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THE BATES STUDENT.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,
Published by the Class of '74.

EDITED BY HENRY W. CHANDLER AND FRANK P. MOULTON.

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DEAR SIR:

The renewal of your subscription to "THE BATES STUDENT," which will be published during the year 1874, by the class of '75, under the editorship of Arthur S. Whitehouse and Frank H. Smith, is respectfully solicited.

THE STUDENT contains all college news, and articles on subjects of educational and literary interest.

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All subscriptions and business letters should be addressed to "The Manager,"

J. HERBERT HUTCHINS,

Bates College, Lewiston, Maine.
CHAPTER IV.

As the "deep, deep pause that reigns at highest noon o'er hills and plains," had come when Reynolds returned from his visit to Maple Corner. He found Arnold seated at the table, engaged in writing.

"Oh-h-h-h!" dolorously drawled Dick, throwing his hat on the floor, himself on the low lounge, and wiping the perspiration from his forehead.

"What's the matter?" asked Arnold without looking up.

"Nothing; only the thermometer is ninety-eight in the shade, and my blood is fairly hissing in my veins. If I hadn't reached this domicile just when I did, so much steam would have been generated in this carnal locomotive that I should have been hurried over the hills and far, far away, or been blown into ten thousand vulgar fractions. Just consider, my friend, what a horrible fate I have escaped.

Arnold made no reply. The question was repeated. Then he said, "Excuse me; I'd rather not converse about him at present."

Dick's face immediately lost its resemblance to an interrogation point, and he changed the subject. "Ah, Will," he said, "I must tell you what I saw this morning.

"Of all the glad words of bill or quill, The gladdest are these, I'm kicking still."

I say, Will, what did you get out of Phisto this morning?"

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lands, and had conversed with them. Both were charmed with the grace and refinement of the mother, the beauty and coyness of the daughter, and the manly frankness of the son. Miss Mabel Harlow at once established herself in very familiar and even sisterly relations toward Miss Moreland. Her attitude was the usual one of a strong nature when brought by chance into friendly relations with a weaker. But Reynolds, and Arnold also, noticed that many of her attentions and speeches were received by her fair companion with shrinking, and even aversion, which, however, was not apparent to all observers, and not even to Mabel herself. Thereafter the two were much together, though it was evident to the watchful eye of Reynolds that Miss Moreland took far less pleasure in the intimacy than did her brilliant and eccentric associate. What a contrast they presented! Both strikingly beautiful, and yet how diverse! As different as the starred heavens of midnight from the azure skies of noonday. The one a dark enigma, the other simple and transparent as a child; the one proud, reserved and independent, the other "mild as any saint," tender and confiding; the one a fluent and even eloquent talker; the other "not speaking much, pleased rather with the joy of her own thoughts."

The days went by. All were happy in their pleasant retreat on the shores of Homestead Lake. We cannot delay to describe the frequent excursions by land and water, and the many pleasant occurrences. The most homelike and agreeable unrestraint prevailed among the boarders. As time went on, these chance acquaintances learned more and more of each other, came to know one another's deeper and less obvious traits and characteristics, and in not a few instances acquaintance ripened into friendship, sincere and abiding.

Dick Reynolds, it must be confessed, formed an attachment too deep and thrilling to be known by friendship's name. The youth was fast learning to live "with no other thought than to love and be loved by" her. Everybody saw it, but nobody was surprised. May Moreland was beloved by all. And Reynolds, too, had made himself a general favorite by his bright looks and pleasing ways. There were no two persons in all the company at the Homestead whom one could more easily associate in the mind, than these. We have spoken of the youth; how was it with the maiden? Reader, we will not presume to say; this only—the two were often together, strolling by the water's edge, or reading from the same book, and although no words had passed between them, save those of friendship, Dick was as happy as the day was long, and at night, in his dreams, he walked in a new Eden.

Arnold, also, made some progress in his acquaintance with Mabel Harlow. They walked together, sung and read together, and held long and sometimes spirited discussions. He was as much fascinated as ever by her brilliance, intelligence and strength of mind, and as much perplexed as ever by the "quick light and shade" of her moods, and the mystery that attended her. Sometimes she would be laughing gaily, when suddenly, as though
some painful and terrible recollection swept across her mind, her brow would grow gloomy as night, her eyes strange-ly bright, and her features rigid and pale. To look at her then, Arnold sometimes thought, was like looking into the crater of a smoldering volcano. At other times, suddenly and without explanation or excuse, she would break away from his presence, and he would see no more of her for hours. One night as he was standing on the piazza, which had long been deserted by all save himself, for it was the “noon of night,” he caught sight of a figure approaching the house from the direction of the woods. Nearer the figure came, and by the dim starlight—the moon had not yet risen—he saw that it was a woman. As she ascended the steps, and, without speaking, though he afterward thought she must have seen him, swept hurriedly by into the dimly-lighted hall, he saw her pale face and burning eyes. It was Mabel Harlow.

One other and a much more remarkable occurrence took place, which we must briefly relate. It became known that Miss Harlow was a practiced elocutionist, and had been accustomed to give dramatic readings at parlor gatherings. She, therefore, was urgently pressed to give a reading one evening for the entertainment of the company at the Homestead. At first she refused, but subsequently consented.

The appointed evening came. The capacious and brilliantly-lighted parlor contained an expectant audience, numbering about sixty persons. As they waited, suddenly many were surprised into exclamations of admiration, and a storm of applause greeted the appearance of a vision of such dazzling beauty that even Reynolds paid homage with staring eyes and bated breath. Those who saw Mabel Harlow that night, with her rich dress, her glowing face, her burning eyes, and heard the passionate tones of her voice, saw and heard what was not soon to be forgotten. And then the readings—how strangely selected! There was no joy-ousness, no comedy; all was pathos and tragedy—a pathos that left not an eye unwet, a tragedy that startled and thrilled to the very bones. She began with “The Bridge of Sighs.” She read from Poe, she read from Byron, and from Shakspeare’s darker tragedies. At length she began the recital of an anonymous piece—the soliloquy of one who had known a great woe, whose heart was broken and whose mind deranged. It began with a low and plaintive utterance, that went straight to the heart. Anon it deepened into a wild and woeful threnody, and the magic of the speaker’s voice, combined with the slight swaying of her body, her clasped hands and pallid face, held the little audience breathless, spell-bound.

This was something more than mere declamation; it was the outbursting of floods long pent up. Deeper and stronger flowed the tide of passionate eloquence until, with blazing eyes and hands clenched high in air, she cried in piercing tones, “I am mad—mad—MAD!” and fell senseless on the floor.

The reaction was terrible. In an instant all was confusion.

“My God!” cried Mr. Harlow, as he lifted the still form from the floor,
"I ought not to have permitted this." Followed by her alarmed friends, he bore her to her room. A physician—one of the boarders—was in immediate attendance.

Arnold and Reynolds were together in their own apartment. Neither had recovered from the effects of the exciting scene in the parlor. Arnold's face was quite pale; Reynolds was nervous and restless.

"Good heavens! Will, what do you make of that strange woman? I declare to you my belief that she is mad; there was something more than acting there; her whole wild soul went out in that last startling cry!"

Will was silent. He had sunk into a chair by the table, and was leaning his head on his hands, a common position with him.

"Speak, Will!" cried Dick, "Did you expect any such outburst as we have this night witnessed?"

"No," replied Arnold quietly and slowly. "And yet, I don't know that I am surprised. I have ceased to be surprised at what she says or does. Dick, if she is insane, I tell you that so is that Bronson—or Phisto, as you call him. He perplexed me, the day I met him on the beach-path and talked with him, as much as Miss Harlow has, and—I will tell you now, though I wouldn't that noon—he struck me as being, in his ways if not in his looks, very remarkably like Miss Harlow herself."

"What do you know of him?" asked Dick.

"Nothing, save what I saw and learned then. Our conversation was brief, general, and exceedingly disconnected. He seemed desirous of escaping me, and I left him soon."

"Did you try to find out by him anything about Miss Harlow?"

"I spoke of her, and he manifested some surprise and, I thought, irritation, and he denied that he knew any such person."

"Ah! did he?" exclaimed Dick. "He must have a remarkably bad memory; he appeared to know her when I saw him. Well, we can't expect to find much veracity in a villain."

Some further conversation the two held that night. They came to no satisfactory conclusions, however, but retired at length, feeling that they must await the developments of days to come.

Miss Harlow was confined to her room for several days, after which she came forth again among the boarders, appearing the same as before the night of the reading. She never alluded to the occurrences of that night, and no one else, not even Arnold, ventured to speak of them when she was present.

CHAPTER V.

It was a cloudless morning, bright and breezy. The opportunity for a sail across the sparkling waters was too inviting to be passed by unimproved. Accordingly, an hour after breakfast, a merry party was embarked on board the little pleasure yacht at the end of the quay, and amid the blended sounds of song and laughter, they glided smoothly off toward the billowy bosom of the lake.

The excursionists were twelve in number. There was Arnold, "calm
and contemplative"; Reynolds, overflowing with buoyant spirits; Mr. Har- low, and the queenly Mabel in her live-liest mood; sweet May Moreland and her manly brother; two other smiling damsels, with attendant cavaliers; an elderly gentleman, by the name of Winslow, who had lost none of the love of fun and the activity of his rollicking youth; and the old boatman, who was known among the boarders by the sobriquet of Jason, inasmuch as his yacht was called the Argo. The morning, as we have said, was a splendid one, and all were prepared and determined to enjoy to the utmost the smiling occasion. They had taken their dinners with them, for they intended to spend the hour of noon amid the pine groves on the northern shore of the lake, and to return to the Homestead as the day declined.

A MEMORY.

He went to the hillside at sunset
   To watch the dying day,
And dream of the past and the beauty
   Forever far away.
A joy unexpressed and unending
   Was then again revealed,
While thither sweet fragrance was wafted
   Across the flowery field.

The daisies were dim in the shadow
   Slow stealing o'er the lea,
The indolent stream through the gloaming
   Still sought the distant sea;
And soon in the deepening heavens,
   The azure fields above,
The beautiful stars, through fleecy bars,
   Looked down with eyes of love.

Then tenderest thoughts of a night-time,
   A rare and moonlit hour,
Came thronging the brain and recalling
   Young love's enthralling power,
Its bondage of pleasantest fetters,
   The smile and tones of one
Whose presence alone was delightful
Below the circling sun.
DISADVANTAGES OF CULTURE.

IT is not the purpose of the present article either to support or confute the proposition that culture is disadvantageous, but simply to indicate a few disadvantages which seem to be peculiar to the representatives of culture — to point out wherein it has failed to fulfill its promises in the average cultured individual.

Notwithstanding all our gymnasi-ums, with their paraphernalia, all our base-ball clubs and boat clubs, it still remains true that the cultured, as a class, are weak; lack something of that plus health, that affirmative power, that vital force, which carries a man through beast-fights, and man-fights, and devil-fights, and leaves him rough and scarred, and embrowned it may be, but a man. Not the brute element, but the masculine element. These are diverse in nature, though somewhat analogous in experience. It is the want of this spirit, rather than any peculiar likeness to the feminine mind, that causes the people (we admit with a slight flavor of sour grapes) to ascribe effeminacy to the cultured. And again we admit that the impression of the people is not wholly false.

Culture does tend to make cowards. It engenders discouragement; it causes a loss of faith in self. The years that we spend in attempts to get a little of what we call culture, brings us in contact with the distinguished minds of other times. We look at their lives and works from the standpoint of the intellect, in a measure forgetting that the real and practical world surrounded them just as it surrounds us to-day. The petty cares, the everlasting jar-rings between the actual and the ideal, were as troublesome then as now. The intellect presents us with the result of their work, but does not, nor can it, so fully represent the antecedents of that result.

In a recent lecture, Dr. J. G. Hol-land says: “Dogmatists are men who have faith in themselves; they always have led the world, and they always will lead it.” All will concede that the very aim of culture is to soften the dogmatic spirit, to broaden, and widen, and deepen the mind. Yet how often we see it not only softening dogmatism but also the brain. Not only tearing down individuality but destroying it; depriving the individual of power. Better endure egotism, however disa-greeable, than to come in contact with polished nonentities, whose heads are crammed never so full with the pro-ducts of modern culture. Of what use is knowledge unless it aid us in affect-ing the world? To hold that culture may benefit the individual and not make him a benefit to the world, even from the selfish standpoint, is a mere chimera, and deserves to be ranked among the products of total depravity.

We may as well be satisfied that we are a part of the world, that what will not affect the world will not affect us, individually.

Another injurious tendency of cul-ture is, that it engenders habits of re-ception to the exclusion of the habits of action; and even when action be-
Disadvantages of Culture.

...comes necessary, there is too much respect for precedent—too much deference to authority.

Culture is exclusive. To be exclusive and belonging to the aristocracy of learning, a little apart from the ordinary lot of mortals, may prove prejudicial to the growth of true manhood. In many cases we witness negative as well as positive detriments, arising from this exclusive tendency among the cultured. It is not only liable to exclude them from the social atmosphere of God's own fallible men and women, from the treasured experiences and gathered wisdom of the individuals surrounding them; but it also leads them to place a too high estimate, and a fictitious value, upon the adventitious advantages they may have enjoyed, and a too low estimate on the common advantages upon which principally depends human happiness. The following is a paragraph from the Christian Union, the italics are our own:

"Herbert Spencer takes strong ground in his last article, in favor of a culture directed to making the higher feelings stronger, rather than the cognitions clearer, alleging that the behavior is not determined by knowledge, but by emotion. He declares the superficial intellectualization of the schools will not alone check ill-doing, and that the current faith in lesson books and readings, is one of the superstitions of the age."

Those who devote their time and strength to the study of the works of genius, to the contemplation of master minds, whose thoughts live through the ages, and whose names are heard for a hundred generations, cannot but be impressed with the dignity, the superiority, the immortality of the mind. The body sinks more and more into insignificance. This feeling is strengthened by the knowledge we possess of the adverse influences and circumstances in the material surroundings of the world's chosen thinkers. The more culture this class of students acquire, the more intensely do they feel the utter incomparableness between the material and immaterial in man. This leads, unless checked, to the neglect of the body, neglect of health, loss of geniality, which last is, perhaps, the most prominent disadvantage with which this portion of the cultured are inflicted.

But if there are those who recognize the infinity existing between mind and matter, there are others (and these play a predominant part in modern culture) who observe that mind and matter are so sympathetically and mysteriously connected, that human scrutiny is baffled in quest of the line of demarkation. It is difficult to settle clearly what are the uses or abuses of scientific culture, as manifested by scientists. "All our science lacks a human side." This is Mr. Emerson's expression of a practical truth. A great portion of modern study and research is devoted to scientific investigation. Each year beholds some new inroad that science has made in the curriculum of our schools. At times it seems that science is on the point of absorbing all other pursuits of the cultured. But the methods in the study of nature are so suicidal—blighting labors apparently on the eve of completion. The man has worked incessantly and laboriously in perfect-
ing his system, elaborating his discovery. He has the form and name, but whence the spirit? He has the stuffed bird and pickled snake—that is all. The study of science originating in that inherent longing of the human heart to pierce the mysteries of existence, and know something of the relation subsisting between man and nature, has degenerated into names and forms. We see how the study of modern science, starting as the very essence of radicalism, has raised up within itself a body of conservatives as strong and immovable as any it opposed. A body of conservatives, who, by the very affinities of their instincts, become attached to conservatives in other branches of learning, and thus science becomes engrafted on the tree of orthodoxy. The tendency among these orthodox scientists is in common with that class to whom "the improvement of natural knowledge always has been and always must be synonymous with no more than the improvement of the material resources and the increase of the gratifications of men." Mr. Huxley continues:—

"If this talk were true, I, for one, should not greatly care to toil in the service of natural knowledge. I think I would just as soon be quietly chipping my own flint axe, after the manner of my forefathers, a few thousand years back, as be troubled with the endless malady of thought, which now infests us all for such reward." It is not our purpose to criticise Mr. Huxley's views in regard to what science has done, or should do, in behalf of the human side, but we do think he is one of the few of the scientific men of the present day who are endeavoring to bring scientific pursuits to their true mission, as aids in the study of man. When the scientist forgets that the proper study of mankind is man, he departs from the road by the "whole distance of his fancied advance."

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THE IDEAL.

I SAW a schoolboy, tanned and brown,
Leaning on a stepping stile,
His dinner basket at his feet
With his books, a ruthless pile.
He thought, but 't was not of the brook,
That passed him for the lily-pond,
The village near, nor hills beyond,
Nor even of his reading book.

He thought he 'd be a learned man,
College rank should bear his name,
The Ideal.

And by his honors and his worth

All the world should know his fame.
I looked again and saw the boy
At work and winning all he sought,
But present things to him had brought
The hope of greater future joy.

The world of fashion, harder far

Than the world of thought to know,
For him the stage of life made seem
Better than its pit below.
Then passed that scene, and now a man,
He shows the truth makes clear the right,
And e'en with those of greatest might
He climbs as high as any can.

But still I see him raise his eyes,

Longing looks he far away
For better and more noble joys
Than e'er blessed a mortal day.
But now the scene is changed once more,
Before me lies an aged form,
Chilled through and stiffened by the storm
That tossed his bark upon the shore.

'Twas he who stood with eager look,

Leaning on a rustic stile;
'Twas he who wished and gained his wish,
Ever wishing more the while.
Fair hope ahead had carved the way
And led the willing captive on
Till all the strength of life was gone,
Then drew the spirit from the clay.

'Tis ever thus our lives go by,

Childhood, manhood, hoary years
Have each a shining goal in view,
Which, when gained, shows more than peers.
Ideal stretches out its wings,
It tells of joy, allures us on,
And there, we find the charmer gone,
And still a calling song he sings.
Letters from a Log House.

To do what other men have done
Will not satisfy the mind,
But richer gems than e'er were found
Fancy's ready serf must find.
Ideal wins in every strife,
The past is gone and gone for aye,
This time is passing fast away,
The future is our present life.

'Tis thus we build a ladder tall,
Stepping upward as we build,
And throw its top against the door
Opening when hearts are stilled;
And there I think a light sublime
Will let us raise the ladder tall
That leans from earth against the wall,
And bid us higher yet to climb.

LETTERS FROM A LOG HOUSE.

FOR a long time I pondered over that last letter from Jacob. Though it was queer, I thought it gave a vivid picture of a canvasser's business and habits. It showed also that Chum was relieved from all homesickness and all anxiety about his pecuniary prospects. During the remainder of his stay among the Canadians he wrote less frequently, and often related experiences similar to those already recorded.

I will therefore give you, kind readers, only one more of Chum's letters—the last one he wrote before returning to college, dated:

MOUNTAIN, August 22d, 48—.

DEAR CHUM,—I stopped last night in a log house, and slept in one of those baby-boxes such as I described to you several weeks ago. Wasn't it fun! I jumped into bed—rather into box—and laughed to think of it. A college student in a Canadian baby-box!

Since I last wrote you, I have finished canvassing in Iroquois, canvassed a few days in Mountain, and am now delivering books; so I think I shall be ready to start for Maine in a week. I have been trying to think why they called this town Mountain, for I have not seen a hill as large as a haystack, since I have been in Canada. In fact, I think the town must get its name from these huge haystacks which are so numerous. This is a great country for hay and grain. I am stopping with a man who tells me that he has eighty
acres of grass, which yield over one hundred tons of hay yearly. Besides this, he has forty-two acres of grain, mostly barley; he keeps sixteen cows and one hundred hens; does his work with machines, and has not seen a pair of oxen for several years. Every farm is not so productive as this, yet the town shipped more than three thousand tons of hay to the States last year. Some farmers raise a thousand bushels of barley. They keep a great many cows and horses. They also keep dogs to do their churning. These dog-churns are a great curiosity to me. Dogs are taught to tread in these machines just as horses do in the threshing machines used in the States. Sometimes two dogs tread side by side like a span of horses, and sometimes one dog does the work alone. Occasionally horses are made to do the churning instead of dogs.

Dogs, fowl, and hogs are very abundant in Canada. One rainy day I called at a house where I found no one but an old man. Just before I reached the gate at the entrance of the lane, two hogs, each with a litter of little hoggies, sprung up from the roadside with a sudden grunt, and started for their hog shed, with ears pointing to the sunless sky and tails "dangling in the air." Immediately three dogs came towards me with angry howling and snarling. To appease the fury of these domestic butter-makers, I planted upon the lips of one a sweet kiss from the bottom of my sole. With increased fury the howling trio followed me to the door, where half a dozen motherless turkeys set up a doleful "peyop, peyop"; the rooster added his clarion voice; chickens yipped, ducks quacked, an old peacock screeched, and a pair of guinea-hens brought in their shrill clattering on the chorus. In the midst of this confusion I attempted to inform the old gentleman in respect to the object of my business.

"Oh dear me! git out there. Shoo, you noisy pests! Git out, I say. Oh! you're enough to worry the patience right out of a body," said he impatiently to the mixed concert troupe, and turning to me: "Sir, did you want anything of me?"

Not stopping to explain the object of my call, I quietly asked the old gentleman whether he could tell me where Mr. Wallace lived.

"You go right along; you can't miss it. David Monteith lives on that side of the road, and Mr. Wallace lives on this," said the kind old man, pointing, as he spoke, in directions diverging about forty-five degrees, and repeated, "You can't miss it."

After receiving this valuable information I proceeded on my way rejoicing.

The Canadians dislike the Yankees. They have had so many tricks played upon them by traders from the States that they are really afraid of Yankees. Many of them are dissatisfied with the way the fishery question and the question regarding the navigation of the St. Lawrence were settled. They blame Sir John A. Macdonald because he did not look more sharply to the interest of the Canadians in this matter. Some of these people believe that the North was at fault in our last war. And the Fenian raid is another cause of grief to them. Quickly recognizing that I
am from "the other side," they scornfully hurl upon me all their grievances, which policy compels me to laugh at.

A few days since I met with one man from England and another from Scotland. The Englishman was very homesick. I discovered from his conversation that he was a very learned clergyman (as all of the clergymen of England are). He talked most dolefully about the habits of the Canadians, wondering why any one should desire to immigrate to America. But the Scotchman was a jolly lad. We fell into conversation about the schools of Scotland. He mentioned the fact that they have no free schools whatever in Scotland. He told me that all the boys in the Scotch schools study Greek, Hebrew, and Latin; while the girls learn French.

Our conversation about the schools was abruptly changed by an allusion to Robert Burns. At the mention of the great poet's name, the Scotchman could scarcely restrain his enthusiastic praise, claiming that Robert Burns was second to no poet in the world for beauty of sentiment and style. To prove his views he urged me to read the poems from which these beautiful stanzas are taken:

*O wad some Power the giftie gie us*
To see ourselv's as others see us!  
It wad finnie a blunder free us  
And foolish notion;
What airs in dress and gait wad leave us,  
And ev'n devotion! 

A stanza from another poem reads:

*But please, and like poppies spread,  
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;  
Or like the snow falls in the river,  
A moment white—then melts forever.*

And another:

*O ye wha are sae guid yoursel  
Sae pious and sae holy,  
Ye've nought to do but mar  
Your neighbour's faults and folly!  
Whose life is like a weel-ganu mill,  
Supply'd wi' store o' water;  
The heaped happier's ebbing still,  
And still the drip plays clatter.*

But I had the most vexing time delivering books in a rainstorm. One night it began to thunder and lighten very violently. Being in haste to put up for the night before the shower came on, I inquired the nearest way to the place at which I intended to stop. My director told me that it was three miles, but that I could take a cross-road and get to my journey's end by going three-fourths of a mile. Wishing to save time by going the shortest distance, I reined my horse into the cross-road. To my surprise, after going a few rods I entered a broad expanse of woods, through which was a log road only—that is, the land was swampy, and to make the road passable, logs or round sticks of wood, varying from four to ten inches in diameter, were laid along close to one another, forming a sort of bridge over the mud. Black darkness came on. My horse could only walk at a slow pace, for the wagon began to bounce, bounce over the logs. The hopping of the wagon threw the seat from its place and pitched me into the bottom of the carriage. I clung hold of my books with one hand and the reins with the other, letting my weary beast pick his way freely. It began to rain, and I kept tumbling about, unable to raise an umbrella. I knew not whither this mysterious road was leading, for I could get a glimpse of my faithful horse stumbling over the sticks, only when the brilliant flashes of lightning followed the rattling peals of thunder. After passing one half-
mile in this manner, I found myself in an open field, and discovered a light in the dim distance, which I hastily approached. Dripping with rain, I asked shelter for the night, and was admitted. That night I passed in "deep sleep," and the next morning started out again. But a curious time I had. The mud flying in every direction covered the wagon. Every time I got out or into the wagon, I covered the legs of my pants with black mud; I then sat down on lumps of mud; then attempting to brush the mud from my pants, I stained them still more deeply with mud from my hands. Wasn't I mad! And still I kept repeating the process till my pants grew checkered, then striped, then black with mud. A shower overtook me. I saw an open shed just across a barn-yard, under which I thought I could drive with safety. But alas! when about half way across the yard the wheels sunk, the horse stopped, and the rain poured. As the horse could neither draw the carriage, move it backward, nor turn it, I was obliged to leap into the

"Barn-yard litter of straw and chaff,
And much that wasn't so nice by half."

Fearing that you may be weary of so many details, I will tell you how I got out of this scrape, when I get back to the college.

Let me rest your weary mind by giving you a short dialogue which occurred at my last boarding place. Those who took part in the conversation were myself, an old gentleman, and his blind wife. The old lady was very melancholy, and remarkable for changing the conversation abruptly. After speaking about canvassing, our conversation turned upon the humbugs advertised in the newspapers, when the old gentleman said:

"Christian papers are not always honest."

"Did you answer one of those advertisements?" she asked.

"Oh, I sent only ten cents. If they were not honest I thought I would let the Lord know."

"We feel sad. We buried our son four weeks ago last Wednesday—parting is sad," moaned the old lady.

"Yes, it is," said I.

"I used to like to look at the flowers bloom so pooty, but now I can't see them—yes, well, I can see them, but not expand out so good, you know."

"No, I suppose not," I again responded.

"Old folks don't 'mount to much, do they?"

"Oh, I don't know," my bashful tongue replied.

"I used to think, if I got to be old, I'd be as 'greeable as I could—when are you goin' to Poteland, pa?"

"Not before Saturday, I guess."

"What do you wait so long for?"

"I don't want to go to-morrow, because I want to watch them bees swarm."

"Bees are more plague 'n profit—well, some summers they is pooty proferble; but then the winters is too cold for them here, they freeze up—winter-kill."

"Yes; it is very cold," I was about to suggest, when the old lady, looking up with her sore eye, and squinting down with her blind eye, said, "When you want to go to bed, you can have a candle," and continued, "Pa, git a light."
There is a good many of your name in Poteland; there was one family right near where we lived, and they had twins, the beautifullest children I ever see; and they are dead—they died."

"That was sad," I unconsciously gasped.

"Y-e-s; it was awful s-a-d," she sighed with a melancholy moan that made me feel as though Eternity's gates had just swung upon their solemn hinges, shutting me out forever from human sympathy. With this feeling, I ventured to say, "I hope I never shall be old." And she rejoined, "I hope you never will." By this time I had managed to get back to the door, with candle in hand. A momentary silence prevailed, until I broke the stillness by a solemn, "Good night," and left the room, pitying the sad fate of the twins, and the blind old lady.

The next morning the old gentleman resumed the conversation by observing that "It would be better if a good many of our young men would till the ground instead of gifting an education. If they had the gift of gab, it would do well enough. So many of them go into physicians and lawyers—we don't need them. They will clear criminals when they ken, and they will make witnesses lie. They made me lie once. I don't like um."

"Have you seen my gran'daughter?"

"No, I think not."

"Well, I guess you must have, for she is worth seeing—why didn't you raise some turkeys, pa?"

"Because you told me not to—a very good reason, I thought."

At this time our attention was directed to a bird that was fluttering in a cage, when the old lady said, "I don't think it's right, but some do. Well, to catch birds, treat them well, and give him 'nough t' eat, I don't know as it's nothing wrong—well, 'tis poisoning them, depriving them of their liberty."

"Well, I was deprived of my liberty when I got married—"

"Goodness mercy! Well, you are in a bad fix! you ought to be freed at once. Losing your liberty! Well, I guess it is!"

"Well 'tis in a certain sense; you can't go anywhere," he said gruffly.

"Well, you might go any time; and I always told you so, if it is to South America."

That last remark put an end to our conversation, so I will write no more now. I shall start for Lewiston in a few days. Be ready for a good long chat with

Your Chum,

Jacob Greenwood.

In a few days Jacob did get back to College. I need not record the "long chat" we had about his summer vacation. It is enough to say that many times he laughed most heartily over his follies—especially about his talk to the clergymen, his homesick Sunday afternoon, and his rainy-day adventure.
CHUM and I had just returned from supper, and were comfortably seated in our room, with the backgammon board between us. It was one of those uneasy evenings we often have in the fall of the year, following a rich, golden autumn day. The careless give themselves up to the spirit of the hour, and go down town for a drive or a walk. The would-be studious go to their rooms, and, sitting themselves down, think what a fine time the other fellows are having. They do not feel like work, and yet they know that justice to the morning lessons will not admit of idleness.

In this state of mind they usually come to a tacit understanding with themselves to pass the time in doing nothing in particular. Under such circumstances had we seated ourselves for a few games of backgammon—which is truly as near nothing as anything can be. The dice had not rattled long before we were interrupted in our game, by the well-known knock of Fred Foster, who opened the door just as Chum was shouting his forbidding "come in." Chum prided himself on this piece of elocution. Imitation had been attempted by many of those to whom the sound was familiar, but, in other mouths, it was a failure. Dwelling a long time on the "come," the "in" seemed to drop out of his mouth as by accident. Strangers would think they had disturbed some wild beast, and it even disconcerted the professors more than it did Sam, when, after the second knock, he would go to the door to let them in. Fred threw his cap into one corner of the room, himself on to the lounge, saying that he couldn't study, and he didn't mean any one else should, if he could help it. Evidently his good resolutions, for the evening, had gone to the winds. We sympathized with him, and began to talk of moral philosophy, and the theories of obligation. According to Socrates, whatever wrong action we might do was to be accounted for by our ignorance. Aristotle held that personal happiness was the sumum bonum, and that the golden mean between indulgence and total abstinence, was the true means to this end. Following out this train of thought, it was not long before we had argued ourselves into the proper state of mind. Too much study might render us accountable for some of our actions. Excessive indulgence in it, would certainly destroy our happiness—at least for the evening.

The backgammon board is shut with a bang, scattering checkers and dice into unknown parts of the room. Chum takes Fred from the lounge, and stands him on his feet; a scuffle ensues, jeopardizing the furniture, and demoralizing to the linen and buttons of the participants. After one of them is sufficiently bumped and bruised to satisfy his ardor, comparative quiet is restored.

I leave these two enthusiasts, bantering one another on their respective
merits in the rough-and-tumble art, and go out to hunt up some of our Club. It is not long before I have gathered together those who had not already started out upon some expedition, and many minutes had not elapsed before we were assembled in our room, making as much noise as the circumstances seemed to require.

At our meeting two weeks previous, we had considered a variety of subjects. It is not to be expected that we talked of many matters that were not in some way related to our College life. Our conversation is always limited by our experience. It might be that we disputed the opinion of a professor on some political matter, or demolished some theory advocated by our text books. We were, without doubt, as self-opinionated as the average College student, and our Yankee blood never allowed us to be without an opinion. The sneer at the most ridiculous opinion seems to be preferred to that at none at all. If this characteristic is deplorable as a national infirmity, in social gatherings it makes conversation lively, and takes off the edge of dullness. Perhaps the general tenor of our conversation was upon the events of our Junior year.

The noise with which the meeting began had dissipated itself in conversation; the conversation was on the point of becoming wearisome, when the paper was called for. Sam went to his drawer, took out his ms. and, seating himself at the table, began to read.

AGE THE THIRD—JUNIORS.

The Junior year in College may be looked at from several different standpoints. Outside the College walls, it is the most unimportant year in the course. Your friends and distant relatives, who were so particular to speak of you about the time you entered, and who gossiped so much about you when you came home to "rusticate" during the first term of your Sophomore year, will now begin to lose sight of you. If asked when John graduates, instead of telling at once, they begin to reckon from some such event as the one just mentioned. There is no definite characteristic of the year with which they can associate you. To them it lacks the novelty of the first, the notoriety of the second, and the expectations of the last. There is nothing in which they can participate. They could share the honor of your examination, the semidishonor of your suspension,—and they expect a share of the Commencement dinner. Take away these elements of interest, and your situation attracts but little attention.

Within the precincts of the College, the Junior holds peculiar relations. His dignity is rather relative than absolute. He is running on his credit, and is honored rather for what he hopes to be, than for what he is. The second offices in all of the undergraduate assemblies are at his disposal, and such respect is shown him as his expectations of becoming a Senior allow him to demand. He is the friend and adviser of the Freshman, giving him the benefit of his experience to help him withstand the devastations of the Sophomore. The willingness of the Junior to impart his knowledge of the ways and means, and the need of this
information, to the Freshman, may account for the sympathy between the two classes. Besides, the former is well established in his social position in town, and is liable to have superfluous acquaintances, of which the latter is only too eager to avail himself. Thus they are of mutual advantage to each other.

To ourselves as students our Junior year is full of importance. With the eyes of the public more or less taken from us, we live more in our thoughts and come to a better understanding of ourselves. Hitherto we have reckoned from the starting point; now we begin to reckon from the goal. Whatever conceit we may have brought into college is pretty well worked out of us by this time. The drudgery of study is, to a great extent, over, and we enter upon a higher level of exertion. Latin, Greek and Mathematics are no longer the necessities of discipline. We are at liberty to exercise some choice, and are credited with sufficient understanding to mark out a course for ourselves. Subjects of practical importance and present interest are placed before us for consideration. It is a year of test to the student. Those who have entered upon the college course with some definite end in view have by this time tried themselves, and are now able to judge whether or not they are on the right track.

Others who entered for the sake of an education, without directing it in any particular direction, now begin to look about them to see in what particular pursuit they shall apply this education.

Their choice will be governed by the knowledge of themselves acquired in the previous two years of discipline. The realization of our personal responsibility begins to come home to us with renewed force. The beginning of the year is fruitful in good resolutions. If we have been careless in our studies we determine to settle ourselves down to work for the rest of the course, and our fist descends upon the table, symbol of the amount of force and energy we mean to expend. Very likely we take our pencil in hand and draw up a schedule of extra work: so much of History for solid reading; for light reading, Scott, Dickens and George Eliot shall receive a specified amount of attention, and a margin is left for the poets, DeQuincey and miscellaneous essays. A flush of self-satisfaction follows the completion of these arrangements, and our imagination runs away with us into the wildest extravagances of possibilities. We are brought back to the reality of existence by the tolling of the bell that calls us to recitation,—and we haven't looked at the lesson. This dampens our ardor somewhat, and reminds us that resolutions are good, but that a little present application would be more to the purpose.

Our chances for a first or second part at Commencement begin to be discussed among ourselves. That a third part may not fall to our lot, we grow punctilious in matters that were formerly of little concern to us, and the spur of rank makes itself felt. It does not necessarily become the controlling motive of study, but however subordinate a position it may have held, its influence now comes to the surface.

Before the end of the year we grow
impatient of the restraint of a curriculum, and find ourselves interested more and more in matters foreign to the college. We are conscious of a greater effort in applying ourselves to our specified studies. At last our Senior ticket is received, and as Juniors our charge, and with his rich voice to lead, sang our college songs far into the night.

—A generous applause greeted the close of this paper. The subject for the next was placed in the hands of Ned Terry, and the ceremony of adjournment was performed, but the meeting did not break up. We called upon Fred, our best tenor, to take charge, and with his rich voice to lead,
EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

WITH this issue '74 relinquishes the control of THE STUDENT to '75. One year has passed since the initial number of this magazine was presented to the public. During this time our labors in connection with THE STUDENT have been of the most pleasing character, and we here tender our sincere thanks to those whose generous assistance has so greatly contributed to lighten our burdens.

The object of establishing a literary periodical at BATES was to afford an additional advantage for discipline in writing, and to furnish a medium through which opinions could be expressed on those various subjects generally interesting to students, alumni, and friends of colleges. To the complete accomplishment of this object it is necessary that all take a lively interest in the success of THE STUDENT, and manifest the same by aiding its circulation and contributing to its columns. Its pages are not restricted to the class under whose direct management it may be, but are open to all classes in College, to the alumni and friends of the College. While we appreciate and commend the interest evinced during the past year, we earnestly entreat all to remember that THE STUDENT cannot become what it is possible for it to become, unless all determine to ensure its success by their individual efforts.

The STUDENT never can be what it aims to be, an exponent of the culture of the College, while the contributions to its columns are from the pens of a few.

Nearly every college in our country publishes a periodical of some kind—several of the larger colleges sustaining three distinct publications. The tone of its articles, the literary excellence of the publication, should be regarded of the highest importance. Circumstances must have much to do with the number of publications of a single college, but they ought to have little to do with the literary excellence of a paper. Shall THE STUDENT take its proper place among college magazines? Evidently they whose duty it is to support it must determine this. Let the honor of BATES be a sufficient incentive to the manly performance of duty in this matter.

As we surrender THE STUDENT, we congratulate '75 on her happy choice of editors, and doubt not that in their hands THE STUDENT will meet with abundant success. Our work has been comparatively an insignificant one. We have laid, we trust, a firm foundation for a magazine at BATES, we have made a beginning, and as the years roll on and our College increases in wealth, in numbers, in power, we hope and believe that THE STUDENT, keeping
pace with her, will always be a fearless advocate of her interests, and a worthy exponent of her culture.

And now, as we dip the editorial pen for the last time, we, as editors and as a class, wish the incoming editors and the class of '75 the largest success in conducting The Student during its second year, and pledge them our most generous support.

— The Students’ Lecture Course was opened by Thos. Nast, the greatest caricaturist of the age. His subject, Caricaturing, illustrated by cartoons drawn in the presence of his audience, was one which he was pre-eminently qualified to handle. His audience appeared intensely interested, and showed their appreciation of his marvelous skill in drawing, by loud and oft-repeated applause.

The readings by Mrs. Louise Woodworth Foss, October 23d, were highly praised. She has a pleasing countenance, graceful person, and a fine, well-modulated voice. She took possession of the attention and sympathies of her audience and held them throughout the entire evening.

Hon. Wm. Parsons of Ireland, delivered the third lecture of the course, November 6th. His subject, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, he handled in a most entertaining and masterly manner. It was certainly an intellectual treat. Mr. Parsons spoke entirely without notes, and with great rapidity; his wit, humor, and matchless eloquence holding his hearers entranced. Mr. Parsons is a man of surprising tact, great scholarly attainments, and truly wonderful eloquence. His was one of the best received, most interesting and instructive lectures ever delivered in Lewiston.

The last entertainment of the course was a story lecture by Rev. Edward Everett Hale, who read his story, written expressly for lyceums, entitled, In His Name. The lectures, in point of literary excellence, have certainly been a decided success.

— Before bidding good-bye to The Student, we wish to say a few words to those who have helped us in any way to make our magazine what it is.

The printing of The Student was done at the office of the Lewiston Journal, and our readers are indebted to the publishers of that paper for the beautiful mechanical appearance of The Student. Whatever they do in the shape of printing they do well. We feel under great obligations to them for the many favors rendered us.

To our subscribers and advertisers we tender our thanks, with the faint hope that we have done them some good in return for what they have done for us.

We now give up the management of the Student to another, and we wish for him all the success and pleasure which have attended us.

T. S., JR.

— We acknowledge the receipt of St. Nicholas, a new magazine for the young. It is edited by Mary M. Dodge. The publishers, Scribner & Co., New York, evidently intend to make this the best children’s magazine in the country. Among the contributors to the November number are William Cul-
Ilen Bryant, Donald G. Mitchell, Lucy Larcom.

We have received the *Pronouncing Handbook*, containing three thousand words often mispronounced. It is a neat little manual and of considerable value. We can honestly recommend the *Handbook* to any who desire a work of this kind. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass. For sale by French Bros., Lisbon St.

— The first number of the sixth volume of the *Packer Quarterly* is certainly an improvement over former numbers. The new dress becomes it well. Its articles are of a high literary tone. The opening poem of this num-
number is peculiarly appropriate. Undoubtedly the best articles are: The Marble Faun—an Allegory, with a key to its interpretation; and The Logic of Education. The first of these, however, is not written by any one connected with the college. The general make-up of the magazine is good. We wish the young ladies success in their efforts to maintain a publication which shall be creditable to their college.

The *Yale Literary* is the oldest college magazine in the country. It stands at the head of the list of college publications. The November number contains several excellent articles. The opening essay, Our Need, is exceedingly interesting. It is an appeal to students to improve their time; and its method of handling that hackneyed theme, the responsibility and power of the college graduate, is forcible and convincing. The other articles show thought and culture. May it continue to set a worthy example for its younger contemporaries.

The *Cornell Review* is a new magazine, the first number of which has lately come to hand. Its object is, to use its own words, “to supply a want long felt at Cornell, of a publication embodying the more mature productions of Undergraduates and Alumni.” It starts off well, and we hope it will soon reach as high a place among college literary magazines as the college it represents has among the colleges of America.

*Vassar Miscellany* is the largest of all our exchange magazines. Published quarterly, it succeeds in presenting to its readers, four times a year, a collection of well written essays and poems, which certainly do honor to the editors and the college they represent. While Vassar and Packer continue to issue such excellent magazines as they now do, all candid persons must admit they are entitled to a position in the first rank of college publications. They have our best wishes.

The *Nassau Literary* is truly a fine magazine. We admire its mechanical appearance, and then, plunging into the midst of its reading matter, we find ourselves intensely interested in all it has to say.

The *Brunonian* gives us several amusing college poems. We appreciate the one on the *Danbury News*, but the one on Croquet somehow does n’t seem natural to us.

The most welcome visitor to our table is *Old and New* for December. It contains some finely written essays, two continued stories, and not too much poetry. Its prospectus for 1874
promises a rich feast for its readers. The Holiday number will contain Mr. Hale's Christmas story, "In His Name," the same which he read in the Students' Course. This will be presented to each subscriber, together with the engraving premiums and book premiums. See in College Items its clubbing rates with The Student.

We cannot take leave of our exchanges without thanking them for the many pleasant calls they have made us, and the encouragement and advice they have given. We hope our successors will enjoy their company as much as we have. We give below a list of the exchanges received during the year.

EXCHANGES.


Literary communications should be addressed to the Editors. All subscriptions and advertisements to the Manager.
EXAMPLE of total depravity—that Senior who advised his Professor to stick to his hat rim.

Who is Noel-Hope?

The Seniors are the wealthiest men in College—they had a lecture course that didn’t pay. They have a new motto—*Ad utrumque paratus*.

11 o'clock P.M., masculine and female voices—"Shall we gather at the river." Stentorian masculine voice, "Get over the river... quick too." Silence reigns supreme.

Scene in Chemistry: Student attempts to recite, but wanders strangely from the subject. Professor interrupts and gives a long and lucid explanation. Student listens attentively, and at its close, throwing his head back in the direction of the phrenological organ of self-esteem, modestly replies, "Yes, sir; yes, sir; you get my idea."

The President of one of our lower literary societies becoming somewhat excited over the debate, after crying "question" two or three times, said, "All who have not anticipated in the debate and think the negative has sustained the affirmative, will say yes by rising up." Sustained amid vociferous applause. *Western Collegian.*

One of the "fair" boasts that her lover in the Sophomore class is telescopic. She can "draw him out, see through him, and then shut him up."

Senior.—"I should like to be allowed to go to Princeton with the nine to-morrow." Prof.—"What position do you play, sir?" Senior.—"Scorer, sir." Prof.—"You may go."—*Ex.*

A stone-cutter received the following epitaph from a German, to be cut upon the tombstone of his wife: "Mine wife Susan is dead, if she had life till nex friday she’d bin dead shust two weeks. As a tree falls so must it stan, all tings is impossible mit Gott."

As we entered a married student’s domicile, the other evening, we heard him chanting:

"John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave,
John Brown's body—shut up your little head,
John Brown's body—lie still and go to sleep,
As we go—here, take this young'un, I've got to get my lessons."

—Madisonensis.

Scene in University Book Store.—Present, a Junior and two or three Sophs. Enter smiling Professor. Junior beams and grasps Professor’s hand. Professor—"Glad to see you, sir, how fresh you’re looking!" Junior freezes—idiotic grins by Sophomores.—*University Herald.*
A Junior who had carefully studied Trench as to the difference between congratulate and felicitate, remarked to a sister Junior on class day that as they would soon be Seniors she thought somebody ought to facilitate them.

An inscription on a monument, in East Tennessee, winds up with the following touching obituary: "She lived a life of virtue, and died of the cholera morbus, caused by eating green fruit, in the hope of a blessed immortality, at the early age of 21 years, 7 months and 16 days!" Reader, "Go thou and do likewise."

A Freshman invited several friends to join him at the "festive board." After they had partaken of the spread, it was suggested that some toasts be drunk with their new cider. The Freshman soon comprehended the situation, and with a tone of regret said, "Darn it, I forgot to tell Clinton to send 'em up."

Brisko was conversing with a young lady from Vassar, the other eve. She remarked that she was fond of Greek, and added that Homer was her favorite author. When Brisko asked her what work of his she specially admired, she replied: "I have not yet read his Aeneid, but his Iliad is perfectly sublime." This young lady was not one of the editors of the Miscellany, so if the editors of that magazine will send us a copy, our hopes for the prize are not yet blasted. What's it going to be, anyhow? — Ex.
COLLEGE ITEMS.

WRITTEN examinations at the close of each term this year.

Yale College has in all her departments 955 students.

Another lady is expected to enter the Freshman class next term.

At least three-fourths of our students are to teach during the coming winter.

Subscribe for The Student for next year at once, and thus be sure of receiving the January number on time.

The new editors from '75 are Arthur S. Whitehouse and Frank H. Smith; J. Herbert Hutchins, Business Manager.

The lectures delivered in the College Chapel by Dr. J. O. Fiske of Bath, and Rev. Mr. Byington of Brunswick, were very interesting and instructive. They were not so well attended as they should have been.

The first of the regular prize debates of the Sophomore year came off at the College chapel, Nov. 20th. Question: "Ought the several States to adopt a system of compulsory education?" Aff.—W. H. Adams, O. W. Collins; Neg.—H. W. King, G. C. Smith. The question was well discussed, the disputants doing credit to themselves and to their class. The committee awarded the prize to G. C. Smith.

We are happy to say that any person sending us $4.00 will receive The Student and Old and New for one year. Such subscribers will receive the engraving premiums and book premiums given by the proprietors of Old and New. Old and New is conducted by Edward Everett Hale, whose name alone is a voucher for its superior reading matter. Send us four dollars, and you receive both magazines for the year.

We noticed the following not long ago in the Bowdoin Orient, but our attention being taken up with things of more importance, it has passed unnoticed: "Bates College recently conferred the degree of LL.D. on Hon. Asa Reddington. Shortly afterwards the college received a donation of $10,000 from the same gentleman. Where is Bowdoin with her LL.D.s?" We would answer that Bowdoin, if we remember rightly, is at Brunswick, Me., and her LL.D. is no other than the Hon. Jefferson Davis, chief cook and bottle-washer of the Southern Confederacy. We recommend that they call on him for a few Confederate stamps.
ALUMNI NOTES.

'72.—Charles L. Hunt is Principal of the High School in Stowe, Mass.

'73.—J. H. Baker is Principal of the Yarmouth (Me.) High School. He has just issued a fine Catalogue, showing a large and prosperous school.

'73.—J. P. Marston has charge of South Paris High School.

'73.—E. P. Sampson, Principal of the school at West Waterville, Me., is having excellent success in his school.

'73.—G. E. Smith has been teaching at Gray, Me.

[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.—Eds.]

CLASS OF 1867.

EMERY, GRENVILLE CYRUS.—Born July 19th, 1843, at Ripley, Me. Son of John G. and Mary S. Emery.

1868–69, Teacher of Mathematics in Maine State Seminary.

1869–72, Served two years and a half as Superintendent of Auburn Schools and Principal of Auburn High School, Me.

1872, January, Elected Principal of High School, Grand Rapids, Mich. Served the remainder of the year.

1872, September, Elected to the Ushership of the Lawrence Grammar School, Boston, Mass., which position he still holds.

THE

BATES STUDENT.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

PUBLISHED BY THE CLASS OF '73, BATES COLLEGE.

EDITED BY

Frederick B. Stanford; Henry W. Chandler, Frank P. Moulton.

Business Manager: Thos. Spooner, Jr.

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PRINTED AT THE JOURNAL OFFICE.
1873.
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BATES COLLEGE.

FACULTY OF INSTRUCTION AND GOVERNMENT.

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President.

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

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