

WOODSTOCK ACADEMY

GLEANER

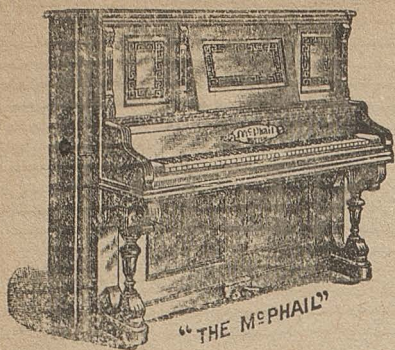
Vol. I

July, 1896.

No. 4.

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SUCCESSOR TO A. M. PARKER.

Woodstock Academy Gleaner

Vol. I

July, 1896.

No. 4

Homer often speaks of *winged* words. Doubtless, he means words well poised, flying quickly and gracefully to the place where they should alight. But we are not altogether confident that the words of this fourth printed number of the GLEANER possess any of that grace and directness which the Father of Epic Poetry calls *winged*. But the time has come to turn our fledglings from the nest. Out they must go, even though you laugh at their awkward flight and anxious flutter of wings. We shall be only too glad, if the cat doesn't catch them, and leave them dead and half-devoured at our doorway.

The Biennial Reunion of the Alumni will be held at the Academy and Grounds Wednesday, Aug. 5th, 1896. The afternoon will be given up to social intercourse, with a short interruption for business. The supper will follow at six o'clock. Short addresses will be the only form of spirits served, and from these we expect the intoxication of merriment and good cheer. A large attendance is looked for. Many Alumni from a distance are to attend. A cordial invitation is herewith extended to all who have been connected with the Academy as officers, teachers, or students, to join in this Reunion. The fee for the occasion will be twenty-five cents. This charge is made in the spirit of Democratic economy, but the payment must be made on a gold basis.

On the evening of the Reunion, it is expected that a lecture with stereopticon views will be given in the Academy Hall at eight o'clock, upon the subject of "Coal Mines." This lecture will be under the auspices of the Alumni Association, but will be for the general public. The complete arrangements for this lecture have not been made. Further particulars will be given at a later date.

The sun has set in the lives of many of our esteemed alumni during the past year. The name of Henry C. Bowen is woven into the very fibre of our Academy's history. He has not been simply its friend and patron, but the inspirer, the leader, and the helper in most of its efforts for growth, and in some of its crises, he may be regarded as its very preserver. It is very fitting that the tribute paid him in another column should be made. His place in work in behalf of the Academy remains unfilled.

When the present Alumni Association was first formed in 1892, among its most ardent supporters was Mr. Asa Lyman of Providence. He came to the first Reunion full of enthusiasm, and bringing many interesting memorabilia, among which was the photograph of the first Preceptor of the Academy, Thomas Williams. Mr. Lyman has fallen, when he seemed to have the promise of many years before him, fallen in service, amidst the high esteem of those who knew him best. What higher eulogy can be spoken?

The Rev. Nathaniel Beach, formerly President of the Board of Trustees, and his wife, a former estimable teacher in the Academy, have been laid to rest beside his worthy daughter.

Others might be mentioned: Mrs. Roxanna Child was always deeply interested in the Academy and one of its warmest friends. Miss Frances Lyman was one of our oldest alumnæ, and was gladly welcomed at the Reunions. And most of us learned for the first time, that Augustus S. Chase, who recently died in Paris, France, was an alumnus of the Academy. Mr. Chase was a man of the highest business qualities, which placed him in the foremost rank in the city of Waterbury, Conn.

These names with others are upon our roll of honor, and the impress of their character shall remain even after their names are forgotten.

A great improvement in the Academy Building, discussed for several years, and looked forward to with hope, has become an accomplished fact. The Public Hall has been thoroughly renovated. A new ceiling of hard pine in panels, newly painted walls and wood work, have made this auditorium one excelled by few among the academies of New England. The credit for this excellent piece of work is due to a few friends who planned and executed it, to the alumni and friends who gave the delightful teas at the Academy last summer, and to others, including not a few of those connected with the Academy more recently, who gave generously to defray the expenses. There is a slight indebtedness in connection with this improvement, but it is hoped that this will be cleared off before the summer has gone.

An entire new set of strings has been put into the grand piano in the Public Hall, and all worn parts of the interior have been replaced by new, so that the instrument may be considered as good as when first purchased. "Dux femina facti."

A new picture, a photograph of Botticelli's Spring, a piece of art worthy of most careful study, has been hung upon the school room wall, a gift of the graduating class of '96.

As regards the enlargement of the permanent funds of the Academy, little can be said at this time. Not because little has been done in this direction, during the past year, nor because the outlook is unpromising, but because the measures underway are still incomplete, which will result, we may reasonably expect, in considerable additions to the funds before another year has passed, and will eventually raise the funds to the sum of fifty thousand dollars. This seems to make the more remote future of the Academy quite secure. The present and sore needs are still unsupplied. The building needs painting and repairing. And if the Journal of our friend from Poliskale, found on another page, is a true record of the improvements of the coming decade, what is to be the source of the income? How can we add others to the list of our true and tried friends?

If any one entertains the notion that an issue of the GLEANER stands forth full-fledged under the magic swing of some intellectual wand, or from a few hours of mid-summer dreaming, let him call upon our secretary, and hear from her lips the work of the past year. Gleaning is not harvesting first-hand. It is the process of picking here and there, and calls for long effort and patience. Great credit is due our present secretary for her faithful and efficient service. Credit is due many others also, who cannot be mentioned and need not be. Begin now to help make the next issue of the GLEANER an excellent one. Keep open communication with your friends among the Alumni. Seek items of interest. Send them, accurately and concisely expressed, to the secretary at your earliest convenience.

"The parish priest of austerity
Climbed up in a high church steeple
To be nearer God, so that he might hand
His word down to the people.
And in sermon script he daily wrote
What he thought sent from Heaven,
And he dropped it down on the peoples'
heads.

Two times one day in seven.
In his age, God said 'Come down and die,'
And he cried out from the steeple,
'Where art Thou, Lord?' and the Lord
replied,
'Down here among my people.'"

Treasurer's Report for 1896.

Balance from 1895,	\$6 97
Received from Secretary,	18.00
Secretary's bill,	\$2.96
GLEANER expenses:	
For printing,	72.10
For wrappers,	3.85
GLEANER advert'm'nts,	59.00
Total receipts,	83 97
Total expenses,	\$79.51
Balance in treasury,	
August, 1896,	\$4.46

ORRILL B. GREENE,
Treasurer.

"Among our teachers, not a few
Were noble souls as e'er we knew;
In school they more than science taught,
Taught manhood's worth in life and
thought.
And if we could, we'd let them know
How through our lives their teachings
flow,
But they'll not lack their meed of praise;

Their work will live in other days,
And with an influence sublime,
Will leave its mark throughout all time.

"For he that hath true teacher been,
Is made thereby the prince of men.

Principal Bunten's Letter.

Your most welcome letter, asking for some reminiscences of my life in Woodstock, and something of my life since I severed my connection with Woodstock Academy, found me in the midst of a very busy week, and so has lain unanswered for a few days. It has served, however, to call vividly to mind very many pleasant memories of the good people of Woodstock and the happy years I spent among them. I well recollect my first ride from Putnam in the elegant coach that carried the United States mail in December, 1878. After climbing what seemed an interminable succession of hills, the driver told me we had reached Woodstock. It was dark, or perhaps I was so completely chilled that there was little life in me; at any rate, I could not see the village, and asked him where it was. However, after an excellent supper at the Elmwood and a comfortable hour or two by the warm fire, I was ushered into the presence, some time near midnight, of "twelve grave and reverend seniors," seated around the stove in the old academy, who calmly informed me that they were the trustees, and then proceeded sternly to investigate my antecedents and familiarize themselves with my personal appearance by the aid of a few dimly burning lamps. This was the beginning of nearly five years of pleasant memory in the good old town of Woodstock. The years that have passed since I left Woodstock in 1883 have brought changes for all of us. I have learned from the GLEANER and from other sources that the boys and girls of my time have been settling themselves in their chosen vocations, and, I doubt not, have become sedate men and women. Some have married, and some, alas! have passed away. I hope and trust that they all gained something of value from their connection with Woodstock academy. The years have gone pleasantly with myself and family. My son and elder daughter have

graduated from college and are new successful teachers. Ulster academy, when I took charge of it, had fourteen teachers and about six hundred pupils. It now has twenty-one teachers and a corresponding number of pupils. They are of all grades—from the primary to the full academic. My academic department numbers 158. Some of my earlier graduates have finished their college course and professional studies, and are prospering in their chosen professions; others are winning success in business or are filling their places well in domestic life.

It is perhaps impossible to estimate the value of such a school as Woodstock academy to the community in which it is located, but that value is very great. I was forcibly impressed with this fact while living in Woodstock and becoming acquainted with the people—their intelligence and high standard of life, and also by the large number of young people who had been influenced by the Academy, as I believe, to seek the higher culture of the college. I am glad, therefore, to know that the academy is doing so well, and trust it may long continue, with an ever widening influence for good.

WILLIAM E. BUNTEN.

Principal Conant's Letter.

RANDOLPH CENTER, Vt., May 9, 1896.

In reply to your letter of April 10, I enclose to you, first, a circular issued by the trustees of Woodstock Academy to introduce me to its patrons.

Secondly, a few facts from a catalogue of teachers and students of Woodstock Academy for the five terms ending Feb. 7, 1856:

Summary of attendance:

Winter term, 1854-55.....	23
Spring " 1855.....	33
Summer " ".....	16
Fall " ".....	56
Winter " 1855-56.....	51

Total.....	179
Number of different students.....	115
Males.....	76
Females.....	39

Of these Woodstock, including East and West Woodstock, sent 75, Pomfret 10, Bridgeport, Eastford, Putnam and

Thompson 2 each, Greenwich, Plainfield, New Boston, Sterling, 1 each; Massachusetts 8, Rhode Island 5, New York 3, New Hampshire 2.

Thirdly, I remained one term after Feb. 7, 1856, but cannot give the number of students. For the first two terms I had no regular assistant. Beginning with the fall term of 1855 I was assisted by Miss L. J. Sherman.

My year and a half at Woodstock was a period of beginnings. The teaching I enjoyed, but the care of the boarding house, which I assumed after my first term, was thoroughly distasteful, and consequently was not well done.

Of classes, I remember two in arithmetic more particularly than any others. One was a class of young ladies, several of whom had been teachers, and all of whom were bright and ambitious. The other was a class of about sixteen boys and girls, of ages from twelve to fifteen years. These all were bright, but several were persons of peculiar minds, who frequently required different explanations and illustrations from the rest.

I found intelligent, kindly and honest people in Woodstock, and enjoyed myself among them very much.

I left Woodstock about the first of May, 1856, and in about two weeks began service as principal of Royalton academy in Royalton, Vt. After service there and in Burlington, Vt., as principal of the town High school, I became principal of the Orange County Grammar School in Randolph, Vt., in 1861, and remained till elected State Superintendent of Education in the fall of 1874. After six years in that office, I was for three years principal of the State Normal School in Johnson, Vt. In 1884 I returned to Randolph as principal of the State Normal School of Randolph, where I still remain. The Orange County Grammar School was re-organized as a State Normal School during my previous stay here.

I send you herewith a package of matter illustrating my work here. You are at liberty to use anything found in this cover or in the package in such way as you think proper. Respectfully,

EDWARD CONANT.

Principal Hubbard's Letter.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Perhaps unwisely I promised some weeks since to write a letter for the Woodstock Academy GLEANER, giving some reminiscences of the days of my principalship and some account of my own life since. I say perhaps unwisely I made the promise, because as I now sit down to write the promised letter I find that there is little that I remember of my life in Woodstock with sufficient distinctness, and of sufficient distinction, to justify the attempt to embalm it in a letter to the GLEANER. And as for my life since the Woodstock days, I will not say that modesty forbids my telling the story of this subsequent period, because its failures and successes have not been sufficiently noteworthy to make the record savor in the least of self-glorification. But because the record is only the ordinary one of a professional man's ambitions and struggles, frequent disappointments and tardy realizations, it seems not worth narrating, even in outline. Excuses made, however, I proceed with the saying—after such fashion as I may be able “with running pen”—of what little comes to me at the moment to say.

As many years have passed since I left Woodstock as had elapsed since my birth at the time of my first going hence. In the retrospect of my life the Woodstock period occupies precisely the “middle distance” lying, indeed, a little nearer my natal day than the time of this writing. I was a mere boy, just out of college, and never had taught school before. I don't know, and should hardly dare inquire, how much any of my pupils learned, but at least I learned as much myself in those years as the most diligent and appreciative of them all could have done. What I learned I am no longer able to distinguish and describe; but it was for me a post-graduate course which I have always felt was of exceeding value in the way of self-discipline and varied experience. I was simply a learner among learners—somewhat more advanced, but quite young enough still to have a lively fellow-feeling with young people, and on this account, partly, rather indisposed to use authority. In

speaking thus I do not mean to disparage the value of my own labors. No man is expected to do that. I am only rendering "tribute to whom tribute is due" when I say that I owe to Woodstock Academy a good deal of what was most valuable in my early professional experience. For one thing, the range of studies and the variety of classes I was called upon to teach gave me occasion to review almost everything I had myself studied in college.

But in respect of details of history, those days are very shadowy in my memory. I do not remember whether I was in Woodstock for a longer or a shorter period than two years, and I have forgotten the occasion and the circumstances of my leaving. I remember only that I looked forward to beginning a course of theological study, and that there was some difference of judgment as to methods and plans of building up the school. But I do not even recall what my own plans and preferences were in regard to the schools, much less what were the opposing counsels. The things that are clearest in my recollection of those days are single, scattered incidents, generally of an amusing or otherwise pleasing nature. The personal kindnesses and the agreeable fellowships by which I remember, even with cordial friendliness, pupils and townspeople who made me thus indebted to them—these, of course, I do not here include, as they are inappropriate for public record. But of other reminiscences, among the very few that stand out with distinctness in my mind, I may mention the exhibition of the telephone, which we undertook in connection with one of our oratorical occasions. It was in the days when the telephone was a novelty, and this telephone of mine was constructed after plans and specifications laid down in a book on the subject by an electrical expert. As I remember, the machine was a qualified success in the preliminary trial, when I held communication with Dr. George Bowen—blessings crown his head if he ever grows old—over several rods of intervening space. But it was an unqualified failure in the public exhibition, and significant only as an honorable attempt at popularizing science.

I remember the delight with which I received the tokens of the good-will and regard of my pupils in the shape of a beautiful volume of Tennyson's poems and a pair of gold sleeve-buttons. And one thing that enhanced, in my eyes, the preciousness of the gift, was the knowledge of the grief of some of those uniting in the presentation, who feared the sleeve-buttons would prove an unsuitable, because superfluous gift. But they were not superfluous, and they never will be. I prize them still for old association's sake.

I recall vividly the ill-suppressed amusement with which the girls in my chemistry class listened to my account of the reaction that took place between soda and cream-tartar in the process of making and baking tea-biscuit. A delegation of them waited on me after class and informed me that in my receipt for biscuits I had forgotten all about the flour! Safe to say I have never since forgotten it, or the incident, or them—and I never shall.

It is such little things as these that I remember with distinctness now, and they help to cast a glamour over the whole of that long past time. I can remember also the faces of particular pupils, and somehow I recall them as they looked in some moment of animated conversation and of merry glee.

And so, on the whole, to me there seems to hang over the time of my Woodstock sojourn a sort of sun lit haze. If there were trying or disagreeable experiences, they have faded from my view, leaving "scarce a trace behind." I have not often had the pleasure of meeting my old pupils in the days since. And just as infrequently have I been privileged to meet again my old associate teachers, to whom whatever success the school enjoyed was so largely due. But I send them now my kind regards.

Since leaving Woodstock one—and only one—great sorrow has come to me, in the death of my dear brother Edward, whom others also knew and loved in Woodstock.

Concluding my seminary course at Andover in 1881, I supplied the Congregational church in Fall River, Mass., one year, the while pursuing graduate studies

at Andover. In 1882 I went abroad, studying philology and theology at Berlin during two years, traveling in vacation seasons through Germany, Scandinavia, France, Switzerland, Italy and England. Returning in 1884, after a period of inaction I became pastor in January, 1866, of a Congregational church in Ellsworth, Maine, and since that time have been constantly employed, either in preaching or teaching. Leaving my down East pastorate in 1891, I accepted, after a few months of further study at Yale University, a professorship (English and French) in Centre College, Danville, Ky., where I remained until about a year ago. Since that time, aside from the work of preaching, I have been mainly occupied with editorial labor on the Assembly Herald, the official publication of the Missionary Boards of the Presbyterian church. At present I am acting as pastor of the North Presbyterian church of Buffalo, the work of which is too engrossing at present to afford such leisure as one could wish for the composition of an acceptable letter to the GLEANER.

Very cordially yours,

CHAS. F. HUBBARD.

Reminiscences—Principal Manning.

My first experience as a student in Woodstock Academy was in 1842. During the last half of the winter term I sat for several hours each day in the west room, under the care of the principal, Mr. J. P. Averill. There I first learned the "why" of arithmetic, and the rudiments of algebra and geometry.

I well remember how exceedingly sensitive the teacher was to any whispering in the room during the time of recitation. One whisper seemed to painfully hurt him. Occupying a single desk, I had not much occasion for whispering, and so escaped censure in that line. I did not find much difficulty in learning the lessons in mathematics, but, through diffidence, sometimes failed in declamation.

A pleasant recollection of that half term's work was the public examination, at the end of the term, held in the Congregational church. A large platform

had been erected, above the tops of the pews, for an exhibition, and the classes examined were perched on that platform. The small class commencing Euclid was in order. A member of the class had demonstrated the proposition: "When two lines intersect each other, the opposite angles are equal." The demonstration given was almost exactly in the language of the book. One of the examining committee asked the class to prove that the other two angles were equal. Two or three of the members attempted to give the proof desired, but always ended the demonstration by naming the angles proved equal in the book. Geometry was my favorite study. I was not quite so dependent on the written words as some members of the class, and so was able to prove the other two angles equal, thereby gaining considerable credit. Seven or eight years afterwards, when studying mathematics in college, I sometimes worked out original problems in solid geometry which none of my class could perform; but I was never guilty of any achievement in this branch of which I was so proud as of the proving of that simple proposition.

The exhibition came off successfully. I think, however, that some of the dialogues were considered by old-fashioned people—old fogies, perhaps, we might call them—too much like theatrical performances to be presented in a church at a late evening hour.

I have a vivid recollection of another class to which I belonged when attending the academy a year or two later. It was a class in geography of the heavens, taught by Mrs. Averill. She was an excellent teacher, and trained us thoroughly, especially on the constellations. We were required to draw them on the black-board. The positions of many of the brighter stars were, indelibly impressed on my mind by this careful method of teaching. There were ten or twelve in the class, all of them young ladies, excepting myself. The ladies were good scholars, and of course had good lessons. This fact undoubtedly had its influence on the only male member. He was led to study four or five hours on each lesson, that he

might be sure, in his recitations, not to fall behind any of the other members. Years afterwards, when asked to discuss, in a college society, the question of "Co-education," he chose the affirmative side, from having an abiding remembrance of the salutary influence exerted upon himself by the talented young ladies of that class.

My attendance at the Academy was mostly by half-terms. I went when I could secure the time and means. The fidelity and enthusiasm of the teachers, even in these brief periods, helped to awaken in me a thirst for knowledge. This increasing desire to know more of the languages and sciences, to me, at that time, almost wholly unknown, could only be satisfied by pursuing a longer and higher course of study.

J. M. MANNING,
Judson, Mass.

The Hon. Henry C. Bowen Memorial.

The issue of the GLEANER for the year 1896 would be incomplete with the simple announcement of the death of Henry C. Bowen as one of the alumni of Woodstock Academy; for Mr. Bowen was not an alumnus simply in name. His alma mater was very dear to his heart; and among the last acts of his life were those for her future prosperity. There are times when it is well to rehearse the good deeds in a man's life, and to follow, in a measure, the results of those deeds. This can only effectually be done in the summary of a long life such as was granted to Mr. Bowen. It was filled with varied schemes, all of which attained a greater or less degree of success.

Of his marked career as a business man and as a journalist, with original methods pursued, we will not speak, for they are matters of history, and as such are well known; but the story of his efforts for the advancement of Woodstock Academy will be the theme of this memorial sketch.

Henry Chandler Bowen, the son of George and Lydia Eaton Bowen, was born in the old Bowen homestead, September 11, 1813. This ancient house is one of the notable houses in Connecticut, and was built in 1782, but was not purchased

by William Bowen, the grandfather of Henry Chandler, until several years later. His boyhood home was kept as a tavern, with a store adjoining, "where the politics of the town and the state of the church were discussed and regulated; from whose windows was hung the brigade flag for general training, which was held on the historic common below." His home was one of the "vitalling places" of the stage line between New York and Boston. All these stirring scenes could but have their influence upon the active mind of the growing boy.

"To his mother he felt that he owed whatever was best in his early training and subsequent career." She must have been a woman of strong and unique characteristics, a woman "who looked well to the ways of her household," whose sayings are still held as maxims among the people of Woodstock, and are transmitted from generation to generation as household words. To her can be traced the strong convictions of right and marked executive ability which characterized all the business transactions of Mr. Bowen. His education was acquired in the schools of his native town, finishing in Woodstock Academy. For a time he was clerk in his father's store, but at the age of twenty "his earnest, pushing and driving mind took him away from this town to seek a larger sphere." In a very few years a measure of success crowned his efforts, and his thoughts turned at once to the home of his boyhood. For the first years after his removal to New York his vacations were spent with his mother, who had removed her home to the residence now occupied by Mrs. Polly Bowen. One fact will show that even in these early days of prosperity Woodstock Academy held a large place in his affections.

Some years before Mr. Bowen was in circumstances warranting the possession of a summer home in Woodstock, measures were taken by him for the improvement of the Academy.

During several years previous to 1843 the school had languished. At times no school was held during the year, and academy interests even became so degenerated that the building was used as a private dwelling. But in the spring of

1843 new life was infused into the school by the advent of a new and extremely capable principal, Mr. Averill. It was during the summer of that year that Mr. Bowen made the generous offer to the citizens of the community that if they would provide the board for the workmen he would pay all bills for putting the building in perfect repair. This offer was gladly accepted, and so thoroughly was the work done that the framework and some of the partitions were all that remained of the original structure. New desks were put in; in fact, everything was done to put it in good working order for the uses of the school. At this time chemical apparatus was needed by the school, and Mr. Bowen suggested the engagement of the then renowned Hutchinson Family to give concerts for this need. Mr. Bowen paid the entire expenses of their coming, and the proceeds were sufficient to purchase the desired apparatus, which was used for many, many years. At this time also a large number of boarding pupils were to be provided with homes, consequently between the years of '44 and '46 Mr. Bowen, together with Mr. Amasa Carpenter, of North Woodstock, built what is now known as Elmwood Hall. For several years following the school attained its greatest prosperity in numbers in its history, for those were the palmy days of the Academy, before the advent of the present public high school.

This building remained substantially the same for the next twenty-five years, and is well remembered by the pupils of that period. Who can calculate the results of the few thousands of dollars put into the work of the education of his native town at this time? "Surely he builded better than he knew." For it may be said that the whole future of the school was the result of his individual effort.

After twenty five years of varied history, Mr. Bowen conceived the plan of an endowment fund, that the Academy might be placed upon a permanent basis, making the generous offer that if \$5,000 was raised, he would make the sum \$10,000. This offer served to show the interest felt in the cause of education by the citizens of this and neighboring towns.

For nearly six weeks Mr. Bowen, accompanied usually by the present President of the Board of Trustees, visited from house to house, making appeals for the fund. Abundant success crowned their efforts, and over \$16,000 was the result of this indefatigable labor.

Now all things were propitious for the renewed prosperity of this time honored institution, but after a short period it was felt that the school had outgrown the building, which had served its generations for seventy years. Again Mr. Bowen arose to the emergency, and would give another \$5,000 toward a building fund, providing a corresponding amount was pledged. Much personal appeal to friends at home and abroad followed, and right nobly did the people respond to this second call, following so soon upon the first. "On this subscription list the rich and poor met together, the latter largely outnumbering the former," until the goodly sum of \$17,000 was announced as pledged to the building fund. In 1873 the present academy building was dedicated. Its cost was about \$20,000. The funds were exhausted, and provision for the furnishing and general equipment of the building was made by Mr. Bowen.

And the end was not yet, for while Mr. Bowen lived he was devising new schemes for the forward movement of his beloved Academy. For years the increase of the endowment fund had been upon his mind, and from time to time, through his instrumentality, various sums were added to it, but he had placed the amount of \$50,000 as the acme of his desires.

It seemed unattainable, but to his indomitable perseverance all things were possible, and behold! before the end of the year 1895 it was an accomplished fact. Above \$50,000 was pledged, largely by bequest, to the endowment fund, for the benefit of the coming generations, descendants of those in whom Mr. Bowen had fostered the love of knowledge by his efforts for their educational advancement in 1843.

In March, 1896, the people of Woodstock were called to bid good-bye to the form of their honored friend, for death had claimed all that was mortal of Henry Chandler Bowen, and he was borne to his

ast resting place upon the brow of the
 "hill," so loved by him, his dust to
 mingle with six generations of ancestors.
 "We do not bid good bye, however, to
 the influences which have gone out from
 the boy, who, from Woodstock Academy,
 went out into the larger world and gave
 himself to man and to God; and who,
 with invincible determination, carried
 through to high success eighty-two years
 of life. The influences of these years
 shall go down through the ages," and
 shall be held in everlasting memorial.

E. E. C.

The Old Academy.

A beauteous landscape comes to view,
 Old Woodstock, fair and ever new;
 Hill and lake and wooded glen,
 Fit theme for painter's brush or poet's pen.

We love thy graceful waving trees,
 Thy sparkling lake with cooling breeze,
 Thy thrifty homes and verdant fields,
 With all the gifts that nature yields.

We love thy cool and leafy bowers,
 Thy shady nooks for leisure hours;
 Though past and gone we love thee still,
 Dear Old Academy on the Hill.

Founded by sons of Pilgrim sires,
 With zealous faith and high desires;
 We, their offspring, come to-day,
 Our truth to plight, our homage pay.

Said the Roman matron fair,
 My children are my jewels rare;
 So Woodstock to her school points with
 pride,
 This is my jewel, famed far and wide.

Thy honored name, like some magic spell,
 Brings back the scenes we loved so well,
 Again we see thy old familiar walls,
 Again we throng thy classic halls.

'Tis almost nine, the clanging bell
 Dings out its warning peal, to tell
 O'er hill and dale, with rhythmic chime
 The swift and rapid flight of time.

From distant homes and households near,
 Groups of girls and boys appear,
 Sturdy youths from field and farm,
 Light of heart and strong of arm.

The sounding bell has ceased to toll,
 And quietly the master calls the roll.
 A hearty song, a fervent prayer,
 Fitting prelude to his day of care.

The recitations now begin,
 Those "not prepared" quake within,
 Of Latin and Greek we get our share,
 And algebra enough to complete the fare.

But the study we boys liked best of all,
 Was out on the common, "a playin' ball,"
 For that was the branch, 'tis sad to tell,
 Where the lovely maids could not excel.

But since those palmy days of yore,
 Girls have taken the bat and made a score;
 If you want to bet, it's the truth I'm tell-
 ing,
 You are safer to stake on the girls when
 spelling.

How pleasant to ramble with a jolly good
 fellow,
 Where the apples were ripe, and the pears
 were mellow.

'Twas all right then, and nothing to fear,
 For no one was looking and the dog
 didn't hear.

And so the glad days glided swiftly by,
 With scarcely a care and never a sigh,
 But a tinge of sadness came at last,
 When the months were gone and the year
 had passed.

For when we bade our mates farewell,
 Our hearts felt more than words could
 tell,

And then at the end of the closing day
 We packed up our books and sped away.

Away into the world with its visions fair,
 Away into the world with its toil and care,
 And then we found, to our consternation,
 That life was a continual examination.

And when comes life's declining day,
 When eyes grow dim and headsturn gray,
 A place in our hearts shall thy memories
 fill,

Dear Old Academy on the Hill.

DR. J. W. INGALLS.

Extract from a Private Journal.

POLISKALE, STATE OF OKLAHOMA,
 August 15, 1906.

Well, here I am again, once more
 seated in the retirement of my own
 den in this beautiful city of Poliskale!
 The long-anticipated Eastern trip is a
 thing of the past. One must needs
 have some feelings of regret when a
 pleasure journey, taken so many times
 in the imagination, has found its place
 at last, simply as an experience, as a
 fact, clad in all the coldness of reality.
 But away with feelings of regret! Let
 me rather foster in my memory the
 delights of that trip to old Woodstock.
 Only two weeks of absence, and yet
 how far I have traveled, and how
 much I have seen! And now, while
 my impressions are fresh, let me jot
 down some of the incidents of my

visit, especially in connection with my dear old alma mater, Woodstock Academy.

First of all, a feeling deeply comfortable came over me as I stepped out of the trolley, near the home of the elder M. r. Lindeman, and found the natural beauty of the surroundings still undisturbed. The rolling pasture lands, the cultivated hillsides, the peaceful lake, the towering pines, had withstood the ten years' onward march of man's so-called improvements. I thought to myself, let the hum of factories and the nervous hurry of shrewd competition fill our valley, if needs be, and, as if by magic, cause cities to spring up on our western prairies, but let as many as possible of our New England hill side villages, with their towering church spires and academies, be preserved as centers of peaceful thought, where character outweighs success, and something of the simplicity of a natural life is maintained.

With such thoughts I toiled up the Bugby hill, now and then pausing to cast expectant looks toward the familiar academy building. But familiar as it was I could see, even at a distance, the signs of change. Not the change which indicates a revolution in the life and purpose of the institution, but the change of natural growth and improvement.

Securing the company of one of my former schoolmates, who had the wisdom and good fortune to continue a resident of Woodstock during the ten years of my absence, I went directly to the academy grounds. Here we came upon a number of the alumni, under the direction of the principal, busy with the preparations for the reunion of 1906. The latter was not too busy to give us a few minutes of his time, to show us what a great work a little community, by persistent effort and generous support, can accomplish. And this is what I desire to record here. We are living in a time of wonderful growth of educational institutions. Colleges are too common to attract special attention. Universities with endowments of millions come to their birth with a passing notice. But

I can conceive of no monument erected to the honor of a rural community more glorious than the academy, heartily supported and generously equipped for its work, not necessarily in a widely extended field, but thoroughly within its own legitimate limits. In this very line seemed to be the improvements which the decade had brought to Woodstock Academy. In all these changes, as they were pointed out and explained, I did not see a single indication of making the academy a college, or of pushing it in any way beyond its natural reach.

The principal told us that the first move in the direction of growth which was made, and the first in importance, was to place the teaching of the sciences on a proper basis. He accordingly conducted us to the second story on the east side, and, opening the door, ushered us into the rooms, which in our school days were the scene of so many delightful social gatherings of the Christian Endeavor and Ladies' Benevolent societies. But what a transition! These two rooms were connected with the old storeroom, number fourteen, and the three were completely equipped for work in chemistry, physics and botany. It took but a glance to see how complete the arrangements were. The front room seemed to be largely for a recitation room, but about its sides were cupboards, in which were carefully kept the apparatus for physics and botany. We admired the electric machine, the batteries, the model dynamos, the air-pump and the fine microscope. Nor were we less pleased to find our collection of birds still well preserved, with many new additions, and a goodly collection of botanical specimens and minerals, carefully classified and labeled. Passing into the room to the north we came upon the laboratory proper. Sinks for individual work, fifteen in number, were arranged around two sides of the room. Above these were shelves and cupboards, well filled with all the utensils of a small chemical laboratory. In the body of the room were tables for work and study. And in old fourteen we found a veritable little drug store, where were dealt

out to the students, as they needed them, the chemicals for their experiments.

While we were looking these over and interrupting the professor now and then with our exclamations of admiration, it occurred to me that I ought, as a graduate of the academy, to bring into play my knowledge of chemistry just at this point. But what can one recall from the text-book study after the desuetude of ten years? I ventured, however, after looking about me, to ask whence was the supply of H_2O . My question proved more interesting than the amount of chemistry it displayed. For, drawing back the inside blinds, the professor pointed out the great wind-wheel, which I had noticed as I came up the Bugby road. "This," he explained, "shows you how we have harnessed the Woodstock winds, and now have an abundant supply of water distributed throughout the building from a large tank in the attic. And let me say further," he continued, "these improvements are all of them specially in the direction of the interests of the immediate community. For we believe that farmers' sons, and daughters too, should have a practical knowledge of the elements of these sciences. And besides this, to make this movement complete, we have a gentleman assistant who makes this line of work his specialty. But let us go down into the library."

So down stairs we went, stopping now and then to look at the pictures which adorned the walls, gifts of the successive classes as they were graduated, and glancing into the recitation rooms, thoroughly supplied from the same source with maps and charts. We found the library door open and entered the old room, but how changed! A broad archway connected it with the room to the east, and the two rooms, thus thrown together, were well stored with carefully selected books, classified and arranged, numbering over two thousand volumes. This, we were informed, was a public library, but the association was so organized and chartered that its control was in the hands of a board, the majority of which must be connected

with the academy as trustees or other officers.

The east room was supplied more particularly with reference books, and into this room, we were told, the students had permission to come for study, at the discretion of the teachers. While I was trying to comprehend these great changes and recall the little crowded and mixed library of my day, the principal had to excuse himself, and leave us to our own thoughts and guidance.

My friend soon said that we must take a hasty look at one more improvement, and then leave them all to be enjoyed more fully on the day of the Reunion with the other alumni. We then proceeded at once to the grounds in the rear of the building, and came upon an unpretending, yet neat and tasteful building, about twenty-five by fifty feet, I should think, which, my friend informed me, was the gymnasium. Within we found the essential apparatus of an ordinary little gymnasium, with one end of the room arranged as a place for the pupils to take their lunch. When I remembered the thirty pupils who used to sit down to their lunch in the main school room, where we had sat for three hours, and where we must sit for three hours more, I could but exclaim: "Blessed be the good common sense that suggested and brought about this arrangement." With this we walked away to the home of my friend.

The day of the Reunion came, and all these improvements were discussed with hearty satisfaction by the alumni, and not the less so because they had been the instigators and abettors of most of them. I observed that these discussions could all be gathered up into the following thoughts: First, it is remarkable how much of public work, without undue sacrifice, can be done by a community, even if small in numbers, if the workers are united, earnest and persistent.

Secondly, there is no work in which so large a number can be united, and from which such large returns of satisfaction can be gotten, as in the

work of education, applied to the actual needs of the community.

Thirdly, the advance made by the Woodstock Academy, in the decade just prior to 1906, has been felt throughout the whole community, and not the least in the uplifting of the entire school system of the town to more thorough and systematic work.

Much more might be written about this delightful journey, but the limitations of a journal prevent me from recording more than the striking pictures of my daily life.

UNA EX AMICIS MUSARUM.

Oh, don't you remember the school house
red,

Which stood far back on the hill,

And the great oak tree which lifted its
head close by? It stands there still.

You leaned addition in that old place,

And the use of verb and noun,

They have earned you much in life's hard
race—

Give some to the dear old town!

Ah! go where the summer solstice burns,

And your city home is hot,

Go look where the winding river turns

In the green old meadow lot.

Then ask the people what it needs,

And count it life's best crown

To build it up with filial deeds,

Your own dear native town!

Post Mortem.

Some time ago, some one recalled to my thoughts the old posts that stood for so long in the gateways of the Academy grounds, but I have only now received the inspiration to jot down the reminiscences suggested by them.

I met the posts—met is the right word to use, since I am sure they went out of their places a little that night to leave so lasting an impression.

It was a night in March, and one need not describe a rainy night in that month in New England to the readers of the GLEANER, when it turns up in all its beauty of mist, rain, blackness of Egypt, and last, but not least, of mud. The cars had taken me from home in the morning, and after a number of hours I left them for the stage to go to my destination, when, behold me stranded on the hill, no where to go, and only buoyed up with the hope that the deacon would take me in.

So I started from the Post Office on a

hunt, which consisted principally in going back first after one rubber, then the other, and it was thus the first post and I met, which post seemed to fill the gateway; but after struggling with it, and receiving well attested proof on my person that it was there, I got it fixed in the middle of the gateway, and went on rejoicing, with no further trouble from that one.

It was rhetorical night, and I found a good Samaritan who would take me to my journey's end, if I could wait. After waiting until almost the ghost-hour, I heard a voice call from the darkness that all was ready, and I started for the voice.

But, no—life that night was not easy. I met Mr. Post No. 1's brother, and it was a more unexpected meeting than the first; at least I am sure he was remembered much the longer. But this is enough of how I met them, and let us see now what came of our acquaintance.

Did you ever dig a post-hole in Connecticut or watch one being dug? If so, did not you come quickly to the conclusion that some loving friend (?) had dumped all the stone of the region on that particular spot? If not, you must lack in the faculty of observation. Yet let us notice another peculiarity. All around the spot where you want to dig the spade seems to go down with special ease, but if you move a little to take advantage of that spot, all the rocks immediately move over—stop! this is not a dissertation on post-hole digging.

On the Arbor day of this same spring we all were turned out to beautify the surrounding region—some to fix the back stop, on which so many have spent such artistic care; some to rake up the leaves, and some good spirit suggested the removing of the posts in the gateways. I know I seconded the motion with more force than was necessary on the face of the matter, and with what joy took the crowbar in hand for the attack. Of course I tackled the post I met last, as being the greater offender.

Pray, remember now my short talk on post-holes, and note the soil around a post should be easily removed. But we are wrong again, for the rocks from the hole and the surrounding region are packed

around it to hold it firmly in place. Nevertheless we got to the bottom, yet the post refused to come.

We discovered that the post had been set to say; some one—well, I shall not call him what I think—had nailed a cross-piece on the post, and carefully fastened it down with a quarry! If I ever want to build a stone house in Connecticut, I shall simply dig post-holes in an acre lot, and shall have stone enough to build a palace.

But my resentment was too great to have the post conquer me now, after the way it had treated me that first night. Up it must come, and did, and I know my fire was enjoyed more the following winter because of the thought that it formed part of that which was being destroyed. So my wrath was turned into ashes.

I have observed since those posts were removed that each term the classes have grown larger; and way down deep, after my own experience, the thought has come to me that those posts had a discouraging effect on many wishing to enter the academy.

C. H.

Graduating Exercises of the Class of '96.

The audience which assembled in the Academy here on Friday, June 19, to listen to the graduating exercises of the class of '96 was a large one, in spite of the heat and the fact that the last of June is a busy time on the farms about Woodstock. The class consisted of Miss Evelyn Dean, Miss Ruth Cahoon, and Miss Mary Bowen, Mr. Ralph Pike, Mr. Clarence Weaver and Mr. Joseph Sheppard. They had chosen for their motto the old English maxim of "Do ye Next Thyng," and this was wrought in daisies on the curtain over the stage where the exercises took place. The hall was very tastefully decorated with large jars of graceful asparagus and white daisies around the rear and sides of the stage, while maiden-hair ferns and roses were arranged at the front.

After the ushers had seated the audience, filling the hall to the very rear, the students, to the slow music of a march,

filed into the hall from opposite doors. The graduating class followed, while the students remained standing until they were seated in the seats immediately before the stage. The exercises were opened by a very appropriate prayer by the Rev. J. P. Trowbridge. This was followed by a piano solo, which was skillfully rendered by Miss Mary Boyden. Mr. Hall then introduced the speaker of the day, mentioning in a few words the self-sacrificing efforts of those who founded the Academy, and to whom its name and success are so largely due. He then introduced to the audience one of his college classmates, Prof. George F. Moore, of Andover Theological Seminary.

Before Prof. Moore had spoken five minutes he had won the attention and sympathy of the audience by his simple manner of speaking and the clear presentation of his thoughts. He spoke with but few notes, but with a forceful directness and a fine choice of words. He chose to speak on the subject of education, its true ends, and the best means of reaching those ends.

Education, in its broader meaning, said Prof. Morse, begins with the cradle and ends only with life, and the ends that such an education leads to may be summed up under three heads: First, training—the discipline of a mind for ends of power and availability of power. The principal result of such training is not to give us new talents and faculties, but, to give us the use of those which we already possess. This training must be physical as well as mental, and, if well conducted, will give us three powers—the power of observation, the power of memory, and the power of judgment, all of which are useful only as we have a quick control over them. Second, knowledge; we want to know what is most useful to know. What is *use*, and what the criterion of usefulness? Those branches of knowledge are useful which first will get a living for us, and which, secondly, and more especially, will make life better worth living and broader. The studies which will give us such a knowledge are, first, those of which man is the center, the study of what he has done on the earth, the history of human society and

thought, art and poetry. And, secondly, and beyond this, are the studies of the realm outside of man, the study of the sciences. Every one ought to be generally familiar with the sciences and their problems. This knowledge must be well in order and easily commanded. A well-educated man knows a subject, knows that he knows it, and knows how far his knowledge goes and where it stops.

The third great end of education is culture—not a veneer of language or a polish of manner, but that beauty of mind and character which is made by *measure* or moderation. It is an individual culture, not a culture of a type. It gives us catholicity of taste. A study of the great literature is a good means to the gaining of this culture. This culture includes character—it is the beauty of goodness. The virtues of a modern gentleman, said Prof. Moore, are honor, loyalty, truth, courage and gentleness.

In regard to the means of obtaining such an education the first great training-school is the home. The teachers who influence our lives most are those whom we know before we are five years old. After the home come school and academy, whose functions are training, not learning. If we learn how to learn here it is enough. College introduces us to learning. But life is the best and most important school. "Talents are developed in the silence of the study, character by the struggle in life."

After Prof. Moore's address, Miss Ethel Phillips played a violin solo, which was very much enjoyed by the listeners.

The diplomas were then presented to the graduating class by Rev. W. N. T. Dean, who made a very appropriate address to the class on the motto, "Do ye next thyng." This was followed by a duet by Miss Agnes Child and Mrs. N. T. White, and the exercises were closed by the benediction by Prof. Moore.

After the exercises the class held an informal reception, when they received the congratulations of their friends.

About five o'clock the ivy exercises took place. An ivy was planted on the east wing of the building, near the ivies

of '95 and '94. Miss Evelyn Dean, the president of her class, read an ivy ode, composed by herself, which was a fine expression of the affection the class holds toward their alma mater, and their regret at leaving behind the school and friends with whom they have been so pleasantly associated.

In the evening a reception was given by the class to the school and a few outside friends. There were four promenades, led by different alumni or pupils, which were a great success and a very pretty sight. At the close of the evening every one gathered round the piano to sing "Auld Lang Syne," and then to give hearty congratulations and say good-bye to the class of ninety-six.

The Quiet Hills.

"Drink deep, the spirit of the quiet hills;
Teaching they have for our too restless
lives.

Could we but fix so fast our restless wills,
That softest sun nor storm that maddest
drives

Could move us from the unalterable right,
We too might breath, some holy even-
tide,

With hearts wide open, that divine de-
light,

To our inconsistent longings now denied.

Items from the Older Alumni.

Mr. Edward Conant, principal of the Academy in 1854, for the past twelve years has been principal of the Vermont State Normal School in Randolph. He has been styled "the father of Vermont Normal Schools." His interest in education led him to publish two works, the "Drill Book in the Elements of the English Language" and "Conant's Vermont."

Mr. J. M. Manning, principal in 1859, lives on a farm in Judson, Mass.

Mr. Jesse Davenport, principal in 1857, lives with his daughter in Worcester.

Mr. F. E. Burnette, principal in 1868 and 1875, is principal of the High School in Putnam. His son John is a member of the medical school of the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor.

Mr. E. H. Cook, principal in 1870, is in Yonkers, N. Y.

Mr. J. Henry White, principal in 1883, is in Essex, Mass.

Rev. C. F. Hubbard, principal in 1867, is officiating minister at the North Presbyterian church, Buffalo, N. Y.

Mr. William H. Doan is a musical composer; he lives in Cincinnati, Ohio.

Rev. Walter Alexander is settled over a Presbyterian church in Philadelphia.

Mrs. A. H. Hakets (nee Martha Webster) lives at River Forest, Ill., where she has a large and flourishing school.

Mrs. Gegheimer (nee Maria A. Burt) resides in Oswego, N. Y.

Mr. Augustus Sabin Case, president of the Waterbury National Bank, and also president of several manufacturing corporations, left his home for an extended European pleasure trip. He died in Paris, June 8, 1896. He was born in Pomfret in 1828, and educated at Woodstock Academy.

Rev. James H. Lyon, '50, and family are spending July and August with Mr. Lyon's sister, Mrs. Polly Bowen, '44.

Mrs. John Haskell, '79, (nee Nellie Mathewson) and family of Wakefield, Nebraska, are spending the summer at Mr. William Mathewson's.

Mr. Bushnell Danforth is secretary and treasurer of the Williamstown Savings Bank.

Mr. A. E. Parker, '78, is a broker in New York city.

Mr. Cassius M. Child, '62, lives in Elkton, Md.

Mr. John A. Carpenter, '46, is cashier of the First National Bank, Putnam.

Dr. Channing A. Newhall, '86, is a dentist in New York city.

Mr. W. W. Sheldon sold his store in South Woodstock to his brother, Mr. F. W. Sheldon, and has purchased a shoe store in Danielson.

Mrs. Charles Gardiner, '75, (nee Lottie Lyon) of Emporia, Kansas, is spending the summer with her friends in Connecticut.

President and Mrs. Wm. Hyde, '75, (nee Prudence Phillips) have gone to Colorado Springs for two months, where President Hyde teaches in a summer school.

Mr. William A. Fenner, '75, has an interest in the American Endoscopic Company, Providence.

Mrs. Herbert C. Keith, '76 (nee Lillian Davenport,) now lives in New Haven.

Miss Mary Lester, '79, spent the winter with Mrs. Dwight Burrutt, '79, in Rockville, Conn.

Mrs. Harris C. Buxton's (nee Florence May) home is in Red Oak, Iowa.

Mrs. Harriet Huntington of Norwich has been visiting at her son-in-law's, Mr. Charles Haines, Colorado Springs.

Mr. Willard O. Arnes, '75, is manager of the McDowell Portable Oven Company, Boston. His home is in Lexington, Mass.

Mrs. D. C. Chism's '86, (nee Daisy Amsden) address is 43 Lyman street, Springfield.

Mr. Earl Vinton and Mr. James Coldman are employed in the American Optical Works, Southbridge.

Mrs. John M. Paine, '78, (nee Florence Child) has a pleasant home near East Woodstock.

Mrs. Mary L. Poole lives in Mansfield, Ohio.

Mr. Lucian A. Taylor resides in Worcester. He is a large contractor and civil engineer, with an office in Boston.

Mr. John O. Fox is in the lumber business in Putnam.

Mrs. Eliza Chapin, of Brooklyn, N. Y., one of the oldest alumni, visited friends in Woodstock in June.

Miss Susan Gordon, '72, is anticipating a year of travel through Europe.

Mr. Sidney Morse, '76, is spending his vacation traveling through the west.

Mr. Gus Church, '76, is commercial agent for a large paper firm in St. Louis. He is married, and his home is in Kentucky.

Miss Sara A. Bowen, '87, has been promoted to the position of head nurse at the hospital in Boston. She graduates in September.

Mr. Hebert Blethen, '83, resides in Arlington, Mass.

Mr. Everett J. Lake's, '86, home is in Sigourney street, Hartford.

Mrs. William Gaylord (nee Etta Bowen) lives in Pasadena, Cal.

Mr. Charles Snow, '73, with his wife and child, is living with his parents in North Woodstock.

Miss Alice Hosmer, '85, is teaching in Nashua, N. H.

Mr. Alex. Warner is enrolling clerk in the Baxter bank, Baxter Springs, Kansas.

Miss Amy Warner is now stenographer in the office of C. W. Fisher & Sons, Chicago.

Miss Sadie Lake's home is in Rockville, Conn.

Miss Inez Lord, teacher in '86, graduates in September from the training school for nurses in Boston.

Mr. S. Willis Rockwell, like many others of late, seems to have concluded that a life on a New England farm is not without its pleasures, and is living on a fine old place in Enfield, Conn.

Miss Mary C. Reade, '75, was a missionary in Japan, sent by the "Woman's Presbyterian Board," for some years. She is now in the city of New York.

Mr. Albert Hosmer, '87, is in Chautauqua, continuing his musical studies. He returns to Washington, D. C., in the fall, where he sings in the First Presbyterian church.

Life.

Forenoon and afternoon and night. Forenoon,

And afternoon, and night.

Forenoon, and—what!

The empty song repeats itself.

No more?

Yea, that is Life; make this forenoon sublime,

This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,

And Time is conquered, and thy crown is won.

—Edward Rowland Sill.

Forenoon.

Born July 19, 1895, in Rockville, Conn., a daughter, Marion Adelaide, to Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Burritt.

Born July 16, 1895, in Worcester, a daughter, Mildred Harriet, to Mr. and Mrs. Louis Ballard.

Born July 27, 1895, in East Woodstock, a son to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Chandler.

Born Aug. 3, 1895, in Woodstock, a daughter, Ida Lucille, to Dr. and Mrs. Joseph Spaulding.

Born Aug. 11, 1895, in Pomfret, a son, to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Davenport.

Born Sept. 11, 1895, in South Woodstock, a son, to Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Frisell.

Born Sept. 14, 1895, South Woodstock, a son to Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Sheldon.

Born Feb. 5, 1896, in North Woodstock, a son, to Mr. and Mrs. Irving Paine.

Born March 16, 1896, in Woodstock, a daughter, Susan Stanley, to Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner Sumner.

Born June 20, 1896, in South Woodstock, a daughter, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Wells.

Afternoon.

Married in Eastford, Conn., August 26, 1895, Miss Etta Bowen and Mr. William Gaylord.

Married in Rockville, Conn., Sept. 4, 1895, Miss Eva Louise Sykes and Mr. Everett John Lake.

Married in Woodstock, Nov. 9, 1895, Miss Allena Sanger and Mr. Gilbert Pratt.

Married in Woodstock, Sept. 24, 1895, Miss Sarah Williams and Mr. Fred. J. Williamson.

Married in East Woodstock, Oct. 9, 1895, Miss Alice R. Child and Mr. N. Tracy White.

Married in Danielson, Oct. 10, 1895, Miss Lucy Ames and Mr. Willard Danielson.

Married in New York City, Dec. 17, 1895, Mrs. Elizabeth Seville and Dr. Channing A. Newhall.

Married in Woodstock, Dec. 19, 1895, Miss Florence A. Child and Mr. John M. Paine.

Married in Ames, Iowa, June 25, 1896, Miss Florence C. May of North Woodstock and Mr. Harris C. Buxton.

Married in Southbridge, Mabel Gotche and Mr. James Coldman of South Woodstock.

Night.

Died in Putnam, Conn., Aug. 2, 1885, Mrs. Gilbert Phillips.

Died in Dudley, Mass., Sept. 26, 1895, Mrs. Maria Williams.

Died in Norwich, Conn., Nov. 2, 1895, Rev. N. T. Beach.

Died in Pomfret, Conn., Nov. 16, 1895, Miss Francis Lyman, '50.

Died in Norwich, Conn., Jan. 11, 1896, Mrs. Maria Beach.

Died in Newport, R. I., Jan. 18, 1896, Mr. Lorenzo Marcy, '35.

Died in Brooklyn, N. Y., Feb. 24, 1896, Mr. Henry C. Bowen.

Died in Providence, R. I., Feb. 26, 1896, Mr. Ernest R. Osgood.

Died in Providence, R. I., March 6, 1896, Mr. Fred. R. Frissell, '75.

Died in Pasadena, Cal., March 17, 1896, Mr. Arthur J. Wells, '83.

Died in Providence, R. I., April 1, 1896, Mr. Austin N. Whipple, '68.

Died in Woodstock, Conn., April 21, 1896, Mrs. Roxana Child, '36.

Died in Providence, R. I., May 14, 1896, Mr. Asa Lymans, '51.

Died in Paris, France, June 8, 1896, Mr. Augustus Sabin Chase.

Oak Leaves.

Though most oak leaves are blown away
With the autumnal breeze;
Yet still there are a few that stay,
Through winter's coldest freeze.

Thus are the students scattered now,
Who once were gathered here;
A few still hang upon the bough,
As we behold each year.

The scattered leaves had ripened well
Before they loosed their hold;
Ere they went forth the ranks to swell,
Their manhood to unfold.

But those that cling through wind and storm,
Their place will not desert,
Until the spring the roots shall warm,
And move the sap inert.

Those leaves which now have hardships seen,
Have limp and rugged grown,
And one by one they drop, I ween.
Their influence is sown.

But when they fall the spring is here,
Youth takes the place of age;
Pray! who is the prophetic seer?
Who can record the page.

H. FENNER.

Academy Sunday of 1896.

In connection with the closing exercises of many schools is a baccalaureate sermon. The services of Academy Sunday have been instituted in Woodstock Academy in place of such a baccalaureate Sunday. A baccalaureate sermon is properly delivered only to those about to receive the degree of B. A. Academy graduates are not such. Moreover, it is wished that Academy Sunday be a day for religious service for the entire school and not for the graduating class alone.

Sunday, June 21, the day appointed

this year for these services, was a beautiful summer morning. Such indeed have been all our Academy Sundays.

At half past ten, the students gathered on the Academy lawn and a few minutes before eleven marched together to the church. The room was already well filled when the pupils took their seats in the front pews of the main aisle. The tasteful little church, whose beautify is so familiar to many of us, was trimmed with bunches of daisies and fresh green ferns.

The sermons on these occasions have been preached in past years by the different ministers of the surrounding villages, whose young people attend the Academy. Rev. Winthrop Benton Greene, of Pomfret, delivered the sermon this year.

The entire services were full of the spirit of worship, and must have impressed the young people with the nobility of a soul that is bound with God in a bundle of life.

"We are proud of our house on the city street,
With its noble height and size.
It is furnished with care, with fittings, rare,
And the choicest that wealth can devise.
But the sight of this house so stately and grand,
No matter how far we may roam,
Does not give us the thrill that comes over us still,
When we think of our old farm home."

Academy-Sunday Sermon.

I Sam. 25-29: "And though man be risen up to pursue thee, and to seek thy soul, yet the soul of my Lord shall be found in the bundle of life with the Lord thy God."

These words bring before us an interesting episode in the life of David before he succeeded Saul in the kingship of Israel. With a few hundred men David was roaming through the wilderness, exiled, through fear of Saul, from his home. It happened that Nabal, a man of wealth, but of a selfish and thoroughly disagreeable disposition, had a band of shepherds who just at this time were shearing their sheep in the wilderness. David and his men stood guard while the work of shearing was going on, and protected the shearers from attack by the bands of robbers that infested the wil-

derness. As a return for this service, David sent ten of his young men to Nabal with the request that he would send, out of his abundance, a little food for the relief of his men, who were suffering from hunger. But Nabal's churlishness led him to make a harsh response to the simple request, and would have brought upon him swift vengeance at the hands of David, had not Abigail, his wife, interfered. Taking with her what provisions she could, she went forth to meet David, and pacified him by imploring his forgiveness, and disavowing any share in the short-sighted and foolish act of Nabal. With the quick intuition of a woman, Abigail saw that she had won David's forgiveness, even before he replied, and she skillfully followed up the advantage she had gained by invoking a blessing upon David—a blessing marked by prophetic insight and significance. She appears to have been inspired to assure David, at a time too when he greatly needed such assurance, that God was guiding him, and would surely prosper his cause. "The Lord will certainly make my lord a sure house, because my lord fighteth the battles of the Lord; and evil shall not be found in thee all thy days. And though man be risen up to pursue thee, and to seek thy soul, yet the soul of my lord shall be bound in the bundle of life with the Lord thy God." Though wandering outcast for the present, David's life is secure, and a successful future is assured him, because he recognizes God in his life and seeks to carry out the purposes of God for his life. Such is the import of the prophetic words of Abigail: David's career bound to be successful in the highest sense because his soul is "bound in the bundle of life with the Lord his God." The ruddy-faced shepherd warrior of Bethlehem will prevail over all his enemies, and soon will be crowned king, because his life is under the divine keeping and guidance. So vividly is David conscious of the divine presence as the inspiring motive of his every activity, that his soul is said to be bound together with the soul of God, as in a bundle, a bundle of life, in which the human soul, by its close contact with the

divine, is awakened, energized and inspired for the higher life of the truly religious man. For if religion, as a well-known Brooklyn preacher, has defined it, is "the life of God in the soul of man," then David was indeed a thoroughly religious man. God was intensely real to David. He felt most keenly his accountability to God; the remarkable narrative of his life shows him to have been, in truth, a God-inspired man. Of all the great men of the Old Testament, David seems best to have appreciated the fact of God's fatherly relation to mankind, a doctrine which was but little understood in his time, and came to full expression only in the teaching of Jesus. David's spiritual insight and depth of religious feeling, as brought out, for example, in the Fifty-first Psalm, can be ascribed only to the fact that he was ever in close contact—bound as in a bundle—with the life of God, his whole being responding freely and spontaneously to the divine demands upon it. Again and again we read the story of his life with interest, for to most minds David is the most attractive personality in the Old Testament story, and we may find a determining reason for this in the fact that the soul of David was bound in the bundle of life with the Lord his God. These words—bound in the bundle of life with the Lord—furnish me a theme for the words of greeting, and perhaps of counsel as well, which it is my privilege to bring to you this morning. The one thought I would impress upon the hearts of those who are just passing another milestone in the long up-hill road that leads to a liberal education—the thought suggested by the words I have chosen for my text, is this: Only as one recognizes God, and strives to bring purposes and actions into harmony with His will, does one make the most of life. Only as the divine life enters into the human, will one—*can* one—attain the truest and most satisfying success. Only the soul which is bound in the bundle of life with the Lord can know the true joy of life and attain that well-rounded character which is the ideal of every right-thinking man. I think I am right in assuming that you who have just gradu-

ated, nay, rather, that every student of this honored academy, desires the best possible equipment for life's duties, and is looking forward to making the very most out of life that opportunity and ability will permit. Therefore let me urge you, with all the force I possess, to recognize the vital truth that a truly symmetrical, well-balanced life is both intellectual and spiritual, and that no education, however advanced, is complete if it neglects the spiritual side of man's nature. That man, in his normal state, has a spiritual faculty, however he came by it, however we account for its origin and development, I need not stop to prove. How shall I describe it? It is that part of your nature that worships, hopes, trusts, realizes, the Infinite. It is the part where dwells the sentiment of justice, the sense of sin, the hope of pardon, the glory of aspiration. It is that part of you which sees in all the universe the handiwork of an omnipotent Creator, which longs for an eternal Father as the only satisfying explanation of man in his relation to time and eternity. It is the seal of faith, which accepts the revelation of God, through Jesus Christ, as reasonable, and entitled to man's hearty acceptance. We see it brought to its richest expression in a great soul like that of the Massachusetts bishop, in whose death all Christians, of whatever creed, felt the loss of a personal friend. In reply to the question, Why do I believe in God, he says: I give one great reason—two great reasons—which are really but one great reason—why I believe in God. I believe in God, I believe in God with all my soul, because this world is inexplicable without Him and explicable with Him, and because Jesus Christ believed in Him; and it was Jesus Christ that showed me that this world demanded God, and was inexplicable without Him; that made certain every suspicion and dream that I had had before, and Jesus Christ believed in Him." The spiritual faculty, then, is that side of man's nature by which he apprehends God and enters into communication with Him. He who seeks earnestly to cultivate this faculty, at the same time that he trains his intellectual powers, is the man

who is truly alive, for his soul is bound in the bundle of life with the Lord his God. He has an outward, a forward and an upward look of which the godless man knows nothing. In the last part of his reign Charles V. caused to be struck off a coin and an escutcheon. The coin bore the emblem of two pillars, representing the pillars of Hercules at the Straits of Gibraltar, supposed in ancient times to be the boundary of the world, and over those two pillars was the simple Latin phrase, "Plus Ultra"—More beyond," indicating that when you had gone to the limit of the old world, there was more land still beyond the sea. On the escutcheon he had two hemispheres engraved, to indicate that over both the old world and the new the sceptre of his imperial dominion extended; that he was the sovereign of two worlds. This is a beautiful illustration of a godly man's confidence. When the worldly man comes to life's Pillars of Hercules, beyond which he has no glorious possessions, he is compelled to write over the portals of the tomb, "Ne plus ultra," but the Christian may write over the gates of the grave, "Plus ultra—more beyond;" what he has here is nothing to his inheritance there, and he may put on his escutcheon the two hemispheres, for godliness hath promise of the world that now is and of the world that is to come.

I wish to consider with you a few of the ways in which the life of God, entering into one human life, may renew, broaden and inspire it. Let us see what new views, if any, open before the soul that is bound in a bundle of life with the Lord. In what respects does the recognition of God introduce more lofty ideals into life?

First, the God-life, entering into the human, begets in it a resolute and definite purpose, which is essential to the highest manhood and womanhood and the truest success in life. Let a man once feel that he has the co-operating influence of the divine spirit in his endeavors, and it is hard to conceive of his leading an idle, purposeless life. If you ride up the Bowery in New York in a train of the Elevated railroad, and look into the windows of the many cheap lodging houses

that you pass, you will see scores, nay, hundreds of men whose lives are failures, while no small proportion of them are moral and physical wrecks. What brought them to this condition? Probably in most cases it could be traced to a lack of a fixed and definite purpose, formed even in youth, to make the most of life, with the help of God, until now, with no goal of hope in sight, they feel accountability neither to God nor to man. Such lives are like drifting boats that always go down stream! From a long experience of fighting evil in a great city, Dr. Parkhurst bears testimony that purposelessness is the fruitful mother of crime. Purpose is what gives life a meaning. Pursuance of a purpose that has a long look into the future simplifies life and gives it added significance, as well as singleness of endeavor. It has been said that a man will usually try to live up to what others think of him. Is it not also true that our habits of action generally correspond pretty closely to the quality of our purposes? He who sets his mark high, and then toils to reach it, will be more likely to achieve success than one who works just as hard, with no fixed aim or purpose. The very grandeur of your aims and ideals may be to you an inspiration. You remember how when the young Disraeli was laughed and jeered into silence at his first attempt to address the House of Commons, he sat down in great confusion, but remarked, "The time will come when you will hear me," speaking not from the anger of the moment, but from a settled determination to become a leader among his fellows. I beg of you to cherish the grandest purposes, the loftiest ideals for your future. I beg of you not to stifle that consciousness of God which is man's richest heritage from above. Remember that only as the divine life enters into the human, purifying its ideals, ennobling and inspiring its purposes, can you make life a success in God's sight, and know the rich experience that comes to him who is bound in a bundle of life with the Lord.

Again, the recognition of God in one's life brings a new appreciation of the value of time. The consciousness that

God has placed us here on the earth, and has allotted to each one his own peculiar work to do, brings with it a desire to make the best possible use of time. The idea of "killing time" will be a strange one to the man who feels the divine life as the actuating motive of all his deeds. On the contrary, it will be his constant desire to redeem the time, remembering, in the words of the Psalmist, "how short my time is." Seneca says it is a virtue to be covetous of time. Most of us are so prodigal of time that it would seem as if we thought that the moments, the hours and the days that go to make up the year were of little or no value. When I visited the Mint in Philadelphia, I noticed that in the rooms where the gold coins are made, the floor was a network of iron, allowing the particles of falling metal to pass through and be preserved beneath. At certain intervals the floor is removed, and the golden dust is swept up, to be melted again. In the same way we should economize time by gathering up the golden fragments, that nothing be lost. It is said of a European cathedral that when the architect came to insert the stained-glass windows, he was one window short. An apprentice in the factory where the windows were made came forward and said that he thought he could make a window from the bits of glass cast aside. He went to work, collected the fragments, put them together, and produced a window said to be the finest of all. In the same way many men have done wonders with the bits of time, gathered up out of a busy life. Sir Humphrey Davy established a laboratory in the attic of his house, and when his ordinary day's work was done, began a course of scientific studies that continued throughout his memorable life. Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith, gained the mastery of eighteen languages by using the odds and ends of time at his disposal. Lincoln acquired arithmetic during the winter evenings, mastered grammar by catching up a book at odd moments while he was keeping a shop, and studied law while following the business of a surveyor. One would never suppose that a statesman of Mr. Gladstone's eminence

could find time for the patient investigation of the scholar's study, yet few have excelled him in contributions to our knowledge of the ancient civilization of Greece and Rome. He who regards his life as a God-given blessing will make a systematic use of time, will do one thing at a time, and then will pass easily and naturally to the next duty. If your soul "is bound up in a bundle of life with the Lord," you will find it an easy matter to adopt as a guiding principle the words chosen by this graduating class: "Do the next thing," or as Carlyle, I think it was, paraphrased it, "Do the duty that lies nearest thee; the next duty will already have become easier." A strong character does not say very much about what he is *going* to do—he *does* it, and does it at once. The whole-hearted recognition of the power of the divine life to enter into and influence the human will give a new comprehension of the value of time to the child of God. "Ye are not your own; ye are bought with a price." Let God be enthroned in your heart, and let the love of God be the dominating principle in all that you do, and then you will want to give all your time to His service, for men always give their time freely to what they love. The great English lawyer, Sir Edward Coke, divided his time account to the well-known couplet:

"Six hours in sleep, in law's grave study six,

"Four spend in prayer, the rest on nature fix."

Sir Wm. Jones, the famous Oriental scholar, showed a fine religious feeling when he altered the lines, so that they read:

"Seven hours to law, to soothing slumber seven,

"Ten to the world allot, and all to heaven."

Once more I would impress upon you the truth that if the divine life enters into the human, binding it closely to it as in a bundle, an inspiration to work, and to work hard, will come to be a vital power in life. Let a young man feel that he can go through life successfully without working, and it is easy to prophesy for him a wasted and useless life. History shows that most of the men of

greatest genius have been most diligent in the cultivation of their powers. "Men give me credit for genius," said Alexander Hamilton. "All the genius I have lies just in this: when I have a subject in hand, I study it profoundly, day and night. It is part of me; I explore it in all its bearings; my mind becomes pervaded with it. Then the effort which I make people are pleased to call the fruit of genius; it is the fruit of labor and thought." So many young people of the present day are getting the idea that success in life is more or less a matter of chance; that it depends, in large measure, upon circumstances rather than upon industry, that it is far easier to obtain a living on one's wits than on honest labor,—such views as these are becoming so common, especially in large cities, where fortunes suddenly made by the fluctuations of the stock market seem to justify such opinion—such views as these, I say, are becoming so widespread that it is the duty of the pulpit to proclaim, in no uncertain voice, the true dignity of labor and the gospel of work, as Jesus Christ declared and exemplified it! Seek to know the will of God for your life, try to think the thoughts of life after him, and you must realize that work is one of the simple elements of the only genuine human life. Thirty years of Christ's life were spent in common work, not dreaming over what he would do in the future, but making things—tables, benches, plows and yokes. Work is life. It develops character. Work is religion in the highest sense, because it is God's plan for man, and because it develops in man upright, godlike character. The ancient builder carved with the utmost fidelity even those parts of the stone that were to be hidden from the eye of man, because "the gods see everywhere." He who knows but one God, and that God a heavenly Father revealed through Christ, feels the approving sanction of the Father to all labor faithfully performed, however humble it may be in the judgment of men. Millet's great simple picture, "The Angelus," has been called the greatest religious painting of this century, yet there is nothing picturesque

about it—only a stretch of common earth and an ordinary peasant scene. It is great, and appeals to us because it brings out three of the grandest elements of life—work, prayer and love. It pictures religious duty united with the every day duties of life. To the simple peasant the potato field is sacred ground because the presence of God is there recognized. Even without the distant spire, the element of prayer is the leading idea of the picture. When God is known as the Father of our spirit, a spirit dwelling within us for our life and guidance, prayer becomes the natural communion of the soul with its Maker. God speaks to us with a quiet voice within. You remember the little girl in Boston—blind and deaf and dumb until eleven years of age, her mind a blank. But gradually her teachers gained access to the dark mind, first through one sense and then another. For a year they taught her, but never anything about God. Finally they took her to Phillips Brooks and asked him to teach her the elements of religion. He sat down beside her and told her how God made the world and us; how his name was love. He was willing to be to us a Father if we would but take the place of children. He told her about Jesus, who loved children, and gave his life to bring us back to God. When he had finished, after talking a long time, she said: "Yes, I knew that before, but I didn't know his name." The third element in Millet's picture is love. The two figures are there, a man and a woman. We know not whether they are brother and sister or husband and wife. No man can live alone a complete life. Friendship renews and freshens life, and whether it be between college mates, or husband and wife or men in any relation, that mutual confidence and surrender of self to one another is a vital element in a true life. God is love, and where love is, there God is.

In conclusion, let me say just a word of the law of character by association, particularly association with the spirit of God. Inevitably we grow like those with whom we constantly are, and to whom we look in love. The Christian life is, in its fundamental truth, a per-

sonal relation. This is the simplest expression of it: To be in personal, friendly, close relation to God in Christianity; to be a child of the Father. And when we gain this conception of life, immediately we see, as by revelation, that the one aim of life is the Christian's aim, to do the will of the Father, who has sent us. The unspeakable privilege of bringing life into accord with the abiding and infinite plan of God is felt at once, and a mysterious spiritual impetus comes into life and changes the aspect of all things. Old things are passed away. Behold, they are become new." This is the highest good that I could wish for you, as you go forth from the familiar walks of Woodstock Hill, and take with you treasured memories of its academy: A heart in right relations with your God; a soul bound in a bundle of life with the Lord your God, who is the source of abundant life, and so filled with the highest aspirations and open to every noble impulse—may this be the aim of every one.

Items from the Younger Alumni.

Henry Johnson, '95, has completed his course at Eastman's business college, Poughkeepsie.

Winfield Hibbard, '95, has spent the winter in Malden, Mass., in the employ of the Rubber company there.

Charles Johnson, '92, is at work in the grocery business at Fitchburg, Mass.

Harold Morse, '93, took part in "Pinafore" very successfully this winter in Putnam.

Walter Chase, '91, has been spending the winter in Texas for his health.

George Spalding, '94, spent part of the winter in Worcester, attending Hinman's business college.

Sidney Turner, '92, is very successful in the grocery business, in which he is engaged at Riverside, Rhode Island.

Burton Fitts, '95, has passed the winter in Providence, engaged in the grocery business.

Harry Hicks, '91, has spent a very successful year teaching school in the Bugbee neighborhood.

Albert D. Merwin, '94, is in business in Carnegie hall, New York city.

Welles Partridge, '92, has completed the first year's course at the Berkeley school in Middletown, Conn.

Everett Upham, '95, has spent the winter teaching school in Thompson.

Frank Clarke, '94, is engaged in the Washburn wire works at Waukegan, Illinois.

Charles Burd, '94, has completed his sophomore year at Amherst college.

Ernest Butler, '95, is attending Child's business college, New Haven.

Fred. Hosmer, '95, is in Montowese Conn., where he has been spending most of the winter.

Stuart Holt, '94, has completed his Freshman year at Yale college.

Albert Hosmer, '88, has passed the winter in Washington, D. C., studying music.

Edith Bemis, '91, is still in Worcester, where she has been during the past year.

Ethel Carpenter, '95, taught school in Union during the past year.

Mirtie Chaffee, '93, has spent the winter teaching school in Grosvenordale.

Sara Colvin, '95, has completed her Freshman year at Brown college, Providence.

Nettie Phillips, '91, passed the winter teaching school in West Woodstock.

Alice Sharpe, '95, has finished her first year at the Normal school in Willimantic, Conn.

Florence Morse, '93, spent the year in New Boston, teaching school there.

Mary Goodwin, '92, has completed her junior year at Middlebury college, Vermont.

Adrienne Hutchins, '95, has been taking painting lessons of Mrs. F. W. Rockwell during the winter.

Estelle Tompkins, '95, returned last fall to her home in Tonica, Illinois, where she has been during the year.

Agnes Childe, '90, has been giving lessons in vocal culture to a number of academy pupils during the winter and spring.

Anne Hall, '94, has completed her sophomore year at Smith college, Northampton, Mass.

Henry Lindeman, '88, is pursuing the occupation of blacksmith.

Cora Wetherell, '92, has closed a successful year of school in North Woodstock.

Robert Paine, '91, has been spending the year at home. He has played as catcher on the East Woodstock baseball team, with which our academy has had many pleasant encounters during the past season.

John Boyden, '90, has been attending Eastman's business college, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

George Chamberlain, '88, is residing in East Woodstock.

Chas. Frank Thompson, '91, is in business in Worcester, Mass.

Edith Hall, '95, has completed her Freshman year at Smith college, Northampton, Mass.

Mrs. Forest Marcy (Grace Carpenter) '92, resides in East Woodstock.

Harry Beckwith, '91, graduating with honor as class poet at Exeter, has entered Leland Stanford University, California.

Walter Arnold, '90, is in the employ of Mr. Benjamin Grosvenor, Pomfret, Conn.

Alfred Child, '94, junior at Amherst college, has been singing on the glee club the past year.

Clara Greene, '93, holds a position as book-keeper with a firm at Worcester, Mass.

Our former baseball pitcher, Edward Boyden, '94, now in Amherst college, has been playing a very successful season of football on the college eleven, and has also played as pitcher on the baseball nine.

Edward Child, '95, having completed his course at Eastman's business college, Poughkeepsie, is now in the employ of Barnard & Sumner, Worcester, Mass.

Mabel Vinton, '90, is teaching a kindergarten at Andover, Mass.

Albert Gaylord, '89, spends the year traveling from place to place, putting up cash carriers.

Reed Tourtellotte, '90, is employed in the depot at Providence, R. I., billing freight.

William Gaylord, A. B., has just been graduated from Yale University, classical course.

Ivy Ode.

Thou clinging ivy, from the friendly earth
 Where we have planted thee this summer
 day,
 Stretch forth thy twining tendrils; let the
 sun,
 The dew and rain that from the floating
 clouds,
 Falling in brightest beams and gentle
 showers,
 Bring life and beauty to this land of ours,
 Refresh thee, cherish, till the rolling years
 Shall make of thee, perchance, a lofty vine;
 That, standing fearless of the wintry
 storm,
 Shall waken thoughtful mem'ries of this
 time.
 Emblem of friendship! Be thou fitting
 type,
 As in the springtime of our lives, we stand
 Half fearful, eager, on the border land
 'Twixt our fair past and things that are
 to be,
 Of friendship that endures, and shall en-
 dure,
 Which neither time, nor change, however
 great,
 Howe'er we spend the golden years to
 come,
 Can take away. We would cling, O ivy.
 To those true friends who've loved and
 helped us here,
 As thou wilt cling, we trust, to this dear
 wall,
 Guarded and kept by Him who keepeth
 all.
 O climbing ivy! As we stand to-day
 With mingling fear and hope, sadness and
 joy,
 Upon this shaded lawn and know that
 thou
 Must ever strive to grow as we would
 wish,
 Teach us to strive to climb the heights
 that ope
 Through the fair vista of the coming day,
 Till we attain those heights, and still
 press on,
 Nor are content with other laurels won.
 EVELYN L. DEAN, '96.

Academy Athletics, '96.

The athletics of '95-96, although a great disappointment, were thoroughly enjoyed by all the boys. The Academy boys were beaten twice by the largest score ever made against them in football, and almost equalled their last year's defeat by Putnam in baseball.

We started into football with a rush, electing Weaver for captain, and putting up the goal posts the first day of school. We tried to do the best we could, although we had but two boys on the team

who had played the year before. This necessitated a good deal of changing of positions before we could get settled down to work.

Our first game was with Dudley, in which Dudley had no trouble in beating us by the score of twenty-four to nothing! This was so dispiriting that the boys did no practising for a couple of weeks. We then played the Pomfret school team, and received the worst defeat that a Woodstock team ever received. The score was thirty-four or five to nothing. This discouraged the team so that they canceled the games with Dudley, Pomfret and Southbridge which they had intended to play. For more than a month nothing was done in football. At last we played East Woodstock, whom we beat by the score of eight to four. This was our first victory. Feeling a little encouraged, we challenged Putnam High School, but the snow was half a foot deep on the commons on the appointed day, so we were obliged to give it up, and let the football record be, points scored by opponents, sixty-two; by Woodstock, eight.

The second team, so far as we had one, tried to get up a game with the Pomfret second team. After they challenged them, they evidently forgot all about it, for when the Pomfrets came over to Woodstock the team was unprepared. They finally got together ten players, four of whom played on the first team, who beat the Pomfret boys by thirty or forty points to none, but when the weight and age of the Pomfrets is taken into consideration, Woodstock claims no great glory for the victory.

The baseball games were more encouraging than the football had been, for out of six games we lost but three. There was no one on the team that played where he had the year before. Our last year's catcher, Ross, pitched for us. We took Pike from right field for our catcher, and brought Spalding to the infield. These were all our last year's players. Our first game was with East Woodstock, which was stopped by rain, with the score seven all. Next we played Pomfret at Pomfret. They beat us, making twenty-two runs, and

we but half as many. But this was not so bad as it might have been, for Frost and Upham, our first baseman and short stop, were unable to play, and we were obliged to use our subs, Williams and Gafford.

We played East Woodstock a few days after, and beat them.

When Pomfret came over here we were confident of making a better showing than we had done in the game at Pomfret, for Upham and Frost were with us again. We were beaten by the score of sixteen to fourteen. We played as well, if not better, than they in everything except base running, which really won the game for them. It was a great disappointment to us to come so near winning, and yet lose, for by winning both games this year, they are even with us in baseball, as we beat twice last year.

We then played East Woodstock a third time. They made ten or fifteen runs in the ninth inning, and won by a large score.

Then in the East Woodstock series we stood even, with a draw besides. We played the final game on Memorial day, and beat, after an exciting contest.

One of the most noticeable things about athletics is the lack of interest taken in tennis, hardly ever more than one court being used, and much oftener none at all.

So a disappointing athletic year ends, but nevertheless one which will help much in making a good team in both football and baseball next season, as many of our old players will be here, with last year's practice and experience.

H. C. H.

Public Rhetoricals.

1. Sailors' Chorus—Emerson.
2. The Battle of Waterloo, Victor Hugo
Howard M. Frost.
3. Declamation—Caldwell of Springfield, Bret Harte
Richard L. Child.
4. Piano Solo—Happiness, Gustav Lange
Ruth L. Williamson.
5. Recitation in English and French—Mary Queen of Scott's Farewell to France, Beranger
James A. McAllep.
6. Declamation—Platonic Paradoxes. Anon
Alfred J. Johnson.

7. The Monroe Doctrine and the Venezuela Boundary Question, (Our Government Criticised.) Evelyn L. Dean.

8. The Monroe Doctrine and the Venezuela Question (Our Government Upheld) Original.
Clarence E. Weaver.

9. Chorus—Sing Softly, O Sirens (Mefistofele) Boite

10. Recitation—Five Monad Lives, Edward Rowland Sill
Louise P. Grosvenor.

11. Declamation—How Old Brown Took Harper's Ferry, E. C. Stedman
Sydney E. Upham.

12. Piano Solo—Les Rameaux, Leybach
Mary E. Boyden.

13. Declamation—The Character of Washington, Chauncey M. Depew
Edmund E. Edington.

14. Recitation—Field Notes, Edward Rowland Sill
Mary E. Bowen.

15. Declamation—Etiquette, W. S. Gilbert
Henry C. Holt.

16. Violin Solo—Il Trovatore de Verdi, Singelee
Ethel C. Phillips.

17. Declamation—Lincoln and the United States, St. Clair McKelway
Ralph A. Pike

18. Recitation—Mother Bailey, Frances Lester Rowland
Ruth A. Cahoone.

19. The Origin of the Laurel Tree, Carlotta Perry
Constance Holt.

20. Chorus—The Lady's Slipper, Jepson

21. Declamation—Brer Rabbit, He's a Good Fisherman, Joel Chandler Harris
Joseph P. Catlin.

22. Recitation—The Combat between Menelaus and Paris, Bryant's Homer
Evelyn L. Dean.

23. Chorus—Peace on the Deep.

Graduating Exercises of the Class of Ninety-Six.

PROGRAM.

1. Prayer—Rev. W. N. T. Dean.
2. Piano Solo—Miss Mary E. Boyden.
3. Address—George F. Moore, D.D., Andover.
Theological Seminary.
4. Violin Solo—Miss Ethel C. Phillips.
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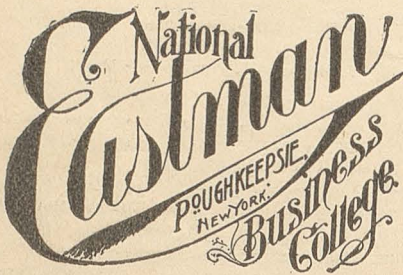
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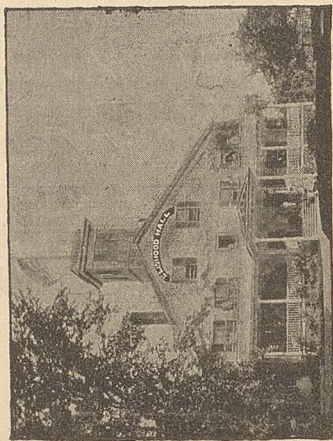
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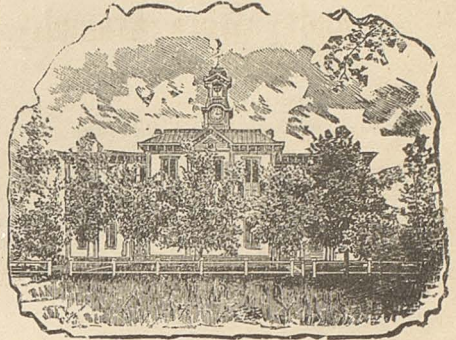
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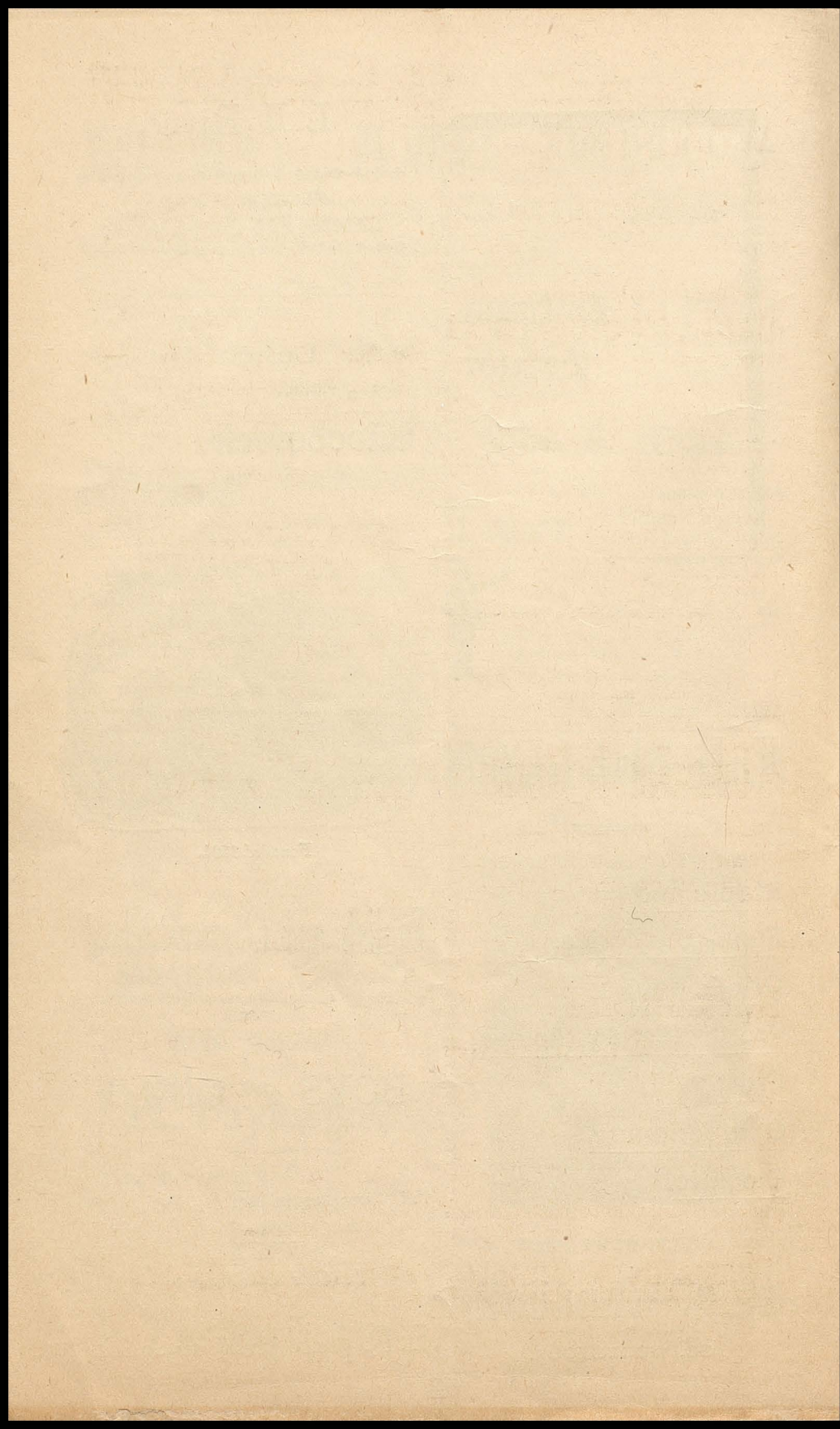
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