

WOODSTOCK ACADEMY

GLEANER

Vol. 1

August, 1897.

No. 5.

CONTENTS

Editorial Notes,	-	-	-	1
A Review of the Academy Year '96-'97.	-	-	-	1
Report of the Treasurer,	-	-	-	3
Address to the Graduating Class,	-	-	-	3
A Page of Reminiscence,	-	-	-	7
Letters of European Travel,	-	-	-	8
An Old Program and a Letter from Hon. W. T. Harris,	-	-	-	11
Academy Sunday Address,	-	-	-	12
Our Academy Funds,	-	-	-	16
Personals from Older Alumni,	-	-	-	17
Morning, Noon, Night,	-	-	-	18
Senior Honor Essay—Recent Scotch Fiction,	-	-	-	19
Senior Honor Essay—International Arbitration,	-	-	-	21
Class Poem,	-	-	-	22
To College via Cape Horn,	-	-	-	23
Rhetoricals of '97,	-	-	-	24
A Sonnet—After the Greek of Mimnermus,	-	-	-	25
Athletics of '96-'97.	-	-	-	25
Younger Alumni Personals,	-	-	-	27
Programs of the School Year,	-	-	-	29



THE :::

McPhail Piano

is one of the thoroughly honest made pianos and any one desiring a good instrument should not fail to examine it at GEO. E. SHAW'S.

School Supplies,
Sporting Goods,
Stationery,
Silverware



Shaw, The Jeweler

Buy Bohanon's \$3.00 Shoes

For Gentlemen, every pair Warranted

Young Ladies School Shoes

\$2.00 and \$2.50

AGENT FOR THE



Crawford Shoe

E. C. BOHANON,

The Up-to-date Shoe Man of Windham County.

Please remit ten cents in payment for this
Gleaner, to the Treasurer, Miss May Black-
mar, Woodstock, Conn.

Here is the fifth annual number of the printed GLEANER. Our issue this year is seven hundred copies. With our increasing circulation, come the larger field of service, and the weightier responsibility. We feel confident that this number offers matter worthy of careful reading. We have not simply gleaned; we have harvested. The two excellent addresses, published in full, will be read with interest by those who have already heard them; will be fresh and inspiring to those who did not have that privilege; and by those graduates, to whom they were especially addressed, they will be carefully preserved we hope, and often reread with profit. Other articles, of travel and reminiscence, add to the quality and interest of the number. Sail forth then, little ship, though freighted not with rich spices of the Orient; thy sails, perchance, shall bring thee to many a harbor, carrying the cargo of living thought and kindly reminiscence. Ere our *vale* ceases to resound over the waves may many a *salve* greet thee on thy voyage.

No reunion this year! How different are the thoughts suggested to the different readers of the GLEANER by this utterance! To those near by it means freedom from a work, hitherto not unwillingly undertaken, nor without its pleasure and satisfaction, but nevertheless arduous and bringing responsibility. It means vacation in the early weeks of hot August. To many, it may mean disappointment. But we trust there are more such reunions to come, genial, enthusiastic, and *inspiring*.

The expense of publication and distribution of the GLEANER, will be well nigh a hundred dollars. The advertising

will pay a large part of this. The balance must be raised by other means. If those who find upon their copy of the GLEANER a little slip of paper, suggesting the remittance of ten cents, will give *prompt attention* to the same, there will be no difficulty in meeting all expenses.

Would you like to have accurate information about more of your old schoolmates, as to where they are, and what they are doing? If so, send inquiries to the Secretary of the Alumni Association; Also do not forget to send all personal items, at your command, about yourself and other alumni, accurately and briefly stated. What was the most important event in your academy life? What did the academy do to influence your future and that of your friends? We shall be exceedingly glad to hear from you.

A Review of the Academy Year '96-'97.

It is the purpose of this article to present to the Alumni, and other interested friends, the leading facts in relation to the inner life of the past school year, with whatever comments may be suggested. The public acts of the individual cannot furnish the foundation for the full interpretation of his life. No more can the public phases of the life of an institution, present the industry and growth within, which make and become its character. It is indeed pleasing, to hear the expressions of delight, and the words of compliment in regard to the public exercises of the year. But Public Rhetorical and Graduating Exercises are by no means standards by which to measure the strength or weakness of the school life. Let us find, then, in these few facts which follow, bases for more careful judgment, more accurate conclusions

There have been in attendance during the past school year, sixty-seven different students. Of these, forty-two were boys and twenty-five, girls. Eighteen came from towns other than Woodstock. The enrollment for the Fall term was fifty-eight, for the Winter term, sixty-three, for the Spring term, forty-six. The average full attendance for the year was fifty-two. It is decidedly a favorable indication, that the number in attendance during the three terms, varies so much less than formerly. It is to be noticed that the number recorded for the Winter term was only five more, and for the Spring term only twelve less, than for the Fall term. This is an encouragement not only in numbers, but an encouragement far greater in work. Let us emphasize here the privilege, given to all students who are necessarily out during the Spring term. It is possible for some of them to keep up at home the Spring term work. The privilege of taking the monthly examinations, and the privilege of assistance from the teachers by occasional visits to the Academy, or by correspondence, are most heartily extended to them; yes, are most strongly urged upon them. This is entirely without expense to the pupils.

We often hear exclamations of surprise and disappointment at the youthful appearance of the students of the Academy. These expressions do not always find a basis in fact; but come hastily from those who are, tho unconscious of the reality, somewhat older than they were twenty-five or even ten years ago. It is a matter of record that students a dozen years old have entered the Academy all along its history. On the other hand there were four students in attendance the past year, above the age of twenty years. The average age for the year just closed was a little over seventeen.

It is a pleasure to state, that throughout the year there has prevailed a hearty interest in study. Out of door sports have been prominent, but their effect upon the inner school life has been decidedly favorable. Certain phases of *social life*, we think, have had devotees perhaps too ardent. But these disadvantages of co-education, are more than offset by other advantages. We may find evidence of

scholarly effort, continuous and strong, in the fact that the average rank of the pupils for the past year has been as high as eighty-five on a scale of one hundred; that twenty students have ranked above ninety; and the following six, who seem to be worthy of mention, have ranked as high as ninety-five: Emma E. Allen, Edna V. Frost, Ruby Sanborn, Joseph P. Catlin, A. Lloyd Cooper, Henry J. Potter.

Perhaps others are just as commendable. We know that ranking is a matter of judgment, and so may be erroneous; and that all students are not pursuing the same studies under the same conditions, and therefore comparative ranking cannot be perfectly accurate.

Five students have studied Greek during the year '96 '97; twenty-nine, Latin; twenty-two, German; seven, French; twenty, the Sciences, and with slight exceptions all have studied Mathematics, History and English. There has been a decidedly increasing tendency to follow one of the three courses of study laid out for the school, or, at least to work so closely in one of these directions that only a few equivalents from one course to another need to be substituted for graduation. We are glad to be able to make this statement. It is not possible, nor even advisable for every one of its students to be graduated from the Academy. But there are important advantages in completing a course of study thoroughly, they are not the advantages of public honor at graduation, nor of possession of diploma. They are the unique advantages of pursuing thoroughly to the end a carefully selected, and well defined piece of intellectual work, offering difficulties, and affording development. They are the advantages of quality. Their product is the highest product of life,—character.

A word in regard to the text books is worthy of publicity. All text books used in the Academy have been furnished at exactly cost prices. These books may be returned at the end of their use, and the pupil credited their value. In this way the expense for books, no inconsiderable matter, may, by care on the part of the student, be reduced seventy-five per cent.

There were eleven graduated from the

Academy this last June. Of these, six go on with their studies in higher institutions. One enters Smith college, one Vassar, one goes to the Massachusetts School of Technology, one to Wesleyan University, two enter the Maine State college, and one studies a year at Northfield Seminary. These with one exception, all enter these institutions, upon certificate.

Enough has been said about the inner life of the school, for the past year, to show that hard work has been done, and to set forth the results upon which the public may pass its own judgment. The teaching work has been mostly done by three teachers. It might have been done much better. Each teacher should be allowed to work in more definite lines, in the direction of specialties. More time should be given to each recitation. We sadly need the means for teaching well the sciences. And yet we remember that industry, fidelity and enthusiasm on the part of teachers and pupils, are still at a premium in schools. Without them, indeed, the most thoroughly equipped institution would become a museum of fossils, and the country academy, feeding on the memories of the past, would soon die the death of the forgotten.

E. R. H.

Treasurer's Report.

From August 1896, to August 1897.

Aug. 1—Bal. on hand from '95	\$4.46
" " —Rec'd. from solicitors, for members fees and for GLEANERS	38.60
" " —Rec'd. from lecture	18.85
" " — " for advertising	66.75
" —Total receipts	\$128.66
Aug. —Paid for paper wrappers stamps, —ribbon for badges	\$9.88
" —Paid for publishing GLEANER	77.30
" —to A. W. Cooper	13.00
" —A. D. McIntyre	13.25
" —L. E. Paine	10.25
" —for work	2.00
—Total expenses	\$125.68
Bal. in treasury	\$2.98

M. Blackmar.

Address to the Graduating Class.

There was unveiled at Boston the other day a very noble bronze relief to the memory of Col. Robert G. Shaw, who fell at Fort Wagner, in the War for the Union. Let me try to picture it. It is early spring of '63, and they are marching by in the streets of Boston on their way to the front,—he upon his charger, "erect and constant," with sword in hand, and by his side the colored troops he was one of the earliest to lead. He is in the first flush of young manhood; not 26 years old, highly cultured by travel and the University, and with every promise of a bright career before him. And not from mere idleness or the spirit of bravado is he going to the front. Too well he knows the terrible chances of war; but he also knows that

"Length of days is knowing when to die"

And therefore well does Lowell sing of him as his life goes out amid the very foremost of his dusky comrades on the slopes of Wagner,

"Brave, good and true!

I see him stand before me now,
And read again on that young brow
Where every hope was new,

How sweet were life!

But the high soul burns on to light men's feet
Where death for noble ends makes dying sweet."

I spoke of the memorial as a very noble work of art, and indeed even in the imperfect copy which is the only presentation of it I have seen, it so moved me and so kindled my imagination, that it has become to me a parable of life and of young manhood and womanhood approaching the arena of life. Only it is *not death*, but *life*, that faces you! Always indeed there must be in the background, held in reserve, the courage, the willingness, to die, for

"Though love repine and reason chafe,
There came a voice without reply,
'Tis man's perdition to be safe
When for the truth he ought to die."

But today we trust the era of peace is before us. A new spirit is brooding in the air, and *peaceful arbitration* is the watchword of the hour. The evils we must dread and must fight are the evils incident to peace; at least they come to

There have been in attendance during the past school year, sixty-seven different students. Or these, forty-two were boys and twenty-five, girls. Eighteen came from towns other than Woodstock. The enrollment for the Fall term was fifty-eight, for the Winter term, sixty-three, for the Spring term, forty-six. The average full attendance for the year was fifty-two. It is decidedly a favorable indication, that the number in attendance during the three terms, varies so much less than formerly. It is to be noticed that the number recorded for the Winter term was only five more, and for the Spring term only twelve less, than for the Fall term. This is an encouragement not only in numbers, but an encouragement far greater in work. Let us emphasize here the privilege, given to all students who are necessarily out during the Spring term. It is possible for some of them to keep up at home the Spring term work. The privilege of taking the monthly examinations, and the privilege of assistance from the teachers by occasional visits to the Academy, or by correspondence, are most heartily extended to them; yes, are most strongly urged upon them. This is entirely without expense to the pupils.

We often hear exclamations of surprise and disappointment at the youthful appearance of the students of the Academy. These expressions do not always find a basis in fact; but come hastily from those who are, tho unconscious of the reality, somewhat older than they were twenty-five or even ten years ago. It is a matter of record that students a dozen years old have entered the Academy all along its history. On the other hand there were four students in attendance the past year, above the age of twenty years. The average age for the year just closed was a little over seventeen.

It is a pleasure to state, that throughout the year there has prevailed a hearty interest in study. Out of door sports have been prominent, but their effect upon the inner school life has been decidedly favorable. Certain phases of *social life*, we think, have had devotees perhaps too ardent. But these disadvantages of co-education, are more than offset by other advantages. We may find evidence of

scholarly effort, continuous and strong, in the fact that the average rank of the pupils for the past year has been as high as eighty-five on a scale of one hundred; that twenty students have ranked above ninety; and the following six, who seem to be worthy of mention, have ranked as high as ninety-five: Emma E. Allen, Edna V. Frost, Ruby Sanborn, Joseph P. Catlin, A. Lloyd Cooper, Henry J. Potter.

Perhaps others are just as commendable. We know that ranking is a matter of judgment, and so may be erroneous; and that all students are not pursuing the same studies under the same conditions, and therefore comparative ranking cannot be perfectly accurate.

Five students have studied Greek during the year '96 '97; twenty-nine, Latin; twenty-two, German; seven, French; twenty, the Sciences, and with slight exceptions all have studied Mathematics, History and English. There has been a decidedly increasing tendency to follow one of the three courses of study laid out for the school, or, at least to work so closely in one of these directions that only a few equivalents from one course to another need to be substituted for graduation. We are glad to be able to make this statement. It is not possible, nor even advisable for every one of its students to be graduated from the Academy. But there are important advantages in completing a course of study thoroughly, they are not the advantages of public honor at graduation, nor of possession of diploma. They are the unique advantages of pursuing thoroughly to the end a carefully selected, and well defined piece of intellectual work, offering difficulties, and affording development. They are the advantages of quality. Their product is the highest product of life,—character.

A word in regard to the text books is worthy of publicity. All text books used in the Academy have been furnished at exactly cost prices. These books may be returned at the end of their use, and the pupil credited their value. In this way the expense for books, no inconsiderable matter, may, by care on the part of the student, be reduced seventy-five per cent.

There were eleven graduated from the

Academy this last June. Of these, six go on with their studies in higher institutions. One enters Smith college, one Vassar, one goes to the Massachusetts School of Technology, one to Wesleyan University, two enter the Maine State college, and one studies a year at Northfield Seminary. These with one exception, all enter these institutions, upon certificate.

Enough has been said about the inner life of the school, for the past year, to show that hard work has been done, and to set forth the results upon which the public may pass its own judgment. The teaching work has been mostly done by three teachers. It might have been done much better. Each teacher should be allowed to work in more definite lines, in the direction of specialties. More time should be given to each recitation. We sadly need the means for teaching well the sciences. And yet we remember that industry, fidelity and enthusiasm on the part of teachers and pupils, are still at a premium in schools. Without them, indeed, the most thoroughly equipped institution would become a museum of fossils, and the country academy, feeding on the memories of the past, would soon die the death of the forgotten.

E. R. H.

Treasurer's Report.

From August 1896, to August 1897.

Aug. 1—Bal. on hand from '95	\$4.46
" " — Rec'd. from solicitors, for members fees and for GLEANERS	38.60
" " — Rec'd. from lecture	18.85
" " — " for advertising	66.75
" — Total receipts	\$128.66
Aug. — Paid for paper wrappers stamps, — ribbon for badges	\$9.88
" — Paid for publishing GLEANER	77.30
" — to A. W. Cooper	13.00
" — A. D. McIntyre	13.25
" — L. E. Paine	10.25
" — for work	2.00
— Total expenses	\$125.68
Bal. in treasury	\$2.98

M. Blackmar.

Address to the Graduating Class.

There was unveiled at Boston the other day a very noble bronze relief to the memory of Col. Robert G. Shaw, who fell at Fort Wagner, in the War for the Union. Let me try to picture it. It is early spring of '63, and they are marching by in the streets of Boston on their way to the front,—he upon his charger, "erect and constant," with sword in hand, and by his side the colored troops he was one of the earliest to lead. He is in the first flush of young manhood; not 26 years old, highly cultured by travel and the University, and with every promise of a bright career before him. And not from mere idleness or the spirit of bravado is he going to the front. Too well he knows the terrible chances of war; but he also knows that

"Length of days is knowing when to die"

And therefore well does Lowell sing of him as his life goes out amid the very foremost of his dusky comrades on the slopes of Wagner,

"Brave, good and true!

I see him stand before me now,
And read again on that young brow

Where every hope was new,

How sweet were life!

But the high soul burns on to light men's feet
Where death for noble ends makes dying sweet."

I spoke of the memorial as a very noble work of art, and indeed even in the imperfect copy which is the only presentation of it I have seen, it so moved me and so kindled my imagination, that it has become to me a parable of life and of young manhood and womanhood approaching the arena of life. Only it is *not death*, but *life*, that faces you! Always indeed there must be in the background, held in reserve, the courage, the willingness, to die, for

"Though love repine and reason chafe,

There came a voice without reply,

'Tis man's perdition to be safe

When for the truth he ought to die."

But today we trust the era of peace is before us. A new spirit is brooding in the air, and *peaceful arbitration* is the watchword of the hour. The evils we must dread and must fight are the evils incident to peace; at least they come to

us with no challenge to open battle, but sap their way to the heart of our political or social life and gnaw insidiously at its vitals. The evils we face are consistent with the shows of peace, and yet to be fought; against for, with a different turn from Milton's,

"Peace hath her victories no less renowned than War's,"

victories to be fought for, though with no material weapons; and the courage demanded is the courage *to live* and to stand with fortitude for the things lovely and of good report. Let me speak to you then of the *new Knighthood* and the getting ready.

We stand almost at the parting of the Centuries,—this wonderful Nineteenth Century, the like of which the world has surely never seen, and the new century of whose possibilities in the field of science and discovery we can only feebly conjecture, even on this side of that middle point of it which many before me will doubtless see. What this new century may bring of wonder and renown we do not know, but we see perils dark and manifold. How blessed then the thought of youth to our general life! That when to the older ones among us things look dark and discouraging, and the hands begin to hang down and the knees to grow weak, and the lips murmur, "Who will show us any good?" "Lord, how long! how long!" and when the forces of evil look so mighty and so entrenched against assault, and the fighters for the good so feeble and so few, then, I say, how blessed the thought that in every community is that company of young hearts with no feeling of disheartening or failure, natural allies of the good and, until perverted, in actual sympathy with it! When things are at the darkest, some stripling of them all will come forth and enlist with stone and sling to fight the giants that molest us.

And how moving the appeal which comes to every young man and young woman to take up the cause of a genuine manhood and womanhood,—not the poor counterfeits we so often see around us! How fast the great leaders are passing away! What a list it would make to

count the missing ones of only the last five years! And who are to take their places? The aged and even those in middle life will soon be dropping away: who should be girding on the armor but those fresh young lives which know nothing yet of discouragement and which will find in the good fight field enough for their noblest effort and for the satisfying of their highest ambition? What stirs the heart like the story of the old Chivalry, and of the brave Knights of long ago, who rode forth in quest of adventure, to rescue the oppressed, to right all wrong, and who were sworn to purity and honor! But do not think the days of Chivalry are over, or that true Knights are not still summoned to the rescue. There are giants and monsters still to fight, and clear and loud rings out the cry for those devoted souls who can truly say,

"My good blade carves the Casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure."

No wrongs to redress! No monstrous powers of evil to fight! Look around upon the ignorance and poverty, the disease and crime, the squalor and wretchedness! Mark the bitter envy of the poor and the too often selfish indifference of the rich, the craze for sudden wealth, with all the breaches of purity and all the crooked and cruel things in public and private life! What brave and generous spirit in the flush of young manhood or womanhood—for woman has her place in this cause—can resist the appeal to espouse the side of a nobler life?

Grave questions are lowering on the horizon of our time and country: What to do with that brute mass of foreign ignorance and shiftlessness now being spawned upon our shores; how to adjust the disturbed relations between Capital and Labor; how to do away with the monstrous absurdity, in our day, of vast military establishments, and, with that, to bring all the nations into relations of mutual helpfulness as members of a "Federation of the World"; how to make all, both rich and poor, perceive that there are things more real and last-

ing than houses and lands, or gold and silver, or the very bread that feeds us; how to purify and make less self-seeking our whole political life; and last but not least, how to drive out the curses—twin curses!—of intemperance and impurity from the world. As the older fighters and advisers fail, who will spring to catch the Standard ere it fall and bear it full high advanced?

My younger friends, who today have ungirded the armor a little and are pausing a moment before going to resume the struggle elsewhere, let me speak to you of the preparation and the effort. This of course is first on the physical or bodily side; but on this I need hardly dwell in these days of almost excessive devotion to physical culture and in sight of your campus here which has witnessed such hard-fought contests for victory. Assuming, then, that you will not easily neglect the claims of a sound body in the interest of a sound mind, let me speak to you of a sound mind and spirit.

And first of the intellectual life. This has been, I think, the most prominent thing in your life here; and again I may assume that the habits of discipline and study here acquired or fostered will not be lightly relaxed when you pass to other scenes of study or even to the more practical duties of life. But of one possibility of perplexity and mischief which is almost sure to come to you and against which you should be forearmed, I desire now to counsel you. I should feel indeed very derelict in my duty, did I not speak of it, though I desire to do so with the full sympathy of the friends who have so kindly invited me, a stranger and of another faith, to this platform.

Even if, as is very possible, you have not yet experienced intellectual unrest, it will be almost sure to come to you. In this age of discussion, when every belief however venerable is challenged and when new light and learning are pouring in from every side, it is altogether probable that any thoughtful man or woman will encounter questionings. Indeed one can hardly be a faithful student or thinker without meeting such inquiries either from other or from his own thinking. Now then, let me give voice to

what the gravest and most thoughtful in this audience would counsel you, and say, *Do not be afraid of your doubts, but face them!* And do not dishonor the truth by treating it as a puny, weakly thing, which cannot bear the light. Long ago it was said (1 Esdras 4:), "Great is Truth and mighty above all things. It endureth and is always strong. It liveth and conquereth forevermore." "We can do nothing against the Truth," says Paul but for the truth," and it is Milton who asks, "Who ever saw Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter?" It is when there is no open encounter that truth seems to suffer. It is because we think just far enough to meet the difficulties—and they lie very near the surface!—in religion or other things and stop there, that we do not come through the Slough of Despond and out upon the sunny uplands of serene conviction. It is sad to be in a state of unrest; and it is not, as young minds often fancy, a mark of intellectual vigor to call lightly in question established opinions; other things being equal, they probably owe their long acceptance to their truth. But when in all candor and ingenuousness of spirit grave questionings come, be brave and face them! considering the possibility that they may be not enemies but messengers of the divine to challenge a too easy acceptance of what is not true, or if true, not yet true to us. Do not try to stifle your doubts. They do not die that way, or die only to fill mind and spirit with corruption. Sad is unrest; but sadder still the attitude which tempts the bravest of us all,—*intellectual dishonesty!* Heed then the great word of Emerson: "Never strike sail to a fear! Come into port greatly; or [if that be for a time the alternative] sail with God the seas!"

And now the moral and spiritual life. Where this begins and the other ends one hardly knows. Indeed I know not but loyalty to truth may be a chief condition, as it is surely an important part of the Spiritual life; for

"This is Love's nobility,
Not to scatter bread and gold,
Gifts and raiment bought and sold,
But to hold fast his simple sense

And speak the speech of innocence. . . .

He who feeds men serveth few;
He serves all who dares be true."

"Thou must be true thyself if thou the truth
would'st teach

Think truly and thy thought
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and thy word
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed."

Some of you are going now to the more practical business of life, the farm, the office or the store, the cares and trusts of the household, and some to scenes of study. It matters not. Here or there you will be put upon your mettle. You will be challenged to test the wise counsel and the discipline you have received in these class-rooms or in yonder church. You will be thrown largely upon your own manhood and womanhood. Reverence, then, your own personality, and stand bravely against scorn or ridicule for what *you* believe to be right.

"To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."
"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power,
Yet not for power; power of herself

Would come uncalled for; but to live by law,
Acting the law we live by without fear;
And because right is right to follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence."

Strength comes by wrestling and the conflict. And how well you, young men, must have learned this on the campus here, as you have seen muscles grow harder and sinews tougher with every contest. So shall you find it through life; and there is no better explanation of the temptations and sorrows of life than that which sees in them the means of strengthening the whole nature. They come

"To push thee forward through a life of shocks,
Dangers, and deeds, until endurance grow
Sinewed with action."

But you will not misuse even your physical strength, to be bullies with it.

"It is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant."

Rather you will use it to prop some noble but tottering cause, like the ideal Knights of long ago. And you will not fling away your strength on things which sap your manhood and your life,

though you think them to be manly and do them to be men. The utmost vigor you can win and keep of body as well as mind will not be greater than you need for the struggle before you.

But some of the class are young women, and I have not forgotten you in what I have been saying. But let me especially remind you of the greater responsibility you go to meet in view of the larger opportunity than woman has ever enjoyed before. There is nothing—I had almost said—that your pure heart or womanly instinct can seek that is not now, or will not soon be, ready to your asking. But how great the obligation which this nobility of privilege imposes!

Do not forget that you are to be in a sense the shapers of the coming society. What would the old Chivalry have been with its imperfections and its crudities, but for the high ideal of womanly honor? And what would our brave boys who went to the war have done in the field or in camp or hospital without the tender and hallowing memory of self-forgetting, though anxious, mothers and sisters and wives and loved ones? You may be the shapers of the coming society. As you shall be pure and shall insist upon purity in others, will society be pure. As you shall be gentle and yet brave, you shall

"Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws."

Long enough has man been going his blundering way alone: let woman take at last her strong and equal place by his side.,

"Self-reverent each and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities
Then comes the statelier Eden back to men;
Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste
and calm;

Then springs the crowning race of humankind.
May these things be!"

But oh, the patience that is needed! At a critical moment in our life war, when a great meeting was in progress in the city of Brooklyn, the Rev. Dr. Bellows of New York was called on unexpectedly to address the people, and as he warmed to the occasion he swept the vast audience away with the fiery torrent of his eloquence. There were so ne who expressed astonishment at the exhibition of power, but one wisely said, "He has

been forty years preparing that address." In the old Grecian days some poet or artist was reproached for the slowness of his work: "You work such a long time!" it was objected. "Yes," was the reply, "I do work a long time, but I work *for* a long time!" It was nearly ten years after St. Gandens received the commission for the Shaw memorial I have referred to, before he took clay in hand to fashion it, and then more than two years elapsed before it was ready to leave his exacting fingers, and people became impatient and murmured at the long delay. It was one of the vices of our time, this restlessness and impatience, this willingness to do skimpy and shiftless work that will not bear the probing. Not so the toilers of the old cathedral days who built so patiently their very thought and life into those walls and built not for a year or a generation but for the admiration of centuries to be. But we rejoice at the patience of the artist, for at last the end has crowned the work. Those years of seeming inaction were years of brooding and reflection, and not lightly must the difficulties of the work be met and conquered. And so for long generations in happy Boston and from distant quarters of our land shall youth go up to drink inspiration from that picture and be kindled to a consecrated life.

You are now in the morning and freshness of life. It is true, almost before you know it you will be taking your places as mature men and women, and the burden of life will be resting on your shoulders. But not yet has that hour quite struck. You are still in the morning and freshness of life. No crushing sorrow, let us hope, has yet come to you, no failure to brood over, no prejudices to wrap your mind or bar your way. The dew of the morning is still on your brows. For you

"The future hides in it good hap and sorrow.

[You] press still thorow—

Naught that abides in it daunting [you]—
onward.

Here eyes do regard you in Eternity's stillness;
Here is all fullness, ye brave to reward you;
Work and despair not!

I attempted some poor picture of that bronze memorial, the tramping soldiers and the young commander at their side;

but one thing I did not tell you. Over their heads floated the angel of victory. Her right arm drawn closely to her holds victor-palms and the poppy flowers of death, while her left hand points up and away. *They do not see her*, for all she is so plain to us! Their eyes are forward fixed where Duty calls. The angel they do not see though they must feel all unconsciously the thrill of her majestic presence. Not yet for them the upward look; that will come by and by; but to-day it is the plain *tramp, tramp, tramp*, of common place duty. Yet all the while, just above their heads, behold the angel floating! What wonder that it was of this very youth, we are told, that Emerson sang,

"So nigh is grandeur to our dust,

So near is God to man,

When Duty whispers low, Thou must!

The youth replies, I can!

And can we doubt that had he survived until the shadows lengthened from the Western sky, he would not have failed to

"Obey at eve the Voice obeyed at prime"?

To the whispers of that Voice I call you now to listen:

"Be strong, be good, be pure!"

Right only shall endure.

All the rest is but false pretenses."

And may the tender Love that never forgets be with you always!

A Page of Reminiscence.

What may one choose from a throng of memories? Looking back to the days of John P. Averill and the time when Woodstock Academy issued its first catalogue, there arises a picture of the members of the drawing class seated, one sunny afternoon, on the church steps, each with pencils and cardboard, struggling with the proportions of the little old Academy on the hill, knowing that the best result was to be reproduced in the forthcoming catalogue. Maria Lyman's correct eye and quick hand outstripped us all and it was soon evident whose perfect sketch would be chosen, and the writer retains as a souvenir of that memorable afternoon, her own unfinished effort—an outline of the building and one poplar tree. Never, perhaps was a prouder set of young people than when

the catalogues were received containing the veritable picture of our Alma Mater.

If memory serves, it was at the close of this term that the public examination was held in the church, a large platform, having been made above the pews in front of the high, old time pulpit which was between the doors. In the evening was the famous exhibition, deprecated by some, because the chief attraction of the program had been adapted by Mr. Averill from one of Bulwer Lytton's dramas. It was admirably rendered by Edward Rawson, Caroline Payson, (Mrs Penniman) Abbie Rockwood and others. Mr. Averill, behind the scenes, enthusiastically directing all. A band of music was in attendance, and John D. Lyon was Marshal of the evening.

These were the days of Edward E. Bowen's store, full of attractions, from English thread laces to a large variety of articles, specially selected for the use and delight of students. Mr Bowen was an earnest friend of the school, doing much in these earlier years for its prosperity and gave the land for the site of the present building.

The path of learning was not easy, the approved methods of the time not tending to relieve the tedium of study. Mr. Averill's students worked hard, and then, by a system of review and drill, were compelled to absorb the subject matter into the mental fibre. There lay his strength which gave him fame as an instructor and many have had reason to be grateful for the discipline, mental and otherwise, administered by Mr. Averill.

A whisper in the recitation room he would not endure and never allowed notice taken of a mistake. We recall an experience when a class, with one accord, laughed at a comical blunder. Mr. Averill paused a moment—"Barbarians!" he thundered—that was all—and it was enough.

At the close of the winter term of 1845 Mr. Averill and his assistant, beloved Miss Caverno, afterwards his wife, gave a reception to the school at the old boarding house, owned later by Miss Emily Bowen. The collation was spread in the Academy Hall, and, placing boys and girls in separate rooms, he marshaled

us out, one by one, each young lady accepting her chance escort and marching in procession to the Hall. Louise Chandler Moulton, then a student, was present at this gathering. She was a girl of eleven years, excelling in scholarship and reading with charming effect her poetic "compositions," one of which entitled "The Eolian Harp" remains in memory.

Mr. Averill was succeeded by Rev. Alden Southworth, of whom are held pleasant recollections, during the summer term of 1845. The long vacation was then unknown, the year being divided into four terms of eleven weeks each, with only two intervening weeks for rest.

It was the writer's good fortune to return to the school in the Fall of 1848, when James Willis Paterson became the Principal. Intellectual, dignified, and cultured, this genial Christian man was in every sense an educator. While giving our moral and spiritual welfare the highest place, he none the less opened our minds and led the way to delightful possibilities in the realms of knowledge.

With remembrance of him comes that of his helpers, Edna Dean Proctor and Lucy Foster, whose names recalls Mary Perry, Louise Skinner, Anna Webster and Nettie Curtis, the lovely girl stricken down to die in early youth. And who of that class still lives to remember "Ireland" the interesting colloquy spoken by twelve young ladies, under the training of Miss Foster?

The educative influence of Woodstock Academy, fifty years ago, may be traced in the earnest lives of many who have gone beyond; and as recollections throng, dear faces pass in review and we cherish the hope that this imperfect tribute may meet the eye of some yet waiting, and perhaps, awaken pleasant memories of our Auld Lang Syne.

H. G. A.

Pleasant Valley, Conn.

Letters of European Travel.

FROM ONE OF THE ALUMNÆ.

On board S. S. Noordland,
New York—Antwerp.
August 1, 1896.

My Dear M—; This is Saturday morning, a most beautiful, clear sky, and a

bright blue sea, the first fine morning since leaving New York on Wednesday. We are on deck, comfortably seated in our chairs and reading, talking, writing or napping as the inclination directs. How I wish you were here, your delight in the deep blue sea would be amply satisfied, for it is beautiful beyond description. We are close to the railing; and the colors of the water, with the white foam and spray and the rainbows on the waves, are superb. We are making good time, and the ship has very little motion, so everything is as near perfect as can be. I have not written for several days, and now it is Thursday, and only a little while and we shall be due at Antwerp. Let me tell you of our Sunday. There is no clergyman on board, so there was no service, but as most of our party are Episcopalians, we read, sang many of the church hymns, and in this way passed the morning, while on the other side of the ship, quoits, ring-toss and various games were in progress and the continental Sunday was the order of the day. The day was clear but the wind strong and the sea rough. I am holding strongly to "my determination not to be "disturbed" by the commotion around, and so far have been down to every meal and am proving myself a good sailor. This is our daily routine: from 8 to 9 o'clock, breakfast, then we take a constitutional, fifteen rounds on deck, which makes one mile, then to the prow for observation or to the stern to see the log taken, then we are comfortably tucked up in our chairs and enjoy conversing till beef-tea and sandwiches are served at 11 o'clock. Then we try napping till 1, when we go down to lunch. Another walk gives an excuse for resting again. Afternoon tea comes at 4, after which we have games, etc., till 5:30 when we dress for dinner; from 6 to 8 we are at the table with music and conversation the evening passes; at 10 we go below for our last refreshments and soon after to our rooms. The captain is very kind and by his invitation we have been on the bridge, down to see the engines, etc. Again Saturday morning, the pilot has just come on board and if the tide permits we shall soon be at our landing. I must

close now and arrange my packing—we have had no storm and a wonderfully quiet voyage.

Antwerp, Belgium,
Aug. 12, '97.

My Dear M—; This is our third day in Antwerp and we are nicely settled at Hotel du Grande Miroir, and are seeing the city quite satisfactorily. When I last wrote we were just entering the Scheldt, and I cannot tell you how interesting our trip up the river was. The shores on each side were lined with typical Dutch towns, everything so picturesque, trees in set rows and all trimmed to a regular height, red tiles on the roofs, old wind mills, the low meadows dotted with groups of cows and goats, in the distance, beautiful church spires, all with the Sunday calm resting upon them, made a scene never to be forgotten.

But on landing in Antwerp one would never dream of Sunday, a true holiday had possession of the town, indeed it has seemed like a holiday ever since, the streets filled with men and women, given to pleasure rather than to business, with none of the American rush but so happy and contented. The dress of the women is quaint and picturesque, the Belgian bonnet of white lace with broad wings on each side, loose waists and short skirt of bright color and wooden shoes. Soldiers are seen everywhere; in uniform, blue with bright red bands, the police are numerous, all uniformed, the guides also wear costumes, and all this gives a most pleasing variety to the streets scenes. The milk women with the carts drawn by dogs, add quaintness and often almost block the narrow streets. The cathedral chimes are just ringing, they are wonderfully sweet and ring at intervals through the day. We have climbed the tower, 622 steps, and heard the chimes while in it, and as Mr. Stowe says "we seemed to be in a tube of stone with waves of sound pouring down like a deluge." Ruben's pictures in the Cathedral are fine, his masterpieces, and there is much wonderful carving in the churches. We have visited the T'Steen, used as a fort in 885, now a museum, where we each took a little candle and went down into the dungeons, and saw many interesting relics

of ancient times. The parks are beautiful, handsomely decorated, and the concerts, by the Royal Band, given every evening are most enjoyable. From this city we go to Brussels, Cologne, up the Rhine, etc.

Heidelberg, Germany,
August 24, '96.

My Dear M—; I will begin a letter to you here at Heidelberg, where we have spent the Sunday; a most beautiful, restful place, the ideal spot for leisure, rambling and pleasant meditation, a little city close to the Neckar and on either side the mountains, ridge after ridge as far as we can see. The castle, not quite half way up the mountain on one side of the city, we visited on Saturday. It is very large, much of it in ruins. In the cellar is the large tun, holding 49,000 gallons. One day we gave entirely to climbing and enjoying nature far away from "Maddening Crowd." On the south side of the city we reached a height of 1297 feet, had a delightful rest, then on the north, another mountain 2000 feet high, from which the view was magnificent. The university is not an imposing building but has a fine hall. The lecture rooms are very plain and primitive. The career is quite different from anything we have at home, the walls most grotesquely marked with names, inscriptions, figures, etc. We saw many American names, showing that our countrymen have not escaped the "durance vile." In looking from one of the windows, we saw on the top of a chimney a stork's nest with three little heads stretched from it but did not see the mother bird. In the evenings we attended concerts, with music of the finest order, the admittance was 40 pfennigs (10 cents).

Since writing from Antwerp we have spent a most delightful day on the Rhine going from Cologne to Mayence, been to Frankfort, visited the famous watering places Weisbaden and Hamburg, at which place I had a first view of members of the royal family of England, the Prince of Wales, his three daughters, the Empress Frederick, the Duke of Connaught, and a few others.

Now in a short time we shall be in Switzerland and my next letter will be from there.

Rigi-Kulm, Switzerland
August 2, '96.

My Dear M—; I am writing you from Hotel Schreiber, 5910 feet above the sea. It does indeed seem far away from you all and quiet little Woodstock. Our journey here took us directly through the Black Forest and we stopped at many of the interesting places and enjoyed the romantic surroundings exceedingly. But to write of each would take too much space. We see very few Americans, on lake Zurich. I did see a yacht flying the stars and stripes and it seemed like a little glimpse of America and I really wished to speak to the people in it. We are among French and Germans most of the time, now more Swiss among the peasants. Yesterday we came here from Aute by the mountain railway. I can give you no adequate idea of the beauty of the ride, as we wound up the mountain, the sunlight in the valley; sometimes we were in sun and sometimes in shower, with beautiful rainbows, but when we reached the summit the fog was so dense we could not see the hotel from the station and we feared we should lose the view which we wished. But it cleared and we climbed the observation tower and how magnificent was the effect! The snowy peaks are around us, four beautiful lakes in sight and below in the valley the clouds, looking like an immense sea, with huge waves crested with white foam, in which some peaks appeared like islands. In one place the sun made it a bright red and the reflection of this was a salmon pink. But it is very cold and we are glad to gather around the large porcelain stove and spend the evening writing, hoping for a clear sunrise.

When we went to our rooms last night, I asked that the shutters might be open but "No" said the maid and forthwith she closed the heavy window shutters, a barred glass window and then another glass window and I felt shut far away from the sun I was so anxiously awaiting. Nevertheless I investigated matters and found out how to undo what she had so carefully done, and at four o'clock this morning, open it all came, and I looked out to find everything covered with snow and the storm still raging.

So we are having the experience of a real storm on a real Alps, with the prospect of staying longer than we had intended. I will ail this today and tell of descent in another letter.

Chamounix, France,
Sept. 13, '96.

My Dear M—; You will see from this that we did get down from the Rijo and I have only a few moments to write and will tell you of our crossing the glacier. Our hotel faces the mighty Mt. Blanc and parts of the glacier are clearly seen from our windows. We were anxious to cross the ice river and on our arrival here engaged our guides and mule for the first bright morning. We started about 10 o'clock and for a half an hour, our way led through the village and the woods to the foot of the mountain where the climb was to begin. From there the ascent is quite steep and it was noon before we reached the chalet from which point the crossing is made. Here sticks and woolen shoes are furnished, and after resting, we were ready for the ice. First we descended a steep bank, crossed the moraine and then by steps cut in the clear white ice reached the surface of the glacier, which is very uneven and broken by many deep fissures, at the bottom of which we could hear the water flowing. There is no single path and each guide chooses a course for himself, arriving at last at the steps cut for descending as they were for the ascent.

There are large stones in the middle as well as on the side and many places which it seemed I could not cross but my guide was strong and lifted me over them, and at last we were at the chalet on the other side and I had gained a new experience. The path down this ide was larger and more tiresome than the other and we were very glad to rest on reaching the hotel. Thus passed one of our days in beautiful Chamonix. S. D. G.

The GLEANER ventures to publish here an old program of public exercises given by the students of the Academy, dated May 7th, 1851, and with it a letter from Hon. W. T. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education, who was one of the participants in the exercises of that

evening. The program is of interest not only as a reminiscence to those whose names appear upon it, but it is of far deeper interest and significance to find that the man who stands at the head of public education in our country today, as Commissioner Harris does, and who, in the direction of the study of the human intellect, ranks among the leaders of the world, is found here in his teens giving an essay on "The Faculties of the Mind."

Woodstock Academy.

Students' Exhibition

Wednesday, May 7th, 1851.

Exercises to commence at 7 o'clock P. M. Precisely.

Music.

Prayer

Music.

Part First.

1. Latin Salutatory—original. S. Holt
 2. Reply to Mr. Mc Dowell. A. Lyman
 3. Ruins of Time, J. N. Perrin
 4. The national Character. E. R. Osgood
- Music.
5. Oration—original. O. Warren
 6. The Model Repeal Orator. T. J. Flag
 7. A Variety of Tastes. Dramatis Personæ
Edward, A. Mathewson
Jack, E. R. Carpenter—Leo, H. A. Bowen
Harry, G. Warner.

Music.

8. Oration—original. A. Lyman
9. The Union E. Ingalls
10. The Faculties of the Mind W. T. Harris
11. Spiritual Manifestations—original burlesque
Dramatis Personæ
Medium. Mr. Stiffly, O. Warren
Proff. Roger Rogerson, T. J. Flag
Mr. Jedediah Swipes, Esq., E. R. Osgood
Spirit, A. Mathewson

Music.

12. Oration—original. G. H. Brown
13. Burgess' Reply to Randolph. N. B. Jennings
14. The Travelers Union—original.
Miss Mary Averill, Miss C. E. Burnapp—
Miss C. Wight, Miss E. C. Holmes—Miss
Z. E. Whitmore, Miss E. M. Dickinson—
Miss F. J. Hammond, Miss J. H. Edwards
—Miss E. N. Hunt Miss M. A. Griggs—
Miss A. C. Green, Miss H. Fenner—Miss
M. H. Webster, Miss E. P. Wells—Miss
A. E. Jencks, Miss A. B. Gleason.

Music.

Part Second.

15. Spartacus T. J. Flag
16. The Yankee and the fat Gal E. R. Osgood

- 17 French Dialogue,—original.
Dramatis Personæ
Miss Hammond, Miss Wells— Miss Hunt,
Miss Edwards.
Music.
- 18 Oration,—original. W. T. Harris.
- 19 Merchant of Venice. Dramatis Personæ
Duke of Venice, S. Holt—Antonio, O. Warren—Bassanio, E. R. Osgood—Salanio, G. H. Brown—Salarino, A. Lyman—Lorenzo, N. B. Jennings—Gratiano, E. Ingalls—Shylock, T. J. Flagg—Balthazar, E. Manning—Stephano, A. Harridon—Portia, Miss A. C. Green—Nerissa, Miss C. Wight—Jessica, Miss E. P. Wells.
Music.
- 20 The Pilgrims, O. Warren
- 21 South American Republics, S. Holt
- 22 The Country Court, Dramatis Personæ
Constable, E. Ingalls—Judge, S. Holt—1st, Lawyer, E. R. Osgood—Jim Crook yarn, J. N. Perrin—Ike Budd, G. H. Brown—Mr. Firebrand A. Harridon—Mrs. Firebrand, E. Manning—2nd. Lawyer, T. J. Flagg—Billy G. Warner—2nd. Boy, A. Mathewson.
Music.
- 23 Oration—original. E. Ingalls
- 24 Valedictory Address.—original.
N. B. Jennings
Music.
T. J. Flagg, O. Warren, E. R. Osgood
Committee of Arrangement.
J. M. Shumway Printer, Webster Mass.

Bureau of Education,

Washington, D. C., June 8, 1897.

Prof. E. R. Hall, Principal of Woodstock Academy, Woodstock, Connecticut,

My dear Sir:—I am glad to get your letter of the 3d instant, and I should certainly comply with your kind invitation and be present at the graduating exercises of Woodstock Academy on the 25th instant were it possible. Some of the most important days of my life belong to the period in which I was a member of Woodstock Academy and I am proud to be a member of the alumni of that institution.

Thanks for the copy of the program of Woodstock Academy Exhibition, May 7, 1891. I remember the occasion distinctly. I could rewrite from memory the dialogue called "Spiritual Manifestations," a burlesque. Mr. E. R. Osgood was the chief actor in the dialogue and I think that he was the author of the whole of it or the larger part of it. (He lived in Providence in the years after he left

Woodstock Academy.) I think that I have somewhere among my old papers the essay which I wrote for the occasion, namely the "Faculties of the Mind," but naturally I could not feel proud of the production. I remember that the Exhibition was a very good one chiefly through the efforts of Mr. Osgood, Mr. Flagg, Mr. Hall, and Mr. Warren. I have often wondered what became of Mr. Warren. Have you alumni records which show whether he is living and where?

I think Woodstock is the choicest of places for an academy and I hope that the institution flourishes increasingly from year to year.

Arthur Matthewson (whose name appears on the program) and myself were classmates in Latin at the Academy and afterwards classmates at Yale College. I remember Henry Bowen and his brother who was Postmaster in Woodstock. I have found since in the genealogy of the Davis family that Deacon Daniel Davis, who lived in Thompson, is a common ancestor to our families (Bowens and Torrees) and to other families now living in Putnam, such as the Cutlers, Dikes, Plymptons, the Davisons, Howes, Warrens, etc.

Regretting that I cannot make it possible to visit Woodstock Academy in June, and hoping that I shall be more fortunate next time,

Very sincerely yours,

W. T. Harris, Commissioner.

P. S.: I forgot to mention that on one occasion I wrote out from memory the dialogue "Spiritual Manifestations," which Mr. Osgood composed, for my pupils, who acted it with great applause at a public exhibition in St. Louis, Missouri, about 1863.

Academy Sunday Address.

The Controlling Influence of Mental and Moral Harmony.

TEXT,

"And it came to pass when the evil spirit from God was upon Saul, that David took an harp, and played with his hand; so Saul was refreshed, + + + + + and the evil spirit departed from him." 1 Sam. 16:23.

If the honored institution of learning, before whose members I am invited to

speak this morning, were a school of music exclusively, instead of an academy of general instruction, the appropriateness of the text for the present occasion would become, as I am well aware, more readily understood. It would then remain for me to describe somewhat the career of a great poet and musician of Hebrew history; and apply the lessons of his life, and especially this incident of his boyhood, to the needs of those who today are following in his light footsteps of song. That would be, indeed, a delightful task, and a useful one, no doubt; but, nevertheless, it would take us along a narrower path than the one we now desire to pursue; for it would constitute only a literal study of the psalmist's work, and its subsequent influence. What we desire, at this bright hour, is a higher vision of the shepherd boy of Bethlehem. His persuasive minstrelsy before the King calls us onward beyond the literal into the symbolic and spiritual meaning of the story. It leads us into the quiet depths of his profoundly religious nature, and enables us to discover the sources whence "The Psalm of Life" itself originates.

Music, which is well adapted, from its very nature, to the uses of the church, and the family, and the school, and which has had a powerful influence in all ages on the spirit of mankind, and particularly on the spirit of youth, depends, in a very large degree, on that quality which we call harmony.

This harmony in music is not merely a combination of melodious sounds, any more than in the other fine-arts it is a bringing together simply of pleasing colors, or graceful forms, or polished expressions of thought. In each of these supreme places of its abode harmony is much more than the technical combination of parts. It is the perfect unity of those parts,—the sensitive and sustained agreement of them all. If we seek for this unity, as we often may in a beautiful picture, like Raphael's Transfiguration of Christ, under the sweet shadows of which his lifeless body was laid at Rome, by the loving hands of his pupils, we shall find it in that masterpiece,—unity of touch, of color, of suggestion of in-

spiration. Or if we look for it in some immortal poem of Milton or Homer, we shall surely be blind in spirit if we fail to find it shining like sunlight in those great fountains of living water where the dreamer's fancy slakes its thirst,—unity of rhythm, expression, emotion, imagination.

This quality of which I am speaking, so far as it relates at least to music, sprang into being in the days of her youth. For musical harmony, is not by any means of recent origin. It was most assiduously sought after by the earliest races of mankind. Among the Hebrews particularly it was developed to a high degree of perfection. They found that it was governed, in all its sportive moods, by certain fixed laws, which man has not made for himself, but of which he is the willing servant. The greatest, as well as the humblest, musician is directed in his work by these fundamental laws of sound. They bind him always, as the chemist, or the architect, is bound by the rules relating to his special occupation.

For the early discovery and perfecting of these laws of harmony the harp, which Dr. Burney has called "the national instrument of the Hebrews," held the highest place. God gave this gem of wonderful sweetness to men long before he had selected Israel as his chosen people. It came before the deluge. Afterwards, we find it in the tents of the patriarchs, at the camp-fires of the wandering tribes, in the schools of the prophets, and among the choral choirs of the temple.

In all these places it taught the laws of harmony, partly because of its universal use, and long continued preeminence: but more especially, because of the nature of its peculiar construction. Anciently harps were so made that each separate string produced but a single tone. To combine these primary tones most extensively, and effectively, to blend them into sweet concord, to put "a world of merriment" into their melody, as Edgar Poe did into his silver bells, required the consummate skill of the Hebrew, and the Greek musician. It taxed the ingenuity of Miriam and Sappho. To gain harmony from a mere harp, was like guessing the

riddle of Sampson, or the paradox of the Sphinx which Œdopus only could solve. It was no holiday sport or evening pastime. It was the mastery of an art, even the highest of all the arts. To produce a wealth of sweet and persuasive sounds, delicate, tender, replete with emotion and pathos upon so simple an instrument, that once

“* * * * * through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,”

was no easy task.

We wonder how the bird sings melodiously through its tiny throat, how the little brook habbles forth its music with only the pebbles of the glen for its sounding-board, how the zephyrs, going in the tops of the mulberry trees, inspire an army for victory. But here we come, and stand face to face with this beautiful incident of sacred history, and we see the shepherd minstrel, with the quick touch of youth in every finger-tip, making music most wonderful of all. But it is not by one idle sweep of his hand that this music is called forth. The eye, the ear, the heart, the very soul of the player is in every cadence that floats on the perfumed atmosphere. Over against him, by the wall of his chamber, sits the sullen king. His spear is by his side ready to do its deadly work. The earnest face of Jonathan is among the shadows. An evil spirit is upon the king; and between him, and the son of Jesse, the Bethlehemite, stands, like a sun and a shield, only the harp,—the harp on which David played with his hand, till Saul was refreshed, and the evil spirit departed from him. What does this simple instrument signify, as it pulsates with melody in every string, mediating, like a breath of prayer, between the boy's joy and the man's dispondency? What does it symbolize in its liquid notes, at whose inspiring call in the poet's later life psalm after psalm awoke to immortality?

My young friends of this beloved Academy, and of the graduating class of 1897, this episode in the life of David suggests a lesson appropriate to this occasion. This it does, not only because you are now amid the enchantments of youth, as David was when he stood before

Saul; nor because the music of his harp, is well defined as “the universal language,” but because his act shows, as perhaps it is shown nowhere else in Scripture the controlling influence of harmony.

I do not mean, however, by this, the influence simply of melodious sounds, preserved for all time in the world's great oratorios. Nor do I refer to that merely, which lies nearest the literal application of the text, the influence of all charming colors blended, like the hues of sunset, on the canvas of some marvelous painting; but I would go a step beyond all this, and point you to the controlling influence of harmony in nature, and in thought, and in character.

The old Greeks were fond of speaking of the music of the spheres. They said that the sun, and moon, and stars, going round in their appointed paths, made everlasting harmony in the skies. In this they anticipated, in a degree, the noble verse of Addison:

“What though no real voice or sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found!
In reason's ear they all rejoice
And utter forth a glorious voice,—
Forever singing as they shine,
“The hand that made us is divine.”

Throughout the material world unity in diversity is tracible. The smallest, as well as the greatest, works of the Creator display its mighty influence. It pervades every atom, governs every motion, attends every growth, so that, turn where you will, you are in its silent presence. It is heaven's first law. It links man to his environment, making him a living part in a great temple which from its threshold is pervaded with the spirit of unity, as the Jewish temple was with the spirit of worship.

In this greatest of all universities—nature—man stands as a student. The harp of life is put into his hand at the dawn of the day, and happy indeed is he who can clasp it to his heart with its cords unstained and unbroken when the evening shadows close about him. To tune those cords becomes his study. To strike their highest melody is his ambition. To listen to their softest echoes fills him with comfort and consolation. Thought, culture, and experience, in all their variety, form

the ever ascending scale of his efforts. The unity of learning,—in its classic lore, its historic treasures, its poetic beauties, its biographic splendors, its exact sciences,—is founded on laws that are as real as those of nature. And he who patiently discovers these laws of thought, and obeys them in the schools of his youth, is gaining, as the prize, that silent harmony of mental growth in which strength and beauty are united, and which causes its possessor to stand before kings, and not before mean men.

The substantial results of early training that have long been secured, under the divine blessing, in this noble institution of knowledge, have shown—and are still showing—far better than any words can describe, the symmetrical unfolding of the youthful mind. Each passing year, as another class graduates, and goes forth from this beautiful hilltop, these results of education reappear,—the fresh promises of a new, and a better day that is to follow. No one sees these results more gladly than the faithful and patient teacher. They are very largely the achievements of his skill. They constitute his highest and best reward. Dr. Arnold once said that he had seen a whole generation of English lads come up to Rugby as boys, and go away again as men. That was a grand picture, and it fell to the lot of a grand and good man to behold it. Everyone in Great Britain knew, except Arnold himself that the mighty change wrought in his pupils was owing chiefly to his own strong and tender influence. That same influence today, throughout our broad land, is making high minded men, and pure minded women, out of the boys and girls who fill the schools which our fathers founded. It is to these outgoing classes that have received a christian education, and are thus equipped for life's work, that we look with confidence for those who shall turn back the spirit of evil from our midst. As David ruled in the place of Saul, so may God hasten the day when ignorance and vice shall be dethroned, and virtue set in their places.

"Till right shall over might prevail,
And truth, like heroes armed in mail,
The tyrant forms of wrong assail,
And hold triumphant sway."

But it is not however in the intellectual endowments of our nature, so turned, though they may be, by culture to any kind of work, that, as Mr. Huxley has said, "they can spin the gossamers, as well as forge the anchors of the mind," that we find the highest type of the symmetrical life. That type is produced only in the refined character of those who obey Christ's great commandment of love to God and man. The loftiest vision that we obtain of the shepherd boy of Bethlehem is where his soul is seen moving in unison with the spirit of God, as it does when he sings his psalms or tunes his harp. Then he ceases to be the Hebrew musician and warrior. He becomes the world's great singer. His raptured face rises before our minds, all the intervening ages disappear, we hear his voice across the centuries, for his soul is in its tones, and we repeat with him, as a part of our common experience. "Oh God, thou art my God, and I will praise thy name forever and ever."

Moulded from his early years by rare extremes of fortune, and environment; touched constantly by deep tides of emotion, David became truly great. His character was round and full. The hand of time, and the spirit of grace, blended its qualities into one golden crown that marked its wearer as a royal man in history, of whom God said: "I have found David, the son of Jesse, a man after mine own heart who shall fulfil all my will."

Every true character, like that of David, aims at completeness. It adds to faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance, and to temperance patience, and to patience godliness, and to godliness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness charity. It will not rest content with one of these cardinal graces, nor even with a few. It seeks them all. It coverts everyone, laboring to combine them into a beautiful structure, where the spirit of God shall dwell, and the risen son of God preside.

Paul, in one stroke of his pen, has told us the whole story of this harmony of christian character. "Ye are complete in him who is the head over all principality and power." Thus the apostle sums up the anthropology of the New Testament,

the completeness of man in God, his incompleteness apart from God. Whatever nature and education may do for you my young friends and they may do much, there still remains this higher unity of the soul with God—a unity that can be attained only through his son, Jesus Christ, our Lord,—a unity that goes far beyond materialism, and art, and philosophy, carrying with it the natural law into the spiritual world, setting up the banner of the cross on the plains of our ruined hopes, chanting the music of angels in the ears of unbelief, and making all the enemies of salvation to come and bow down before the silent influence of a holy life.

Such a life, rounded on every side, complete in every part, is the inheritance which heaven alone can bestow upon our waiting hearts; but toward that bright birthright of the future life, it is our privilege (and our duty) ever to be tending. It is worth striving for long and manfully. It ever brings with it its own imperishable rewards,—riches that will not take unto themselves wings and fly away. It even crowns its pursuers while they are still journeying toward the heights that are beyond. Such never tire nor grow weary. They never cease their song, nor lay aside their music. They are the world's leaders—the world's benefactors. Toil does not dishearten them. Reproach and scorn do not disturb them, sorrows do not overwhelm them; For they

"Have learned in hours of faith,
The truth, to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never loose its own."

Young ladies and gentlemen of the graduating class, your life and work and pleasant fellowship in the Woodstock Academy draw near their completion. We rejoice with you today on account of the mercies of God, and the kind sympathies of friends and teachers, by which,—joined with your own efforts, you have been carried successfully through your course of study. This period in your lives, often one of the brightest and happiest in human experience, will come back to you in the future years when the events of the present will have become changed into the memories of

bygone days. When those memories awaken, gently as a child from its sweetest dreams, then may these great harmonies of nature, and of thought, and of character, to which I have tried to point you, be a part of those treasures over which Memory shall shed her mellow light, and in the conscious possession of which each of you shall rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of gladness.

Our Academy Funds.

It has been deemed advisable that, in a periodical devoted to the interests of Woodstock Academy, some statement should be given of its financial condition and present needs. The fund immediately available at this time, in round numbers, is \$17000. It is well known that, in common with a multitude, the Academy has suffered materially from unfortunate investments, and during the year past it has been considered wise to use money from the fund to place, if possible, some of the poor loans in such position as to soon be in interest-bearing condition.

It will be readily understood that this expenditure, though but a few hundred dollars, has somewhat lessened the yearly income.

Several years ago the idea, that the Academy's fund should be increased to \$50000, was conceived by our life long and lamented friend, Mr. Henry C. Bowen who pressed the matter with untiring interest and energy, until nearly that sum was pledged, a large proportion being in the form of bequests by will. A few thousands only remains to be raised.

During the year past, further individual effort has been put forth in the way of letters to prominent alumni and other personal friends. Though the results are meager, the effort conclusively proves that the love of our ancient institution is still warm and active in many hearts.

A number of years ago, through the kind thoughtfulness of a mutual friend, Hon. J. W. Manning, Mr. Bowen met Mr. Elisha Converse for the first time. Having many common interests, they became at once warm friends, with the substantial result of a gift of two thousand dollars to the object always first in Mr. Bowen's plans, the Endowment Fund. This gift was the more highly appreciated,

from the fact that Mr. Converse was not a native of Woodstock, a few years only, of his boyhood being spent in this vicinity. Through the years that followed, Mr. Converse's interest in our fund did not lessen, even though his large hearted benevolence was engaged in placing enduring memorials in his present home, Malden, Mass., and in other munificent deeds.

His kind interest was further evinced in the gift of \$4000, received by the President of the Board of Trustees on the first day of January, 1897. Opportunity soon offered to invest this gift advantageously in local farm mortgages, not yielding a high rate of interest, but in accord with the present conservative policy of the board of management. With this gift came additional encouragement from the same friend that if the remaining thousands needed to complete the fund to \$50000, should be raised during this year, he would add still another \$4000 to his previous gifts making the sum total of his benevolence to this institution \$10000.

Oh! that a Rockefeller or a Pierson might be found among our alumni, who could meet this great emergency and complete this fund which shall be world wide in its benevolence!

One other appeal should be made at this time for the advancement of student life in our Academy. A gymnasium is the crying need of the school. Only those in touch with the inner workings of the school curriculum can truly appreciate the present insurmountable difficulties in the way of recreation and physical development of the students in the winter season. The amount of money needed for this object is so small that a little organized effort could accomplish the result.

It is estimated that \$2000 would be ample to give building and equipment sufficient for the needs of the school as a fine building spot is assured upon the Academy's grounds. Who can estimate the result, if every alumnus wherever the GLEANER shall find him, will send one dollar to the Treasurer of the Board of Trustees, as a nucleus for this object, to be known as the Gymnasium Fund, to be invested until the amount shall have all been given?

This sum is, without doubt, within the power of every son and daughter of Woodstock Academy, both old and young. Let there be a hearty response to this appeal. The benefit of a well concerted movement in this direction will be incalculable in its results and will be impressed upon the future history of our beloved Alma Mater.

Items From the Older Alumni.

Hon. William T. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education was made a Doctor of Laws at the anniversary celebration of Princeton.

Miss Joanna Gaylord has been teaching during the past year in a private family in Cheboygan, Mich.

Clayton L. Alexander is a deputy collector and inspector of United States customs in Franklin, Vt.

Mr. Hiram Wells lives in Southbridge and is a stockholder in the optical works; his sister Miss Elizabeth Wells, also makes her home there.

Mr. Henry Mathewson is a surgeon in the Marine Hospital in San Francisco, Cal.

William Flynn who is first lieutenant in the 8th United States Cavalry, South Dakota, is to take a two years post graduate course at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, preparatory to a promotion.

Mrs. Helen Wells Horn lives in San Francisco, Cal.

George McClellan was graduated from St. Luke's hospital in June.

Prof. and Mrs. Lord returned from Athens in July 1896. Mr. Lord has resumed his former position of professor of Greek in Dartmouth college.

Mrs. Anna Davenport Palmer lives with her daughter in Minneapolis.

Mr. George Scarborough is employed on a newspaper in Washington, D. C.

Mr. Charles Scarborough is a dealer in bristol and card board in New York.

Miss Mary C. Hall lives with her brother in Portsmouth, R. I.

During the past winter, Dr. E. M. Child has taken a course of post graduate study in New York City, and in the spring he removed his residence from Florence, Mass., to Brooklyn, N. Y.

One of the oldest instructors of the Academy who is living, Mr. J. W. Manning, has met with a deep bereavement in the death of his son Edward, a young man of brilliant intellect and wide education, who had recently entered upon a career of teaching.

Mary L. Flynn is governess in the family of J. A. Porter, Secretary to President McKinley.

Willis Wells, one of the firm of the Wells, Geroux Lens Manufacturing Co., Newark, N. J., has sold out his business and gone west.

The grocery store in South Woodstock is again under the management of W. W. Sheldon.

B. F. Chandler was graduated from Rose Polytechnic Institute, Terre Haute, Ind., June 17, and has returned to New England.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Brown (nee Emma Fenn) have purchased a farm on Putnam Heights where they make their home.

Miss M. Lizzie Linderman has taken a course in shorthand at Bryant and Stratton's Business college during the winter.

Percy McClellan has been at home in Woodstock during the winter and spring.

Gilbert H. Bachelor was graduated in June from the Theological Seminary in Hartford.

Mrs. Oliver Gates (nee Mary Paine), who was for a long time Secretary of the Woman's Baptist Foreign Missionary society, died in 1893 while on a missionary trip through India, Assam and Burma, and was buried at Rangoon.

Miss Mabel P. Haskell is in Paris with her mother and expects to spend the winter in Italy.

The 30th anniversary of Rev. James Lyon's pastorate in Central Falls was celebrated this year.

A. D. Chandler has severed his connection with the Cassier's Magazine and has been made President of the Atlantic Coast Electric Light Co., and business manager of the Staten Island Electric Light Co.

Edward Swain has been teaching in the Pomfret school, Pomfret Conn.

Fred Williamson has opened a meat market in Putnam and has removed there with his family.

James Brown, formerly of Brooklyn, is an aggressive Baptist clergyman in Stillwater, Minn. He has a wife and one child.

Frank Blackmar has purchased the Dexter Bannister farm in East Woodstock, Conn.

Miss Clara Maynard is spending the summer in Malden, Mass.

Wilbur Towne is employed in Webster, Mass.

Robert Mathewson is employed in the state treasury at Hartford.

Alfred Briggs is in the employ of H. H. Davenport in Pomfret Conn.

The Linderman brothers, Louis, Henry and John are sinking artesian wells and putting up windmills in different parts of Massachusetts.

William Chamberlin is a blacksmith in Pawtucket, R. I.

George H. Hyde is a successful lawyer in New York City.

Pres. and Mrs. Hyde (nee Prudence Phillips) are spending their summer vacation in Europe.

Miss Sara A. Bowen has been promoted to the position of assistant matron in the South Department of the Boston City Hospital.

Mrs. Maud Randall Kaufman is the wife of a congregational minister in Hull, Iowa.

Mr. William Sprague is teaching in Springfield, N. J.

Morning.

"She is the buddin' o' our luve,
A giftie God gied us;
We maun na luve the gift owre weel:
'Twad be na blessin' thus."

"We still maun lo'e the Giver mair,
An' see Him in the given;
An' sae she'll lead us up to Him,
Our babie straight frae heaven,"

J. E. Rankin.

BIRTHS.

In Pomfret, Conn., Oct. 3, a son, Albert San-
ger, to Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Pratt.

In Pasadena, Cal., Nov. 13, a daughter,
Helen, to Mr. and Mrs. William Gaylord.

In East Woodstock, Jan. 30, a daughter,
Mildred Louise, to Mr. and Mrs. John S. May.

In Woodstock, Feb. 14, a daughter, Eunice
Marion, to Mr. and Mrs. Fred J. Williamson.

In Southbridge, Mass., June 3, a daughter,

Maxine Dolores to Mr. and Mrs. James Coldman.

In East Woodstock, Conn., June 14, a daughter, Agnes, to Mr. and Mrs. Tracy White.

In Putnam, Conn., July 1896, a daughter, Dorothy, to Mr. and Mrs. Albert Bannister.

In Woodstock, Conn., Aug. 1896, a daughter, Mary, to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Chamberlin.

In Woodstock, Conn., June 1897, a son to Mr. and Mrs. Adelbert Lyon.

In Baxter Springs, March 1897, a son, Edward Allen, to Mr. and Mrs. Alex Warner.

Noon.

"Now all is done: bring home the bride again;
Bring home the triumph of our victory;
Bring home with you the glory of her gain,
With joyance bring her and with jollity."

Spencer.

MARRIAGES.

In East Woodstock, Oct. 28, Miss Bertha L. Hibbard and Mr. Henry E. Bannister of Webster.

In South Woodstock, Oct. 29, Miss Jennie S. Nelson and Mr. Fred E. Sheldon.

In Dayville, Conn., Nov. 11, Miss Mabel Cogswell and Mr. Eric H. Johnson of Putnam, Conn.

In East Providence, R. I., Dec. 23, Miss Lena S. Cole and Mr. Sidney R. Turner of Riverside, R. I.

At Cold Spring, N. Y., Feb. 3, Maud G. Jackson and Mr. George A. Wiggins.

In Evansville, Ind., Feb. 10, Miss Mary A. Dwight of Dudley and Mr. N. H. Isaacs.

In Pomfret, Conn., June 2, Miss Flora Youngs of Union and Mr. Bertrand N. Andrews of Woodstock.

Mr. Halsey Weaver and Miss Georgia M. Corbett, of New Haven, May 4th, 1897.

Night.

"When sleep comes down to seal the weary eyes,
The last dear sleep whose soft embrace is balm,
And whom sad sorrow teaches us to prize
For kissing all our passions into calm,
Ah, then no more we need the sad world's cries,
Or seek to probe th' eternal mystery,
Or fret our souls at long withheld replies,
At glooms through which our visions cannot see,
When sleep comes down to seal the weary eyes."

Paul Lawrence Dunbar.

DEATHS.

In North Woodstock, July 10, Miss Mary Lyman.

Mrs. Amelia Wells Palmer, wife of Rev. A. G. Palmer, Oct. 9, in New York City.

In Alfred Center, Feb. 25, Mrs. Maria Wells Langworthy.

In Woodstock, Oct. 25, Alfred J. Johnson.

In Woodstock, Nov. 31, Mary Dana Bowen.

In Quincy, Ill., March 5, State Senator Albert W. Wells.

In Putnam, Conn., Dec. 27, Mrs. Emily W. Spaulding.

In Worcester, Mass., Feb. 1, Ellen, wife of Mr. J. R. Davenport.

In East Woodstock, Conn., March 16, Mrs. Nathan E. Morse.

In Woodstock, June 15, Miss Maria L. Olmstead.

In Chicago, during the winter of '94-95, Mrs. Josiah Styles, (nee Lucy Nichols).

In New York City, 1896, Orrin Skinner.

Senior Honor Essay—Recent Scotch Fiction.

The writers who have made the world better have been men who have studied the every day phases of life, with all its strength and weakness, its joy and its sorrow, and have pictured it as they have seen it. No essay on science, art or history, can so move the hearts of the people as the direct, simple, unpolished and unaltered story of daily life, however humble it may be.

At the present day, a number of able writers have come into notice who are thus interpreting human nature in its best aspect. Humble Scotch life, with all its homely beauty, has appealed to certain of these authors, and they have conceived the high purpose of setting before the world,—before the busy men and women whose thoughts are taken up with the rush and conflict of life—the restful influence of a glimpse of the lowly Scotch folk.

Among these writers, four who are Scotchmen themselves, stand pre-eminent.

The names of Stevenson, Barrie, Crockett and Maclaren are familiar ones in every English speaking home. One cannot help pausing, no matter how hurried he may be or how occupied with the duties of life, when before his mind's eye is placed a group of pictures painted with such skill and accuracy, such warmth and delicacy of coloring, as those which these artists have given us.

It is a fact to be noticed that four such men as these have come to the front almost at the same time. Since the time when Burns gave the reading world his beautiful conceptions of Scotch life, and Sir Walter Scott stirred the English peo-

ple with his historical romances, Scotland has produced no writers of poetry or fiction to be ranked with these.

Robert Louis Stevenson was a poet with a gift no less unique, though of a very different character than that of Burns.

The simple beauty of his poetry appeals to every one, for it brings out in the most perfect English, thoughts which one often thinks, but finds no words to express. His poetry was his life. It was the beauty and sweetness of his own character that has made his work what it is. A glance through his books impresses the observer with the wonderful diversity of talent with which he was gifted. In "An Inland Voyage," and "Travels with a Donkey," he is Nature's artist, and he paints her true to life. In "Treasure Island," and some of his other stories of like character, his vivid imagination has play. "The Master of Ballantrae" shows us his skill in depicting Scotch life, and through all his works his poetical spirit is visible.

He has been so loved and praised that some one has said he might easily have been "the spoiled child of letters." but not so. When he writes about himself, his supreme excellence appears.

"Portraits and Memories" is an example of this, and when, in "A Child's Garden of Verses," he sings such beautiful child thoughts, deep in their simplicity, one is always conscious that they are one's own, that, as a child, one has thought them himself. J. M. Barrie says of Robert Louis Stevenson: "These familiar initials are, I suppose the best beloved in recent literature; certainly they are the sweetest to me."

Both Barrie and Stevenson graduated at Edinburgh and were close friends. Barrie was born in the little Scotch village of Kirriemuir, which is known in the world as Thrums, and there he received his early schooling. Soon after his graduation from college, he commenced his career as an author.

"Better Dead," his first book, was followed by "Auld Licht Idylls," "When a Man's Single," and "A Window in Thrums." Anyone who has read this last feels that he has seen humble life in

a new and nobler light and has had a glimpse of the undercurrent of heroism, love and beauty, which, though surrounded by the dullest circumstances, still runs throughout the lives of so many who live and die unknown outside a circle of a few score friends.

Barrie's early life, spent among the good Scotch folk, has affected all his later years, and the influence of it is felt in his books.

"The Little Minister," and "Sentimental Tommy," have found their way into the hearts of many thousands, but the book which gives the greatest insight into his character and leaves us with such a sweet memory of its holy heroine, is that beautiful tribute to his mother, "Margaret Ogilvy." In its opening chapter in a sole sentence we see not only his pure love for his mother, but also the whole idea of all his writings when he says: "When you looked into my mother's eyes, you knew, as if He had told you why God sent her into the world — it was to open the minds of all who looked to beautiful thoughts. And this is the beginning and end of literature."

Among the pen pictures our Scotch writers have given us, Barrie's portrait of his mother deserves to be hung in high place of honor. After reading the book, one feels as if he himself had seen the saintly countenance of its heroine, and had felt the warmth of her smile.

One of our most popular Scotch story tellers is S. R. Crockett. It has been said that he is a close imitator of Stevenson, but however true this may be, his work is full of vigor and character, and charming for its freshness of thought.

"The Raiders," which is considered the best of his long novels, is a story of Galloway life, full of delightful romance, startling adventure and correct character sketches. But it is his ability for telling a story well, which has made him such a favorite with the people. His simple love tales, full of pathos and poetry, his stories of adventure, thrilling, yet always probable, and all his works with delightful humor, and so gracefully depicting rustic life, have confirmed him a master story-teller, whose books the public gladly receive and read.

To none but a Scotchman is it given to tell a story in such simple yet powerful and touching manner as that in which the stories are told which are published under the title of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush."

Dr. John Watson has for many years been known in England as an eminent preacher, but it is this collection of stories which first brought him before the world as Ian Maclaren, the author, and made the people of both continents feel that a man had indeed arisen who saw the best in mankind, and called it forth to its highest attainment. It has been said of him, "He sees the seeds of goodness in very common soil, and by the warm sunshine of appreciation makes them germinate and grow."

Short stories from his pen have appeared from time to time in our magazines—each is a beautiful piece of literature with Dr. Watson's personality clearly evident in its every line. It is impossible for anyone to read "The Days of Auld Lang Syne" or "Kate Carnegie" without being raised to higher and purer thought.

The dialect which has been dear to all readers ever since the time of Burns, lends its charm to the simple dignity and power of the characters and scenes portrayed, and our interest in these is all the greater when we know that many of them are true to the early experiences of the author, whose native county is the Drumtochty of his stories.

It is said: "Wherever men and women live love and suffer, there are the materials, of immortal art," Surely Stevenson, Barrie, Crockett and Maclaren have found them and given them to us in their beautiful conceptions of Scottish character, which seems to imitate the homely, rugged, yet delicate grandeur of the fields and hills of Scotland herself.

LOUISE P. GROSVENOR.

Senior Honor Essay—International Arbitration.

One of the most costly and disastrous wars which England has ever experienced began in 1854, and is known as the Crimean War. In this struggle, the forces of England, France and Turkey were united against Russia. Several bloody

battles were fought, with severe loss to the allied forces. During the siege of Sebastopol, the besieging army suffered severely from privation and want, and it is said that England lost more men from exposure and hardships than she did in battle. When we look at the cause of this struggle, with its terrible suffering and loss of life, we find that it was very trifling. It seems as if a little prudence, a little reasoning, might have averted the whole war. Within the last half century great progress has been made in inventions and manufactures. This is especially noticeable in the construction of implements of war. If two modern nations should go to war, with modern appliances, the result would be more terrible than anything in history. It seems that something ought to be done to prevent such a contingency. An effort was recently made in this direction by some of the prominent men of two of the world's leading nations.

On Monday, January 11, 1897, Secretary of State Olney, on behalf of the United States, and Sir Julian Pauncefote, on behalf of England, signed a treaty providing that all matters of difference which should arise between the above mentioned countries should be settled by arbitration and not by war. The treaty was sent to the Senate for ratification, and was the occasion of much controversy. By far the greater weight of this discussion was in favor of the immediate ratification of the treaty. But it was so strongly opposed by some members of the Senate that its supporters were not able to obtain the majority necessary for passing it.

This opposition may be traced to various sources. It came, in some cases, from pure jealousy of England; it came from persons who think that in any controversy which may arise, America is always in the right; it came from persons who are anxious for war just for the sake of seeing a fight; it came from some who hope to be able to secure gain for themselves in case of war, by erecting fortifications or furnishing supplies to the soldiers. It is to these objections, and others of a similar nature, rather than to any fault in the treaty itself, that its defeat may be attributed.

Many amendments were proposed—some useless, and some injurious to the intent of the treaty—until at last even some who had been its most ardent upholders were unable to give it their support.

If a treaty similar to the one recently voted upon shall ever be passed, its effects will be closely watched by other nations than the ones directly concerned. Should it be successful they will at once be glad to imitate it. At present the European nations attempt to avoid war by making such a show of strength that other nations will fear to attack them. This necessitates the keeping up of enormous armaments in time of peace, and this in turn incurs a large expenditure of money and labor. In this competitive age no nation can afford to divert its attention from its industrial and commercial pursuits in order to prepare for a possible future war.

The effect of such a treaty would be to remove this necessity. Under it any disputes arising between this government and the mother country would be settled peaceably and without unreasonable delay. War scares, such as arose a short time ago, causing a commotion throughout the whole country, would be impossible. It would be a great step in the progress of civilization.

Although this first effort to secure an arbitration treaty has failed, yet the attempt was not wholly without result. The subject has been brought forcibly before the minds of the people of this country, and many of our ablest men are strongly in favor of it. Let us hope, then, that some time, in the not distant future, another attempt will be made in this direction, and that results will be brought about which shall aid in bringing "peace on earth, and good will to men."

A. LLOYD COOPER.

Class Poem of '97.

One who dreams has in his thought
Fancies strangely interwrought,—
Visions of the future rise,
Like the stars in twilight-skies,
Joys that wait to be complete,
Wishes that to-day are sweet.
Hopes that dawn serene and high,
In our future vision lie.

Truth and Wisdom robed in light,
Calmly bending from their height
Smile, and from their realm let fall
Blessings on us, one and all;
While with faith in duty done
We go onward with the sun,
Traveling mid the dewy bloom
Of life's morning, toward its noon.

Thus an out-look comes to-day
On our scenes of work and play.
With anticipations new,
With tomorrow's task in view,
We turn backward tenderly
To our treasured yesterday,
And in fancy's moments hear
Sounds to heart and memory dear.

Hear the music of the morn,—
Nature's voluntary song,—
Note of birds, and hum of bees,
Zephyr whispers in the trees,
Breath of flower, and voice of praise
Symphonies of summer days.

'Mid these sounds that sweetly rise
Blended pictures greet our eyes,
That in reverie traverse o'er
Scenes we love forevermore.
Cross the Common's winding way
Shadows lengthen with the day,
And the parting rays of light
Linger in the meadows bright;
And caress the church-spire high
Rising in the evening sky.
Once again we seem to see
Homes, half hid by vine and tree,
Forms we recognize that stood
In their brother, sisterhood.

Round the open school-room door
With the sunlight on the floor,
Classmates, often so it seems
Fancies mingle in our dreams,
Often will our hearts return
Warming at the fires that burn
Where we lit them, days gone by,
Guardian angels standing nigh.

Now we sever. Here we part,
Hand in hand, and heart with heart
We have journeyed on as one
Through the years whose work is done.
From the visions of the Past,
From the dreams that shortly last,
We go forth with true desire
To accomplish,—to aspire,—
To attain a noble life
In a world of pain and strife.

While we struggle in the race
Each with duty face to face,
May the memory of this hour
Girt about with fadeless power,
Come again in toil's release
With the olive branch of peace.
Tenderly may time let fall
Golden moments on us all!

In our fancy, in our dream,

When the west is all agleam
May we look across the years—
Smiles, perhaps, amid our tears—
And recall this sacred day
With a love that lives alway.

E. H. T.

To College Via Cape Horn.

In the summer of 1895 I decided to attend Leland Stanford, Jr., University. The fact that I was somewhat familiar with sailing ships led me to decide, that I would not cross the country, but go around by water. Consequently I shipped on one of Arthur Sewell's ships, the *Dirigo*. The *Dirigo* is the first steel sailing ship built in this country. And I hope she will be the last. She is rigged with four masts, and is one of the largest and loftiest ships that sail out of New York.

"Should old acquaintance be forgot?"

Verily, I would rather say yes. So I will not go into details concerning our officers. The captain must have contributed a good deal to the internal revenues of his beloved country before starting, for he carried an inexhaustible supply of liquid. He didn't often get real drunk, but he used to keep pretty well embalmed, most of the time.

On the second of October, we sailed. At three o'clock in the afternoon I looked back on the fading hills of Far Rockaway, and then the *Dirigo* rocked away for many a long day, before I saw land again. We were out only two days when we ran into a southeaster, which carried away our mizzen lower topsail and mussed things up generally. I remember the night well. The sea ran high, the wind was high, and so were the words of the first mate. For it was one of those times when a man is inclined, as Hood says, "To use high words, which means low language."

After the wind abated, we resumed our course, which was for the Cape Verde Islands. About sixty miles from these we picked up the northeast trades, and squared away for the Line, crossing it the thirty-fifth day out.

We were becalmed a week or ten days about the Equator, but finally got out of the doldrums, and stood away for the Horn.

In sailing down the Atlantic there is

something of interest to be seen in nearly every degree of latitude. I was interested in noticing the different birds as we sailed from zone to zone.

My notes of October 5 read: "Wind blowing a gale. Carried away mizzen lower topsail. Worked in the rigging a good deal today. No ships sighted. Sparrowhawk lit on deck." Occasionally a land bird is blown out to sea and is unable to get back. You can tell them at once—they act so strangely. They don't get on their sea-legs, so to speak. And the absence of web feet tells what they are at once.

The little stormy petrels, or as sailors call them, "Mother Cary's Chickens," were everywhere present. I saw them in the Atlantic and the Pacific, and in every latitude. Other birds have their special latitude, and we would find and leave them where they were.

The first flying fish I saw was on Oct. 12, when we were probably crossing the Gulf Stream. They rose several feet above the water. And several times during the voyage they came on deck, necessitating a jump of ten or twelve feet.

On and about the Equator it was rather warm, but I didn't feel the heat any more than I have in New England. As we left the Line and sailed down through the south temperate zone, the weather was delightful.

One morning, while we were in the South Atlantic, I saw two water spouts. One was large and regular, the other was somewhat smaller. From that time on we had heavy weather until we reached the Pacific.

On Dec. 14th, the seventy-third day of the voyage, we sighted Staten Land. It was the first land I had seen since I left New York. And a wilder and more barren piece of landscape one could hardly imagine. It was one mass of mountain peaks rising out of the sea, with no sign of vegetable or animal life. But I did see a great many birds. There were black ducks, cape pigeons, molly hawks and albatrosses. The latter is a majestic bird, large and very graceful.

Christmas Day we were due south of Cape Horn. We were about two weeks getting around the corner, and during that time had several severe squalls.

Extract from note book :

"Jan. 2.—Wind blowing a gale. Running under lower topsails. Dr. Addison of Washington, D. C., caught four albatrosses, and one of them measured 12 feet from tip to tip. Went aloft this morning to loose the fore royal, and again, later, with Black, to furl the mizzen royal. Wind hauled on the quarter towards night, and finally came around aft."

Every night, by the light of a dim lamp, I would jot down a few notes, and I copy them as I wrote them at the time. Sometimes it was not necessary to use a lamp, for there were several days when the sun rose at three and set at nine.

"Jan. 7.—Wind rather light in the morning. Sent up skysail yards. Capt. called all hands aft at 8 a. m., and told us that some one had broken into the galley and stolen five loaves of bread. He then said that we would get no more coffee in the morning until he found out who took them. Our coffee was restored to us a few week's later. But the captain never found out who took the loaves. Nor did he find out who broached about twenty cases of champagne, which were a part of the cargo.

After Jan. 10 we didn't sight a sail for 44 days. It was nothing but sky and water day after day. We picked up the Southeast Trades in latitude 22 deg. S., and they followed us to the Line and a few degrees beyond. We were becalmed in 27 deg. N. about ten days. And it was calm. The sea was as smooth as glass—

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath, nor motion,
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

On Feb. 14 the Capt. and steward had a misunderstanding, and the steward was sent forward, while I was sent into the cabin to take his place. I preferred to work on deck, but I stayed in the cabin for the rest of the voyage.

When only a few days from Frisco, the ship sprung a leak in a heavy gale, and we were unable to keep her clear. March 2, we sighted the light off Frisco, and March 3 took a pilot and passed through the Golden Gate.

March 4th.—After a voyage of a hundred and fifty-three days, and having sailed over 16,000 miles, we had fulfilled the ar-

ticles signed in New York. "To stand by the ship until the sails were unbent, and she was moored to the dock to the satisfaction of the captain." And of those who went out, the Capt. and the First Mate were the only ones who returned on the brand-new steel clipper ship *Dirigo*.

During the voyage out there were many days of drudgery and hard work. Days that were far from being pleasant, and were full of privation. Still the voyage was not without its pleasures. And before I close, I should like to mention something that was a never-ending source of pleasure. Something which would give me a far-away feeling, and bring back more vividly than anything else, the days of long ago. And to Woodstock Academy I am indebted for this pleasure.

It was my love for Astronomy. How eagerly I watched for the Southern Cross! And with what zeal did I study the new constellations as they rose in the southern sky! And when we began to come up through the Pacific after all my old friends were lost, how anxiously I looked for Cassiopea! And how pleased I was as each familiar constellation came back! And when the North Star appeared, and we knew we were across the Line, every night I would have to spend either four or eight hours on deck. And many times, what otherwise might have been impatient hours of waiting, were pleasant hours of study.

But not alone for Astronomy have I to thank Woodstock Academy. I am conscious that it was there that the germ of desire for a truer and a higher life was first nourished. And I am more and more led to believe that that which is lost in the larger schools, is still to be found in Woodstock Academy—a close fellowship between principal and pupil, which fosters truth and enkindles a desire for a better life. Thus may it ever be.

Public Rhetoricals.

Contrary to the usual accompaniment of storm, with which boisterous March has been wont to help celebrate the chief entertainment of the school year, the public rhetoricals of '97 were ushered in with fair skies and twinkling stars, and, in spite of much March mud, an interested throng of friends of Woodstock Academy

gathered, at an early hour upon the evening of the twenty sixth, in eager anticipation of the treat in store.

Upon entering the brightly lighted hall the visitor was at once impressed with the cheery effect everywhere manifest, and the exquisite taste displayed in the arrangement of the hall. The stage setting was particularly artistic in every detail, a bank of beautiful calla lilies adding the crowning touch and serving as a most effective background to the pleasant scene.

A new feature—introduced for the first time in this years program—consisted of the "Academy orchestra," comprising five pieces, and the sweet strains produced by these skillful performers proved a pleasing prelude to the feast of wit and wisdom that followed. The program was enlivened by other choice selections from the orchestra and also by well rendered selections from the school choir furnishing a musical treat which was thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated.

The essays deserve much praise. The declamations and recitations, too, were of a high order, varied in character, and seemed remarkably well adapted to the talents of the individuals to whom they had been assigned. That earnest painstaking effort had been untiringly expended in preparation, was constantly evident and the results reflected much credit upon teachers and students.

The grouping of poems selected from the writings of Paul Laurence Dunbar, preceded by a well-written sketch of his life, proved a happy arrangement and the keen interest recently aroused by the debut of this gifted colored poet into the realm of literature, was intensified here, as the recitations in dialect served to reveal the wit and pathos, the sweetness and tenderness which underlie life in "Dixie land."

As the sweet strains of the chorus, "Funiculi, Funicula" died away, the well pleased audience withdrew leaving the teachers and students to enjoy, for awhile, a happy reunion.

The names of those who participated in the rhetorical and the selections rendered upon the program printed in these columns.

B. & B.

A Sonnet After the Greek of Minnervus.

The sun's hard lot it is to toil for aye;
Nor can he for himself a respite gain,
Nor for his steeds, when rosy-fingered
Day,

From Oceanus' shore mounts up amain
The sky. And even though the mid-night
hours

He's traversing the sea; upon a bed
Superbly wrought by Vulcan's magic
powers

From precious gold. A winged couch 'tis
said

To be, that bears him sleeping o'er the
crest

From out the land of the Hesperides,
To Ethiopia, where his horses rest,
That must renew their course when dark-
ness flees.

Ah! ever-labouring Hyperion's son, ~~must~~
We mortals, too, an endless course *must*
run.

E. H. H.

Athletics. '96-97.

The Academy Athletics for the past year have been most successful; and perhaps there has never been before a year in this respect so much enjoyed and so largely shared.

In their turn we find Foot Ball, Tennis, Basket Ball, Ice Polo, Skating, Bowling and Base Ball. In such a variety, opportunities for good healthful exercise, so essential in school-life, were offered to all, and they were in a large measure enjoyed and appreciated. The number of boys in a mixed school, never exceeding seventy in its list of students, is necessarily small. Naturally, therefore, until the fall of '96, the Academy Eleven were accustomed to ask the aid of outside men in their games; but as urgent disapprovals of this arose from both within and without, we decided this year to play only Academy boys. This is a step not to be passed unnoticed, for we all know how disastrous it is to school athletics to bring in outside help. In this respect the students of '96-97 scored their first and greatest athletic victory.

In the middle of the summer ('96), by writing among ourselves we practically formed our eleven, and when September came and school started, scarcely twenty-four hours went by before we had elected Holt for our captain, had put our field in good condition, and had gotten our Eleven down to practice.

As "Practice makes perfect," we labored in the sun and rain day after day, until we thought ourselves prepared to meet our rivals. We worked on our interference and tackling, brought in a new series play, criss-crossed our ends, and full-back with quarter, helped the new players to fill their positions to advantage, and in fact did about all an Academy team could do without the aid of a professional coach. When our manager announced a game for "Next Thursday" Oct. 15th, in Pomfret, we scarcely took time to eat our lunch at the noon hour, we were so anxious to practice. Thursday brought us to Pomfret, and as the elements were not favorable, we could not work our snap plays to advantage, so fell back to our reliable center plays. Both elevens played a good game. In the last few minutes of the first half when the ball was down, owing to the carelessness of the referee, a Pomfret man took the ball and without opposition made a touchdown against us. We were very indignant at the judgment rendered on this play, and played the rest of the game very stubbornly. Either eleven could scarcely keep the ball more than three downs for it was practically impossible to do good work with so wet a ball. So in spite of our mass plays and good center work, we were unable to push the ball over the opponents line, and left the field with a score of 6-0.

Our second and next game with them proved a glorious victory for the Blue and Gold. The game was played Wednesday, Oct. 28, in Woodstock. W. A. first sent the ball in air and as it sped toward the Pomfret line our center and captain was the first to pounce on its recipient and knock it far to the right, where our halfback, Williams, got it and was found under a pile of canvas and moleskin twenty yards from Pomfret's line. Then came the signal for the series, and in seven minutes from start, we had Fitts through his tackle for a touchdown. Worcester made an easy goal and the score was 6-0 in our favor. Then both elevens braced up and star plays were made equally on both sides. Sabine, our big fullback, bucked the center twice for over 10 yards each time

in this half. In the next half Hutchins made his star run of thirty-five yards, and Williams finished in a twenty yard dash, and then was pushed through for our second touchdown. Then came the series and Sabine tore through the hole in the line made by our sturdy guard, Lamothe, for another. Worcester failed the last two goals as they were very difficult. The scores stood W. A. fourteen—Pomfret nothing, when our ends and righthalf were compelled to stop, owing to injuries. Pomfret then scored eight points. These were our principal games and we closed the season with a score of eighty-six points to opponents fourteen.

Basket Ball somewhat absorbed the interest usually taken in tennis but nevertheless the best court was often occupied during the fall months. Basket Ball was first introduced into Academy Athletics last fall, at once won great favor, and was played with great zeal by the majority of the young people.

The old game of Association flourished among the younger boys during the fall and winter. At the noon hour, it was a familiar sight in the fall to see young ladies at their game at the south end of the campus, while the sturdy canvas-clad warriors for the Blue and Gold, were practicing in the foot-ball field and now here and now there the younger boys, and some who did not care to enter the harder game, were to be seen in hot pursuit of last year's ball in their game of Association.

Our winter months were taken up largely with Skating, Polo, and Bowling. The first was most generally enjoyed and participated in.

In our Base Ball we were perhaps not so successful as we were in Foot Ball, but still played many a hard fought game. Our season opened with a game with Nichols Academy, in which we were the victors by a score of eleven to nine. A few days after this game, our new uniforms came, which added greatly to our appearance on the field, and doubtless not a little to our zeal in play. After the game with Dudley we were greatly disabled as our catcher, Worcester, who was doing good work, left school. We had then to get a new man for that

position, and took Stevens in from short-stop to the plate, where he filled the position well, considering his short experience in that place.

Our next game with Pomfret school was utterly disastrous to us, as we came home at the end of the sixth inning with Pomfret twenty-three runs while we were able only to cross the plate four times.

Our Juniors next announced a game with a Pomfret District School nine. Our boys sent them home with a score of thirteen to twelve in our favor. Much should be done to encourage the good playing of the Juniors, for next year they will uphold the laurels of W. A. The Junior battery promises a good start for the '98 team.

Soon after our Pomfret game, Putnam won a close game from us by a score of eight to six.

Dudley came over Decoration Day to be beaten again in a well played game. The score in this game was W. A. thirteen, Dudley Academy eight. Our boys couldn't quite win from Putnam in the second game, so gave them the laurels, the visitors making eleven runs to our three.

Three other games were played outside of school, two with Southbridge Y. M. C. A., and one with Pomfret Street nine. As these games were played by the school nine with two or three old W. A. players, it may interest some to know about them. Our first game with Southbridge was played the same day after our second Dudley game and our men were quite tired, but played a grand game and came home with Y. M. C. A. seven and Woodstock six.

As the Pomfret Street nine came over on a rainy afternoon, this game was little more than scrub as far as playing went. Pomfret won this game twenty-three to twenty-one.

Our second game with the Y. M. C. A. of Southbridge returned the compliment and they went home after having circled the bases seven times, while Woodstock sent her men around the same circuit double that number of times. The Academy teams were only beaten once on our home ground.

When we remember that almost all the practice by our teams must be done noons and recesses, for our young men have work to do at home nights and mornings, when we consider too, that we never have over thirty-five or forty to select from, our record for the year is one of which we need not be ashamed. And not the less so, since a spirit of earnestness and fair play has prevailed. Long may the old commons ring with the shouts of manly contests, and the huzzas of honorably-won victories.

Items From the Younger Alumni.

Mary A. Goodwin, '93, was graduated from Middlebury college this June. She will spend next year at her home in Thetford, Vt.

Charles G. Burd, '94, has completed his junior year at Amherst college. He has received a prize in essay writing and has been prominent in the social life of the college.

Alfred T. Child, '94, has finished his junior year at Amherst college, and has sung on the Glee Club another season. He has been doing very creditable work in Chemistry and Geology.

Jessie S. Bowen, '95, is now attending the Amherst Summer school, and is taking the Librarian's course.

Robert Paine is taking a course in the Dartmouth Medical School, Hanover, N. H.

Adrianna Hutchins, has, during the past winter taken a business course in Hinman's Business college, Worcester, Mass.

John A. Boyden is studying law with Mr. J. F. Carpenter in Putnam.

Harry W. Beckwith is studying medicine in Dartmouth Medical school.

Clifford I. Stoddard has been studying law at the Albany Law school, the past year.

James A. McAllep has been attending Williston Seminary, Easthampton, Mass., the past year.

Florehce A. Hosmer has been attending The Misses Orton and Nichols' school for girls in New Haven the last year.

Cornelia J. Catlin has finished her first year at Ingleside school, New Milford

Ct., where she has been a special student.

Earle Bemis passed the fall and winter with his sister in Montague, Mass., where he attended school.

Freeman C. Spaulding spent a part of the winter in Providence where he attended Bryant and Strattons' Business college.

Ethel C. Phillips is devoting her time to the study of the violin, and is taking lessons each week of a highly gifted Professor in Boston, under whose supervision she is making rapid progress.

James M. Greene was graduated from the Putnam High school this June.

Ernest M. Butler is now in business in New Haven after having completed the course in shorthand and typewriting in Child's Business college of that city.

Mabel Vinton is employed in the country treasury building, Salem, Mass.

Cora E. Wetherell has been obliged to give up teaching and remain at home during the past year, on account of the illness of her mother.

Edward Perrin is part owner of the store in West Woodstock, where he is doing a thriving business.

Frank Thompson is making rapid progress as carpenter and builder for a firm in Worcester, Mass.

Sara H. Colvin, '95, has finished her sophomore year at Brown University.

Edith H. Hall, '95, has completed her Sophomore year at Smith college with commendation for work in English.

Evelyn L. Dean, '96, has completed her freshman year at Middlebury college. During the year she has ranked A in Latin, Greek and Rhetoric.

Henry Johnson is a clerk in W. W. Sheldon's grocery store in South Woodstock, Conn.

Poor health has made it necessary for George Skinner to give up his store in North Woodstock.

Myrtle Chfee has passed the winter at home.

Joseph P. Catlin, '97, will enter the Massachusetts Institute of Technology this fall.

Clara S. Greene is still a clerk with the Washburn and Moen Manufacturing Co., Worcester, Mass.

Two of our '97 graduates, Mowry Ross

and Ralph H. Sabine, will attend Maine State college next year.

Max W. Rockwell '94, has finished his junior at Yale, and has played on his class basket ball team. We have also noticed several contributions of his in the Yale Record.

Clarence E. Weaver is at his home here after having completed his freshman year in Sheffield Scientific school. He has received the prizes for the first year's work in German and mechanical drawing and has had honorable mention in mathematics.

Annie H. Hall, '94, is now a senior in Smith college. She has been elected President of the Greek club, and has had special commendation for her work in economics.

Stuart Holt, '94, returns to Yale next fall as a junior. He has the past year been a member of a chess club.

A. Lloyd Cooper, '97, expects to enter Wesleyan University next fall.

Minnie Goodwin has a position of bookkeeper in Nashua, N. H.

Louise P. Grosvenor, '97, enters the classical course at Smith college next fall.

Edward S. Boyden, '94, has finished his sophomore year at Amherst college where he has played on both the college base-ball and foot-ball teams. During the year he has been commended for excellent work in French.

Joseph S. Sheppard, '96, has attended Bryant and Stratton's Business college, Providence, a part of the past year.

Alice E. Sharpe, '95, owing to severe illness, was obliged to give up her work in the State Normal school, but will continue her studies there in the fall.

Florence M. Morse, '93, has completed another year of successful teaching in the primary department of the school in New Boston, Conn.

Edith Bemis still continues to make Worcester, Mass., her home.

Ralph A. Pike, '96, has been teaching school in the Skinner district, West Woodstock, during the past fall and winter. He intends to enter Sheffield Scientific school in the fall.

Constance Holt, '97, is to enter Vassar college in the fall.

Mary E. Bowen, '96, has spent the year teaching school in Eastford.

Howard M. Frost, '97, is to go into business with his brother in New York City next fall.

Fred E. Hosmer is employed in the Brackett Manufacturing Co., Nashua, N. H., and is also studying telegraphy.

Elihu W. Stevens enters Sheffield Scientific school this fall.

Winfield Hibbard has taught the school in Harrisville this past year.

Wallace Leavitt is an employee in Murdock's Mills New Boston, Conn. He is making himself familiar with the methods of manufacture of silk and woolen goods.

Harry Hicks has taught the school in Bugbee neighborhood during the year.

George Wetherell was unable to finish his course in the Business college at Worcester last winter, as he has been very lame through the effects of the injury he received while playing football in '93.

Henry Holt expects to enter Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass., next year.

Nettie Phillips has taught school in West Woodstock during the winter.

Everett L. Upham, '95, has taken his examinations for the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Edwin C. Worcester, who left school during the spring term has accepted a position on the Commercial and Financial Chronicle, New York City.

Ernest Haskell has been drawing posters for the New York Journal and World, during the winter, and in the spring went to Paris where he is now studying.

Public Rhetoricals.

Academy Orchestra.

Part I.

1. Chorus—Hail, Smiling Morn, Spofforth
2. Declamation—The Bachelor's Dream, Hood
Henry J. Potter.
3. Declamation—The Dream of Greatness,
Daniel Wise
Arthur O. Williams.
4. Recitation—The Father's Letter,
Eugene Field.
Miss Edna V. Frost.
5. Violin and Cornet Duet—
a. See the Pale Moon, F. Campana
b. Oh, Tell Us, Merry Birds, C. A. White.
Miss Kathlene E. Leavitt and Kenneth W. Leavitt
6. Declamation—How We Carried the Good
News to Aix, Robert Browning
Richard L. Child.

7. Recitation—Whiskers, Samnel Woodworth
Edwin C. Worcester.

8. Declamation—Sergius to the Lion,
Lew Wallace
Howard M. Frost.

9. Triple Quartette—Night Song, Marston

10. Recitation—Ali and the Angels,
Edwin Arnold
Miss Maria E. Chandler.

11. Declamation—Fair Play for Women,
Geo. Wm. Curtis
Miss Flora A. Steere.

12. Senior Class Honor Essay—International Arbitration,
A. Lloyd Cooper.
Academy Orchestra.

Part II.

1. Senior Class Honor Essay—Recent Scotch Fiction,
Miss Louise P. Grosvenor.

2. Declamation—Our Debt to the Pilgrims,
M. J. Savage
A. Lloyd Cooper.

3. Declamation—Abraham Lincoln,
Pres. M. W. Stryker
Henry C. Holt.

4. Violin Solo—Walther's Preilied, Wagner
Miss Ethel C. Phillips.

5. Recitation—Brother Jonathan Loquitur,
M. Thompson
Sidney D. Upham.

6. Sketch of Paul Lawrence Dunbar and his Poems
Miss Ruth Williamson.

7. Male Quartette Nocturne—Air from Homer Norris.

8. Recitations from the Poems of Paul Lawrence Dunbar:

Miss Louise P. Grosvenor { Accountability
When the Co'n
Pone's Hot

Miss Esther H. Trowbridge { The Ol' Tunes
Ships That Pass in
the Night.

Miss Constance Holt { To Louise
When Malindy Sings

Joseph P. Catlin, The Pahty,

9. Chorus—Funiculi, Funicula. Denza

Graduating Exercises of the Class of Ninety-Seven.

PROGRAM.

1. Orchestra,
2. Prayer—Rev. A. G. Hibbard.
3. Address—Rev. Hasket D. Catlin, Gouverneur, N. Y.
4. Orchestra.
5. Presentation of Diplomas—Rev. Silvanus Hayward.
6. Violin Solo—Miss Ethel C. Phillips.
7. Benediction—Rev. A. W. Cooper.

Graduating Class, 1897.

"Alta Petens"

CLASSICAL COURSE.

Louise Payson Grosvenor, Pomfret, Conn.
Albert Lloyd Cooper, Hawley, Penn.

LATIN SCIENTIFIC COURSE.

Constance Holt, New York City.
 Esther Hooker Trowbridge, Eastford, Conn.
 Ruth Lucy Williamson, Woodstock, Conn.
 Joseph Priestly Catlin, Gouverneur, N. Y.
 Howard Marshall Frost, West Woodstock, Ct.

ENGLISH SCIENTIFIC COURSE.

Fred John Pitts, Ashford, Conn.
 Mowry Ross, West Woodstock, Conn.
 Ralph Harvey Sabine, Pomfret, Conn.
 Arthur Olney Williams, South Woodstock, Ct.

THE ❀ ❀

Gilmore Studio = =

PHOTOGRAPHS

in every style known to the Art. Neatly and Promptly executed. Also best quality Portraits, in Crayon, Pastel and Water Color, either from life or copied from old pictures. Perfection in photographs is the one thing that makes them valuable. Our aim is not only that work shall be nicely finished in all details but shall demand attention and appreciation.

93 ELM STREET, PUTNAM.

M. D. Skinner,

NORTH WOODSTOCK.

Dealer in

Agricultural Tools,
 Fertilizers,
 Wagons,
 Harnesses,
 Meat,
 Cattle,
 Lumber,
 Etc.

Wagons made and repaired. Wood work of all kinds done, and horses shod, to order.

A Young Man

starts in to learn a business. By and by a chance for promotion occurs. The young man steps right in and is a success from the start, provided—his early education was not neglected.

WHEN IT COMES TO A

Thorough Education for Business.

it may truly be said that no other institution can approach.

Eastman

NATIONAL BUSINESS COLLEGE,

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Its reputation for 40 years past has been based upon the number of successful men who develop a substantial money-making life from their brief residence at Poughkeepsie. The most instructive and attractive literature on the subject of Practical Education may be had upon application to the president.

Eastman College, Poughkeepsie,

trains young men or women for success in all branches of business or in any one of them, viz.:

BANKING,	BOOKKEEPING,
COMMISSION,	COMMERCIAL LAW,
JOBGING,	STENOGRAPHY,
EXPRESSING,	TYPEWRITING,
POST-OFFICE,	INSURANCE,
RAILROADING,	REAL ESTATE,
TELEGRAPHY,	ETC., ETC.

The annual catalogue describes entertainingly the methods and all other details. Free to all.

CLEMENT C. GAINES, Pres.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

W. W. SHELDON

DEALER IN

Staple and

Fancy Groceries,

Dry Goods,

TELEPHONE 21-12

SO. WOODSTOCK

Boots and Shoes

DANIELSON, CONN.

Leon Jillson,

Light and Heavy Harnesses

Robes, Blankets, Whips, Carriage

Mats, Curry Combs, Brushes, Etc.

Repairing, Cleaning and Oiling

Promptly Done.

38 Main Street, Webster, Mass.



Repairing

ALL KINDS OF

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry

Is our Specialty. Prices reasonable

and Work Guaranteed.

Give us a call : : : :

W. J. Larchar Est., Jewelers,

51 Main St., Webster, Mass.

Education !

Actual Business from the start. The

most Up-to-date Methods at the

Providence Bryant & Stratton

BUSINESS COLLEGE

And Shorthand School

357 Westminster Street

Next College year opens September 7.

Send stamp for illustrated catalogue.

T. B. STOWELL, Principal.

J. W. CUTLER
COAL AND WOOD
 PUTNAM, CONN.

L. H. FULLER,
FIRE INSURANCE
 Putnam, Conn.

NICHOLAS GILLES,
 Dealer in Groceries, Meats, Provisions, Confectionery, Etc., Etc.
 Fresh and Salt Fish of All Kinds. Poultry. Game a Specialty.
 ————— WEBSTER, MASS. —————

Putnam
Steam & Laundry

We have everything for doing
 first-class

Laundry Work Promptly.

Shirts, Collars and Cuffs.
 Family washings, Ladies' Shirt waists
 Hand Work 
 Lace Curtains,
 Carpets Cleaned. Woodstock Stage
 passes the door twice a day.
 Satisfaction Guaranteed.

E. W. GOULD & CO.

FINE
 FRESH GOODS
 AT

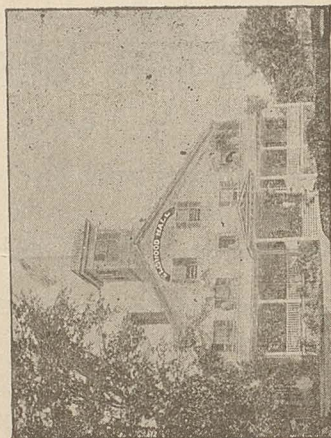
~~~~~  
**Putnam**  
**City & Bakery**  
 ~~~~~

W. E. DURFEE, PROP.

The Woodstocks Thursdays.

Elmwood Hall

Woodstock, Conn.



Good Stable Connected with House.

W. F. Lindeman.

PROPRIETOR.

E. R. Hall, Prin. since '88

Now is the Time to

Paint YOUR House.

PRICES NEVER SO LOW
AS THIS SEASON.

Burt's Pharmacy

Never was so well stocked with Lead, Oils, Colors, Varnishes, Masury's R. R. Paints, Seniour's Floor Paints. Paint and White Wash Brushes.

Before you purchase come in and get my prices. The Drug Department is all right. Drugs, Chemicals, Toilet Articles, all the new Patent Medicines, Stationery, etc.

Henry L. Burt.

Joseph Allard,

Tensorial :- Rooms

Bath Rooms with hot and cold water. Four Chairs and Expert Barbers.

Bradley's Building over Randall's Market, Putnam.

CALL AT

J. W. Manning's,

FOR

Gents' Clothing and Furnishings

Also remember we carry the largest line of Carpets & Wall Papers in Windham County connected with our Dry Goods Store.

JOSEPH SPALDING, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon,
Woodstock Hill,

In constant practice for 30 years.

Office hours before 8 a m., 12 to 1.30
from 5 to 7 p. m.

SEARLS & RUSSELL,

Attorneys-at-Law

Charles E. Searls.

Frank F. Russell.

Central Block, Putnam, Conn.

Dr. A. H. Strahan

Dentist,

OFFICE IN UNION BLOCK,
PUTNAM.

John A. Morse

Tuner of Pianos
and Organs.

Also maker of Artistic violins. Old Violins repaired and improved when faulty. Violin Bows rehaired.

BOX 429. Putnam, Conn.



Best Photographs

High gloss or matt surface finish.
Discount to members of the Grange.

SMITH & WARREN

Putnam Conn.

Chandler & Morse

Hardware, Tinware, Wooden-
ware, Cutlery, Crockery,
Earthenware, Glass-
ware, Window
Glass.

Agricultural Implements

Stoves,
Grass Seed,
Ranges and Furnaces
Water Piping and Plumb-
ing. All at the lowest Prices.

Chandler & Morse

Putnam, Conn.

Our Statements are Approved by the People.

Our Word is the bond between buyer and seller. Satisfied customers with satisfactory bargains go upon the records daily. By frequency of bargain giving it has grown into a habit, and every day finds us persistently eclipsing bargains of yesterday. There is no reason why you should not look into our—your store. A place where you can study the newest styles and know the goods as we know them. We take honorable pride in our reliable assortment, our unequaled low prices and our determination to please every customer and patron at any and all times. The first choice is now offered you in our new stock of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Dress, Fancy Goods, Notions, Cloaks, Carpets, Oil Cloths and Kitchen furnishings.

BYRON D. BUGBEE,

The People's Reliable Dry Goods
Friend, Putnam.



Dresser's Drug Store

The Family Medicine Store.
The Finest Toilet requirements,
The Very Best Confectionery.
Chemicals for school experiments, and
orders taken for apparatus.
Prices as low as the lowest.

Dresser's Drug Store



Edward G. Wright,
Jeweler and Stationer,

Also dealer in Books, Toys,
Games and Fancy Goods.
Agent for the Wheeler
& Wilson Sewing Machine

We carry the largest stock
in our line of any store in
Eastern Connecticut

No. 2 Central Block, Putnam.

A. C. Luke & Co.

Medium and
High Grade

CLOTHING 

And Gent's
Furnishings.

City agency for the perfect fitting

**STEIN-BLOCH
CLOTHING** 

Cluett, Coon & Co's, "Monarch"
Shirts, Collars and Cuffs.

CENTRAL BLOCK, PUTNAM.
(Two Floors.)

Never Surrender Hosiery

for ladies, unequaled for com-
fort and wearing qualities, 3
pairs for \$1.00.

Never Surrender Hosiery

for boys and girls, saves lots of
work as mending days come.
They come fleeced also, and
make just the best hose for
winter wear.

White Soles.

Solid comfort, good looks,
splendid wearing qualities, and
low prices, what more could be
desired in hosiery—for men and
women. Just try our hosiery.

A. D. McIntyre