

WOODSTOCK ACADEMY GLEANER.

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A. M. PARKER.

Woodstock Academy Gleaner

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The second number of the printed GLEANER is hereby given to its friendly readers. The interest taken in the number of 1893, and the generous response in material for this, have encouraged us to enlarge and thereby to incur a greater expense. It is hoped that our articles, our letters, and our items of news will quicken thought, set the chords of friendship vibrating anew, and deepen our appreciation of school life as it was, and as it ought to be,

Let loyalty to our old Academy be ever kept alive in our hearts. A loyalty that is based, not upon any over estimate of its importance, its achievements, or its prospects, but based upon a thoughtful appreciation of its intrinsic merits, and of the broad field of usefulness which demands its existence among us, as an Alma Mater fostering the intellectual and moral life of its young people.

The Alumni Association will hold its meeting and reunion Wednesday, Aug. 8th, at the Academy. The social gathering upon the lawn will begin at 2 p. m. There will be a business meeting in the hall at 4 p. m. At half-past five the collation will be served, and it is hoped that the occasion will be equally delightful with that of last year. The arrangements for the evening have not yet been completed. A concert or a lecture may be expected. *A hearty invitation is here, with extended to all former teachers and pupils of the Academy to attend this meeting. Let us come in large numbers and in a warm social spirit.*

"The common problem, yours, mine, every one's,
Is—not to fancy what were fair in life
Provided it could be—but, finding first
What may be, then find how to make it
fair
Up to our means—a very different thing."

Browning.

The Academy—Old and New

In my boyhood, more than half a century ago, THE ACADEMY was a prominent feature in the educational system. Windham county abounded in academies. Woodstock had one, there was one in Ashford, Plainfield, Brooklyn and other towns. None of them had any endowment or apparatus of any kind. The building was the only material equipment; usually a cheap structure, and rented by the trustees to the principal, whose sole remuneration was the small fee paid by the pupils. Of course they had no regular times of study. Besides the common and higher English branches, tuition was offered in Latin and Greek. The pupils elected what branches of study they would take, and often the choice was not a wise one. Young men and women of the towns repaired to these higher schools for the purpose of putting a finishing touch to their education—many to qualify themselves to teach in the district schools.

From the nature of the case there was nothing permanent about these institutions. They had their ups and downs of prosperity, each taking its turn in gathering students from towns other than the one where the academy was located, owing mostly to the popularity of the man who happened to be in charge.

The writer of this article has no wish to disparage these old academies; they served a good purpose in their day, and many young men of the county obtained their preparation wholly or in part, as the writer himself did, for college, and so entered upon a professional career in which they won distinction and large influence in many cases.

The Academy at Woodstock has had a somewhat exceptional history. The two terms during which I was connected with it, were under the principalship of Mr. Averill. He was a fine teacher and a popular man, and with him Woodstock Academy gained a new lease of life. His fame was spread abroad, and students came

flocking to Woodstock until there was no room in the families to receive them, and Elmwood Hall was built to supply the demand for boarding places. Mr. Averill remained several years and was succeeded by Mr. Patterson, who was a fine scholar and an all-around able man. His subsequent political career is well known to all. During his administration the number of students attending the academy was fair, and the standard of education high.

At the present time the graded system of public schools, with the High School at the summit, prevails almost universally, and the old academies, in the conditions which I have described, have nearly ceased to exist. Nevertheless there is a place for the academy still, provided it have an endowment and modern equipments and a regular course of study. There is a good prospect for Woodstock Academy, with its beautiful location and present organization and endowment for its partial support. It is one of the oldest institutions of its kind in New England, and has an opportunity for growth and extension of its influence through wide ranges of the State.

That such may be its future history is the sincere wish of the writer.

G. N. WEBBER.

The Alumni Meeting of '93.

Wednesday, Aug. 9th dawned hot and sultry, as days are wont to do in that most uncomfortable and much to be dreaded month, when Sirius is in the ascendency, when all nature seems panting for breath and when people are disposed to loll about in a state of absolute listlessness.

But there was something unusual in the Woodstock air that August morning. The birds sang their matin songs as of old, but the initiated could distinguish in the gush of music the suggestive words, Woodstock Academy, Alumni Meeting. The breezes seemed to whisper the tidings in the treetops, and later in the day the dear old Alma Mater herself, which has been shedding her beneficent beams abroad for nearly a century, stood with outstretched arms waiting to gather to her bosom the sons and daughters whom she

had nurtured. The grounds, so beautifully kept as to be a constant source of delight were as gay as flags and chinese lanterns could make them.

Early in the afternoon, horses were seen plodding their weary way up the hill from all directions, drawing wagons and carriages loaded with happy Alumni, who filled the air with the sweet melody of merry voices. Others whose homes were nearer came on foot, hot but radiant.

They flocked at once to the cool recesses of the Academy. The first duty was to register, and must it be confessed, some had traveled so long in this journey of life, that they were obliged to stop and think in what years the dear Alma Mater had shed her benediction upon them.

The school room, no longer occupied by busy students poring over their text books, presented an animated scene. Tall youths and blooming maidens were armed with suspicious looking knives. But their bright faces and winning smiles disarmed us of all fears, and the abundant display of snowy rolls, flaky pastry and angel's food were suggestive of something more substantial than "A feast of reason and a flow of soul."

At 4.30, the Alumni, one hundred and fifty strong gathered in Academy Hall for a business meeting.

As the shadows began to lengthen and the heat became less intense, the lawn was the center of attraction. Groups of Alumni were scattered here and there under the grand old trees, exchanging cordial greetings, and talking of the good old times when they were boys and girls together. There were men and women in the calm serene twilight of life, whose brows were crowned with the snows of many a year of care and toil, who could look back upon lives of usefulness and honor: others with "silver threads among the gold," whose faces were turning toward the setting sun; many of middle age, still bearing the heat and burden of the day, and struggling with the great problems of existence; and a goodly number still in the dawn of life with the radiant star of hope upon their brows, looking eagerly into the future to careers of happiness, prosperity and success.

Many, very many, whose names are re-

membered, and who are scattered up and down the world could be with us only in spirit, and, perhaps—who knows?—perhaps those who have already reached the other shore, were sending downward from the skies, with angelic hands beckoning us upward, and whispering in our ears, telling us to be good and true and noble and godlike.

Oh, these blessed reunions, when hand clasps hand when friend looks into the face of friend, when heart responds to heart! They are fountains of inspiration, where we quaff draughts of strength and courage, which enable us to press forward with new zeal to the goal of our hopes and our ambitions.

Woodstock Academy Alumni! What a volume of meaning in the expression! Words to conjure with! Veritable witches of Endor! As we utter them see the hosts, like dead Samuels rising from the ground! Ministers preaching the gospel in the sacred desk, physicians at the bedside of the sick, lawyers pleading at the bar of justice, editors giving expression with their pens to "thoughts that breathe and words that burn", philanthropists struggling with the great problems of human misery and degradation, soldiers bearing honorable scars more eloquent than words, sage professors presiding in the halls of learning, teachers guiding the youth in the paths of wisdom, farmers tilling the soil and making the country beautiful for habitation, musicians filling the world with the sweet harmony of sound, artists pleasing the eye with the harmony of color, mothers leading little children in the ways of truth and righteousness!

Our thoughts, which had been wandering in the realm of fancy, were back to the pleasant reality by the announcement of refreshments. No one failed to do ample justice to the delicious ice cream and the abundance of other good things.

After the repast, the familiar strains of Auld Lang Syne mingled with the twitter of the birds and the whisperings of the breezes. Then followed short speeches brim full of wit and wisdom. Mr. Henry T. Child introduced the speakers in a pleasing manner. Principal Hall was lis-

tened to with great [pleasure, and all felt that the unusual prosperity of the Academy was very largely due to his wise management. Professors Lord, Morse and Goodwin, Lieut. Flynn, Messrs. Potter and Leavitt and Misses Dwight and Lester, each added something to the pleasure of the occasion.

As the shades of evening began to gather around us, the lighted lanterns invited to a promenade about the grounds. At 8 o'clock lights began to gleam from the Academy and soon the hall was filled with an eager, expectant audience. Professor Richardson, now at the head of the American School at Athens, took us on an archaeological tour through the Peloponnesus. The lecture was one full of interest to all students, and was beautifully illustrated by fine stereopticon views. A part of the proceeds was devoted to the purchase of a beautiful etching for the Academy.

The good-nights and farewells were spoken, and all returned to their homes feeling that the second meeting of the Woodstock Academy Alumni had been a grand success. L.

A Letter from Virginia.

A letter, requesting me to contribute something to the GLEANER, was received with much pleasure. It is always pleasant to be remembered, and especially after so many years to be here to answer the roll call, is right agreeable.

I remember my school days at Woodstock Academy with tenderest feelings, and often think of those who were at school with me. There was Florence Child, who sat at the same desk with me; she is now a successful school teacher, I believe. There was Albert Parker, who always wrote in autograph albums, "Yours with respects;" and dear little Ethel Haskell and Eddie Hubbard, who were taken away in their early youth, and Gardie Sumner, who prompted me in my lessons sometimes. I reckon he has forgotten that, but I always remember a kind deed; and Nellie Chandler, who was always so good; and I must not forget Dick Russell, who would insist on driving a white horse, and, as I was the unfortu-

nate possessor of auburn locks, I naturally objected to the animal.

How memory goes back to those happy days. I can see them all now, each boy and girl, as though but yesterday, just where each one sat in the school room, happy boys and girls—now men and women with cares and responsibilities! I often wonder how they are situated and what their lot in life is. I trust they are all contented. God bless them all!

There were so many out of the school with whom I was pleasantly associated, among them Deacon Amasa Chandler, who was always my friend. He had such a unique way of going over to the store and forgetting to come back; sometimes he would forget and let me take the old Buckskin for a drive; but the Buckskin I'm afraid, like some of these nineteenth century politicians, was tricky; you couldn't always count on him, he had such a way of coming suddenly to a halt and trying to shake out of the harness, just when you were getting the best of some one on the road. The Deacon called it "blind staggers," but I think it was "pure cussedness." I never since that time had any use for buckskins.

This dear old town of Alexandria is looking its prettiest at this season of the year—roses and jasmín combined with the linden and the glorious magnolia trees, fill the air with delightful fragrance. The old cobble-stone streets and the houses, some of which are right odd looking, give the town a quaint appearance, which adds to its beauty, especially in the eyes of the tourist.

I wish some of my school friends could walk over these old streets with me, so full of the memories of Washington. We would go first to Christ church where he worshipped, and where on the register of the church his name can still be seen as a vestryman, written by his own hand. But so much has been told of this place, we will walk down Cameron street to the Alexandria-Washington lodge of Masons, of which he was a member; here you can see a number of authentic relics, among them the clock which was in his bedroom and which was stopped by Dr. Dick, who was the physician in attendance, the moment the breath left the body of this il-

lustrious man, which occurred at twenty minutes past ten o'clock, p.m.; the gloves worn at his mother's funeral, and his wedding gloves; pruning knife used at Mount Vernon; the Masonic apron embroidered and presented by Madame Lafayette; the trowel used in the laying of the cornerstone of the Capitol, and last but not least the leather chair in which he sat when he presided over the meetings and watched the new man ride the goat. This chair is mighty comfortable, which may be one reason for his regular attendance at the lodge, and indeed I think he deserved a comfortable chair after his ride of eight miles from Mount Vernon.

Just a few steps from the lodge room we come to the Braddock House, which is of historic interest; it is now incorporated in the hotel by the same name. You must pay twenty-five cents to see this, as it is conducted by a New York man. While General Braddock occupied these quarters, and Washington was an officer under him, the Potomac river came up to the port-cullis on the east, which has since receded two or three squares away, and now built up with warehouses, etc. We come up King street and look at the Marshall House, which figured so conspicuously at the beginning of the war, and from there we walk up to Washington street, where we see the Confederate monument "Appomattox," and which has been said by critics to be the most pathetic and speaking monument in any city or town, representing, as it does, the private soldier, dispossessed of his accoutrements of war (except his old canteen), standing with his face to the South, which he loved so well and in whose cause he gave his life and possessions willingly, not with the expectation of remuneration, and whose widow can receive no pension.

But this old town of ours is not a "finished" town, as some of our neighboring cities facetiously call it, except in the art of hospitality, and in that it excels with finished grace.

The city is rapidly growing in favor as a business center. Already quite a number of manufacturing enterprises being in successful operation. We boast also an electric railway which will take you to Mount Vernon in fifteen minutes. This is

a delightful way to reach this historic spot, as it takes you through beautiful woodland and by well-tilled farms, with glimpses of the grand old Potomac as it flows calmly and majestically to the sea.

I am mightily obliged to the Editor of the GLEANER for giving me the opportunity to communicate with all my friends through its columns, and to let them know I am still living on the sacred soil of Virginia, where, when the summons comes to put aside this earthly tabernacle it may find a resting place in her faithful bosom.

F. J. E.

The Sheaves.

Sheaves, sheaves! sowing for sheaves
After the April rain.
With a handful of seed,—
And a heart full of need,—
And a song with the soft refrain,
"Speed on the prosperous grain."

Sheaves, sheaves! waiting for sheaves,
E'er come the autumn showers.
When the great waves of heat,
Burn the life from the wheat;
And we pray in the sultry hours,
"O, spare this poor grain of ours."

Sheaves, sheaves! gathering sheaves,
Ripened, at last, in a day
By the dew, and the sun,
And our toil nobly done.

Ah, my soul! what a treasure are they,
Like a miracle wrought from the clay.

Trust, then today. Labor and pray.
God giveth sunshine and rain.
The fields, fallow for truth,
Are far wider than youth,

And stretch out in an infinite plain.
While the Ages come gathering grain.

J. P. T.

Indications of Growth in the Academy.

The school year of '93-'94 has been one of growth for the Academy. The fund has had only a slight increase, by the gift of a hundred dollars from the estate of the late Amos Carroll, whilst the income from the fund has suffered from the stringency of the money market, the result of experience from most investments during the past year. But the increase from tuitions has helped to compensate

for the loss in interest from the funds. The attendance has been the largest for a number of years. Seventy-four pupils have been enrolled during the year. But that which indicates more truly the character of the school, is a decided increase in percentage of those holding closely to some definite course of study. The graduating class numbered eight, all having completed courses preparatory for college. Three entered Amherst, and one Smith college on certificate from the Academy. One has entered Yale Classical, and one, Columbia. Two took the course for Yale Scientific School. Although this showing is under favorable conditions for the year still it could not have occurred, had there not been on the part of parents and pupils a growing in favor of a continuous pursuit of a definite course of study within the Academy walls.

Last fall apparatus for steam heat was put into the Academy. The fund for this purpose started some six years ago, through the efforts of Mrs. E. E. Gaylord. This has been gradually increasing until last fall Miss Jessie McClellen secured from very generous friends of the Academy, sufficient sums to complete the undertaking. Such a piece of work accomplished is not only a growth in the Academy, but a reason for encouragement in other undertakings which seem at the start, almost impossible.

Other improvements, though comparatively small, must not be overlooked. The main school room and the two recitation rooms have been painted and kalsomined, three valuable pictures have been hung upon the school walls, gifts of the pupils and the alumni; boards for the walks have been purchased and a new desk for the recitation room: all of these without expense to the Academy.

We rejoice in the life shown in this old institution. Such life must mean growth in material prosperity and growth in character.

"The pond said to the ocean, 'Why do you rage so? The wind is not so very violent—nay, it is already fallen. Look at me. I rose into no foaming waves, and am already smooth again.'"—Geo. Eliot.

Address to the Graduating Class of '94.

BY REV. SILVANUS HAYWARD.

Life is a school; we are all simply in different grades, or rooms or classes; that is, pursuing different studies, or in different stages of progress, or recreating ourselves as all must do at times after labor, or perchance foolishly idling away our time on the play-grounds of life. As long as we are here, we all belong to the school. We have very different lessons—a great variety of tasks suited to our abilities and our circumstances. Our master is not a hard master, that is, he sets no impossible tasks, and is always ready to assist when we ask. But he is inexorable. His demands must be met. The appointed task must be accomplished or we suffer the consequences. There is no escape, because there can be no excuse.

Since we all belong to the same school, the same general instructions are applicable to all. That is, the same principles of conduct should guide all alike, whether in the primary department, or high school, or college, or in the real university of what is called active life. Of course, the particular directions to one just learning to read, will be different from those given to one studying the classics. But the principles will be the same. Principles are universal and unchangeable. And this points to one of the most important suggestions to students in any grade or department.

Always seek for principles, not rules. Rules are specific. Principles are general. Rules may be used by the blockhead. Principles require intelligence for their successful application. No subject of thought or practical process is mastered without grasping the principles on which it rests. To get the answer to a problem is of small consequence. To know the principle by which it is solved is to be its master forever. Here lies one great distinction between education and the lack of it. A man may learn rules with no education at all. To understand principles is something higher; in fact, the highest possible education, so far as knowledge goes. That is, it is the best and highest

knowledge attainable. An engineer might run an engine by exact rules, pulling this lever here and that there, as long as the road was in perfect order and everything in its normal condition. But no wise man would trust a train to one who did not so understand the principles as to be able to meet the new conditions of unforeseen emergencies.

One who knows every particular law is not thereby fitted for the bench without knowing the principles which underlie all right relations of human society. Mere knowledge of facts cannot produce wisdom. A man might know all the objective facts of the universe, but not knowing their mutual relations, and controlling principles he would be only a learned fool.

The highest knowledge is the knowledge of principles, because it brings us back to the very foundation whence all the facts spring, to the eternal essence in which they all inhere. Only of this kind of knowledge can the old adage be true, that "knowledge is power."

It is to be remembered that to attain knowledge of any kind and to any degree is not education. Education is not stuffing the mind with facts, as a turkey is sometimes stuffed to be fattened. It is not pouring in, but rather drawing out. The skillful teacher, like Socrates, so puts his questions that the pupil seems only to tell what he himself has just discovered, or so that he says, "I knew that before, only I never thought of it." So that some philosophers have concluded that the germs of all knowledge already exist in the mind itself, and others infer that we recall what we knew in some pre-existence. No matter about that, the fact remains that education is evolution or the development of all the powers.

In foolish, mistaken, or perverse hands, or wilful subjects, it too often proves, as some wit has said, a devil ope ment. For giving the power of learning to an undisciplined mind is to give a razor to a madman. The highest part of education is in discipline or training by which the powers are not only strengthened but directed. As a colt is useless till he is "broken," as the phrase is, so the mind can accomplish little till it is subdued, brought un-

der control, made subject to the will. It cannot be too often reiterated that *self-control* is the great lesson of all life. And the path to self-control is only through submission to the will of another. So, underneath and behind self-control lies *obedience*. In one point of view, and I doubt whether there can be a better, true education may be summed up in the one word, *Obedience*. Even in the highest realm of morals and religion, there is absolutely nothing else to learn than Faith and Obedience. They are the twin guides that throughout the universe and through Eternity, at all times and in every place, lead to triumphant victory and everlasting glory. Obedience is the first lesson for the little child and the last lesson for the old man at the end of his days—obedience to authority, obedience to law; that is, obedience to the will of God, the synonym for all rightful law. To whatever department of thought or sphere of activity we turn, success is conditioned on simple and absolute obedience to law, whether it be in mathematics or physical science, mechanics or philosophy, social ethics or theology, the sum of all *learning* is law, whether one's life is devoted to raising harvests to feed the world, or felling forests to build its dwellings and temples of worship, or delving beneath its mountains for fuel or metals to be used for labor, or wealth, or splendor, or manipulating the machinery to sweep around and athwart the earth, or to manufacture whatever supplies the daily needs of the civilized world, or guiding the currents of trade, or riding the dangerous billows of world encircling commerce, or teaching, or persuading, or controlling, success everywhere is wholly dependent upon absolute, unquestioning obedience to law. So we come back to the same conclusion as before, that the only knowledge that gives power is the knowledge of law, that is, the eternal principles of the universe, or simply the unchanging will of the living God. Nothing else in the universe is worthy of a single thought, for indeed it *is* the universe.

Privileges and opportunity increase with every generation. When I was a boy, old men were always saying, "We had no such chances for education as you are ha-

ving." So now, as I see what opportunities boys have in school and college, I feel almost as if defrauded, that I had so few and meager chances in comparison. But greater chances bring greater responsibilities and greater risks. Dangers multiply as opportunities increase. Not many of these dangers can even be alluded to at this time. The one protection against them has already been suggested—getting hold of *foundation principles*. Shallowness and show are among the great temptations that beset the student. Solidity is better than brilliance. Nothing human can last forever. But a Bengal light is better than a rocket. The temptation is to sound rather than sense, brass rather than brains.

Forty or fifty years ago almost every enterprising New England village had a well-sustained course of first class lectures. Such men as Emerson, Phillips, Holmes, Beecher, Parker, Chapin, Holland and others, were listened to with delight. Now such lecturers are repudiated for flashy talkers and story tellers. In fact, a serious fact, too, such lectures, in the same place, which have doubled or trebled in population, will not draw a respectable audience. People demand buffoonery and nonsense in place of substantial thought and words of instruction. They wish to be amused, and not fed.

The sons of those who delighted to sit at the feet of the greatest lecturers of the last generation, to listen to the dulcet marvels of "The Lost Arts," or the mystic philosophy of "The Law of Compensation," now scan the list in a course of entertainments, refusing to attend save only what they think will be amusing or grotesque. Even those who have course tickets will largely omit attendance on lectures of solidity and profit. Only some sensational subject can beguile them to a lecture at all. This is not spoken at random, but of *facts* which I have personally observed. Concerts, readings, comic farces, operettas, and the like, mere *entertainments*, tickling the senses or inciting to laughter, will draw far more than the strongest orator in the land, unless backed by some political crisis, or some local excitement of time or occasion. The generation now in young manhood are superfi-

cial beyond hope of reform. The only chance of improvement is in rousing the children and youth now in the formative stage to an appreciation of substance instead of show. And I fear our institutions of learning are so imbued with the spirit of the age that this result is almost beyond hope. There are broader opportunities, but there is no constraint to hold the young to make the best of those opportunities. The curriculum of education is getting to be a "Go-as-you-please race," and the boy turns in what direction pleases himself, not as guided by wisdom and experience. So in most cases he selects such lines of study as seem easiest, or at the best the most agreeable to his tastes, not even asking the question, what will give him the most mental power, or most enlarge his manhood, or make him the most useful to the world.

When compelled to face the question, "What shall I study?" every one ought to have some definite principles to guide in the selection. Of course the particular circumstances, age, opportunity, &c., must direct in the application of all principles. One of the most universal principles is *strengthening the weak points*. This is always the first thing to consider, whether at two years of age, or forty, and generally speaking, if there is any branch of study you think you dislike, it is the very one you should take first of all, for your fancied or real dislike indicates a lack in that direction.

Of course, this must not be carried too far. Truth often becomes falsehood when pushed to the extreme. The old saying that one should know something about everything, and everything about something, is a concise way of putting the general principle.

All sides of a man should be cultivated and developed. He should *first* be made an "all-round man." Then, and not till then, is he prepared to know in what special direction he can put forth his strength to best advantage. As Dr. Peabody well said, it would be no more foolish to give a young man a list of the names of a hundred strangers who are coming into his class, and tell him to select just from their names the ten or twenty whom he will have for his intimate friends, than to give

him a list of studies and tell him to select his course.

Young people, and older ones too, not unfrequently get some prejudice against a particular branch of learning only because they really know nothing about it, yet afterwards become experts in that very department. Neither a young man nor his friends can tell what he is best adapted to, till he has had some trial on every side. It would be folly for one who has no musical ear to try to become an expert with piano, or organ. Yet even *he* ought to have *some* knowledge about music. One who, having a fair opportunity can develop only little proficiency in mathematics should not waste his time on quaternions, or devote his life to civil engineering or astronomy. Yet for the very reason that it is difficult for him, because that side of his mind is somewhat weak, he *should* strengthen it by *thorough mathematical drill* in the fundamental principles of number and quantity. If you think you do not like poetry you should make a careful study of a few of the very best of the world's poems, imbibe their spirit, cultivate imagination and melody. Don't try to be a poet. No man ever succeeded in that way. But it is a part of every wise man's education to be able to put thoughts into verse with faultless meter and rhyme. It would be folly for most to seek to become sculptors or painters. But *every* one should train hand and eye to give a mechanical outline of whatever he sees. The mind should be put in harness, broken in, restrained and constrained, *compelled* to do up to a certain point of mediocrity in *every* direction. Then, having become fairly developed all round, spontaneity should first be allowed to take the helm in selecting the life work. *That should not be forced*. But it should not ordinarily be decided on till the whole man has been trained, so that all his powers and tastes have a fair chance in deciding the question. No doubt, as a rule, the highest success is attained when the natural bent is so decisive that it is seen in early life, as the poet who said of himself:

"I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came."

Yet such examples are exceptional. Most people must be satisfied with a commonplace experience, accepting the calling

which on the whole seems best, without the marked childhood precocity in any direction. So it is generally a mistake for the young man to have fixed upon his life work before the latter part of his college course; and every one who *can*, should take such a course without reference to future employment. Just as the infant should receive the same care and training of limbs and bodily functions, that is, whatever will best develop, a healthy body, whether he is to become a Senator or a hod carrier, so all the preliminary stages of education, up to early manhood, should be *unspecialized*, simply laying the foundations of a strong well-developed manhood. Whatever tends to make it one-sided is a dangerous mistake. All education to the end of a collegiate course is only preliminary, and should be high, deep, broad, universal, exercising, manipulating, molding all the powers of a perfect manhood. *Then only* at the threshold of life he is prepared to choose a path into which he may throw all the trained activities of his being.

How all this training is to be secured is a theme too great for any man to exhaust. Even to point out the perils that beset the path would require many discourses. Dangers always abound, but differ at different periods, with peculiarities for every age. In the present, one great temptation is in the direction of athletics. The trite saying, "*Sana mens in sano corpore*," is always a good motto. No doubt soundness and strength of body has often been neglected. There ought to be no ground for associating a pale, sickly countenance and a slender frame with scholarly attainments. But the other extreme is certainly worse. It is simply disgraceful to our age that so much more interest is taken by the public in physical, than in intellectual acquirements and successes. If any question the fact, they have but to read the papers and listen to the news-boy street cries to be convinced. Publishers know what will sell. That Theodore Tinker has written the finest essay of the last twenty-five years, or that Mathesis Clearhead has solved a problem hitherto thought impossible, will not sell one paper where the cry that Bill Golightly has won the intercollegiate race, or Brutus

Bruiser the foot-ball game by breaking Sam Simple's ribs, will sell fifty. So what the papers print is the key to the public demand.

Many a boy is drawn now a-days toward a collegiate course more by the rough contests of merely brute force than by the flashings of intellect or the fascinations of learning or the charms of literary culture. This is to subject the higher to the lower, to make the mind the servant of the body. No mistake can be greater. The present tendency is to degrade rather than to elevate manhood, to brutalize rather than refine.

Returning to college after twenty years, the youthful appearance of the students struck my attention. Partly, no doubt, because I had myself grown older, but on inquiry the fact was shown that the average college age was less than formerly. Returning after forty years and spending some time going from class to class, without anticipating any such thing, I was forcibly struck with the coarseness of countenance prevailing among students. Not *all*, indeed, but in very marked contrast to former years, faces were unrefined. They would not be thought of as the educated, cultured class, and in fact they are not. I do not speak of the muscular development and the sturdy strength of a manly physique. This is eminently desirable, and is no doubt more prevalent than formerly, but if it is gained at the cost of true culture, by coarsening one touch of delicacy and refinement of feeling, making men more careless as to physical injury to themselves or others, less sensitive to the risk of bringing bodily suffering upon others—the price is altogether too great. To be the prince of athletics is not an ambition worthy of true manliness. So far as athletic exercise serves to give a well proportioned, healthy body ready to be the slave of the mind, in securing its highest intellectual and spiritual ends, so far it is desirable for every one, *all beyond this* is not only *useless* but *harmful*. The body is to have the best of care simply that it may be most serviceable to the soul. The soul is the rightful king, and an important part of education is to train the body to obey its behests. But when the body is so highly trained

that it becomes *itself* an end, usurping the throne of its uncrowned king, degradation and brutality come in the place of an exalted and refined manhood.

The desire to be and do like others is always a serious danger. Individuality, independence in thought and action, is one of the very highest and best traits of character. A man having a quarrel with a drover who was about to pass a bridge with a flock of sheep, bantered him to buy the old ram who led the flock. Readily paying the exorbitant price asked, he caught the ram by the horns and drawing him along in front of the flock, lifted him to the top of the railing, and then made him jump over into the stream. The whole flock followed their leader in spite of shouts of men and barking of dogs. So the man had his revenge. Such is the story, and there is little improbability in it. It is well authenticated that a farmer going in front of his flock to turn them back, the leader simply jumped over his head, and every one of the flock followed.

Mankind, and especially young men in school or college, are much like sheep—one follows another, no matter into what ridiculous absurdity or mischief. Because one or another, who is thought to be richer or more stylish than the average, takes a particular study or slights a different one, or slurs some department or professor, a lot of sheepish young men follow after. "Fads" lie in wait at every corner to capture the weak and thoughtless.

If you would make a *man* of yourself, avoid "fads" as you would shun a pestilence, whether they be "fads" of dress, or science, or speech, or amusements, or manners. Be *yourself*. Follow no man. Seek advice only from those of more maturity and experience than yourself. Do nothing because another man does it, but only because it commends itself to your own judgment and conscience, or because it is required by some authority you are in some way under obligation to obey.

Young people brought up to labor on the farm or in the shop too often take up the idea of getting an education, even of going to college, for the sake of having an easier life. No mistake can be more foolish. *Labor only wins success*, whether at the loom, in the field, at the bench, at the

desk, or in the class room. He who thinks he can be educated through an easy path will make a wretched failure. Easy, slipshod ways are destructive of all scholarship. Slouchiness is always fatal. Be thorough and exact in whatever you attempt. As Josh Billings says, "It is better not to know so much than to know so many things that are not so." All real knowledge is exact. Unless you know the multiplication table exactly, you don't know it at all. Don't be satisfied to think you have got your lesson about right. To be only about right is to be wholly wrong. Few qualities add more to efficiency in every activity of life than the power to discern sharply between what you know and what you do not know. Half known is unknown. Pick up the little ends; bind the frayed edges; make the boundary between knowledge and ignorance clear and well defined. I well remember more than forty years ago, when the famous Truman Henry Safford, at about ten years of age, was brought to our college Professor to test his marvelous mathematical genius, how Prof. Chase held up his easy exploits to lash the stupidity of our class. But especially I recall the Professor's enthusiasm in saying the most remarkable point about the boy was his instantaneous and clear perception of the boundary line of his knowledge. He didn't puzzle an instant over an impossible problem, but recognized at the moment that it belonged to an unknown territory, at least unknown to him. That clearness of vision is of inestimable value. And you may be sure you can attain it only by continued hard work—solid and persistent thinking.

And this leads to another essential point. Cultivate in every way the power of thinking. The familiar saying of the old philosopher, "Reading makes a full man; conversation makes a ready man; writing makes an exact man," should be supplemented with "thinking makes a great man." The great lack not only in schools but through the world is the lack of thought. He who has been taught to think has mastered the key to all intellectual greatness. And remember that *solitude* is a necessary condition for deep thinking. No man can become a thinker without solitude. This is Goethe's way of

greatness. Men seek the stir and uproar of crowds for the conditions of education, and the result is "confusion worse confounded." When God would train a leader he sends him to a forty years' course in the desert, with the burning bush for a baccalaureate discourse, and the wonder-working rod for a diploma. The greatness of the mighty warrior and sweet psalmist of Israel was developed amid the bleating flocks of Palestine's verdant hills, and the lonely watches of the star-crowned night. "Amid the crowd, the shock, the hum of men" there is *work* to do, but the best *preparation* must be in absolute *solitude*. Great power cannot otherwise be attained. He who has not learned to delight in being alone has everything of greatness yet to learn.

Don't be in a hurry. This is one of the most common mistakes of youth. To persuade a young man to take an extra year of preparation is one of the hardest as well as most important efforts of the good teacher. It seems folly to the young man when he is told the axiom that one year of extra preparation is worth five added to his active life. If he is simply anxious to gain or achieve something for wealth, or power, or fame, he is in too great a hurry to be up and at it, not realizing that in laying deep and broad foundations he is making the best hast to attain whatever desirable things the world can give. On the other hand, if he is conscientiously in earnest to do work that shall help mankind to higher and better living, he is apt to feel the world cannot wait in its misery for the good he can bring. He forgets that the Light of the World when men were in the deepest need crying out for the help He alone could give, lingered thirty years in the family and workshop of his father, before he entered upon the great work of saving the world. Moses ran before he was sent, thinking his forty years' education in all the learning of Egypt was sufficient, but God let the people groan in the bondage of forty years more that he might be better trained for the great work of his wonderful life. The greater need the world has of your help, the longer and the more thorough should be your preparation. Avoid all shortcuts into any of the professions or callings

of educated men. Schools now a days established for such purposes are a great curse instead of a blessing. Shun them as you would shun the enfeebling or paralyzing touch of some enchanter's wand. They belittle men instead of enlarging them, and degrade the professions into which they introduce their half-hatched fledglings. - "*Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis, tempus eget*" No times ever demanded stronger or more thoroughly equipped men to man the ramparts of truth or defend the gates of righteousness and humanity. Every weakling added to the ranks and especially to the number of nominal leaders, brings danger instead of protection.

Young men, make up your mind once for all to enter no course of life in which you cannot reasonably hope to stand somewhere in the vanguard. Don't look at one of the so-called "learned professions," unless through the gate of a thorough preparation. Infinitely better be eminent in the most common walks of common life among common men, than be conscious that you are below mediocrity in the highest profession, or, worse, to be known as such by others, while thinking yourself something great.

And, finally, remember that as education is only a preparation for life's work, so the whole of life is only a preparation for the life that is to come. Have lofty aims. Desire not so much to get as to bestow. Make the most of yourself, that you may do the most for the world. Be, that you may do. At every moment of your life the highest work for you is just that which lies the nearest to your hand. Life is but a summer night. The dawn is coming. Watch for its light. Keep your face to the East; and when the glorious face of the returning Son of God shall look through the golden gates of the eternal morning, having been faithful in a few things, you shall be made ruler over many things.

"Whenever you hear an intolerant fellow declare that there is only one side to a question, you may set it down that he is about right; and that he is on the other side of it."—*Sylvester News*.

Farewell Song.

The following song, written by Mrs. Clara F. Dean, was sung as a duet by Mrs. Alice R. Hyde and Mr. A. E. Hosmer at the graduating exercises in June last. The words were so appropriate, and the rendering so impressive, that we are sure the little song will be gladly read and preserved by many of the readers of the GLEANER:

Here on this festal day
 In leafy June,
 We meet with blossoms gay
 With hearts attune.
 Thinking of schoolday hours,
 The many lessons learned.
 Under the shady bowers
 Of shrub and fern:
 Bird songs and hum of bee
 In harmony.
 Laden the schoolroom air
 With fragrance rare,
 Making each task more light,
 The sunbeams bright.
 While cherished hopes enshrined
 Within each youthful breast,
 True friendship intertwined
 And mem'ries blest.
 But parting time draws near
 In days a few,
 To scenes of pleasure here
 You bid adieu:
 Your paths diverge today.
 While in your chosen way,
 God be your stay.
 Trust Him alway.

Obituary Notice of Principal, W. E. Davidson.

During the past year has occurred the death of one of the former Principals of our Academy, William Edward Davidson. Mr. Davidson was born in 1840 in West Milbury, Mass. His early days were spent on a farm. He graduated from Phillips Academy in 1865 and purposed to enter college, but instead enlisted, and his regiment was stationed at Fort Warren, Boston Harbor. At the close of the war he entered Yale College, graduating in '71, working his way through both school and college.

In August, 1871, he married Miss Fran-

ces E. Backus, daughter of the late Judge Backus of Danielsonville. In the same year he was chosen Principal of the Woodstock Academy, holding that position three years and winning the love of his pupils by his courteous, gentlemanly manner, as well as his ability as a teacher. The school was large at this time, the catalogue for the first year containing the names of one hundred and eleven pupils, and six instructors. It was during his stay with us that the new Academy was built and occupied. Upon leaving Woodstock he entered the law school of Boston University, from which he graduated, locating in Boston and practicing until the time of his death, which occurred February 2, 1894, resulting from a second attack of la grippe. The first was two years previous, and very severe. From a weight of over 200 pounds he was reduced in a few weeks to about 135 pounds, and the disease so worked upon the different muscles as to make it an impossibility for the body to assume an erect position. About two weeks before his death he had the second attack, which, on account of the exhausted vitality caused by the first, he resulted in heart failure. F. A. C.

In Memoriam.

Since the last number of the GLEANER was issued, the hearts of many of the old Alumni have been saddened by reading the following notice:—"Died, in Dayville, Conn., Feb. 2, 1894, William Edward Davidson."

What a train of memories this loved name brings before us! How we recall those bright, prosperous years when he stood at the head of Woodstock Academy! And how the figure of the man, with all his sterling qualities and striking personalities, is brought to our minds!

As an instructor, Mr. Davidson ranked high. Thoroughly cultivated, with a delightfully polished manner, his methods of imparting knowledge were lucid and entertaining; and his pupils, unconsciously perhaps, yet surely, were imbued, in a measure, with his enthusiasm and charming presence.

It was during his principalship that we moved from our old quarters, the time-

honored old Academy, into the present commodious building; and we can truly say, the years following, during which he remained at the helm, were years of greater usefulness. Progressive in all his ideas, he sought to make the entrance into enlarged quarters a time for remodeling the whole school curriculum. How well he succeeded, those of his pupils, who, to-day are fighting the battle of life under the standard he set for them, will be only too glad to testify.

Mr. Davidson possessed, to a remarkable degree, the faculty of entering into the lives of his pupils—their interests were his interests—he was their personal friend, always ready with advice and wise counsel to encourage and lead them. All his time, strength and energy were devoted to his school; and now, as we look back over the years, we understand that it was these rare qualities of mind and heart, this entire giving up of self to his work, this living example of a noble, christian man, that so endeared him to our hearts.

In the years following his life at Woodstock, the same traits of character remained; and in a larger place, and with far different surroundings, he was still our friend, and with outstretched hand and cordial greeting, always welcomed his old pupils, whenever the opportunity presented itself.

Is it any wonder our hearts are sad as we think of this friend,—as we recall all his patience and forbearance with our short-comings and failures, can we be other than tearful?

And now, let us unitedly ask our Father's blessing upon her whose heart is aching under this great bereavement—that she may have strength given her to bear her sorrow bravely, and that, with her when the cares and burdens of life are all ended, and we give up the cross to go and inherit our crown, we may look forward to a glad reunion with our departed friend, in a better land. R. F. K.

Duty of the Present to the Past.

The Midsummer number of the GLEANER, published last year, was from "cover

to cover" most interesting reading to me.

On receiving an invitation a short time since from the present principal of Woodstock Academy to contribute an article to its columns, remembering how much I had enjoyed what others had taken the trouble to write, I found it hard to refuse. Although I might fail to interest to any such degree, I should have at least made the effort to add my mite to the general interest which every old teacher or pupil must feel in Woodstock Academy,—interest alike abiding whether in connection with the school in the old and humbler edifice that bore the name, or in the present stately and commodious building, which looks serenely down the length of the beautiful "common" from the peaceful heights of Woodstock Hill.

The greater part of three most pleasant years I spent at Woodstock as teacher in the Academy, and with the exception of the first term, in the new building, then just opened. Since then for thirteen years as teacher of mathematics in the Normal School at New Britain, I have watched the bands of young ladies go forth to teach, until they were numbered by the hundreds, but kept through all, my memory undiminished of the intelligent interesting young faces that never failed to greet me in my class at Woodstock. At that time Mr. W. E. Davidson was principal, and Miss Beach, the gifted, scholarly woman, whose untimely death we still sadly mourn, was assistant teacher. Those were the days when the GLEANER first made its appearance, of which L. R. S. writes so entertainingly in your last issue. I can but think in the light of experience that there must have been an unusual amount of talent among the students to make it possible to produce a paper so elevated in tone, so bright and interesting, that every teacher in the school thoroughly enjoyed listening to the reading when the young editors of the GLEANER favored us with the results of their labors.

It is natural to every one to speak or write of that which much interests him at the time, and for that reason as well as for more worthy ones I would like to say something to you now as being directly in line with the work which the academies

more than any other schools have helped to do,—to conserve that which was best and most desirable in the past, not only in regard to training the mind, but in the way of that general culture of the mind and heart which alone gives us the true gentleman or lady or makes possible the hero or heroine.

I have been very much pleased to watch the revival of that patriotic spirit which would seek to cherish and maintain the institutions of American freedom,—a spirit which would foster true patriotism and love of country. A pleasant illustration of this was shown in the impressive ceremonies this year on the Trinity College campus, the 27th of June, when on the flagstaff erected by the Alumni of the college, the flag presented by two G. A. R. Posts of the Capitol City was raised with public solemnities, with speech and song and martial music.

The Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution are organizations which are doing much to foster this patriotic spirit. May we not hope that the awakened interest in our inheritance as Americans may lead to wiser measures in stemming the tide of foreign aggressiveness by which we are so seriously threatened.

We have here in Bristol a very enthusiastic chapter of the "Daughters" recently organized and numbering already over sixty members. Many of us have of late been searching here and there among dusty pamphlets and time-worn volumes, patiently scraping the moss out of the grooves of the letters on old tombstones, that we may glean a few facts to put on record in memory of those who fought for us in the brave days of old.

Some one has been so rude as to speak of the National organization as a self-glorification society. I think the term is unjust, yes, very unjust, yet, I confess to a little pardonable feeling of pride when among some old letters written by my great-great-grandfather, I find accidentally mentioned in one paper that he was "three times thanked by the immortal Washington at the head of his regiment." As I held in my hand the sword presented to him by Lafayette, and looked at the signature of Washington on his certificate of membership in the Society of Cincinnati

(a society of officers organized at the close of the war), I remembered a chest in a certain house in Woodstock, not far from the Academy, which, if my memory serves me, contains many most interesting documents with many note worthy signatures from Washington down. If I mistake not many old Woodstock names have honored places in the records of Revolutionary service.

If historical research had begun earlier in relation to the Revolution, much of personal interest might have been found which is now lost beyond recall. But patient research for records of individual services and sacrifices of soldiers and patriotic citizens, has already served to quicken greatly our tender regard for the memory of the men and women who endured so much to achieve American independence. A lady from Wallingford finds that her ancestor unable to join the army himself and moved by the report of the sufferings of the soldiers at Valley Forge, fattened a pair of oxen, and at the first opening of spring drove them to Valley Forge, the first meat the soldiers had tasted after their terrible experience there.

We have named our own chapter "Katherine Gaylord," from the wife of Lieutenant Gaylord, who was at the fort in the Wyoming Valley at the time of the massacre. From an account written by his granddaughter (who speaks of him as in command of the fort) we learn of his death at the hands of the savages, and of the flight of his wife and her three children,—the eldest a boy of thirteen years. With the loss of all their goods and with one horse to ride by turns, they found their way back after a perilous journey to this place, and later this widowed mother gave her only son to the service of his country in the Revolutionary War. I am sure you will agree with me that it is well to perpetuate the name of this brave and self-sacrificing woman.

Let us not forget then the heroic deeds of our ancestors. It has well been said that it is a duty to ourselves as well as to them to keep up the traditions of glory as the most powerful stimulus to the heroic virtues by which nations are saved.

M. J. A.

How to Enlarge the Endowment Fund.

It is of the utmost importance that our Endowment Fund be enlarged. The present fund is not large enough to supply the needed money for successfully carrying on the school. The life of the Academy, like other life, is dependent on the blood in its veins, and if that is weak or poor the strength falters and life goes out. At one time the latter condition was to be feared; now we have enough to give a fitful strength, but not enough for healthy vigor.

The last year the school has been largely increased in numbers of pupils, but that without more money is a doubtful blessing, for it throws greatly increased labor on the Principal, without corresponding addition to the ability to hire more and able teachers.

The long continued usefulness and prosperity of such schools as the Andover and Colchester Academies is wholly the result of the funds that were years ago given to them, when they were in a similar condition as our Academy, by some lovers of education who had the gift of looking into the future and the ability to do some lasting good for them. We are indebted to our ancestors for the charter and establishment of Woodstock Academy, but they had not the means to do more for it. It rests with the present generation to provide for its continued life by the establishment of a sufficient fund to enable it to withstand the shocks of time and to enlarge its ability to bless the whole surrounding country. Unless we do our part *now* we will fail to secure the full fruit of what has already been done, and other institutions will hold a higher position than we can, and thus greatly endanger our life and success.

There was never a time when liberal giving was so much the custom as now, and we earnestly hope every one who has in the past enjoyed the advantages of being here instructed will not only give liberally to the Endowment Fund, which is to be safely invested and only the interest used as the Trustees need,

but will earnestly co-operate in trying to persuade others to give of their abundance while they live, and so they may enjoy the pleasure of seeing the good their money can do, but will also remember the institution in their wills, thus joining hands with those who first devised this means of doing good to the youth of all the coming generations.

Let no one hesitate to do what he can at once, for fear he will not give a large enough sum, but let each give cheerfully and according to his ability. The founders of this Academy did what they could nearly one hundred years ago. Let us now do to the full extent of our ability what we can to endorse their wise action, and thus secure a perpetual blessing to our town and the whole country wherever our pupils may wander in search of homes.

E. H. B.

A Letter from Kansas.

KANSAS, June 30th, 1894.

DEAR FRIENDS:—With the thermometer standing at 93 degrees in the house, and no cool place to be found anywhere outside of the ice-box, few things except the weather seem of either general or special interest. But elm-embowered Woodstock knows not such thought-benumbing heat, and our GLEANER tolerates only high and lofty themes. With what clear-eyed perspicacity and what quickness of decision, we—its editors and contributors—used to settle the momentous questions of the times. How much original research its historical articles showed, and what keenness of wit spoke in its personal columns. Yet, I venture to say, not one student of Woodstock Academy, who is so fortunate as to possess a copy of the GLEANER as it was in his or her time, but treasures it carefully; not one, but in his secret heart of hearts feels a tiny glow of pride that he was thought worthy to aid in the making of this—our paper.

And now, as the years go by, and the same little sheet comes to us, dignified by its annual issue in printer's ink and type, how eagerly we search its pages for the old familiar names, and for news of those comrades so long lost sight of.

Especially must this be true of those whom destiny has led to distant States or countries.

Without doubt, life does move to a little quicker beat in this Western land. Politics, religion, social questions of all hues press a little harder and faster, and people are more ready to try experiments by way of answer. Hence our Populists, who are only Grangers, a little more excited and with a little less wisdom; and hence, also, our experimental governors, Waite and Lewelling, whose antics we laugh at, and whose ill-temper we suppress at the next election.

We see the negro as it is hard for a New Englander to picture him. He came to Kansas—Kansas of John Brown fame—as “the land of the free and the home of the brave,” and we have every type, from the plantation darkey with his flat foot and original Southern dialect to the pretty girl with the rich blood just tinging her olive cheek, and to the strong man of straight hair, blue eyes, and keen brain, who controls his class at the caucuses and the polls. We admire and applaud when a coal-black negro girl takes her place among the High School graduates and, in soft white dress and with clear sweet voice, gives her oration which, in originality of thought and clearness of diction, surpasses many of her white sisters. We rejoice as each year sees more and more of this class go forth with the preparation for life's work; and yet, something strange, something startling looks at us through these dark faces.

Our government, having vainly tried to civilize the Indians with rifles, is now trying education, and seventeen or more tribes are represented in our “Haskell Institute.” If the progress of education can be at all judged by the efforts of a “crack” base-ball nine, the experiment is a success. Athletes from the beginning, they adapt themselves as readily to the bat as the tomahawk, and with their left-hand batting and swift running, these are hard foes to conquer. Strong, muscular, good-natured, sending back their answers with equal ease from muscles of steel or witty tongue, the copper-hued “Haskell Boys” always carry with them the sympathy and goodwill of the spectators. But

would not our Academy boys feel a little “queer” to see a “nine” of stalwart Indians facing them on our campus. Imagine dear, old, sedate Woodstock ringing with the cries of “Pawnee! Pawnee!” “Karv!” “Dacotah!” or a genuine Indian yell and whoop, when some particularly good strike is made.

From Kansas to New Zealand is a far cry, and yet from that distant land comes to us the question, “Does Prohibition Prohibit?” And in true Western spirit we send back the answer that it does. Some of us would like to add the saving clause “in a degree.” But however discouraged the true believers may become at the actual condition of things, an occasional wrestle with an “original package” shows us how infinitely better is the present situation than any previous ones.

You know “the land of the free” means suffrage for women as well as for the negro, and the air of this land is so tonic that it sends even a conservative New England woman to the polls to vote for municipal and school officers; and for these offices better men are nominated by the parties who want the “woman vote.” And they are elected, too.

It is to this arena of conflict that one of the strong daughters of Massachusetts comes with her sweet true soul, her keen logic and wit, her thorough culture, her earnest spirit and her silver tongue, to labor with all the power of her ordained priesthood for this expression of the truth.

It is in this Western land, too, that that pioneer in this wider movement, Miss Anthony, has seen of the travail of her soul; here where the true grandeur of that lofty spirit has been appreciated, and where the real nobility of that strong life, crowned now with its seventy years of earnest work and singleness of purpose, is recognized by friend and foe alike.

Does all this sound strange from a place so far removed from the “Hub?” The “Hub!” And where, if you please, *is* the “Hub?” Does not “Hub” mean “center?” And is not the geographical center of the United States—and hence, of the universe—just sixty miles north of where the writer is now sitting?

And yet—and yet—in spite of all this—in spite of the fact that *we are* the center of the universe; and in spite of the fact,

which Mr. Gleed has so admirably proven in a late number of the *Forum*, that Kansas is more civilized than New York, and yet—"Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of 'Cathay';" better one year of New England than five of Kansas, for your writer. For I love her. I love her grand old trees and rugged hills, her pure air, her clear stream, and placid lakes; I love even her snow storms and cutting winds. I love the New England sturdiness and integrity of character, the staunchness which I do not find elsewhere. I love her institutions. I love Woodstock with her tender memories and dear associations; the Academy which for generations has sent out brave men and true women to fight life's battles against ignorance and wrong; and most and best of all—I love my old friends.

L. L. G.

Items From the Older Alumni.

H. P. Topliff, instructor at Woodstock Academy in 1877, is in the insurance business in South Coventry, Conn.

Harriet Stanley, instructor, has spent the past year in Albany, N. Y., fitting herself for a librarian.

Sara A. Bowen, '86, has entered a training school for nurses in Boston. Inez Lord expects to join her there in September.

George McClellan, '87, was graduated from the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York, in June, and has received an appointment at St. Luke's Hospital in that city.

H. S. Flynn, M. D., '86, has an office on Westminster St., Providence, with a growing practice.

Mrs. John DeF. Haskell, (Nellie Mathewson,) whose home is in Wakefield, Neb., is spending the summer with her parents.

Miss A. Estella Ingraham, instructor in the Academy in 1875, has a fine position as teacher in Cambridge, Mass., which she has held for a number of years.

The list of Alumni whose addresses we have has now reached the number of seven hundred.

Dr. Wm. Palmer, a noted city physician in Providence, delivered the address at Woodstock on Decoration Day. He was once a student at the Academy.

Martha C. Woodruff, instructor at the Academy in '87-'88, is stenographer for the American Fire Insurance Association in Denver, Col.

Fred and Sidney Turner are in business in Riverside, R. I.

Mrs. John S. Nichols, (Anna Herrick,) a former instructor at the Academy, lives in Pataha, Washington.

James W. Ingalls, '70, is an eye and ear surgeon in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mrs. Pierce, (Mary Langdon,) '73, a former teacher of music in the Academy, is living in Washington, Kansas.

Lulu Mason, '78, of Springfield, Mass., spent the Fourth in Woodstock.

William S. Gaylord, '85-'87, received one of the mathematical prizes in the Yale Freshman class.

Susie Gordon, '72, is home on a vacation from Zanesville, Ohio.

Mary Flynn spent a couple of months the past winter in the Bermudas.

Mrs. F. W. Pope, (Carrie Gordell,) '75, lives in Clinton, Mass.

Frederick A. Sumner, a graduate of Hartford Theological Seminary, has been ordained and accepted a call to western Minnesota.

Mrs. E. B. Bingham, '85, expects to return to her school in Torrington, Conn., of which she has had charge for two years.

Frank Witter, '73, is a physician and mayor of a city in the State of Washington.

Dr. E. M. Child, has recently moved to Florence, Mass.

Charles W. Haines, '76, a former instructor in the Academy, is a lawyer in Colorado Springs.

Mary Dwight, instructor, has been taking a year's vacation from teaching.

Annie Williams, '86, is the wife of Dr. Walker of Central Falls, R. I.

Hamilton Holt, '86, was graduated from Yale University in June. He was a member of the Yale Glee Club.

Florence May, '78, spent the past year in Providence.

Gus Church, '78, is married and lives in the West.

James A. Brown is pastor of a Baptist Church in Stillwater, Minn.

William Taintor, '68, is in the ice business in Hartford, Conn.

Miss Ellen Osgood is teaching in Ashburnham, Mass.

The many friends of Mrs. John Carr, (Lizzie Carroll,) '74, were pained recently to learn of the death of her husband.

Three of Mr. Davidson's assistants were Miss Jennie Atwood, whose home is in, Bristol, Conn., Mrs. Frances H. Kingsbury, (Anna Berrian,) of Orange, N. J., and Mrs. Mirriam, (Emily Clemens,) who resides in Danielsonville, Conn.

Herbert C. Deans, '74, received the degree of M. D. at the Harvard Medical College in June. His office is at 669 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

George Spalding's wife and child are in Woodstock for the summer.

A. D. Chandler, '73, has left the Review of Reviews to take a half interest in Cassier's Engineering and Electrical Magazine and to become its publisher.

Dr. Cary Bradford is practicing in Southbridge, Mass.

Benjamin F. Chandler is a student at Rose Polytechnic school, Terre Haute, Ind. He stands third in his class.

Frederick Taintor, '68, is in the cattle business in Oklahoma.

Mrs. Jenkins, (Lizzie Babbitt,) '76, and Mrs. Chas. F. Howard, (Emma Chamberlain,) '75, live in Barre, Mass.

G. C. Segur, '68, is a physician in Hartford, Conn.

Sarah J. Lester, '71, is one of the secretaries of the Woman's Christian Association in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sunrise.

"But trailing clouds of glory do we come from God, who is our home."

Born Jan. 9th, 1894, a son, Leonard, to Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Healy, North Woodstock.

Born April 14th, 1894, a daughter, Rilla Harding, to Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Child, Woodstock.

Born Nov. 25th, 1893, a daughter, Ada Dennis, to Mr. and Mrs. John A. Morse, Putnam.

Born April 29th, 1894, a daughter, Mildred, to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wells, South Woodstock.

Born Dec. 31st, 1893, a son, Griffith Bowen, to Prof. and Mrs. George Lord, Hanover, N. H.

Born Jan. 31st, 1894, a son, Harold Archibald, to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Spalding, Boston.

Mid-Day.

"I could furnish a bushel of reasons

For choosing a conjugal mate:

It agrees with all climates and seasons

And gives you a "double estate!"

Remember I do not pretend

There's anything "perfect" about it,

But this I'll aver to the end,

Life's very imperfect without it."

Married Oct. 10th, 1893, Nellie Child to J. Richard Carpenter of Putnam.

Married Dec. 19th, 1893, Orril F. Blackmar to Justin S. Greene, both of Woodstock.

Sunset.

"Not upon thee or thine the solemn angel
Hath evil wrought:

Her funeral anthem is a glad evangel,—

The good die not!

God calls our loved ones, but we loose not
wholly

What he hath given:

They live on earth, in thought and deed,
as truly

As in His heaven."

Died Oct. 6th, 1893, Mrs. Geo. Sampson, (Hattie Gordon,) and her infant son.

Died Feb. 2d, 1894, in Danielsonville, William E. Davidson.

Died in Woodstock, Aug. 31, 1893, Lydia Lyon, only child of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Sumner.

Died in Colorado, July 13th, 1894, Henry W. Morse, '86, of North Woodstock.

"Where you may sit and chat away the sunny hours, or listen to those delicate sounds which one might fancy came from tiny bells worn on the garment of Silence to make us aware of her invisible presence."—*Geo. Eliot.*

"Daisies pied and violets blue,
And lady smocks all silver white;

And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight."

Shakspeare.

The Academy's Outreach Through Its Alumni.

That silent and persistent influence is the most effective, has been generally recognized. This truth is no less evident in matters of education than in the phenomena of nature. The continuous flow of the brook wears deep channels in the rocks over which it runs. Such is the influence of an Academy in a community. A person entering a village where an Academy has stood for years will meet people more thoughtful and more intelligent than he will in a similar village without an Academy.

This influence, silent and perhaps unperceived, is exerted in a great measure by the alumni of any worthy school. And this directing power, which they unconsciously were learning to exert when they attended the Academy, must still be in exercise when they leave its discipline and care for positions of higher opportunities and responsibilities.

Are the alumni of Woodstock Academy exerting that same elevating influence in the world to-day, which they have exerted for so many years in Woodstock itself? They must be. The results of such a force exercised in different directions are less evident than when they are centered in one small town. But the same amount of force is nevertheless at work. How full of interest is it, then, to consider where our alumni are to-day.

The alumni of Woodstock Academy are scattered from Maine to California; from the Dakotas to Texas. They are in all the northeastern states save Delaware. In the southern states they are found in Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina and Kentucky. In the more central states they are in Michigan, Illinois, Ohio and Iowa, and in the western they are found in California, Montana, Colorado, Nebraska, Kansas and Texas. Of course there may be many more in these and other states of whom we have no record. But in the states mentioned there are nearly seven hundred of whom we have reliable information. Many of these are

ministers, many more are teachers; the other professions are well represented; some hold prominent offices in government, and large numbers are leading lives unprofessional and unofficial, but yet we trust, full of usefulness to their fellow-men.

We are encouraged, therefore, to believe that Woodstock Academy has not been, and is not to-day, without influence in the world, and that from her go out thoughtful and intelligent men and women, whose influence for good is felt wherever their homes may be.

E. H. H.

The Athletics of Woodstock Academy for '93-'94.

The past four years have seen an increase in attention to athletics at Woodstock Academy, and the year just closed has been the most flourishing of them all. Although many misfortunes have handicapped the teams, yet, I will venture to say, no school in New England of equal size can boast of better foot ball and base ball teams. The Academy is not far behind in tennis and can, at least, take a front place among the schools of this section.

The football season opened with not an exceedingly bright prospect, but by able management and training a first class team was gotten together. The first game was a surprise and disappointment to our hard working boys. It was played with the Putnam High School team, and lost after a glorious struggle. Together with defeat, injuries to two of the players had to be sustained. Still our boys had hope and soon met the Putnams again on the grounds of the latter. The game ended in a dispute which was never settled and which caused a little hard feeling on both sides. Let it be sufficient to say, however, our boys, although crippled, worked with courage and played as good a game as their opponents. But ill luck did not always follow the team; the Pomfrets were easily downed in the next game, although some of the regular team were reserved for a game with Nichols Academy which was played on the same afternoon. This game our tired boys lost after a heroic battle. The fifth game was played at

Southbridge with the High School team of that place, and Woodstock won a well earned victory. As a bad beginning generally makes a good ending, so our boys shut out the strong Nichols team in the last game of the season, and showed what good training and persistent effort can do for an athletic organization. The game was brilliantly played and if ever a team deserved victory, ours did. Three games out of six is not a bad record. May future teams of the Academy do as well.

The prospect for a base ball club was very encouraging at the opening of spring and as most of the players were old "war horses," we expected to trounce every school team in this section, but our bright hopes never fully matured. The farms of Woodstock called most of our boys away from school and from needed practice; the result was that only one game in three fell into our hands. At the beginning of the spring term, a series of three games was arranged with the Nichols Academy team, the first and last to be played on the home grounds and the second at Dudley. The opening game was a close and exciting match and was lost by one run. However, filled with hope and expectation of victory, we again tackled the Dudleys, and after holding the lead until the last half of the ninth inning, lost the game, and this time also by one run. Memorial day brought out one of the largest crowds ever seen at a ball game at Woodstock. Enthusiasm was at its height, and doubtless encouraged the fellows, for a lucky streak of batting brought them out a close winner but still the margin was only one run, so evenly matched were the teams. Other games were to have been played but unexpected circumstances prevented.

Before we leave the subject of base ball a word must be said in regard to the Juniors in the sport. Two Junior clubs were formed in the school, one chiefly from the S. S. S. Society, the other from some of the other enthusiasts, calling themselves Zigzags. Two matches were played by these clubs and both were won by the latter. A combination of these teams played a game with a Junior team from Putnam and came out easily victorious.

Tennis, for the most part, has been a means of recreation after school hours. At this time two or three courts have been in active service. It is a matter of regret that no games could have been arranged with other schools, but the probable reason is that tennis is not as popular elsewhere in this vicinity as at Woodstock. A few very fine players have been developed and many more promise to make good players with practice. The young ladies find this one of their chief sources of enjoyment and some very good talent has shown itself among them. Although the prospect for next year is not quite as bright, tennis will by no means lose its charms, and will probably take its usual place in the athletics of the Academy. Let us say in closing, that athletics of all kinds, if not engaged in to excess, are not only a healthful means of enjoyment and amusement, but also a method of training the intellect and gaining decision and quickness of thinking, and form a department which must not be omitted in any school. H. G. B.

Academy Sunday of '94.

The idea of Academy Sunday was first advanced when Mr. Matthews was pastor of Woodstock Congregational Church. He was a person of marked ability, and particularly interested in the advancement of the young people connected with Woodstock Academy. It has been said that in a rural town the church is the center of the social life. If so the church and Academy should work in perfect harmony. It was determined, therefore, to institute this Academy Sunday, when, once a year, all the Academy students might be brought together to listen to a sermon delivered in their particular interest, and when the welfare of the Academy might be earnestly placed before the minds of the community. The last Sunday in June was chosen for its observance. One year ago witnessed the first celebration of the day. The sermon, able in every respect, was enjoyed by all. It was delivered by the Rev. T. E. Davies, of New Haven, Ct. The marked success of the first observance insured the day a permanent place in the church calendar.

Academy Sunday this year occurred upon one of June's fairest days. The students, of whom there was a large attendance, marched in line across the familiar old campus to the church, and were then ushered to the front body seats. The pretty decorations of the church, together with the assemblage of earnest young faces, made an impression on the minds of the older ones not soon to be forgotten. The sermon was preached by the pastor, Rev. W. N. T. Dean. His text was, "For I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ and him crucified."

After addressing a few words to the scholars who were to return in the fall, Mr. Dean gave the graduating class the following charge: "You have finished your course here. We hope that the memories of life at Woodstock Academy will be a pleasure in years to come; that you will always remember your indebtedness to it and its dependence upon you, and that the religious reminiscences will be fragrant. We shall follow you in our thoughts to the higher schools to which you go, and with the prayer that the higher knowledge which you are acquiring will minister to the highest."

It would be impossible in our limited space to give any adequate outline of Mr. Dean's discourse. His purpose was evidently to force home the truth, that in all our study and search for knowledge, there is no knowledge so needful or so worthy our best efforts as the knowledge of Christ as a personal Saviour.

Sounding the Deep Thoughts of the Class of '94.

The following questions were solemnly asked the members of the Graduating Class of '94, and were answered with becoming solemnity:

1. What have you liked best in Woodstock Academy?
2. Why do you go to college?
3. Why do you choose the college you do?

What Alfred Child likes best in Woodstock Academy is its simplicity. He went to college to play end on the football

team. He chose Amherst because it was near Mt. Holyoke.

What Edward Boyden likes best in Woodstock Academy is the steam heater. He goes to college because he is envious of Carter. He chose Sheffield Scientific School on account of its religious influence.

Max Rockwell likes best in Woodstock Academy the piano. He goes to college because he has nowhere else to go. He chose Yale because it has the best record in athletics.

Charles Burd likes best in Woodstock Academy the water cooler. He goes to college because his people won't have him at home. He chooses Amherst that he may watch his friend Bixby play football.

Halsey Bixby likes best in Woodstock Academy the base ball team. He goes to college to pass his time away. He chooses Amherst because it is near Smith.

Anne Hall likes best in Woodstock Academy the devotional singing. She goes to college that she may not be obliged to play marches. She chose Smith because it had so classical a name.

A. Dumond Merwin likes best in Woodstock Academy its common. He goes to college that he may know some nice fellows. He chose Yale Scientific School because it was nearest home.

What Stuart Holt likes best in Woodstock Academy is the rustic simplicity of its scholars. He goes to college by a sort of instinct. He doesn't decide which college to enter until he takes the train from home in the fall.

The Picnic of '94.

The social gatherings of our school days are very pleasant to look back upon. Although the abandonment of one's self to the pursuit of pleasure is hurtful, on the other hand the entire absence of recreation from life is no less an evil. These associations serve to develop our moral as well as our social nature and give them symmetry. A person who does not take some leisure becomes selfish, and loses his interest in the pleasure of others as well as in that of himself.

The young man who has a chance to indulge heartily in athletic sports to a

certain degree, can return to his work with an interest and zest which increases the amount of solid labor performed. The saying that "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," is universally true.

Here in Woodstock our facilities for enjoying nature are great, and in no place so great as in Roseland Park. The academy students observed their annual picnic at the park Friday, the 22nd of June. Many hopes were expressed on the day preceding, that the weather might be fair and warm, and certainly those who expressed such hopes were amply satisfied.

Those who had occupation at the park in preparation for the picnic must have enjoyed the beautiful aspect of the lake, if they were not too busily occupied. Not a breath of air disturbed its surface, and everything else was as still as the water. Those who did not arrive until after 9 o'clock were not as fortunate. The breeze which sprang up soon ruffled the surface of the lake.

Meeting at the academy most of the party arrived at 9:30 at the park. It seemed the fashion to patronize the shade of the trees after the arrival, as old Sol directed his fiery rays with all his power upon everything. This caused the boys to think that the water might feel cooler than the air, and so arraying themselves in bathing suits they proceeded to test this theory, and found it correct. One young man was the source of vast amusement to the spectators by diving in such a masterful way as to strike the water horizontally. Having thoroughly enjoyed the cool embraces of the lake, all were summoned to satisfy the inner man with the collation provided by the committee. The long table on the piazza of the bungalow was tastefully and bountifully loaded, and the repast was highly appreciated by the hungry and happy crowd. Toasts seemed to be figuratively "not in it," doubtless because the modesty of one of the graduating class was contagious. On leaving the bungalow a number sought the croquet ground. A rope hanging from a bough of a tree near the grand stand invited some of the boys to try their relative

muscular powers by ascending hand over hand. One of the number having ascended to the top lost his firm hold and slid rapidly to the ground, badly blistering and tearing the skin from his hands.

When the trees began to cast their shadows toward the lake and the air to change to a more comfortable temperature, the boats became the center of attraction and were in constant use the rest of the day. All seemed to enjoy the boating to judge from occasional laughter and snatches of song which came floating over the water.

Time passed so pleasantly seems to have very little length, and so we were reminded suddenly by the declining sun that the day was near its end. All too soon came the time to turn faces homeward, and at 7 o'clock the party separated, and with the exception of a few who stayed to enjoy an evening on the lake, returned home.

Heartly thanks are due the picnic committee, Miss Alice Sharpe, Miss Estella Tompkins, Miss Jessie Bowen, Mr. Burton Fitts, Mr. Ned Child and Mr. Ernest Butler. For the collation was excellent and abundant, the service tasteful, and the entire management without friction, J. A. B.

Items from the Younger Alumni.

Miss Mary A. Goodwin has returned from Middlebury College for the summer vacation. She has spent a very pleasant and successful year and expects to return in the fall.

Welles M. Partridge gave an interesting lecture in Woodstock in December, on the subject of the World's Fair, which was excellently illustrated by the stereopticon. He intends to return to the School of Technology in Boston in the fall, where he has been staying for a part of two years.

Reed Tourtellotte is spending part of the summer in Woodstock and Putnam. He has been in business in Providence during the winter.

Harry W. Beckwith has finished his third year at Exeter academy. He will continue his studies there in the fall.

Robert Gaylord will enter in the fall the department of electrical engineering in the Throop Institute in Pasadena, Cal.

Robert K. Safford has been attending a business college in Worcester during the winter.

Halsey A. Weaver has completed his second year at Yale Scientific School. His work has been very creditable, and he will return in the fall to take the final year of the course.

Miss Mabelle L. Hammond has been taking a course in stenography and type-writing during the winter at Bryant & Stratton Business College in Providence.

Sidney R. Turner is in the grocery business with his brother at Riverside, R. I.

Will Gaylord has completed his sophomore year at Yale College.

Miss Mabel Vinton has been studying at a kindergarten training school at Boston. She received her diploma in the spring, and is prepared to teach either a public or private kindergarten. She intends to spend her summer in Woodstock.

Walter J. Chase is in business with his father at his home at Windsor, N. Y.

Clifford I. Stoddard has finished his first year at Yale Scientific School. He will continue the same course of study in the fall.

Howard Clarke is still in business in New York. He is spending a vacation of a few weeks in Woodstock.

Anthony M. Tourtelot is engaged in the wholesale produce business in Providence.

Miss Florence Tourtelot has spent most of the winter in Providence.

Miss Joanna Gaylord is attending a summer school in Amherst.

When we find anything particularly well done, we may be sure that the author is broader and taller than his work.—*Julian Hawthorne.*

It always seems to me that talk is a ripple and thought a ground swell.—*O. W. Holmes.*

Public Rhetoricals, Tuesday Evening, March 22d, 1894.

1. Declamation—The Man and the Cause, Henry Cabot Lodge
Ralph A. Pike.
2. Piano Solo—Mignon, Menuet favori, Edith H. Hall, Sartorio
3. Declamation—Forefathers' Day, Address, Gen. Porter.
Alfred J. Johnson.
4. Piano Solo,—Danse Moderne, Ruth L. Williamson. Dennee
5. Recitation—King Boria Bungalle Boo, W. S. Gilbert
Edward L. Child.
6. Violin Solo—Ethel Phillips.
7. Essay—The Legend of Sohrab and Rustum. Jessie S. Bowen.
8. Recitation in Three Parts—Sohrab and Rustum, Arnold
Estella M. Tompkins, Evelyn L. Dean,
Adrianna M. Hutchins.
9. Song—Farewell to the Forest, Mixed Voices. Mendelssohn.
10. Recitation—Phaeton, J. G. Saxe
Sadie H. Colvin.
11. Recitation—The Mother and Poet, Elizabeth Browning
Esther H. Trowbridge.
12. Piano Solo—Valse brilliant, Chopin
Anne H. Hall.
13. Declamation—Claudius and Cynthia, Maurice Thompson
Burton T. Fitts.
14. Recitation—Brer Rabbit and De Butter, Harris
Edith H. Hall.
15. Assassination of Lincoln, Everett L. Upham. Esterbook
16. Chorus—We are Marching Away. Sousa

Graduating Exercises of the Class of Ninety-Four.

PROGRAM.

1. Prayer—Rev. W. N. T. Dean.
2. Piano Solo—Miss Lucy G. Ames.
3. Address—Rev. Silvanus Hayward.
4. Piano Solo—Miss Lucy G. Ames.
5. Presentation of Diplomas, by Hon. Henry C. Bowen.
6. Farewell Song—Mrs. Alice R. Hyde, Mr. A. E. Hosmer. Words by Mrs. Clara F. Dean.
7. Benediction.

Graduating Class, 1894.

CLASSICAL COURSE.

Anne Hibbard Hall, Woodstock, Conn.
 Halsey Greene Bixby, Thompson, Conn.
 Charles Gillette Burd, Patchogue, L. I.
 Alfred Thurston Child, Woodstock, Conn.
 Stuart Holt, Spuyten Duyvil, N. Y.
 Maxwell Warren Rockwell, South Woodstock, Conn.

SCIENTIFIC COURSE.

Edward Samuel Boyden, Woodstock,
 Albert Dumond Merwin, Milford, Conn.

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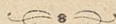
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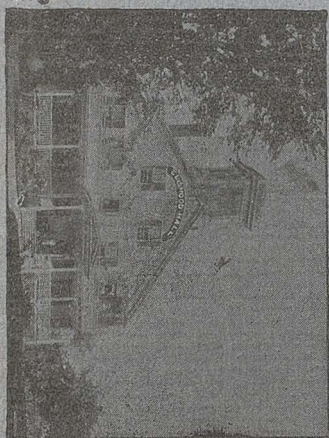
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