and all that sort of thing, he stepped forward in the midst of a confusion of whispering and crackling programmes. But Richard Guild was handsome, graceful, confident,—every one saw that, and in a moment there was dead silence. As he opened his lips to begin, I noticed one quick, rapid glance he cast over the audience, and that his eyes rested for the smallest part of a second in one particular direction. Who was that couple that had caught his attention? You never could guess. It was John Myrtle, the light-keeper, and Mary, his daughter. Chum had kept their presence a secret from me, and when I saw them I could scarcely believe my imagination was not deceiving my eyesight.

John Myrtle, dressed in a black suit, looked odd; and Mary had changed a little, but, if anything, for the better. They were watching the hero of the day very closely. Every tone of his deep, rich voice, every gesture, every well-turned period was duly appreciated by the keeper of the Point Light. And when Chum had finished, and a shower of bouquets, greeted his farewell bow, I could see that John Myrtle was as deeply moved, and that his face betrayed as much emotion as it did on that well-remembered night of the wreck. And Mary?—did she not feel proud of him, too? Ah, yes! the color came and went in quick succession; her beautiful face never looked lovelier than at that moment when Chum came down the aisle and led her forth from the church.

I joined them as soon as the crowd dispersed and allowed me. What our greetings were can be imagined. Mr. Myrtle said it made him feel young again to be with Chum and myself, that all in the Neighborhood had missed us much.

"This is the pleasantest time I have enjoyed for many years, Mr. Jasper," said he, as we walked on behind Chum and Mary. "It has brought back to my mind pleasant memories of what until to-day has been a dead past."

"You speak of your own graduation?"

"Yes, yes,—a long time ago. But there were laurels won then, easy laurels; and it was a merry time."

Well, we four sauntered away by ourselves after partaking of refreshments at Commencement Dinner. The toasts, and flowery speeches from overfed orators, had no interest to any of us. We wanted to talk about ourselves and our friends in the Pettifer Neighborhood. So we went up the side of a mountain, a short distance from the college buildings, and sought out a quiet nook under the shade of two noble trees.

It was there that night found us, sit-
My Chum and I.

ting together. Mary's little hand was in Chum's strong one,— and her's was his and his was her's. He was reading aloud a letter from the captain which Mary had brought. The writing was bad, and many of the words were poorly spelled, but the old man's heart was in it; and little Flo had sent her love, with a sprig of holly from Ebb's grave; and Philothet had added a postscript.

Slowly the twilight waned, and darkness came. The echoes of the college bell, ringing out the old and ringing in the new, came up the valley. The long-expected day had come and gone.

My hand trembles, my head falls on my arm, and shadows dance before my eyes, as I write that to our peaceful, pleasant, hopeful college days, to the life between my chum and me, this was — The End.

Although the morning is breaking, reader, and the fire, which burnt so brilliantly at the time you sat down to read the manuscript, has dwindled to coals, I must, nevertheless, add a word or two more in the shape of

A Leaf from My Diary Ten Years After.

December 20th.—I met my old classmate, Richard Guild, to-day, for the first time since our graduation. He and his wife were on their way to Washington, where he has a seat in Congress. They both have changed a great deal since I knew them intimately, and it is quite probable I should not have recognized either one, if I had not noticed their name on a travelling bag. While the train was whirling along we got into conversation. Guild has met with good success in life, though I suspect from his thin, careworn face and deep-set eyes, he has encountered some pretty sharp fights and a few disappointments. He seemed a little reserved in his manner, but this, perhaps, has come about from being constantly in contact with shrewd, crafty men. His wife, who is really quite a queen and worthy to rule the heart of any great man, was more open and frank, speaking of the Pettifer Neighborhood (a place where her husband and myself taught a winter school together) with considerable sadness. Most of those she had known when living there were dead now. Captain Pettifer and his sister had been dead some time, she said. Flo, their adopted daughter, was quite a lovely woman. Her husband was master of a ship. I asked Mrs. Guild where her father, John Myrtle, was living at present, for I remembered him quite well. The tears came into her eyes directly, and I saw I had made a blunder. Yes, he was dead, also.
A Birthday Memory.

JUST twenty years! Am I so near
The proud and high estate of man?
So far in years, in place, in heart,
From where my infant life began?
Just twenty years! let me recall
The sweetest picture in them all.

—A country farm-house, all alone;
A grove that moves and sinks to rest;
A rugged mountain, forest-grown,
That rises proudly in the west,
And makes a twilight, long and gray,
Beyond the lingering summer's day.

Already has the sinking sun
Bedecked the mountain's brow with light;
Already have the shadows crept
Among the oak trees on the right;
While still the eastern fields betray
The lingering presence of the day.

From a large rock, beneath a tree
Whose branches chide the evening breeze,
Two children watched the clouds that sail
Through endless depths of azure seas;
Or listen to the soothing chime
Of the rich streams at milking-time.

One is a gentle, fair-haired girl,
Whose tender cheek is softly pressed
Against her brother's, while he seeks
A quiet moment's quiet rest;
And so they listen to the chime
Of the rich streams at milking-time.

The mother, watching at the door,
Looks fondly forth with tear-dimmed eyes;
A Birthday Memory.

Full heart and quivering lips implore
A benediction from the skies;
She heedeth not the soothing chime
Of the rich streams at milking-time.

She hears instead that other chime
Of childish voices clear and sweet,
That join, like brooklets in their flow,
In blended harmony complete;
The while they close the waning day
With "Prairie Flower" and "Nellie Gray."

At length the evening work is done;
The father draws the old arm-chair
And reads the Holy Word, and pours
His anxious spirit forth in prayer;
And God, from his abode, lets fall
A benediction over all.

How sweet a picture! and, alas!
Like all things else, how soon to fade?
Long years ago, the father's form
Within Death's pitiless arms was laid;
And we are scattered o'er life's seas
Like leaves before an autumn breeze.

And I have lived to twenty years!
Yet should you ask me to recall
Life's countless scenes, and to describe
The sweetest picture of them all,
My tongue should speak, without a fear,
The words my pen has written here.

A country farm-house, all alone;
A grove that moves and sinks to rest;
A rugged mountain, forest-grown,
That rises proudly in the west;
Two children listening to the chime
Of the rich streams at milking-time.
During the Middle Ages there was an utter lack of sympathy between the scholars and the people. It is difficult to conceive of two classes of men inhabiting the same earth, even of the same race and country, having so little in common and so much in antagonism. On the one hand the scholastics were the most daring of all speculators, diving into the most intricate and insolvable problems ever presented to the human mind. They spent day after day and year after year in the study of mental science and of physical science, endeavoring to gain a knowledge of the essence of mind and matter with an enthusiasm that we cannot look upon without admiration. Their isolation was almost complete. Their homes were within convent walls, or in the natural caverns of the earth. The fanatical scholar, seeking to realize in thought some of his fondest abstractions, betook himself to mountain haunts and there dug for himself a secluded cell wherein to revel in his mystic dreams. The student of the elements found for himself a hermitage within the walls of the laboratory; and many are the legends which tradition has preserved concerning the dying alchemists and the vain seekers of the philosopher's stone.

On the other hand, the people were the most timid of speculators, having sworn their faith and allegiance to human authority. They were surrounded by dark barbarities and bound by gloomy superstitions. Whatever interest they once possessed in higher thoughts than the supplying of bodily wants, gradually disappeared before the assumptions of Romanism. How could there be sympathy between these extremes in society?

But soon the flood of abstract speculation has reached its height and must begin to recede. At last the scholars begin, now and then, to catch a glimpse of the folly of seeking the nature of things, and discover that qualities are the only knowable elements. The whole of the tendencies of the time is changed. Astrology and alchemy are giving place to astronomy and chemistry. Lord Bacon becomes a recognized leader in this movement by establishing the inductive philosophy on a firm basis. In the meantime Martin Luther has become a champion in the cause of the freedom of the individual conscience, and eventually of political freedom; for religious liberty is the inevitable precursor of political freedom. But what effect has this general movement on the relation subsisting between the man of culture and the man of the world. It rudely knocks down the scholar a peg in his self-esteem, by showing him that through the most common affairs alone can he gain the highest of wisdom; and it raises the people by giving them a taste of freedom and individual rights. Now that "deeper movement for equalization has commenced" which is to be the leading question for a number of centuries.

Pass over three hundred years and
to our own country. A cry comes up from the people, a cry that will be heard. This time it is no demand for bull-fights, as in Spain; nor for martyrs, as of the Christians in the first centuries of our era. Indeed, they would no longer permit the scenes of the Colosseum to be re-enacted. They are ignorant, but they are full of discontent. They desire they hardly know what. It is a blind groping after the spirit of culture—culture that has been considered the inviolable prerogative of the learned. It is an innermost desire to be somebody, and their idea of somebody is embodied in men and women of culture. They may say wealth, but wealth stands to them for culture, at least, as an indispensable element in gaining it. What the people demand, that they must have. This is democratic doctrine, and is borne out by facts, as well as being established on a foundation of everlasting truth. The people want education; and thousands of school houses are scattered throughout the country, hundreds of colleges spring up, universities on an immense scale are founded. Thousands and tens of thousands of men and women of education and refinement devote their lives to the beneficent cause of teaching. All this is done by wealth and culture for the people, but the people are not satisfied. They must have further means of improving the mind and enjoying the high pleasures of refinement. Their school days are soon over, and not one in a thousand sees the inside of a college. Besides, the spirit of progress must be manifested in ways attractive and comprehensible. Consequently, journalism becomes a profession. Thousands and millions of newspapers and magazines are distributed daily, weekly, monthly. Many note with amazement this new power; how, almost miraculously, it has arisen, and what a wide-spread influence it wields; yet the prophet is not who dares to foretell its future. All this is not sufficient; and the wonderful phenomenon of cheap literature makes its appearance. Dime novels are among the first demands of the reading public. Then works of fiction of a more worthy character become popular—novels in which some theory of morals is advocated; some system of interpreting religious thought propagated; some new phase of science advanced; in short, any branch of knowledge whatever, from the raising of potatoes to the analysis of thought, finds here a popular method of obtaining readers. Soon the highest type of the novel is in demand, one that confines itself to the true domain of fiction, and leaves the fields of politics, morals, science, and religion to their respective followers. Tyndall and Huxley and Yeoman lead the van of the army of scientists whose aim is to popularize science. The late John Stuart Mill worked in behalf of the people by delving in abstractions, not the mystical chimeras of the schoolmen, but abstractions which should bear fruit in a practicable system of political economy. Herbert Spencer, one of the deepest of living thinkers, is putting some of his best thought on questions of sociology which directly aim at the amelioration of society. Ward Beecher has, perhaps more than any
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other man in his day, popularized theology. Mr. Astor founded a library, Mr. Peabody and Mr. Stewart have built blocks of comfortable tenements for working men. But the examples are innumerable where the cultured and the wealthy have planned and executed works of benevolence. And yet the people are not satisfied. They say: “You may build school houses and furnish teachers; you may munificently endow colleges and universities and gather around them the learned of all lands; you may publish numberless books and papers; you may establish public libraries where all may avail themselves of these books and papers; you may give money untold, and work your brain sixteen hours a day for us—these are all very good and we are much obliged to you; but there is something more we want, we want you. If you have had opportunities for refinement and culture, you ought to give us some of the benefits of that refinement and culture by mingling with us, by personal contact. That is the only true way. What care we for your darling schemes for the regeneration of the world? What if you earnestly desire to write books for our edification? It is only by being with us that you can write what we need to read.”

This indicates the end towards which all reforms are tending, however radical and blindfolded the leaders may be. We have spoken of both wealth and culture, since in some of the phases of this question they are inseparable, and in every true benefactor they are more or less united. We now return to the scholar. We have endeavored to sketch some of the salient points in the gradual process of reconciliation and unification which has been going on between the scholar and the people till the time seems to have come for the breaking down of the last barrier that separates them, and uniting them in the sublime condition of brotherhood. This seems to be the spirit of the age; and the first duty of the scholar is to put himself in sympathy with it, for thus only can he work to advantage.

At this season of the year, when hundreds are leaving the quiet of the study and the lecture-room for the busy arena of the world, it is especially fitting that the all-imperative question, How shall scholars entering active life use what culture they have gained to most advantage to themselves and those around them? should again be reviewed and answered; for, to active life most are destined, and even the chosen units, who are to be the thinkers of their race, can no longer isolate themselves from their kind, but must direct their energies to beneficent ends.

What will bring the scholar and the people into the most desirable relations? We have already indicated the first answer: the scholar should be in sympathy with the spirit of the age. The next is, that he should be in sympathy with the individuals among whom his lot in life is cast. Once it was thought that there was difference between man and man. Now our eyes are opened to see that certain inalienable qualities are common to all; that when one class desires to benefit another it must recognize these bonds of union; that when one suffers, by the
exquisite harmony and interdependence of the instrument, all suffer; that sympathy is not a myth, nor confined to individuals of the same caste.

Brook Farm was a peculiar exponent of the growing feeling that the need of sympathy between the scholar and the people was imperative, and could only be gained by the scholars being placed in like circumstances with the people—by working with their own hands. As far as the practicability of the scheme is considered it was a failure; but the tendency that animated its founders was in the right direction, as the graduates of Brook Farm testify by their lives and works. There is George Ripley, who is generally conceded to be the best book reviewer in the country. Parke Godwin stands in the foremost file of American editors. Emerson, who is recognized the world over as one among the most original minds that America has produced, and who more than any other has popularized the deeper thoughts of philosophers, was one of the originators of this enterprise. In short, connected with it are found the names of Margaret Fuller, Charles A. Dana, Theodore Parker, Nathaniel Hawthorne and George William Curtis. One thing is peculiarly characteristic of these former occupants of Brook Farm, they are Americans and assert the dignity of Americans, and do not cringe before European standards or European critics.

Hawthorne wrote the following words, in a private letter, while engaged in the custom house at Salem: "It is good for me, on many accounts, that my life has had this passage in it. I know much more than I did a year ago. I have a stronger sense of power to act as a man among men. I have gained worldly wisdom, and wisdom also that is not altogether of this world. And when I quit this earthly cavern where I am now buried, nothing will cling to me that ought to be left behind. Men will not perceive, I trust, by my look, or the tenor of my thoughts and feelings, that I have been a custom-house officer." Through these sentences, penned not for the public gaze, we may discern the relation subsisting between the man of culture and the man of the world. We see the one confessing the advantages of being placed in like circumstances with the other. We also find revealed the fact that he shrank from having the thoughts and feelings of the people cling to him in after life, when walking again in the paths of literature; that is to say, the people have not sympathy with the life and thoughts of the scholar. They must come half way if they would be benefited. The scholar can no longer be a true scholar unless he is one with the people; and the people can no longer be worthy of the name of men and women unless they avail themselves of the privileges given to them for culture and refinement by the scholar.

Looking over the country, noting the principal topics of interest, observing with watchful care the tendencies of the times, as manifested in the labor movement, including its latest phase—the uprising of the Western farmers; the woman's-rights question, including
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co-education; the awakening of sober thought and discussion concerning the cause and cure of crime; finally, the pest of our “politics,” one must come to the conclusion that there never was a time when the scholar should use his scholarship for the people as at present. Not wholly in the isolation of the study, but also in the broad field of action. The time has come when he must supplement thought with action, and above all, be a philanthropist. One leaven leavens the whole lump. Who can estimate the beneficent influence of one true scholar in a community?

In the last number of the Student was the following fact: “The graduates of American colleges number thirty-six thousand.” Do we wonder that culture is permeating the backwoods of the frontiers? That the spirit of progress is working all through the land? But this fact has another and deeper significance: how much could these thirty-six thousand accomplish by individual work in and for the community in which they live?

choosing a profession.

WHAT shall I choose for a profession, the law, the ministry, medicine, or journalism? This is a question which all students ask themselves and must answer sometime in their lives. It is a question of no ordinary importance, for it is one the answer to which will shape one’s course in life and greatly affect his influence in the world.

For what is the full meaning of such a question? Does it mean in what profession can I make the most money? No. Does it mean in what profession have the great men of my own and other countries distinguished themselves? No. What, then, is its true import? It means in what am I best adapted by study and peculiar disposition to succeed best, to do the most good? If one rightly answers this question he avoids that evil omen, a stumble over the threshold of active life.

Most people entertain wrong ideas of the difficulty of finding the correct answer to such a question, and seem to overlook the great responsibility resting upon those who attempt its solution. How often is the school boy who is fitting himself for college, asked, “What are you going to make after you get through college? I suppose you will be a minister like your father, won’t you?” Or, “You are to be a doctor like Mr. So-and-so, perhaps?” Such thoughtless, meaningless questions are more than foolish, they are positively injurious. For they set before the young wrong ideas of the dignity of the professions, the advantages of a college education, the true object of life. Many are the young men, who, through the influences perhaps of their best friends, have rushed precipitately, or rather been violently pushed, into professions
Choosing a Profession.

uncongenial to their tastes and ill adapted to their education. Yes, ill adapted to their education. For no two students, although pursuing the same studies in the same class, acquire the same amount or kind of knowledge, or receive the same discipline of intellect. They look at truths in different lights. Their minds, though influenced by the same truths, are drawn out in different directions. Some take in knowledge, as too many do food, and obtain merely a superabundance of intellectual fat; others, by a variety and judicious amount of food, acquire a symmetrical, muscular, mental frame which becomes not only a blessing to themselves, but a benefit to mankind. Therefore we flatly deny the conclusion arrived at, alas! by too many, that after students have finished their college course one is just as much adapted as another by education to enter upon any profession he may elect. From the signification of the much-abused word education, and from the nature of the human mind such a conclusion seems superlatively absurd.

Doubtless, it is owing to the influence of friends that many a youth enters college with his mind bent on pursuing a certain profession for which he is as much fitted as a cat for taking enjoyment in the water. But, say some, ought not a student to decide before entering college what he intends to make his life-work, and then study in college with a view to this? As a general thing he should not thus decide. Seldom, very seldom he should make the decision at that time. Honest, sensible advice may help him in coming to a right decision, but he himself must weigh all things, and with the calm, discerning eye of judgment, note the direction in which the scale turns. For a decision upon which so much depends, few young men, at the time of entering college, possess the necessary depth of thought and soundness of judgment. Besides one's whole current of thought is changed during his college course. Advanced as he is up the hill of science, his range of thought is widened. He has loftier conceptions, nobler ideals. For certainly he has gained little from his college course of whom this cannot be said. Moreover, if a student enters college intending to study with a view to his profession already decided upon, he is wont, as many can testify, to neglect what he believes does not bear directly upon this. Thus his interest in his studies is lessened, his range of reading narrowed, and he fails to acquire that broad culture which he might otherwise have obtained. Thus we see that while some precocious individuals possess, at the time of entering college, the keen-sightedness and judgment requisite for a right decision, most students would do well to choose their profession toward the end of their college course.

The failures of college graduates, the disgraces they have brought upon themselves and their professions, should warn all to choose deliberately and wisely. Too frequently have men sneered at higher education because of the hasty, foolish choice of a profession.

The responsibility resting upon those who enter the professions after a college course, cannot be too often
considered. The world expects more of them than from men who have not had the advantages of a higher education, and justly, too. Such men are looked upon as leaders, as standard-bearers in that constantly increasing army which is leading forward the nations to that promised land of ideal civilization. How careful, therefore, should all be that they fit themselves to fill positions where they can help and not hinder the onward march of that army. An eloquent plea should not persuade one that he should choose the law as his profession. Neither should the truths heard from the pulpit influence him to enter the ministry. He may love to listen to an eloquent plea, but it does not follow that he possesses those natural abilities which he must possess to some degree, to make him a successful lawyer. He may enjoy the presentation of the sublime truths of the Bible, but it does not follow that he has that consistent piety, that deep philanthropy which are requisite to make a true messenger of God. Eloquent pleading does not comprehend the law. There is something more in the ministry than sacred rhetoric. He, therefore, who suffers himself to be thus influenced does not regard the warnings of his better judgment, and forgets his responsibility to himself and his fellows. The success of such a one is very precarious.

Let all, then, discover in themselves the necessary qualities, and weigh carefully their chances for success—that is, for doing good—before they elect their profession. Let all remember that the successful life of every one who makes a right decision is a cogent reply to the question too often asked with the best reasons, What does your college education amount to in our practical age? In short, let all elect that profession where they can, in the language of one of our profoundest thinkers, "labor for that larger and larger comprehension of truth, that more and more thorough repudiation of error, which shall make the history of mankind a series of ascending developments."

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**ROGER WAITE'S MISSION.**

SOME men can never develop into a perfect and healthy growth, unless well supplied with the sunshine of encouragement and praise; others seem to thrive best under storms and tempests of hostility and condemnation; and still others grow up by themselves, little influenced by the warmth of the sunshine or the fierceness of the tempest.

This last class embraced Roger Waite. His father, boasting a direct descent from the old Puritan stock, was a Puritan in heart and life. His mother was a frail flower transplanted from the sunny South. Roger combined in a wonderful manner the gentle delicacy of the one with the stern sturdiness of the other. Open as he was to every appeal to his sym-
pathetic nature, he was yet perfect master of his impulses. Ever fearful of wounding the feelings of others, he could freely smother his own present desires in view of future good. He made everything subservient to settled principles of action. He cared not what philosophy ruled other men; with himself he practiced a most rigid stoicism. It was even whispered that he took such a grim pleasure in self-denial as robbed it of its virtue.

Perhaps these rumors were exaggerations, but they had at least a show of truth; for he was known to have left the girl he loved, to go forth, as he said, and fulfill his mission. He had a great work to accomplish, and he could not be embarrassed by childish sentiment. Perhaps, if he had been wiser, he would have known that the love of a pure and innocent heart would be his greatest help, but he thought otherwise. Indeed, when some one suggested the thought to his mind, he answered that it might do very well for others, but his mission was far too lofty to admit of such a thing.

It was during his Junior year in college that Roger Waite first imbibed the idea of his great mission; and it was then that the sweet Nellie Pike was left to mourn the falseness of her lover. In college, Roger mingled freely with others of his own age and standing, and he soon learned how far he towered above them in thought and purpose. There, too, he read the deeds of Homer's heroes, and Virgil, Milton and Shakspeare were his frequent entertainers. And while he pondered on their words, he said: "I, too, have noble thoughts; why shall I not, like these, express them to the world?"

This thought became, at length, his ruling purpose, and a part and parcel of his life and being. Then it was that he began to seclude himself from the companionship of his fellows and to commune with Nature and his own thoughts.

His was a lofty ambition. He disdained the lyric poets, and sat down with the great masters of the Epic and Drama. In his intercourse with Nature, too, he demanded of her, not beauty, but majesty and grandeur. Her gentler moods were beheld with a strange indifference. The songs of the birds or the murmur of rippling brooklets did not reach his heart. But in the presence of a mighty roaring torrent, a majestic forest, or a grand aspiring mountain, he was awe-struck and subdued.

It was as if his spirit were a harp, all the strings of which were loosened; so that a soft touch could bring forth no sound, while the stroke of a firm, heavy hand called out a full perfection of harmony. Or, to vary the figure, some of the strings were wanting; so that when the minor keys were struck in Nature, there was no chord in his spirit which could vibrate in unison.

However this may be, it is certain that Roger Waite courted Nature in her wilder moods. Where some mountain stream plunged down recklessly into a deep abyss, as if, like the suicide, to hasten its fate by one desperate leap into eternity; where some rugged cliff proudly exhibited to the curious eye the scars of a thousand battles with the storms; or where, standing on
some mountain summit, with an eye
unobstructed by the intervention of
earthly objects, he could gaze far off
into the blue depths of sky; there we
found him, wrapt in silent meditation.
But Roger's favorite retreat was a long,
rectangular opening in the midst of a
large forest. Sometimes, as he sat
there, he saw re-enacted the scenes
around the Trojan city, while the trees,
in his fancy, assumed the attributes of
heroes. Just in the edge of the open-
ing grew a graceful and stately elm,
and this, in Roger's nomenclature, was
Achilles. And, as the wind tossed
the branches to and fro, Roger fancied
that the haughty hero was hurling de-

vention at the Trojans drawn up oppo-
site, or making gestures of impatience
towards the dilatory Greeks behind
him. Laocoön was represented by a
deformed oak, which seemed to have
been crushed out of shape by two huge,
serpent-like vines which embraced it.
Thus each character in the old legend-
ary history found a representative in
some son of the forest.

Not always, however, did Roger
exert his fancy in this way. More fre-

But in the meantime, rumor had
been at work, and the fair fame of
Roger was wounded by gossiping
tongues. Some of the more practical
declared that his life was ebbing away
in a foolish dream. Credulous per-
sons averred that Roger's mission was
to reveal the hidden mystery of Cre-
ation, while an old woman, with a long-
drawn sigh and a grave shake of the
head, remarked that he must have a
care, for Nature would not be trifled
with. By far the largest number, how-
ever, came to look upon Roger as a
harmless monomaniac.

But if Roger was mad there was a
wonderful "method in his madness."
Slowly and patiently he was educating
himself for the accomplishment of his
mission. Every day he felt that he
was passing out beyond the boundaries
of ordinary thought, alone and unsup-
ported. Some day, when the long-
sought inspiration should come within
his grasp, he would fix its wild fancies
and crystallize them into wondrous
gems of poetic expression.

At length, one night, after a day
spent among the mountains, Roger
entered his room with a noiseless step,
and a strange eagerness in his eye, as
if he feared that the mystic spell which
bound his soul would be shattered by
a sound. As he seated himself at his
table, the moon smiled upon him with
a smile of sadness, which betokened
pity and augured disappointment. Yet
it seemed as if the summit of his hopes
was almost reached. That vague
thought which had been flitting before
him, which he had dimly seen through
the forest leaves, or in the clear depths
of the sky, promised to reveal itself to
his anxious vision. The song which
had been ringing through his spirit's
corridors was trembling upon his lips;
and, as the thoughts crowded each
other in their eagerness for expression,
he wrote rapidly and long, till ex-
hausted Nature claimed her due and
he slept.

When he awoke, the early sun was
pouring in upon his last night's work.
Was it that which made the pages seem so blank and unmeaningless? There were the words just as he had penned them; but the thought, the divine thought, the expression of which was to accomplish his mission in the world, was lost, lost, lost, in a mazy labyrinth of mystic words. Some who saw the manuscript, declared that though the words were derived from English roots, they were far different from the English of the present day. Who knows, then, that Roger Waite did not employ the unknown language of the Future.

How many men in the ages past, standing on the summits of learning and culture and sweeping the horizon with their gaze, have caught a glimpse of some eternal truth, and have attempted to express it to the world before they themselves knew its nature! The next generation, aided by the explorations of these pioneers, laughs at their folly and forms new conclusions, which are again scoffed at by the generation succeeding.

Let us hope that some day — in the dim future, it may be — a more charitable successor shall present himself to complete the fulfilment of Roger Waite's Mission.
SELF-KNOWLEDGE is most desirable. Man needs to know himself, woman needs to know herself, and it is pretty important that they should have some correct knowledge of each other. In the history of the race, man's ignorance of himself has been apparent enough, but his ignorance of woman has been even more manifest; and while the former ignorance may have induced an over-estimation of its object, the latter certainly has not. It has been woman's unfortunate lot to be regarded, in man's sight and so — _triste dictu_ — in her own, an inferior creature, a servant, a toy, a being sufficiently endowed with sensibilities, but decidedly lacking in intellect; a being, therefore, formed to love much, but to think little.

And so it has come to pass that woman, through ignorance of her true nature and mission, has been generally denied the advantages of learning and culture. The sentiment of the Chinese proverb which declares it a virtue in women to be ignorant has prevailed through the centuries. To go no further back than the last century, Chesterfield's gallantry toward women is no better known than his contempt for their minds; and he was the representative gentleman of his day.

But old things are passing away, and with the coming of a new era woman shall grow in self-knowledge, in culture, and in the estimation of man.

"While man possesses heart and eyes, Woman's bright empire never dies."

Yes, and a future Moore shall sing the charms which woman shall possess for the intellect of man. The world will soon hear his voice, for the day of his birth cannot be far distant.

But although this is an age of progress, it is yet far from perfection, and mistakes are as easily made now as in the past. In their zeal to do justice to woman, reformers may injure her when they mean to do good. And what is more natural than that enthusiastic women, claiming the long withheld rights of their sex, should make mistakes? Moderation and discretion are shining virtues.

Following the declaration of woman's right to, and need of, a liberal education, comes the question as to how and where she shall obtain this education. It has been asked, Shall the doors of our colleges, heretofore open only to male students, now admit females? and to some extent the reply has been an affirmative one. We regard with the greatest respect the opinions of those who ought to know far better than we the structure of the female mind and what kind of a culture is most needed by woman, but the wisest men will sometimes err.
To the above question we give a negative reply, and for at least two reasons. In the first place, we do not believe that the training given to young men in our colleges is just the kind needed by young women. There is truth in President Eliot's recent statement that "the male and female mind are not alike. Sex penetrates the mind and the affections, and penetrates deeply and powerfully." It does not necessarily follow from this statement that the female mind possesses faculties that the male mind does not, nor that the female mind is naturally inferior to the mind of man.

Newton was a mathematician, and Milton was a poet; who can say which was the superior mind? Even so regarding the sexes; the superior faculties of the male mind may be the inferior faculties of the female mind, and yet we need not, on the whole, rank one above or below the other. Now if, as it seems to us, there is a difference between the male and female mind, it seems plain—and all the more so when we consider the peculiar cares and duties which naturally belong to woman—that woman needs a training and culture peculiarly adapted to her. Just what that culture and training may be, it is not our purpose to show here; it must, however, differ more or less from the training and culture which is most suitable for man.

Of course, in what we are saying we must be understood as referring to women as a class, a sex; there may be individuals to whom our remarks cannot well apply. There may be women having the brains, the hearts, ambition and strength of men, women whom we look upon almost as we do men. Their exclusion from college, if urged at all, must be urged on other grounds than are here presented. Most young women, we think, cannot find within our college walls to-day the discipline and culture which they most need. Some may covet and even receive this training which was never designed for them, but there is hardly one who will not have to pay too dearly for it.

Our second reason for a negative reply to the question before us is to be found in the fact that the influences, of many kinds, which affect a young woman who enters one of our colleges for young men, are not always the most pleasant and beneficial. We have neither the time nor the desire to describe these adverse influences, but they exist and are patent to every informed and observant mind; and more than this, they cannot be prevented; they exist in rerum natura. A young woman may become a member of one of our colleges, and may be treated with uniform consideration and respect; but the probability is that, in her, detriment will be done to that delicacy and sensitiveness of nature which, above all merely intellectual culture, must always constitute the chief charm and glory of a perfect womanhood.

We do not desire ignorance in women—far from it; we must have intelligent mothers, sisters and wives; but, at the same time, we would not have them receive a discipline which is neither designed for nor adapted to them, and which demands a sacrifice of something far more precious than the good to be obtained.
Editors' Portfolio.

"Woman is not undeveloped man, But diverse."

These words express an eternal truth which should be borne in mind by those who are seeking the welfare and happiness of the gentler sex. One of the great works to be accomplished is the establishment of more colleges for young women, all over the land, possessing carefully prepared courses of study and good teachers.

—G. A. T. N.—The Great American Travelling Nuisance, alias Daniel Pratt, recently visited Bates. It was decided fitting to offer him Gymnasium Hall in which to discourse to our students on the important and comprehensive subject, The President of Four Kingdoms. Accordingly an orchestra was organized, such, as we venture to say, has never been eclipsed by any band of college musicians. Escorted by this orchestra, and attended by a large number of students, Daniel rode from the DeWitt House to the gymnasium amid the acclamations of an enthusiastic populace. It was, as Daniel said, "a grand ovation." Never did a Roman more highly enjoy his triumphal entry into the city of the seven hills.

We are sorry that we are unable to give our readers an abridgment of Daniel's speech, but fear that they would hardly be able to digest it, if we inserted it.

This migratory specimen of humanity is a queer compound, and should be taken in doses few and far between. He left Bates for Bowdoin, where we sincerely hope they will be as highly edified and delighted as we were with his display of erudition and eloquence.

—Another collegiate year is ended. Our tenth annual Commencement is near at hand. A few more days and the first decade of Bates will have become a part of history.

Commencement exercises this year promise to be more than usually interesting. The Seniors have engaged for their class concert the services of Gilmore's Band, with Arbuckle and Miss Adelaide Phillips, and from the well-known reputation of these artists we predict a rich musical treat. Thomas Wentworth Higginson is to deliver the Address before the United Literary Societies. Certainly all enjoy hearing one who has obtained such increasing celebrity as one of the best writers and most profound thinkers in America. The concert and address will be at the new City Hall. Class Day exercises will undoubtedly do credit to '73. The Juniors, it will be remembered, are to appear with original declamations, to compete for two prizes of fifty and twenty-five dollars respectively.

We publish elsewhere a complete programme of Commencement exercises.

—With this number our Chief sunders his connection with the Student, and it has devolved upon us to fill his responsible position. Mr. Stanford, having been offered a position on the Lewiston Daily Journal, upon the most liberal terms, felt compelled to accept. We are happy to say that Mr. Stanford intends to graduate with '74, whose best wishes he carries with him to his new field of labor. While we deeply feel the loss we sustain in his departure from our editorial sanc-
Editors' Portfolio.

We take this opportunity to inform our subscribers and exchanges that the Student will not be published during the summer vacation. So expect us not again until the "mild September." Letters, etc., should be directed to the College as usual.

EXCHANGES.


Other Papers.—American Newspaper Reporter, Once a Week, American Journalist, The Star-Spangled Banner, Weekly Gazette.

Literary communications should be addressed to the Editors. All subscriptions and advertisements to Thomas Spooner, Jr., Manager.
**ODDS AND ENDS.**

If you have not already done so, buy your tickets for Commencement Concert immediately.

Our manager recently had a fit. Richards & Merrill gave it to him. See advertisement elsewhere.

No class has ever made more manly endeavors to find some evidences of Christianity, and with such poor success, than has '74 during the past term.

The embodiment of innocence,—that Junior who exhibited such righteous indignation, when the Prof. hinted that he was attempting to recite without having looked at his lesson.

**BEST BOOK FOR EVERYBODY.**—The new illustrated edition of Webster’s dictionary, containing three thousand engravings, is the **best book for everybody** that the press has produced in the present century, and should be regarded as indispensable to the well-regulated home, reading-room, library and place of business.—*Golden Era*.

A Freshman the other day, reciting Horace in the society of a “pony” leaf and a guilty conscience, was asked by the Tutor, with reference to the text, if he had “pones.” As his cheeks quickly assumed the shade of Weale’s classics, the Tutor apologized for asking him before the class, adding that he was unaware that he was so sensitive.—*Orient*.

Prof.—“What is the most delicate all the senses?” Student—“The sense of touch, sir.” Prof.—“Can you give me an example?” Student—“My chum can feel his moustache, but no one can see it.”—*Yale Courant*.

Doctor Silliman used to give out rather long hymns. One morning, after having read eight verses in his peculiar way, without stops, he ended with, “‘And sing to all eternity,’ omitting the last two stanzas.”—*Record*.

Anciently the learned few owned libraries. The following, a Laconian’s definition of a book-case, was recently discovered by an investigating student: “A book-case is a combination of shelves sufficiently copious to contain the meagre library which an indigent student should possess.”

A Senior is consoling himself for his exertions in history by the reflection: “How hard those fellows will have to work who study history three hundred years from now,” and has considerately determined not to do anything that will add to the historical material already accumulating.—*Brunonian*.
BLESSINGS on that gymnasium pump.

Are our base-ball men satisfied with what they have done this term?

Extensive repairs are being made in Parker Hall. The vacant room adjoining the Reading Room is undergoing repairs, and will be occupied the coming year by G. F. Adams and B. H. Young of '76.

The addresses recently delivered before their respective societies, by the retiring Presidents, E. R. Angell of the EuroSophian, and J. H. Baker of the Polymnian Society, were highly praised and regarded as very superior.


Efforts are being made to revive the Phillips Missionary Association here, which, though properly organized, has done little or nothing toward accomplishing the design for which it was organized. Here is an opportunity for all our students to become members. We hope to see the Association in good working order next term.

BATES COMMENCEMENT.

EXAMINATIONS.
Friday, 2 P.M., June 20, Junior Class.
Saturday, 8 A.M., June 21, Sophomore Class.
Saturday, 2 P.M., June 21, Freshman Class.
Monday, 9 A.M., June 23, Theological School.
Rev. G. W. Howe, A.M.
Rev. C. S. Perkins, A.M. (Examining Com.
Rev. J. A. Lowell, A.M.)

BACCALAUREATE EXERCISES.
Sunday, 2 1-2 P.M., June 22, at Main St. Free Baptist Church.
Sermom before the Theological School, Sunday, 7 1-2 P.M., June 22, at Main St. Free Baptist Church, by Rev. George H. Ball, D.D., Editor Baptist Union, New York City.
Junior Prize Declamation. Parts original. Monday, 7 3-4 P.M., June 23, at Main St. Free Baptist Church.
Rev. A. H. Heath,
Rev. C. S. Perkins, (Com. of Award.
Rev. S. G. Woodrow,
Annual meeting of the President and Trustees, Tuesday, 8 A.M., June 24.

CONCERT.
By Gilmore's Band, assisted by Miss Adelaide Phillips, Tuesday evening, at the City Hall.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.
Wednesday, June 25, at Main St. Free Baptist Church.
Address before the united Literary Societies, Wednesday evening, at the City Hall.
Orator, Col. T. W. Higginson.

ALUMNI EXERCISES.
Thursday, 10 A.M., June 25, at Main St. Free Baptist Church.
Orator, Rev. G. S. Ricker.
Poet, George W. Flint.

CLASS EXERCISES.
Thursday evening, June 25, at Main St. Free Baptist Church.
ALUMNI NOTES.

'66.—Born June 17, 1873, to the wife of George S. Ricker, a daughter.

'S7.—Married in Winslow, Me., June 2d, by Rev. C. F. Penney, Rev. H. F. Wood of West Waterville, Me., and Miss Mary E. Taylor of Winslow.

'68.—H. W. Littlefield is now residing in Wells, Me. He has greatly improved in health since he graduated,

'72.—Born June 10, 1873, to the wife of Geo. E. Gay, a daughter.

[Space will be given every month to the record of one alumnus in the form of the following. Graduates will greatly oblige by forwarding the necessary material—Ed.]

CLASS OF 1867.

THE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

Course of Study.

The most distinguished and efficient Theological Schools of our country agree, with remarkable unanimity, in respect to the general course of study for their students. The adaptation of this course to the preparation of young men for the ministry is very seldom denied. Experience on the one hand, confirms the judgment of the ablest ministers of every denomination on the other, concerning the wisdom of retaining the present system of theological studies.

The agreement with which the course of study is outlined by different schools is no less marked in respect to the time necessary for the healthful prosecution of this course. Three years are prescribed as the least time in which the branches designated can be profitably pursued. Indeed, the tendency now is, in some of the oldest institutions, to increase rather than to abridge this period, a tendency that has found expression in a plea for the "fourth year of study in the course of Theological Seminaries," published in the Bibliotheca Sacra, April, 1870, but shown, above all, in the actual adoption, in some instances, of the extended course.

It is obvious that the demands of Christian congregations on the ministry were never more exacting; that, while there has been some abatement, on the part of ears trained to acute doctrinal distinctions, there has also been an increase of demands in other and more difficult directions, so that to be an efficient minister of Jesus Christ demands, in modern times, the fullest development of the powers of the soul. To meet a tithe of what is expected of him, the modern pastor should have his mental faculties trained to do their best service, and have all the knowledge that he can acquire. Who that considers the multiplicity of schools of advanced grade, patronized by the laity of the church; that considers the diffusive circulation of educational literature, by which every home is invited to familiarity with the best writers, and with every subject of knowledge; that considers the pressure to special culture or general information, which is now urging on the young; that considers the learned pretensions of almost every form of modern scepticism, which the minister must squarely meet and fairly answer, can fail to recognize the need and value of thorough preparation for this sacred calling? The confessions of ministers breasting waves of assault on Christianity, and meeting the varied calls of the church, were never louder of conscious deficiency of mental resources; nor has the retributive dissatisfaction of those ministers with themselves who, by needless shortening of
their studies, hasten unwisely into their chosen field, ever been more painfully felt than now. All disposition to be quickly through with theological studies is, by the spirit of the age, to the good of which the ministry of Jesus is consecrated, most seriously rebuked. An impassioned, intelligent survey of the condition of the people among whom ministers are to labor, or of the needs of the disciples devoting themselves to the christianizing of the people, cannot be taken without leading us to depurate unseemly eagerness to finish or cut short studies preparatory to this holy work.

Hence the Faculty of the Theological School, holding these views, consider that it belongs to them, to their students, to the churches and the cause of Christ, to establish and maintain a full three years' course of study in both the English and the Classical Departments of the institution under their charge.

Hitherto, college graduates have been able, by a little unscholarly crowding, to complete the prescribed course, because it contained studies usually pursued in college, in two years, while other students have required another year for graduation. Hereafter there will be two departments in the school, as in former years, and none of the branches usually contained in the college curriculum will be found in the course that includes the Greek and Hebrew Testament. Such studies will be confined to the English Course.

While making these remarks we desire it to be understood that the Seminary is open in the future, as it has been in the past, to students who may not wish to regularly pursue the studies of either course. It is sincerely desired that many persons, without regard to graduation, will come from the ministry to the school for such a period as their circumstances will permit. To them the classes of the institution will always be open. Such students are advised by the Faculty in respect to their studies, but are allowed to elect for themselves.

Two courses of study of three years each are outlined in the following page. Many young men who have had no classical training, and others who have, but are indisposed to study the original text of the Scriptures, desire to take a full course of theological instruction in English branches. The two departments of the school, therefore, are divided by the studies of the first year, after which they are, except in the fortnightly exercise in the ancient languages, united to the end. In Theology, History, Homiletics, Pastoral duties, there is but one class.

By insisting on conditions of admission to the English Course as high as they have hitherto been, students in this department will have acquired habits of study, and be well prepared, after the first year, to prosecute their studies in connection with those of the Regular Course.

These terms will continue to be satisfactory evidence, on examination by the Faculty, or by certificates from instructors, of familiarity with Arithmetic, Algebra, Geography, Grammar, History of the United States, Physiology, Chemistry, Astronomy, Geology.

Candidates for admission to the Regular Course, who are not graduates
from college, must give satisfactory evidence to the Faculty, of familiarity with the studies usually required for entering a New England college, together with Physiology, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Astronomy and Geology.

Students deficient in any of the studies required are allowed, when it can be done without interference with the regular work of the school, to make up such studies by attendance on the lectures in the College, or by private instruction.

All students completing either full course of study receive a diploma of graduation on leaving the school.

**ENGLISH COURSE.**

**First Year** — Moral Philosophy; Mental Philosophy; Butler’s Analogy; Exegetical and Historical Study of the Scriptures; General Exercises in Homiletics and Pulpit Elocution.

**Second Year** — Systematic Theology; Essays and Discussions by the Class; Lectures on Biblical Interpretation and Criticism; Fortnightly Exercise in the Hebrew Testament, and in the Greek and English Testament; General Exercise in Pulpit Elocution.

**Middle Year** — Systematic Theology; Essays and Discussions by the Class; Pastoral Theology; Homiletics; Plans and Sermons; Fortnightly Exercise in the Hebrew Testament, and in the Greek and English Testament; General Exercise in Pulpit Elocution; Themes for Graduation.

**Regular Course.**

**First Year** — Hebrew Testament; Greek Testament; Exegetical and Historical Study of the Scriptures; General Exercises in Homiletics and Pulpit Elocution.

**Second Year** — Systematic Theology; Essays and Discussions by the Class; Lectures on Biblical Interpretation and Criticism; Fortnightly Exercise in the Hebrew Testament, and in the Greek and English Testament; General Exercise in Pulpit Elocution; Themes for Graduation.
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PUBLISHED BY THE CLASS OF ’74,
BATES COLLEGE.

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

Single copies will be sent to any address on receipt of ten
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The postage on the Magazine will be twelve cents a year,
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Candidates for admission to the Freshman Class are examined as follows:—
LATIN: In nine books of Virgil’s Ecology; 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 admission 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 Wednesday 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 may receive assistance every year of the course—it is hoped $100 a year.

Theological School.

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

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

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

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