

WOODSTOCK ACADEMY

GLEANER

Vol. 2

Woodstock, Conn., August, 1899.

No. 1

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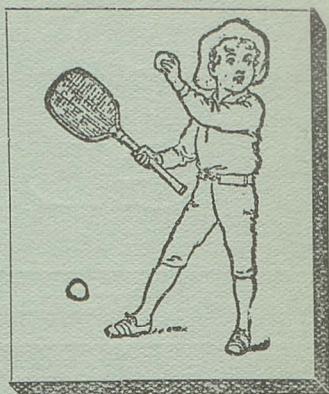
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Woodstock Academy Gleaner

Vol. 2.

August, 1899.

No. 1

This issue of the GLEANER is the beginning of the second volume. The first volume consisted of six numbers. We start out on the new volume with not a little uncertainty as to whether the reception of the GLEANER is a guarantee for the cost of its issue. Our judgment, however, calls us to the work, and we feel that the present issue is one carrying a strong appeal to the interest of all alumni and other friends of the Academy.

We hope that every one will read the Treasurer's Report, and with it the last line on the first page of the cover. There would be a delightful sense of assurance on the part of the publishers of the GLEANER if there were a larger balance on the credit side of this report. We are confident that the failure to send the Treasurer the sum of ten cents is not due to a lack of interest or a lack of funds, but simply to the overlooking of a matter which seems small. It is not a trifle. Ten cents for each of seven hundred GLEANERS is seventy dollars.

From Alaska to Florida is the longest distance on the continental territory of the United States. From these diagonally opposite points, the GLEANER brings letters from our alumni in this issue. Three other letters with these two furnish the sort of material which we are glad to publish—articles referring to recent personal history or former school life. Are there not many among the older alumni who will furnish us with pictures of school life in their day? Any reminiscence, fresh in the memory today, must have been striking at the time from which it is taken, and will therefore be of interest now. Will it not be well to recall the motto of the old written GLEANER, "Vita sine litteris mors est."?

Personal items come in most meagerly. There is no part of the GLEANER sought for by its readers more eagerly. Postals and letters sent out in every direction are

responded to by only a scanty few. Will not every one who reads this, help us in this direction? Not marriages and deaths simply, are sought for; but have you changed your residence or occupation? Have you done any work which has brought you into prominence? If there are no items about yourself tell us about others. Please send such items to our secretary, Miss Nellie Chandler.

We have occasion again, as last year, to record the death of one of the former principals of the Academy. Jesse R. Davenport died last September. He was principal here nearly fifty years ago, while a young man just from Amherst College, and connected himself with Woodstock by a second tie in marrying one of its residents, Miss Ellen Marcy. He also met with success as a teacher in other schools of prominence, and was always esteemed as a man of ability and of sterling character.

The death of Mrs. Edward Bowen is the loss of an old student and warm friend of the Academy. An estimate of her life will be found elsewhere.

Other names of those who have died during the year could be emphasized, such as Mr. Erastus Webber, whose sudden death has just come as a shock to our community; but we must simply record the fact and let their lives speak far better than the pen of the writer can.

It will be noticed that the articles of the GLEANER this year have the signature of the authors attached in each case. A suggestion to this effect came to us from outside, and has seemed a wise one. Only a few can tell for whom the initials stand, and the number who can will be greatly reduced as time effaces the vivid impressions of school life.

It has seemed best to the Executive Committee of the Alumni Association, to have our next Reunion in 1901, as this will be the Centennial of the founding of

the Academy. This should be a time for a large and enthusiastic rally. It is hoped that many will plan early for a visit to Woodstock that summer. In the meantime, remember that Graduating Day is always a time for a reunion and all are invited.

Treasurer's Report.

FROM AUGUST 1898 to AUGUST 1899.

Aug. 1	Balance on hand	\$ 2 36
	Received from Gleaners	22 80
	Received from advertising	68 75
	Total receipts,	\$93 91
Aug. 1	Expenses for publishing	
	Gleaner,	\$80 78
	Postage and postals,	11 51
	Total expenses,	\$92 29
	Balance in treasury,	1 62
	MAY BLACKMAR, Treasurer.	

Reminiscences of Thirty Years Ago.

July 4th 1899.

As I was listening to the Academy bell, a few days ago, calling the scholars to their studies, it reminded me of the many pleasant hours I had spent in the old Academy, and how many times I had been called to study by the same bell. How often it rang too soon, especially when enjoying a game of base-ball or some other favorite pastime on the old common, where to-day I see a younger generation enjoying the same privileges we did at that time. It does not seem that nearly thirty years have passed since those good times were ours to enjoy, still such is the case, for time waits for no one.

When hearing the bell, even now, I often think of one cold night in January when some of the boys, whose names I will not mention at this time, took water up to the belfry, turned the bell upside down and made it fast; then poured the water in and left it standing until morning, when the bell was turned back to its natural position. When the boy, at school time, took the rope to send forth the summons to study, imagine his surprise, as not a sound came forth. The culprit however was never discovered, if I remember correctly.

We heard the alarm of fire given one calm afternoon and the Academy building, for a few minutes, seemed doomed to be destroyed, but the timely aid of some of the good Fathers of the village turned the tide of destruction.

The Church also was not free from similar perils, for one Fourth of July morning, some of the boys went into the belfry to celebrate in a more demonstrative manner, and fired their fire crackers out on to the roof, having great sport, but never dreaming of results. After leaving the building, we, (I say we as I was one of the unfortunates) started for South Woodstock, to the store for more ammunition, when we were suddenly surprised to hear both the Church and Academy bells ringing, and a general alarm of fire being sounded in every conceivable way in a country village. Imagine our surprise when we looked around and beheld the Church all in flames and seemingly doomed to be destroyed. Which way to go we were unable to decide until one of the party suggested we return and help if possible to save the building. Nearly every man in town had gone to Brooklyn to attend some celebration, so the ladies of the parish turned out and formed a fire brigade which did very efficient work in passing water in pails from the ground to the belfry which was poured out upon the flames and finally subdued them. But the old saying holds good that "Boys will be boys", and I am sure that the boys in school at that time were not boys seeking to destroy public or private property, but, as I have often heard it remarked, they did not seem to know what to do next.

Some of the boys who had a hand in innocently setting fire to the Church have since that time held high positions in life and to-day look back upon those days as the happiest in their lives, even though they were brought before a judge, separately, to stand trial for a great crime. We had the story all made up as a body but when they took us in one by one we were "shaking in our shoes." The Church was saved and repaired and those same boys today worship there at different times during the year.

HENRY M. MORSE.

Block Island, R. I.

The Principal's Survey of the School Year, 1898-99.

The GLEANER offers to the principal of the Academy a favorable opportunity for making an annual survey of the school for its patrons and friends. Such a survey though of necessity, rigid with facts, may be rich with suggestion. It is the principal's chance of getting the ear of his constituents. It is the reader's chance to make himself familiar with the working of the institution which is failing in its mission, unless it is doing more than any other, for the welfare of this community. We bespeak, therefore your studious reading of the following.

There have been in attendance at the Academy during the past school year, sixty-eight pupils. Thirty-nine of these were boys and twenty-nine girls. In the Fall Term there were sixty-three, in the Winter Term fifty-eight, in the Spring Term fifty-four. The average full attendance for the year was fifty-two. It is to be noticed that the attendance in the Winter Term was five less than in the Fall Term; and that in the Spring Term it was only four less than in the Winter Term. For many years, until quite recently, the attendance in the Winter Term has been nearly double that of the Spring Term; and never before at least for twelve or fifteen years has the Winter Term fallen below the Fall Term in attendance. We see here clear evidence of the good effect of following lines of study leading up to graduation. The pursuit of studies along the three courses which the Academy offers is surely bringing on more regular and longer continued student work.

Of the sixty-eight students in attendance only seventeen live within a radius of one mile from the Academy; eighteen live between the one mile and two mile circles; twelve between the two mile and three mile; twenty-one live more than three miles from the Academy. With the exception of five pupils, all have come to the Academy daily from their homes, whenever they have attended. When we consider the many severely cold and stormy days, the condition at times

of our roads, the suffering attendant upon driving long distances and caring for teams, is it not highly creditable to these young people, three sevenths of whom were girls, that they have averaged in attendance fifty-two out of a possible sixty-eight?

The average age of students in attendance upon the Academy the past year was a little more than fifteen years. This is below the former averages. It was not due however so much to the admission of too *young* students as to the acquisition of a *large number* of young students. There were twenty pupils beginning their work last year whose average age was between thirteen and fourteen. This is not below the common age for entering the High Schools of the State: though it must be said that the first year of the Academy work is not in grade as high as the first year of most City High Schools. That our common schools, however, could do for their pupils, by an additional year, more than the Academy is doing for them is by no means to be hastily affirmed. In fact, it seems to us that, if parents can afford the expense, the boy or girl entering the Academy at an early age is the better equipped for the later years of the course.

Something should be said about the studies pursued and their relative importance. That there has been only a very small portion of the school aiming towards a classical course in college is evidenced by the fact that only three have studied Greek which requires three years of work in preparation for college. Thirty-two, however, have studied Latin, a fact that indicates a purpose of continuous and persistent study, for Latin is scheduled for four years and from its nature calls for a large amount of patient industry to master the requirements of secondary schools in this direction.

Twenty pursued the first year mathematics, while only ten studied Solid Geometry, the mathematics of the last year. About the same proportion held in regard to the beginning and closing of the science course.

Great effort has been made to bring the English work up to modern standards.

There is no more difficult task on the hands of the teacher to-day than that of training young people to a proper use and appreciation of English. The average parent puts Arithmetic, Geography or History before the English both in importance and interest. The average boy or girl, especially the former, hates English Grammar. The average home knows little of the power and delight of clear, forceful correct speaking and writing. The teacher is blocked at the outset with poor equipment and lack of interest on the part of pupils, and is burdened by the great amount of mechanical work of correcting and suggesting, is burdened with the complexity of the subject to be taught, and with the difficulty of starting the appreciative and creative spirit, which are the possession, in anything like fullness, only of the maturely trained or rarely gifted mind. The English has been studied the past year the equivalent of four daily recitations seven-eighths of the school days. The four years' work in Latin, the two years' each in German and French are doing as much in the teaching of English as the English Course itself. But without the hearty cooperation of the home, where the daily use of the mother tongue is something more than a means of expressing the commonest wants, and where the printed page does not stop with the weekly paper, or the latest subscription book, the work of the teacher becomes wasted drudgery, the making of bricks without straw.

It is difficult to determine in an academy like ours, how many are intending to continue their student life in higher institutions than the Academy. But a reasonable estimate would make the number during the past year about fifteen. Out of the seven who graduated, two have intended to go farther in their studies elsewhere: one of these intends entering Mt. Holyoke College in the fall. Besides these two, one has already entered the Summer School at Amherst in the Library Course. The plans of the other four are not yet fully made.

The public exercises of the school during the year are noticed elsewhere in the GLEANER, and should properly be pre-

sented from the point of view of the public, rather than from that of the school. Many readers of the GLEANER remember when the Public Examinations were among the great events of the Academy life. These now have gone. It is the custom of the school now to have written examinations the last Thursday afternoon and all the Friday following of nearly every calendar month. To these the public are always invited, as also they are to any school day's exercises.

The principal has been enabled, through the funds placed in his hands by the ladies who managed the little fair last summer, to furnish the recitation rooms with chairs with writing-desk arms, a great acquisition in the direction of comfort and utility. Nor must we fail here to mention the beautiful photograph of St. Peters and the Vatican, presented to the Academy by the Graduating Class of '99. The picture framed measures nearly six feet by three feet, and is in point of taste and beauty worthy of its place in the gallery of pictures similarly presented to the Academy by the classes which have gone before. In this same line we are glad to record some decided improvements made in the home of the principal. Two large rooms on the second floor originally designed as recitation rooms, probably, were changed into a suite of three rooms with closets and hallways, making a spot in the large building truly suggestive of comfort and home.

The great improvements in the library are deserving of an extended article and it is to be found elsewhere in this issue.

It is a great pleasure to the principal, to be able to speak with high commendation of the spirit shown by the students during the school year. The cases where friction has arisen have been few and mostly passed without emphasis. There has been generally prevalent among the students something above respect for authority, an appreciation in a high degree, of what makes for their own interest and the interest of the Academy. Such a spirit is not simply to the credit of the school itself, but indicates an attitude of the community towards the Academy which augurs well for its present and future prosperity.

E. R. HALL.

Report of the Ladies' Fair Fund.

In the summer vacation of '98, a few zealous and interested ladies held a fair in the interest of the Academy at the Academy Building. As a result of their hearty and efficient work the sum of \$103.37 was cleared. This money was put into the hands of the Principal to expend for the school as it seemed to him wise. This seems to be a place to express the thanks of the Academy to these ladies, and for the Principal to make a report of the receipts and expenditures of this sum.

RECEIPTS

Aug. 25, 1868, Cash,	\$91 00
Sept. 6, do	7 85
Sept. 15, do	4 52

Total, \$103 37

EXPENDITURES

Sept. 10, 1898, Tuning Piano,	\$2 00
Oct. 15, Cleaning Building,	1 00
26, School Chairs,	20 50
7, Changing Steam Radiator,	9 80
7, Repairing School Furniture,	3 93
Dec. 8, School Chairs,	24 30
Feb. 4, 1899, do	2 70
7, Library Expenses,	15 00

Total, 79 23

Balance in hands of Principal 24 14

\$103 37

E. R. HALL.

A Spectator's Estimate of the Public Exercises of '98-'99.

One of the best standards by which to judge of the value of any public institution to the citizens of the town in which it exists, is the attitude of the best people of the community toward the work it accomplishes.

Perhaps no better index is needed of the estimate which the most intelligent people in Woodstock place upon her Academy, than the hearty manner in which they respond to each invitation to attend any public exercises of the school.

It is a significant fact that the last Friday evening in each winter term is, by

common consent, set apart, throughout the town, for attendance upon "Public Rhetoricals."

These entertainments rest entirely upon their own merit and have gained for themselves a general popularity. This well deserved reputation has been won and is held by the excellence of the programs and the satisfactory manner in which they are carried out.

The principal uses the utmost care to put into these programs some of the best selections to be found in literature, and secures a variety which never fails to interest and entertain an audience. He also uses rare tact in adapting each selection to the ability of the pupil who renders it. In preparation for these entertainments pupils are under the personal training of the principal who spares no pains to teach and encourage each to do his best work.

The social side of student life is not forgotten and after the audience is dismissed the pupils are delightfully entertained by Principal and Mrs. Hall. These gatherings do much to cement the friendship between teacher and pupil, so desirable in school life.

In our quiet town, Church and Academy life are very closely united, and this fact is emphasized each year by the interested congregation which assembles, Academy Sunday, to listen to the sermon which is usually preached by some pastor in the town. This year, a very impressive sermon was delivered by Rev. A. G. Hibbard, pastor of the "Hill" church, who has a vital interest in the Academy and its students.

At the close of the school year, Academy Hall is again filled by an appreciative audience to listen to the graduating exercises. The class of '99 were favored with a charming day and welcomed their friends to the delightful grounds and tastefully decorated hall, where an able address was delivered by Rev. Charles O. Day of Boston.

At the close of the exercises in the hall, the out-of-door exercises of planting the class ivy took place. The students first marched from the hall with music, and while the audience were coming out, gathered in a body east of the Academy

building. From there they marched, headed by the Graduating Class, to the west side of the building, singing as they marched, the school song "Alma Mater". After planting the ivy, a short ivy oration was delivered by William C. Child of '99. These out-of-door exercises, in their simple beauty and appropriateness were generally pronounced a most delightful feature of the day.

A class reception in the evening closed the day's program.

The music for these public exercises is mainly furnished by the school and the younger alumni.

A pleasing feature of these annual Academy gatherings is the coming together of so many of the graduates of the past ten years.

MRS. C. H. CHILD.

An Outline of the Graduating-Day Address.

[The following outline of Mr. Day's address at the graduating exercises was made by himself. It suggests the quality of that admirable address rather than conveys its spirit. It will be a long time before the impression which it has left will be effaced; for what Mr. Day expressed was not simply literary form, but personality, not even truth alone but character.—Editor.]

Subject: "ARMA VIRUMQUE"

The suggestion of this subject came as I listened to a class of western pupils reading Virgil. However the poet placed the emphasis, the weight of thought in the famous "first line" rests on the "man." The arms are nothing without the man: the nation is nothing without the man: the man himself is nothing without the strong spirit within. The thing that compels and conquers is spirit, in war, in work, in play. There are two great classes of force in the world, that which executes, and that which inspires execution: practical achieving energy, and the energy of sentiment, faith, opinion, private or public. Behind each is the character of man and nation, finding expression in hand and speech. The spiritual character bent on righteousness and inspired by love of it, is the driving power. When roused it is tremendous, irresistible. When dead, no amount of

training, wealth, equipment, prestige will avail. The American nation, especially, is strong only because of its mighty spirit, received from the past, disciplined by tremendous struggle; here is the salvation of the republic in spite of its frequent mistakes. Kipling makes that spirit say:

"I, I shall save him at the last."

and Bryce speaks of that indomitable spirit of hopefulness and enterprise which will overcome difficulties fatal to other nations. The building of this spirit is the greatest work in life. It requires self-masters: is worked into maturity by the ideas and training of home: it is disciplined by books: strengthened by competition: tested by life, kindled into nobility and beauty by the influence of the heroic, the pure, the self-sacrificing. It is specially prepared by the careful training of the school, whose aim is to turn out, not machines, but men and women: whose work is, by every means, to awaken, shape and inspire such: whose best gift, guarded against the invasion of the selfish and conventional world, is the preservation and presentation of the loftiest Christian idea, which pupils shall receive as an integral part—as the very soul—of themselves. The influence of our New England Academy has been of this character. They still conserve the spirit of the Puritan and the Pilgrim. These men lived in a world of spirit. The weapons of their warfare were not principally carnal. Their enemies were not flesh and blood. It is still true to-day that the real foe to man is an impalpable spirit of distrust, of craft, of selfishness.

Only the spirit within man, finely touched to fine issues, can dissolve doubt, discern character, compel righteousness. If our Academies are sending out into the world men and women of this sort, they are producing the dominant forces of modern life, to which all must yield. Those who conduct these schools may be working somewhat aside from the blaze of notoriety or the beaten highway of popular applause. But for all that they move the hand that moves the world. These founts of spiritual power are the wellsprings of social and national life.

A Letter from Sitka.

Sitka, Alaska. June 1899.

My Dear Friends:—Having been asked to send "The Gleaner" a short article on my work here, for the perusal of any of my acquaintances who may be interested in it, I comply with pleasure.

Sitka is conceded to be the most beautiful settlement in all Alaska, and comparing it with others which I have seen, I should say that this concession is undoubtedly correct. It is situated on Baranoff Island, looking out on the broad Pacific Ocean. Grand and picturesque mountains surround us on every hand, save where the ocean rolls in, and many of them are snow capped throughout the year.

Dotting the surface of the sea, and thus breaking the force of the ocean swells which never cease to roll in almost to our very gate, are numerous little islands of rocky formation and surpassing beauty. When looking towards the sea from any elevated site in town, these islands, stretching almost as far as the eye can reach, with the surf breaking upon them, present a scene that for wild and natural beauty it is impossible to describe. It was but the other day that I stood upon the hill where the famous old Baranoff Castle was burned some years ago, and gazed out over the matchless scene, spell-bound by its beauty.

This place differs from almost any other in its stability, if I may so express it. Most of the other towns have the look of newness that is quite foreign to Sitka. It is almost with regret that we now see here and there a new and more modern building going up, for almost everything here is of the Rip Van Winkle type, old and moss-grown. The climate is so damp that some of the old roofs offer agricultural attractions well-nigh rivalling those in old Woodstock, but of course owing to an utter absence of "rocks" they must be accorded a second place. The rolling hills of New England "rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun", engender such a sturdy persistency in him who tries to till them, that I suppose he would not feel really at home any where else. Many of the old houses are built of logs, but are

by no means mere huts, for some are as commodious as though built in a more approved style.

There are two classes of people here, the whites, and the natives; the latter outnumbering the former, of course. Under the first class may be put the officials, the Russians, the citizens, the U. S. Marines, and the floating population of miners.

The natives are a poor, rather miserable set, half civilized and rapidly diminishing through disease. They are, however, very interesting in some respects, and produce many quaint and curious pieces of workmanship. The missionary work among them has been productive of much good, but it is true here, as it is almost every where else, that the vicious influence of the unprincipled whites has done more harm among these poor creatures, than the missionary can counteract. Were it possible to segregate the natives and keep them apart from unscrupulous whites, native mission work would be a very different story. In proof of this, we have Mr. Duncan's mission at New Metlakatla, which is an ideal one in many ways. His success has been largely due to the fact that he has been so isolated.

The Presbyterians and Greek Catholics (Russians) divide the missionary work among the natives, no part of it coming to us save a little in connection with the government prison. Our work is practically all among the whites. Sunday morning we have service in the little Presbyterian chapel built for white services; in the afternoon, Sunday School in a little chapel in our house, and in the evening, services for the prisoners in the different departments of the U. S. Jail. (I forgot to enumerate the prisoners as a part of our population—they are sent here, as Sitka is the Capital, from all over the territory). The Presbyterians also hold a white service Sunday evening, and of course the Greek Catholics have their regular service in their grand old Church.

Before the summer is over, we hope our little Church will be completed. It will be mainly of stone, and will stand on one of the choicest lots in town right by

the sea. Though not large, it will without question be the most substantial and beautiful edifice in Alaska.

Our prison work is deeply interesting, and perhaps the most encouraging work we have. Of late we have started a library for the men, which they greatly appreciate. Many of them have to wait in the miserable place several months even for trial, and as they have no regular work to do, save to draw water once or twice a day from the river, the time hangs heavily on their hands. Many are men of intelligence, and it seems a great pity, when they have time to read which otherwise they would not or could not take, that they should not be given a chance to improve themselves mentally and spiritually. Should any readers of the "Gleaner" have standard works of Fiction, History, Science, Poetry, or the "3 Rs", which they feel they would like to contribute to this work, such contributions would be greatly appreciated. Books, if any, should be sent by mail, as other modes of transportation are out of the question by reason of expense.

Another feature of our work is a reading room. Many of the men here have no place to go for social recreation but the saloons (which flourish in Sitka, as they do all over Alaska, through the human fallibility(?) of the government officials.) They often live in little "shacks" as they are called, waiting for the mines to open up in the late spring. Our room is centrally located, is open every day (on Sundays simply for reading or writing,) and besides being nicely warmed and lighted, is made as home-like and attractive as possible. A good assortment of leading magazines and other periodicals are kept on file, and several card and checker tables are provided for those who do not care to read. The room was well patronized this past year and we feel that it has done much good among the men of the place. As an evidence of their appreciation, a short time ago a number of its patrons got together and gave two entertainments, netting for the room about seventy-five dollars. During the winter we held weekly debates on questions of general interest; and on one

evening a mock-trial was held which filled the room with the most cosmopolitan audience it has ever been my privilege to look upon. Our hope is that in time we may have a building of our own, which will afford us many more facilities than we now possess. We believe "that man is a sociable animal", and that the surest and quickest way to exterminate the saloon and its evils is to give men something more attractive in its place.

But I must stop--wishing the "Gleaner" a long and prosperous life, I remain, with kindest regards,

Faithfully Yours,

WELLES MORTIMER PARTRIDGE.

Academy Sunday Sermon.

A GREATER THAN SOLOMON.

A sermon preached to the students of Woodstock Academy, Sunday, June 11, 1899, by the Rev. A. G. Hibbard.

The scripture with which I introduce my discourse is recorded in the Gospel according to Matthew, the twelfth chapter and forty-second verse.—"The queen of the south came from the ends of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon; and, behold, a greater than Solomon is here."

Some lives are long and some are wide. The life of Solomon was wide. The life of Jesus, "a greater than Solomon," is long. A life that spends itself on what is local and temporary may be an immense power, for a time, but there is nothing eternal in it. The life of the politician may be wider than that of the statesman, but wait. The life of Abraham Lincoln grows. Abraham Lincoln and his rival, Stephen Arnold Douglas, were about equal. But now one grows and the other stands still and shrinks. The little children are acquainted with Lincoln, but the name of Douglas suggests nothing to men under forty. Many men are as short-lived as a speech in defense of American slavery. It once had power in it, but now it has become a curiosity, a thing for the museum, like a thumb-screw. The speech had brains in it, invention, rhetoric, but it was against the current, against the wind, against God. It was not with God, but against his

thought and purpose. Things that live must be with God, with mercy, love and justice. Perhaps I might say, they must have God in them. In order that a name may live in honor, it must be associated with the things that are true, honest, lovely and eternal. The life of Napoleon was as wide as all Europe, but it was short. His power went to the grave before he did.

Solomon was a man with wealth, education, opportunity and worldly wisdom; a man holding the highest position and having the widest experience; but living for self, a seeker of pleasure, of honor and renown; with little thought of God, of heavenly wisdom, or of the obligation accompanying high place, great ability and unmeasured power. The book of Ecclesiastes has been regarded as a record of the meditations of the ripper life of Solomon. The book has a great deal of November in it. Nothing blossoms in it but the almond tree. I read the book and it impresses me as an essay on the "vanity of human wishes." It is useful for the traveler to know what roads not to take. Solomon lived and then set down his experience and his conclusions. He came to results by experiment.

But my text speaks of "a greater than Solomon." It suggests comparison. The one "greater" is Jesus Christ.

We turn to His record and find him beginning with Solomon's conclusions. He does not wait to feel his way. He does not say like Solomon, "This is a bad way; I have walked it. The mod of it is on me now. I am footsore with the hardness of it." Jesus states the truth intuitively. Solomon has experience. Jesus has insight. It takes Solomon half a century before he is ready to state the conclusion of the whole matter; "Fear God and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man." But Jesus in the very beginning said: "Seek first the kingdom of God." At the very beginning of the Gospels, we find his prescriptions for happiness; "Happy are the poor in spirit;" "Happy are the pure in heart."

The world is beginning to learn that the methods of science and of faith ar-

rive at the same statements and conclusions. There is "natural law in the spiritual world." Faith goes with wings, science plods. But science has learned and teaches that it is for my interest to love my neighbor. We will either take Christ's word for it or find it out for ourselves. We shall save much time and avoid sorrow to take Christ's word for it. Science says, "It is for my interest to rest one day in seven." I doubt not that by and by a man who does not strive to keep the golden rule will be counted imprudent, perhaps weak-minded. There will be an asylum for those who think to help themselves by injuring their neighbors. War will cease soon, not, perhaps, because it is wrong but because it is too expensive. A modern cannon costs more than a school house. It costs more to load and fire it than the teacher's salary for a year. American slavery never paid. Indian wars have not paid. Men who are good at figuring reckon the cost in cash and in other things, of any kind of ill will, and are beginning to say that, they cannot afford to hate anybody. To get right mad tires one more than a day's work. The people who introduced slavery into our country had no proper thought of the mischief they were doing. There was a little money in it, but look at the graves, the blood, and the treasure, and the problem of the negro, as difficult today as ever. There seems to be no end to the mischief.

Time proves what the Bible declares. Paul says: "The things that are seen are temporal;" that is, they will not last, and they do not. The great cities that he visited, that looked so solid, have gone out. Where are Corinth and Ephesus? Paul states that men are of "one blood." That has been disputed for a long time. Louis the Magnificent, king of France, never believed that he was related to his gatekeeper, but he was. He took the confluent small pox from him and in due time died, like the commonest kind of a Frenchman. Cholera and typhus prove the brotherhood of man.

Science waits long before accepting that statement of the sermon on the mount; "Happy are the merciful." But

glancing backward we find that, we hardly remember the name of a great general in the Crimean war, in either army. But most of us can call up the name of a hospital nurse of that war. But science is too slow. Solomon had very thoroughly spoiled his life in finding out at last how to live. He demonstrated as a vessel aground demonstrates where the channel is, by proving where it is not. Stuck fast on a bar, even a wreck serves some good. The information Solomon gives us as to how to live is valuable to us, but expensive to him. "Better is a poor and wise child than an old and foolish king." If he had read the psalms of his father and believed them and lived them, he could have begun as a child where David left off and so saved fifty years of time and himself much damage.

It is a melancholy fact, however, that the young do not often realize that the Bible and life teach the same truths. The Bible says, "The way of the transgressor is hard." That is, the way, the road, right now. That is not the voice of the pulpit only; it is the voice of the court room, the voice of the press. Statute law may miss a man. The spiritual laws do not miss him. If you have prejudice against the Bible, if you think it does not apply to our modern life, read George Elliot or Hawthorne or Shakespeare. Read about him "whose strength was as the strength of ten, because his heart was pure." Such business as Macbeth is engaged in of nights does not strengthen his arm, or brighten his eye, or in any way fit him for broadsword exercise.

If a child in the infant class would only take the Bible by faith, he would be as wise at seven as was Solomon at fifty. What a fine start he would have, to begin where the sorry old king left off. In some ways we do profit by the experience of others, and we do not think it necessary to invent a locomotive, or a loom, or a pulley; we gladly inherit a language prepared for us, and the customs of our country, and the common law, and the liberty. In some things we begin where the fathers left off and build on and up. We continually take things by faith.

It is confessed that we must. I cannot

make the things that I need to use. I cannot understand how many of the things that I use are made. I should make sorry work, perhaps, in explaining the telegraph. I go to sleep behind a locomotive and trust a man on the foot-board. If I wish information out of my line I ask some one in whose line it is, and take his word for it. So I go on by faith in my neighbors. But when we come to the conduct of life, to the search for happiness, I find that we are slow to take anybody's words. We want personal experiment.

Solomon tried all the vulgar experiments possible. He was a king and the son of a king. He had no wars to take his attention. He had power and worldly wisdom and he set himself to see what could be got out of this earth. He gave himself to study concerning all things that are done under heaven. And he finally said of it that it was a weariness and a vanity and a vexation. "In much wisdom is much grief." And then he tried what we call "fancy farming;" houses and vineyards and fountains, servants and cattle. He says: "Whatever mine eyes desired I kept not from them." He did not do as we do, look at a fine thing and price it and sigh and say something about calling again, and back out and go on. When he saw a thing he liked, he bought it. But he says: "I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought and behold all was vanity and vexation and no profit under the sun." There was nothing in it.

In some matters Solomon seems childish, and most of us, perhaps, are very like little children, in wanting everything we see. The things we have not, the things far off, look more beautiful, seem more desirable, of greater worth than the things we possess.

The sails we see on the ocean
Are as white as white can be;
But never one in the harbor
As white as the sails at sea.

The mountains wear crowns of glory
Only when seen from afar,
And the sails lose all their whiteness
Inside of the harbor bar.

Man is larger than the earth and the

things of earth do not satisfy. Lord Chesterfield wrote: "I have enjoyed the pleasures of the world, and I do not regret their loss." The Hebrew king, and the English lord, and the funny man of the newspaper, are all solemn people. Thackery writes in this strain: "As one sits before the curtain and looks into Vanity Fair, a feeling of profound melancholy comes over him. . . . A man with a reflective turn of mind walking through an exhibition of this kind will not be oppressed, I take it, with hilarity." Schopenhauer, with his wealth and culture, insists that this is the worst possible of all worlds, because the misery of it is not quite intolerable. If the misery were only a little more we would all make a simultaneous push to suicide, and so end the misery by ending the human material for misery to work on.

Not a few of our teachers are saying:—

"I have said, and I say it ever,
As the years go on and the world goes over,
'Twere better to be content and clever
In tending of cattle and tossing of clover;
In the grazing of cattle and growing of grain,
Than a strong man striving for fame and gain.
Be ever as kine in the red-tipped clover,
For they lie down and their rests are rests."

As you, whom I address this morning, grow older, I venture to say that in reading the words of Solomon you will now and again hit on the perfect expression of your own feeling. The monotony of life, for instance. The way the winds have of circling around, the way the rivers run, the way of fashion. It will come to you that you have been around once, that you have seen the so-called new thing, or heard the fresh joke, before. It is as tiresome as washing dishes, as lacking in stimulus and inspiration as the picking up of stones in the fields where your grandfathers picked up stones before you were born. As you labor, the question will not long leave your mind, "Who for?" or "What use?" Solomon says: "I hated all my labor which I had taken under the sun because I should leave it to the man that shall be after me, and who knoweth whether he shall be a wise man or a fool?" Perhaps he had been looking at his son, Rehoboam.

The dullness of too much pleasure, Sol-

omon had experienced that. Once in a while an English lord comes to this country and lives at a cattle-ranch on a treeless prairie a few years, in order to get an appetite again for a castle and a cathedral.

Solomon was an accomplished man, well up in all the coarse and fine arts and a sinner like his father; but he does not speak of his sins as David of his. There is vexation of spirit and hatred of life, but no cry of repentance, no prayer, "Create in me a clean heart" out of the depths. There is good advice to us, but I would not venture to call it good news. It is the advice of a man who simply tells us not to come that way.

Solomon had what he prayed for—not justice, love, mercy, and so, faith and hope. He had in supreme measure the wisdom and the pleasure and the power of this world. But he tells us that happiness is not here, nor here, nor here. It is not in riches, nor rank, nor power. The whole story of life, as he saw it, is told in a poem frequently read and quoted by Abraham Lincoln, the first stanza of which reads:—

"O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-flitting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passes from life to his rest in the grave."

Is there nothing better than this? If with every earthly gift Solomon was a failure, what of the rest of us, the poor, the ignorant, the sick, the anonymous? If an earthly life, at its fairest, with no spiritual admixture, is not worth living, what of an average life? I don't wonder that the old prophets declared that a Christ would come. He was needed. I do not wonder that when He did come great multitudes followed Him.

I shut up Ecclesiastes. It is as cold and damp as a cellar. It is the expression of an experience that knows law, but not the gospel. It is the soliloquy of an intellectual sinner who observes that things are fixed fast in fate. There is no hint in it of forgiveness of sins. Things move as in grooves of iron. "Fear God and keep his commandments," is easily said; but suppose you have broken them, what comfort can you get out of Solomon? I shut up Ecclesiastes and open the Gospel.

Here is another climate, a new air, a blue sky over the world—a "greater than Solomon." Not advice, merely, to life, not simply a commandment, but power to keep it. We take up the Gospel, knowing where happiness is not. Solomon has told us that. We lay it down knowing where happiness is. Jesus Christ tells us that. There is a home, and a door, and a path to the door. It is possible for the old man to become a little child. There is forgiveness of sins. The sick of the palsy rises up and walks. The palsy is gone as a bad dream when one awaketh. Even with sin in the past, the life in the present, the life to come may be saved.

The past is nothing. What are the few years behind anyone, to the life eternal possible to everyone that believeth? Take up your Bible and read the words of Solomon: "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity;" and then read the words of Paul: "For I am already being offered, and the time of my departure is come. I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me the crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give to me at that day: and not only to me, but also to all them that have loved his appearing." One is a king and the other a prisoner. Of the two, who is the freeman?

I speak to the young this morning. Some of you are purposing to enter at once upon your chosen vocations, some to return here for further study, while others are expecting to continue your studies in higher institutions of learning. I congratulate each and all of you upon your privileges and your prospects. To each of you I would urge the duty of daily attention to the teachings of "a greater than Solomon." By so doing you will secure a training which increases strength and furnishes discipline; you will find yourself pursuing a course of study which induces no weariness, needs no vacations, which is a constant progress towards the highest and best. Its reward is something more and better than the diploma of a Bachelor, for you shall hear the great Teacher saying,—"I make thee

Master over many things." To each of you, as to the young Hercules, there come two counsellors—the one offers a worldly wisdom and success, promises joy, a good time in the world, and the securing of what you most desire; but he has no power to give. The other offers all there is of worldly wisdom and culture that can make you truly wise, a joy which shall be a constant inspiration, the strength which comes to one whose heart is pure, the spirit which brings you in accord with your Heavenly Father, the honor which comes to a child of God; and as you turn your eyes to Him who counsels and promises, you will recognize the gracious look of One who loves you and into whose hands the Father hath committed all power in heaven and earth.

Mrs. Sophronia Atwell Bowen.

In the death of Mrs. Sophronia Atwell Bowen, which occurred in Brooklyn, N. Y., March 28, '99, Woodstock Academy loses a loyal friend who ever tenderly cherished the memory of her pleasant connection with this time-honored institution, which she entered as a student from West Woodstock, where her father, the Rev. Geo. B. Atwell served for some years as pastor of the Baptist church.

Miss Atwell's pleasing personality, marked intellectual gifts and rich, generous nature soon resulted in the formation of many valued friendships, and among them that of Mr. Edward E. Bowen, to whom she was married in 1836, and not until the lapse of fifty years was this singularly happy union severed by death.

The Bowen homestead soon became a favorite rendezvous for Academy teachers and pupils, and here forlorn, home-sick boys were soothed and cheered by the sunny atmosphere enjoyed and by the tactful motherly ministrations bestowed unsparingly upon them.

Although taking up their abode in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1851, they continued to gladden the hearts of their country friends by a summer sojourn in Woodstock, to which they were always devoted.

edly attached and for the welfare of whose institutions they were ever solicitous.

How ardently Mrs. Bowen espoused the anti-slavery cause and how highly she was everywhere esteemed may be gathered from the following extract of an obituary notice published in the N. Y. Tribune, of March 27th.

"Mrs. Bowen was prominently identified with hospital work in N. Y. and Fort Hamilton during the civil war, one of the managers of the Brooklyn Sanitary Fair, and it was through her efforts that the stand of colors was obtained for the 14th Regiment. At the close of the war she was of the party which went to Charleston, S. C., on the Oceanus, to be present at the raising of the flag over Fort Sumter. With Mrs. Anna Field she was instrumental in starting the Woman's Club. She was a woman of brilliant intellectual attainments, and was conversant with the literature and politics of both this and foreign countries, retaining her interest to within a few days of her death."

It was the source of much gratification to many friends, that a portion of the last summer of Mrs. Bowen's life could be spent amid the early scenes so dear to her heart and almost beneath the shadow of the Alma Mater, with whose life-history her own had been so tenderly interwoven, and whose archives she had enriched with the record of a noble life.

BESSIE F. BINGHAM.

Our Civil Engineer in the Cuban War.

South Woodstock, Conn., June 28, 1899

Prof. E. R. Hall, Dear Sir:—In answer to your request to write a short sketch on my trip to Porto Rico, I will endeavor to do my best.

I enlisted July 7, 1898, in the 1st. Reg. U. S. Vol. Engineers and was mustered into the service at Peekskill, N. Y. We were in camp there about three weeks when we received orders to go to Porto Rico. We embarked on the transport Chester, in New York harbor, sailing August 5. We arrived at Ponce, P. R., August 15th, just after the Protocol had been signed so we did not see any fight-

ing, although we did a great deal of work for which the Regiment was designed. A little of the work done is as follows: A wharf at Ponce Port, where before all troops and supplies had to be unloaded from the transports into lighters and thence to the shore, was built by us

Co. M. of which I was a member and Co. L. were stationed nearly all the time at Guanica, the first landing place of Gen. Miles, where we built a Fort, (Fort Capron) on top of a mountain 500 feet above the sea level, mounting four 7½ inch mortars, also working a whip lash road up the mountain side to the fort. I had charge of a hydrographical survey of the town, which has since been printed by the U. S. Geological Survey, and is now on file in Washington.

I will try and give a little description of the island. It is composed of five ridges of mountains commencing abruptly from the sea, each successive ridge being higher, until the fifth ridge, which is the back bone of the island, then, a repetition of these ridges on the other side. The effect is very beautiful viewed from a few miles at sea.

There is only one good road on the island and that is the military road from Ponce to San Juan, which is 80 miles in length macadamized all the way. The other roads are almost impassable for wagons except for ox teams, the transportation is nearly all by horseback.

The climate is almost unbearable for northern people if they have to labor, as in December the thermometer rarely goes below 70 degrees, and in July and August often reaches 120 degrees in the shade.

The great majority of the population are very poor and the wages paid by the rich planters before the occupation by the Americans were twenty-five cents a day, Spanish, equivalent in our money half that amount; and when the Americans paid them 75 cents per day, it was no wonder that they said immediately they wanted to become Porto Rican Americans.

I will just mention the schools as I saw them, before any change had been made. The boys and girls have a separate school with a male and female teacher respectively. If a person not ac-

customed to the place should pass by a school in session he would look up with alarm as each pupil is vieing with his neighbor in seeing which can make the most noise. They study their lessons aloud and by this means the teacher tells if they are all studious, not seeming to mind the noise himself at all.

The following will give an idea of the soldier's life in Porto Rico.

Attend you valliant warriors of the U. S. volunteers.

We can expand our chests with pride for we are Engineers.

But curse the hour and the gallant ships on which we sailed away,

To fight the Dons and build the forts on far Guamin Bay.

On the 5th day of August we left Columbia's shore,

On board the transport Chester, packed with mules and stores galore,

But soon our merry smiles were changed to, wails of woe and grief

When we found our food each day was naught but hard-tack and corned-beef.

We kept our spirits floating with the hope that when on land

The commissaries would decide to change their hungry hand.

We would not seek luxuries, we simply wished enough,

For we were sick of being fed on canned corn-beef and bluff.

When we set out from Peekskill full of patriotic fire,

To meet the armed hosts of Spain was everyone's desire,

But if you speak of fighting now you get a ghastly smile,

For we've only fought starvation since we've struck this cursed isle.

Mosquitoes were as thick as smoke when first we came on shore,

But now they sing in other climes, they are gone forever more.

They came to the conclusion to seek some other home

Or starve to death, for we were naught but flabby skin and bone."

The Red Cross boat, the Bay State, paid a visit here one day,

She awakened a fond remembrance as she lay there in the bay.

She landed quite a lot of stores, provisions rich and nice,

But somehow the MEN got nothing but a couple of cakes of ice.

We can't leave camp without a pass, and I'm not afraid to bet

You must have a four-leaved clover if a pass you chance to get.

And then you can parade the town while you wear out your shoes,

And you'll fail to find a store, look where ever you may choose.

But when we once again set foot on old Columbia's shore,

From every State you'll be sure to hear a mighty heavy roar.

And of all the kicks then coming among them all the chief

Will be against the constant use of their roast and canned corn-beef.

Yours very truly,

HALSEY A. WEAVER.

The Library.

During the past twelve months very considerable changes have been made in our library. For several years there has been a small collection of books belonging to the Academy and known as the "Woodstock Academy Library." Its growth has been slow and most of its books have been donated by friends of the Academy. In the same room was a collection of books marked as belonging to the "Woodstock Circulating Library." At some time in the past there may have been a society which laid the foundations of this gathering of books, but so far as any knowledge of the writer goes, its only sponsors were the lady acting as librarian, Mrs. Frank Flynn, and Miss Jessy McClellan, whose appreciation of good books and of their value when circulating in a community like ours had awakened the interest and inspired the efforts which gathered the books and kept them in circulation.—When those who are to come after us shall see the realization of our hopes, in the library that is to be, it will be fitting that these names should be remembered and honored.

Something more than a year ago Principal E. R. Hall consulted with persons likely to be interested, as to the feasibility and advisability of uniting the two libraries. A plan was finally presented to which the trustees of the Academy gave unanimous approval. It provides that the new organization shall be known as the "Woodstock Library Association."

Its control shall be vested in an Executive Committee of five, elected annually by the Association; that two of this committee shall be trustees and a third a teacher of the Academy. Any adult resident may become a member of the Association upon the payment of a stated sum. The privilege of taking books from the library shall be given, free of charge, to all students of the Academy, while it is in session, and to all citizens and temporary residents, upon the payment of fifty cents a year.

Up to this time there had been no systematic arrangement of the books upon the shelves or in a catalog. As a working library for students it was comparatively valueless. To remedy this, a few members of the Association communicated to classify and catalog the books in both libraries, uniting them in one. The Abridged Decimal Classification was adopted and the books are so placed that the student or reader can find any book in the library, having reference to a given subject, without delay.

There are nearly 3000 volumes in the library, and of this number 1000 are works of fiction. In the class of History we have a good nucleus,—some 550 volumes. There is pressing need of additions in the departments of Natural Science, Useful Arts, Fine Arts, and Literature.

It is our purpose to collect and use a large and valuable library. It is an adjunct to the work of education needed in these days more than any previous period. We solicit the aid of those who would rejoice in the prosperity of the Academy. Several hundred dollars are needed for the purchase of modern works treating of Natural Science and in the department of Literature.

Personals from Older Alumni.

Major Hiram Grant, of Goldsboro, N. C., served with honor as paymaster in the Cuban War. Mrs. Grant was Lizzie Greene in the Academy.

Mr. Sidney Morse is expected home from a year's stay in Europe this month. He is expected to return to his teaching work in Williston Seminary.

John Child has been at home the past year in East Woodstock.

Mr. Solomon Drown lives in Beaumont Revere, Mass.

Miss Lizzie Norton is boarding this summer with Mrs. Paine (nee Hattie Boutelle) at Ludlow, Mass.

Luther J. Leavitt represented the town of Woodstock in the State legislature the past year.

N. G. Williams of Brooklyn, Conn., has been elected a member of the State Board of Agriculture.

Mrs. Mary Allen Cox resides in Vernon, Conn., with her three children. Her husband is a grain dealer.

Miss Joanna Lindeman is in California.

William F. Flynn has been promoted to the position of Captain, in the Eighth U. S. Cavalry, and is Regimental Quarter Master. He is with his company in Puerto Principe, Cuba. His family are in Woodstock.

Charles D. Alton, M. D., of Hartford, is Medical Referee for the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Co.

Albert M. Bannister is an agent for School Supplies for a firm in Chicago.

The wife of Rev. Walter Alexander, (Constance Grosvenor Eldridge), died in June at Cambridge, Mass. Mr. Alexander is making his home there at present.

Mr. F. E. Burnette has opened a Real Estate and Insurance office in Putnam, Conn. His son John was graduated from the University of Michigan as an M. D., in June.

Miss Ida Sanger is employed in the office of the American Optical Works in Southbridge, Mass.

Miss Joanna Gaylord is teaching in a young ladies school in Pasadena, Cal.

Miss Sara A. Bowen has been promoted to second assistant superintendent in the Boston City Hospital.

Mrs. Geo. Heyworth lives in Providence on Harvard Ave., instead of Dorchester, Mass., as stated in the GLEANER of '98.

Miss Ruth Child is employed in the straw shop in Upton, Mass.

Rev. Gilbert Bachelor has accepted a call to preach in West Newfield, Maine.

Thomas A. Lake of Rockville, Conn., is U. S. Collector of Internal Revenue.

Consul General Herbert Bowen, of Brooklyn, N. Y., received the appointment of Minister to Persia.

Miss Clara E. Maynard is in Attleboro, Mass. She was forced by ill health to give up her course in Moody's Bible Institute in Chicago, where she was fitting herself for Foreign Mission work.

Civil Engineer Chas. E. Chandler has been appointed one of a committee of three on roads and road-making by the president of the board of Connecticut Civil Engineers' and Surveyors' Association. He is now civil engineer of Norwich.

Dr. Geo. B. McClellan and wife spent several months at Jekyl Island off the coast of Georgia. He was physician for the Jekyl Island Club. They are located at present in New York City, where he is examiner in the New York Life Insurance Co.

Mrs. Mary Lizzie Greene and family have removed their residence to Brookline, Mass.

Mrs. B. F. Bingham resigned her position in Torrington, Conn., where she has taught for seven years, to accept the position as teacher of the primary grade in the New Eastern Ave. school in Springfield, Mass.

Mr. Arthur D. Chandler is publisher of the North American Review. His home is in Orange, N. J.

Mrs. Mary L. Perry Pool, who was born in Woodstock in 1825, died at the home of her daughter in Mansfield, Ohio, Jan. 18, 1899. She is the last of a family of six children of Edward Dexter and Hanna Stevens Perry. She received her education at Woodstock Academy. After leaving Woodstock she taught school in Amherst, Mass., and Sandusky, Ohio. She leaves three children.

Mrs. Louise Wells Randall is home on a visit from Colon, U. S. Columbia. Her husband Dr. James Randall expected to accompany her but was detained by his practice.

Mr. Henry Penniman has sold his fish market in Putnam and he and Mrs. Penniman are living in East Woodstock.

Lawyer Eric H. Johnson is city attorney of Putnam, Conn.

Mr. Robert Mathewson and wife expect to make Pomfret, Conn., their future home. He is assistant clerk in the State treasury at Hartford.

Miss Mary Averill makes her home with her nephew in Lynn, Mass.

Mr. Willis W. Wells has recently married and returned to South Woodstock, where he is living on a farm.

Miss Mary L. Lindeman is book-keeper in Fred J. Williamson's meat market in Putnam, Conn.

The following clipping from the New York Independent shows us in how high honor the Hon. W. T. Harris is held abroad. The Academy is always proud to recall the fact that Mr. Harris is one of its alumni, and rejoices in all the honors bestowed upon him:

The University of Jena has conferred the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, *honoris causa*, on Commissioner Harris, a distinction rarely accorded by a German university, and never save as a recognition of some unusual service in the cause of knowledge and truth. The diploma states explicitly the ground of the honor, declaring the recipient to be "a philosopher of the highest attainment, who has applied himself with energy and in manifold ways to bring into the theory of education a true philosophy and who has devoted himself with unwearied industry and successful efforts to the improvement of school methods in his own country and who, as a champion of German philosophy, has labored with happy results in the extension of its study and thereby joined Americans and Germans in a closer bond of union."

Jonathan F. Morris who died in Hartford, recently, though not an alumnus of the Academy, was a frequent visitor to Woodstock, a friend to its interests, and several years ago contributed to the Academy Fund. The extended sketches of Mr. Morris in the Hartford papers show that he was a man of broad usefulness and was held in high esteem during all his long life.

Dr. I. Tisdale Talbot, a student at the Academy in 1847, dean of the Boston University School of Medicine, and director of the Massachusetts Homœopathic Hos-

pital, passed away suddenly, Sunday evening, at his summer home in Hingham, aged 69 years. He was in his usual health up to the moment he was stricken with apoplexy, and died almost instantly. Dr. Talbot has been dean of the School of Medicine since its inception, as well as its proprietor of surgery. He was actively identified, as president, secretary, trustee or director, with many homœopathic societies at home and abroad, and for several years was editor of the *New England Medical Gazette*. Homœopathy sustains a great loss in the death of Dr. Talbot.

Morning.

"A child, more than all other gifts
That earth can offer to declining man,
Brings hope with it, and forward-looking
thoughts." —[Wordsworth.

BORN.

A son, Walter Robinson, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Lindeman, Woodstock, Dec. 1, 1898.

A daughter, Constance, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Russell, Putnam, Conn., Dec. 31, 1898.

A son, Winsor Newton, to Mr. and Mrs. Tracy White, East Woodstock, Conn., Jan. 27, 1899.

A daughter, Marian Emily, to Mr. and Mrs. Richard Carpenter, Putnam, Conn., Feb. 9, 1899.

A son, Donald Cogswell, to Mr. and Mrs. Eric Johnson, Putnam, Conn., Feb. 11, 1899.

A daughter, Mary Eleanor, to Mr. and Mrs. Louis Lindeman, Woodstock, Conn., Feb. 17, 1899.

A daughter, Marjorie Bowen, to Prof. and Mrs. George D. Lord, Hanover, N. H., May 10, 1899.

A daughter, to Mr. and Mrs. Peter Mahar, Boston, Mass., April 16, 1899.

A daughter, Irma Orill, to Mr. and Mrs. Justin Greene, Woodstock, Conn., June 1, 1899.

A daughter, Elizabeth Sabin, to Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Hayward, Pomfret Centre, Conn.

A son, Arthur Bertrand, to Mr. and Mrs. Bertrand Andrews, Woodstock, Conn., April 29, 1899.

A daughter, Ruth Louise, to Mr. and

Mrs. G. M. Cox, Nov. 16, 1898, in Vernon, Conn.

Noon.

My true love hath my heart, and I have his,
By just exchange one for another given.
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,
There never was a better bargain driven;
My true love hath my heart, and I have his.
—[Sir Phillip Sidney.

MARRIED.

Rev. Frederick Sumner of Little Falls, Minn., to Miss Mary Buchanon, of Eastford, Conn., Aug. 17, 1898.

Mr. Frank D. Bannister of Putnam, to Miss Grace E. Maine, Sept. 14, 1898.

Rev. Wells M. Partridge to Miss Clara Morse, both of Putnam, Oct. 20, 1898.

Mr. A. Dumond Merwin of Milford, Conn., to Miss Mabelle Hammond of Providence, R. I., Oct. 1, 1898.

Mr. Wilbur H. Chamberlin of Woonsocket, R. I., to Miss Laura B. Blanchard, July 17, 1899.

Dr. Henry Mathewson and Miss Helen Montague in San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 24, 1898.

Mr. Rinaldo E. Goodwin, and Miss Minnie Goodwin in Thompson, Conn., Nov. 25, 1898. Their home is in Dorchester, Mass.

Mr. Robert H. Mathewson and Miss Elizabeth M. McKichen, in Sioux City, Ia., June 15, 1899. Their future home will be in Pomfret, Conn.

Mr. Ernest M. Butler, and Miss Edna L. Bassett, New Haven, June 30, 1899.

Mr. Robert H. Gaylord to Miss Elizabeth Emery both of Pasadena, Cal., Nov. 3, 1898.

Mr. Hamilton Holt of New York to Miss Alexina C. Smith of Baltimore, Md., Feb. 8, 1899.

Mr. George G. Thurber of East Woodstock, to Miss Emma Gleason of Putnam, Conn., Nov. 4, 1898

Mr. Asa May of Howard, R. I., to Miss Susie Jameson, Penn. Nov. 16, 1898.

Mr. Frank N. May of East Woodstock, to Miss Bessie M. Moore of Pomfret, Dec. 28, 1898.

Night.

This truth came home with bier and pall,
I felt it, when I sorrowed most,

'Tis better to have loved and lost
Then never to have loved at all.

—[Tennyson.

DIED.

Edward T. Bolles died at Hyde Park, during the school year '97-'98. We regret our inability to give more accurate notice.

Mr. Jessie R. Davenport, Principal of the Academy in 1851, died in Waban, Mass., Sept. 5, 1898.

Harold, twin son of Mr. and Mrs. John O. Fox, Putnam, Conn., Dec. 6, 1898.

Mr. William R. Arnold, Providence, R. I., Oct. 1, 1899.

Mrs. Mary Perry Pool Mansfield, Ohio, Jan. 18, 1899.

Mrs. Mary Flynn Penniman, wife of Geo. Penniman, North Woodstock, Conn., Feb. 14, 1899.

Mrs. Sophronia Atwell Bowen, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Nellie Williams, Brooklyn, N. Y., March 28, 1899.

Mr. Erastus Webber of Providence, R. I., at the home of his brother, William Webber, Woodstock, July 9, 1899.

Miss Helen Stone, Worcester, Mass., Feb. 1899.

Mrs. Mary Bartlett Lester, in Woodstock, December 1898.

Dr. I. Tisdale Talbot, July 16, 1899, at his summer home Hingham, Mass.

Arba J. Tillinghast, in Worcester, Jan. 1899.

Senior Class Honor Essay. The Closing of the Nineteenth Century.

The nineteenth century is almost ended. We know that the division of time into centuries is an arbitrary division; is not like that into days and years; is not marked by the rising and setting of the sun, by the changing seasons or by any natural phenomena. It is a reckoning based upon convenience, an aid to memory; a mile-stone at which we cannot but glance in passing and which suggests a backward look which recalls that which were else forgotten.

Perhaps one of the most striking features of the century which is soon to close is the growth of the idea of freedom, the acknowledgement of the rights of man on the one hand, and, on the other, strong

nations forming by a combination of the many that are weaker. At the beginning of this century the government of France, though called republican, was really a military despotism, with Napoleon at its head, an ambitious despot. Germany was not a nation, but a large number of separate states, discontented with themselves and jealous of each other. Italy was divided into many little kingdoms, each controlled by its absolute ruler and all dominated by the Pope at Rome. England was a united and strong nation, in which the majority of the people had but little voice in its government. The colonies in America had just become united and independent and had started on their truly democratic life.

It is not difficult to mark the changes these years have wrought—France, after three attempts, has become, as it now seems, a firmly established republic.—In 1871 the German states were united to form the German empire, now one of the great nations. In the same year Rome became the capital of the kingdom of Italy. England, in name still a monarchy, is one of the most democratic and liberally governed nations in the world, her dominion has been largely extended, her sovereign is such only in title and it is more than probable that during the next hundred years the title will be abolished.—Our own country has more largely changed than any other. In 1801 there were thirteen states just commencing a national life which the statesmen of Europe believed would endure but a few years. By gradual accessions these states have multiplied to forty-five, increasing the area nine times and the problem of the republic's existence seems fully demonstrated. The United States is now recognized as the greatest, the strongest and the freest nation in the world. Liberty to the slave has been secured at the greatest cost in money and blood of any accomplishment of the ages. The negro, once held in bondage, has been endowed with the same rights as his former masters. Never in the history of the world was the equality of man accepted and acted upon to such an extent as at the present time, and now in no country so fully as in ours. In the United States every

man can think, believe, speak, write and read just what he wishes and all citizens have equal political rights. This may be less true in other countries, yet since 1801 great advancement has been made in this particular all over the world.

Religion has had very much to do with social and political privilege, especially in England. At the beginning of this century unless a man was a member of the Church of England he could hold no civil office, could not pursue his studies in either of the great universities, could not be buried by the side of ancestors who had died members of that church. By different Acts of Parliament, Protestants, Roman Catholics and Jews have become eligible to office and to the universities, until now there is political equality and privilege for all forms of religious belief.

The growth of Christian institutions has been marked. The Sunday school was an experiment one hundred years ago. The Christian Endeavor movement was commenced but eighteen years ago, but has already enrolled a membership of two and one-half millions. Missions to the heathen were first commenced a little more than one hundred years ago and most of the societies have been organized since the century began. Today the societies are numbered by the hundred, missionaries by the thousand, and there is hardly a country on the face of the earth where they are not at work. In our own country missionaries have quickly followed the early settlers and so saved the land to high civilization. There is no possible enumerating of the forms by which men and women are meeting the social problems of the age, and lifting humanity to health and happiness.

In the work of education the changes have been many and the improvements wonderful. The kindergarten has been established and does a work as useful as it is popular. Normal schools have been established by the States. Business colleges fit for the counting room and the bank. High schools, free to all, are found in all our large towns and cities. Academies have raised their standards. All Christian denominations have their colleges, constantly improving in equip-

ment. Great universities, with great endowments have been founded, whose professors are called from Europe and the most eminent in their departments in this country, and their students are counted by thousands. Before the year 1800 but few colleges or academies would admit girls to their privileges. Mt. Holyoke Seminary, established in 1837, offered to girls better educational advantages than they had before enjoyed. Today the seminary has become a college, nearly all denominational colleges receive girls to their privileges, and they are welcomed to nearly all the universities.

The methods of teaching have kept pace with the times. The inductive method has superseded the deductive. Instead of the primer, children have textbooks as attractive as instructive, and best of all, are taught to observe and study from the pages of Nature always open before them. Laboratories, not only for illustration but also for experiment, have become adjuncts of all higher institutions of learning. Schools for the blind, deaf, dumb and feeble minded have been founded; homes for orphans, aged men and women; asylums for the insane, and hospitals in great numbers for the sick.

But perhaps, the period of which we write finds its most marked peculiarity in its valuable discoveries and inventions. Time is not given to attempt an enumeration of these. They have changed our manner of living and in considerable degree our habits of thought. They make the world smaller and men larger. The steamship, the railway, the telegraph and telephone, the improvements in machinery are marked and wonderful. Electricity is used everywhere and not only carries us over the ground at the rate of one hundred miles an hour but has put men however widely separated, within speaking distance of each other. It is because of some of these inventions that our books, magazines and papers are furnished for so small a price and the occurrences in all parts of the world are known at once. We appreciated this in our late war with Spain. And this suggests that no less wonderful than what we have been mentioning are the great battle-

ships, with their powerful armaments, which have won the victories in this war.

And not only have the methods of warfare greatly changed but a new thought has come over the nations as to the justifiable occasions for war. Arbitration is settling disputes which once called for armed conflict. Nations and individuals have higher estimates of the rights and the value of man.

Truly this century has been filled with wonders and made noted by advances and improvements which one hundred years ago had no existence, even in thought.

RUBY SANBORN.

On the Campus Five Years Ago.

Is it merely conceit, or is it rather an effect due to the blurring of time and the inaccuracy of memory that makes "former conquests loom so great," and our own school days so much more interesting and laudable than those of our younger brothers? Diagnose the malady as you will; the symptoms remain and grow only the more apparent with the advancing years. So if I over-praise the Woodstock of my day, call it prejudice if you like, but I beg you to follow my example when your turn comes.

Woodstock must appeal to every visitor as an ideal spot for an Academy of learning. Nature was ever lavish with her gifts and when all was finished left nothing to be desired. Who of us can forget the "Hill," with its Academy-crowned summit and the long stretch of beautiful landscape on every side? While the far-famed sunsets from the pasture hill cannot fail to tinge the thoughts of the observer with a softness and brightness ineffaceable by the brush of Time.

What wonder then that school life is so full of charm? What wonder that the student leaves Woodstock with a sad farewell and with hopes of a quick return?

But I was asked to write of the athletic side of my school days at the Academy, so I must not allow myself to wander off into vagaries and poetic dreamings.

When I came to Woodstock, the game

of football then in vogue was one peculiar to the locality, and I can never forget the impression made on me by the almost miraculous manner in which the ball was picked up with the toes and passed on to a fellow player. But interesting as this game certainly was, I had visions of a football team and at once used all my influence to inaugurate the collegiate game.

The first year our team was more of a name than a reality; but in '93 we collected a group of players who were wonders in their time, and many of whom have since made records for themselves at as many colleges. How steadily we practiced our signals! How hard we worked to perfect our mass plays and end interference! But it all paid, and, after one or two defeats, we carried the blue and gold to the front in many a hard fought battle, and not a team in the vicinity but fell before our valiant men of muscle.

Then in the Spring came the base ball, when Boyden decorated the pitcher's box, and struck terror to the hearts of the Putnamites and the doughty men of Dudley, with his well controlled curves. And time would fail me to speak of Morse, and Paine and the Spaldings, all honorable men, and deserving innumerable wreaths of laurel.

Then there were the track athletics in which after much hard training, and much shocking of native sensibilities, we met Putnam and surrendered to them only after a hard fought contest.

But athletics at Woodstock would be incomplete without tennis, which plays such a deserving part in the out-of-door life. Who can forget the eagerness with which Grosvenor and Rockwell watched the school hours draw to a close, and the speed with which they rushed to the best court to save it for the mighty four?

Who can forget our good principal calling "forty love," and serving his well placed ball in the most distant and unguarded corner of his opponent's court! Those were good games and the humble scribe has often wished a repetition of that time.

Then too, I must mention the Winter sports, such as skating on the Cranberry

marsh, flooded with great difficulty for that purpose, the hockey games, and the long coasts down the hills, when (to use the Chinaman's description) it was truly, "whiz—walkee black a mile."

This sketch would be incomplete without a mention of him who was always so deeply interested in school life, who won the hearts of all who knew him by his sterling qualities, his gentlemanly bearing, and his true modesty, the bright promise of whose college days was broken by a call to nobler service. Were more men like Bixby, school ideals would be higher and athletics purer. "Earto would never touch her w rst, were one in fifty such as he."

Such, in a few words, were the athletics of my day, and a better day, or a nobler class of boys, Woodstock has never seen.

My earnest wish is that the Academy of the future may give not less time to the athletic side of its life, and that its ideals may never be less noble.

CHARLES G. BURD.

Our Letter from Florida.

Port Tampa City, Fla., June 1899.

E. R. Hall, Woodstock, Conn.

My Dear Sir:—I received a letter from Mrs. Hall yesterday and was very glad to hear you are all well and having a successful school year. I expect all the boys and girls I used to know have graduated and gone elsewhere. How is the Academy on sports now? Do you play tennis as we used to?

We had a very lively time here last year with the soldiers. They began to arrive about the first of April, and gradually kept coming until we had eighteen thousand here. The regulars knew all about army life, were always neat, and had their camps in first class condition: but the volunteers did not know anything about army life, and being poorly clothed Western regiments, made anything but a good appearance. One great fault with them was that they brought their company cooks, instead of enlisting a cook that knew his business. Probably their

worst fault however was their idea that the government wanted them to go on a fine vacation South, and then over to Cuba, where they would kill a few Spaniards and return home with all kinds of war tales and glory. Finding they had made a mistake, they thought everything was wrong.

There were forty-two transports here at one time in the Plant steamship's canal, which extends a mile from the land out to the deep water. My Father being Superintendent of the Plant Steamship Line, I know more or less about the loading etc. of the ships. The first time they were loaded, news came that a Spanish fleet was only two hundred miles south of here, so everything and everybody had to be unloaded as soon as possible. Getting unloaded in that hurried way naturally put everything wrong. In fact the men were mighty short of rations for three days. Well, after waiting five or six days the Washington officials decided that the Spanish fleet was where it belonged; so General Shafter started loading again, and in two days the second start was made. It was a fine sight to see the forty-two ships and about ten cruisers start to sea. They formed in two lines about three hundred yards apart.

There were Generals Shafter, Wheeler, Humphries, and others here. General Miles was here for a few days. I considered him a good general and a smart business man, but General Shafter impressed me as one who would make a better New York policeman than the General in command of the Cuban army. Lieutenant Colonel Bellinger (then captain) was the hardest working man here. He was in charge of all the loading, being directly under General Humphries.

Well, for my part in the war, I have no hard feelings except I am still due two month's pay. Our division of the Florida State Naval Reserves received orders to be in readiness to go away on the 22nd of April, but we didn't sail until the 29th. We were going as U. S. Coast Signal Service men. We sent four Corps with five men each, and I being in one, was lucky to be with three chums. We arrived at Egmont Key, Fla., where our Corps left

the ship to start a signal station, April 30th, and after having a little trouble in getting our things ashore through the surf, we struck camp and started watch at six that evening. Our duties were to stand a four hour watch every twelve hours, and of course obey the Chief Q. M. in all details. We had to practice signal work three hours daily. The rating of the men were a Chief Q. M., three Quarter Masters 2nd grade, and one Landsman. The Chief received \$59.00 per month; myself and the other two 2nd class Q. M. received \$44.00 per month, and the Landsman \$28.00. The first watch I had (my watch was 12 to 4) seemed four years instead of four hours; but in a few days everyone learned to wake up at the proper time, and that made things go along very smoothly. I stayed there one month, when I received orders to go to Port Tampa, Fla., headquarters of our district. On arriving there, I was informed by the Lieutenant in charge, D. W. Shea, an old friend of mine, that I had been appointed an Ensign in the U. S. Navy, and was his aide. From then until the 19th of August I was stationed at Port Tampa. On that date the Coast Signal Service was closed up and I was honorably discharged from the navy.

I have written this in a hurry as I am very busy and you will have to excuse errors. Hoping you will have a fine summer and enjoy yourself in the vacation I will close.

Very Sincerely,
PLANT FITZ GERALD.

Ivy Oration.

As we are about to leave these familiar grounds, hallowed by the memories of nearly a hundred years of student life, hallowed by the self-sacrificing founders and supporters of this institution, it is very fitting that we should remember this place with a living memento, growing with our love, which will never cease.

As we have planted this ivy we have performed our last act of love, as students of Woodstock Academy. We are now graduate alumnae and alumni of our alma mater. And though we cannot but

feel deep sorrow as we think of all the pleasant associations we are leaving, yet this is the time and place to catch the inspiration of those who have led the way, and pledge ourselves in loyalty and loving service to the future.

"The best is yet to be,

The last of life for which the first was made:

Our times are in His hand.

Who saith 'a whole I planned.'

Youth shows but half: trust God: see all,
Nor be afraid!"

Class-mates of ninety-nine: We are soon to bid farewell to our student life here. We have spent happy years together and none but the graduate can appreciate the bidding of our last farewell to these associations.

Yes, gone are the victories and defeats of student life within, and play-life without. These happy grounds, every rod of which teems with pleasant memories, are ours no more as students here; but love remains, loyalty remains, something of equipment for life is ours. May this little ivy, as sending forth its slender shoots, it covers many imperfections of the Old Building, be the symbol of the mantle of charity which now we wish to cover the defects of our ended school-life, both within these walls and upon this campus.

As older grows this vine and more firmly are fixed its clingers in the walls, so may our affections continuously grow, with ever closer adherence, in the love we bear this institution.

As the years roll on, come winter or summer into our lives, we shall ever look forward to a greeting from this our living memento, reminding us of the service which is due to one another and our Alma Mater.

So farewell, Alma Mater! farewell to all thy fostering care, to all thy hearty joys! May the years to come bring thee new growth and new powers. Count ever on the graduates of '99 as thy children, for we pledge thee here our abiding love and loyal service.

WILLIAM C. CHILD.

Gymnasium and Laboratory Fund.

The committee having this fund in charge have sent out a number of letters during the past year and have received favorable responses from many. It is to be remembered that the purpose of this effort is to secure dollar contributions from as many alumni and friends as possible, to meet the sore need of the Academy for a Gymnasium and Laboratory. In all probability a decided move will be made toward fitting up the Laboratory this Summer, but the extent to which the move may be carried must depend upon its benefactors.

A large number of names of those who have contributed were given last year. Many were unintentionally omitted. These names will be found below together with those who have contributed this year. The purpose in giving these names is not to give publicity to generosity, but simply to acknowledge the receipt of the contributions: E. A. Bowen, Mrs. Sara N. Chase, Charles D. Alton, M. D., Mrs. J. R. Carpenter, Mrs. Ellen M. Child, Nathaniel Williams, S. M. Williams, Ermond Brunn, Ewart Brunn, Plant Fitzgerald, Amasa Chandler, Mrs. Amasa Chandler, Nellie Chandler, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Grant, L. R. Southworth, Mrs. Searls, Arthur Chandler, Mrs. Prudence Hyde, Jessie Bowen, Florence Morse, Anne Hall, Fred Williamson, Charles G. Burd, George T. Bixbee, Edward C. Child, Alfred T. Child, Richard L. Child, William C. Child.

If there are any other names which have been omitted, the treasurer of the fund, Miss Frances Butler, will be pleased to know of the omission at an early date.

The total receipts for these two purposes of Gymnasium and Laboratory amount to \$202.60; but \$15.80 have been expended for circulars and postage, leaving a balance on hand of \$186.80.

FRANCES H. BUTLER.

Personals from the Younger Alumni.

Henry J. Potter was graduated from Williston Seminary in Easthampton, and

expects to enter either the Worcester or the Massachusetts School of Technology in the fall.

Ralph H. Elliott is working at a shoe shop in Webster.

Alexander H. Lowe has been in England since last fall, working at different employments.

William H. Crowell has finished his first year at Maine State College.

Phillip A. Bemis is attending the Worcester High School.

Winfield Hibbard has been promoted from the position he held last year. He has a partial charge of the registered mail on one of the large mail trains between Boston and New York.

Charles F. Hopkins has been at the Willimantic Business College during the past year.

On account of poor health, James McAlleck was obliged to leave the Massachusetts School of Technology. He is living on a ranch in New Mexico.

Cornelia J. Catlin has been at home during the year.

Edna Clark is taking the Library course in the Amherst Summer School.

Eliza W. Dean graduated with the highest rank from the High School in Orange, Mass., in June.

Harold W. Cox, on account of ill health, left the Academy in the middle of the year. He hopes to go on with his studies in some advanced school.

Henry Holt was graduated, in June, from Phillips' Academy, Andover. He enters Yale in the fall.

William Mathewson has finished his second year at the University of Virginia.

Elihu W. Stevens has finished his second year at Sheffield Scientific School.

Kathleen Leavitt has been spending a large part of her time during the past winter in studying music. She has been taking both violin and vocal lessons.

Ernest Butler was married in the Spring and is a teacher in his brother's business college in New Haven.

George and Freeman Spalding are running their farm in Woodstock. If steady perseverance and energy are the secret of prosperous farming, a successful future is in store for them.

Robert J. Paine and Harry Beckwith will graduate from the Dartmouth Medical School next February.

Harry Hicks is employed in the Union Depot in Providence.

Robert P. Grosvenor will graduate from Ashburnham Academy next June.

Clara S. Greene filled the position of Assistant Principal in a Grammar School in Moosup, Conn., during the spring term of the past school year.

Mabel Vinton has returned to her former position in a bank in Salem, Mass.

Walter Child is working in an electric shop in Elsmere, Delaware.

The art work of Ernest Haskell during this last year has received commendation in such critical journals as the Bookman. He has devoted most of his time to the renowned publisher, Howard Russell, but has also had successful work in Scribner's and Life.

John P. Grosvenor has completed his Sophomore year at Yale University.

Edwin C. Worcester is continuing his work in a Brooklyn printing office.

J. Marquis Greene has been studying at Maine State College during the past year.

Florence A. Hosmer has attended the Massachusetts Normal Art School during the winter.

Fred E. Hosmer has been taking a course of training for nurses in Bellevue Hospital, New York City.

Helen Carr is teaching in Wheaton, Ill.

Frank H. Winslow is connected with the Seaside House, Block Island.

We are glad to mention the following, who continue to do successful work in the same positions which they held last year: A. E. Hosmer in Sudbury, Mass., Howard Williams in Webster, Myrtie Chaffee in East Woodstock, John A. Boyden, '90, in Southbridge, Agnes Childe, '90, as a teacher of music in the Academy, Harold Morse, '93, in Woodstock, Jessie S. Bowen, '95, in Storr's Agricultural College, Edward L. Child, '95, in Worcester, Howard Clarke in New York City, and Joseph Sheppard in Providence.

Edward S. Boyden, '94, was employed during part of the winter by the Coe Brass Company of Torrington, Conn., but

has returned to his former position in the American Optical Works in Southbridge.

Charles G. Burd, '94, has finished a year's work at Union Theological Seminary, New York City.

Alfred T. Child, '94, has been teaching at Tarrytown in a private school for boys. He expects to enter the School of Mines in New York in the fall.

Anne H. Hall, '94, has taught Latin and German in the Rockville High School during the year. She will return to the same position in the fall.

Stuart Holt, '94, was graduated from Yale University in June with the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

A. Dumond Merwin, '94, and his wife have spent the winter in Florida. They are visiting their homes in the north during the summer.

Maxwell W. Rockwell, '94, has done some strong work for the New York City papers this winter in the artistic department, working for the World, Criterion, Life, and Journal.

Sara H. Colvin, '95, was graduated from Brown University in June with the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

Alice E. Sharp, '95, was graduated from the Willimantic Normal School in June.

Edith H. Hall, '95, took the degree of Bachelor of Arts at Smith College in June.

We have welcomed very gladly, Estella Tompkins, '95, in Woodstock. She has been teaching in East Woodstock during part of the year. She intends returning to the West in the fall.

Everett L. Upham, '95, has been teaching in South Woodstock during the year.

Where Burton F. Fitts is, after serving in the Cuban war, is what we would like to know.

Mary E. Bowen, '96, has been teaching near her home in Eastford.

Evelyn L. Dean, '96, has returned to her class in Middlebury, where she was most heartily welcomed by her instructors and fellow students. We rejoice with her and them.

Ralph A. Pike, '96, has finished a second very successful year of work at the Sheffield Scientific School. He has taken honors in Mechanical Drawing and French.

Clarence E. Weaver, '96, was graduated with high honors from Yale Scientific School as a civil engineer. He goes soon to Mexico, where he is at once to enter upon the work of his profession.

Joseph P. Catlin, '97, has finished his second year at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Esther H. Trowbridge, '97, was graduated from Wheaton Seminary in June. She is taking a course of study in the Amherst Summer School.

Constance Holt, '97, spent the winter in the South, traveling in Georgia and the Carolinas.

Louise P. Grosvenor, '97, expects to enter the Massachusetts Normal Art School, in the fall.

Ruth L. Williamson, '97, has spent the winter at home, with the exception of several weeks spent in visiting friends in Hartford and West Haven.

A. Lloyd Cooper, '97, has finished his Sophomore year at Wesleyan University. He plays the guitar in the college mandolin club and has received a prize for his work in Greek.

Arthur O. Williams, '97, has closed a successful year of teaching on Woodstock Hill.

Ralph H. Sabine, '97, has completed his junior year at Maine State College. He is at work with a surveying party in Maine during the summer.

Howard M. Frost, '97, is continuing his study of law in New York City.

Mowry Ross, '97, has finished his Sophomore year at Maine State College.

Fred J. Fitts, '97, has spent the past year at his home in Ashford.

Emma Aiden, '98, has been at home during the winter. She has reasonable hopes of entering Boston University in the coming fall.

Maria Chandler, '98, has finished a year of study at the Willimantic Normal School.

Leslie P. Harris, '98, is working in Perrin's grocery store in West Woodstock.

James H. Hutchins, '98, is working in Waterbury, Conn.

Sidney D. Upham, '98, is working in Burge nan's bicycle and plumbing shop in Webster.

May S. Gifford, '99, is taking the Library Course in the Amherst Summer School.

Ruby Sanborn, '99, expects to enter Mt. Holyoke College in September.

Public Rhetoricals.

Public Rhetoricals given by the students of Woodstock Academy, in the Academy hall, Friday evening, March 24, 1899, commencing at 7.30 o'clock:

Orchestra.

PART I.

1. Chorus—Hunter's Song, Kinross
 2. Declamation—The Martyr Spy, Frank D. Skinner. Charles Dudley Warner
 3. Recitation—A Ballad of Manila Bay, Mary E. Aldrich. C. G. D. Roberts
 4. Piano Solo—Grande Valse Brillante, Ethel M. Spalding. Opus 18, Chopin
 5. Declamation—Forefathers' Day Address, '98. Herman B. Chandler. Howland
 6. Declamation—The Spellin' Bee, Irving P. Frost. Paul Laurence Dunbar
- Orchestra

PART II.

1. Recitation—The Night Watch, Coppee
Bessie M. Barber.
 2. Apples Finkey, J. J. Rooney
Ewart M. Brunn.
 3. The Sweet Long Ago, Transcription, Blake
Walter E. Dodge.
 4. Recitation—Cousin Rufus' Story, Olive A. Paine. James Whitcomb Riley
 5. Declamation—The Chariot Race, Arthur G. Morse. Lew Wallace
 6. Declamation—Richard of Gloucester, A Travesty, Saxe
Frederick F. Rockwell.
- Orchestra.

PART III.

1. Declamation—Forefathers' Day Address, '92
Horace Porter
William C. Child.
2. Chorus—The Japanese Fan, Cowley
- 3.—Recitations—
Little Orphant Annie, James Whitcomb Riley
The Rivals, Rudyard Kipling
Olah H. Withey.
4. Declamation—The South and Her Problems, Bertran C. Bugbee. H. W. Grady
5. Recitation—The Wreck of the Clara Em, Ruby Sanborn. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps
6. Recitation—Bud's Fairy Tale, S. Florence Warren. James Whitcomb Kiley
7. Chorus—Swing Song, Lohr

Graduating Exercises, 1899.

Two-thirty o'clock, p. m., June 23.

PROGRAM.

1. Prayer, Rev. A. G. Hibbard
2. Cornet and Violin Duet, Mr. Kenneth Leavitt, Miss Kathlene Leavitt
3. Address, Rev. Charles O. Day, Boston, Mass.
4. Song and Violin Obligato, Miss Annie M. Brooks, Miss Kathlene Leavitt
5. Presentation of Diplomas, Clarence W. Bowen, New York City
6. Quartette.
7. Benediction.

Graduating Class, 1899.

"In Limine."

LATIN SCIENTIFIC COURSE.

May Sweetser Gifford, East Woodstock, Conn.
Ruby Sanborn, Woodstock, Conn.
Susan Florence Warren, Eastford, Conn.

ENGLISH SCIENTIFIC COURSE.

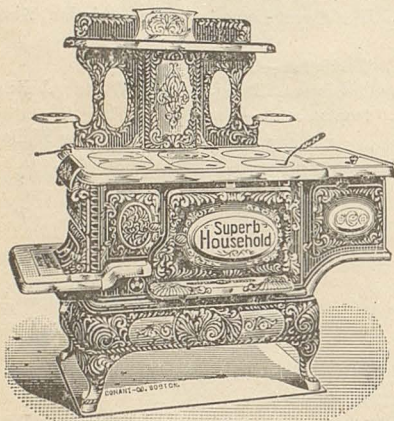
Bessie Mildred Barber, West Woodstock, Conn.
Oliah Harriet Withey, East Woodstock, Conn.
William Chapin Child, Woodstock, Conn.
Frank Dwight Skinner, No. Woodstock, Conn.

Academy Sunday, June 11, '99.

Sermon by Rev. A. G. Hibbard, at the Woodstock Congregational Church, eleven o'clock, a. m.

E. H. HORTON,

Corner Lake and Negus Street,
WEBSTER, MASS.



COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHER

When you are in Webster be sure and call and see my large line of Bedroom, Kitchen and Parlor Furniture. Sole agent for the Household Ranges. Also a full line of Groceries. Farmers' produce taken in exchange.

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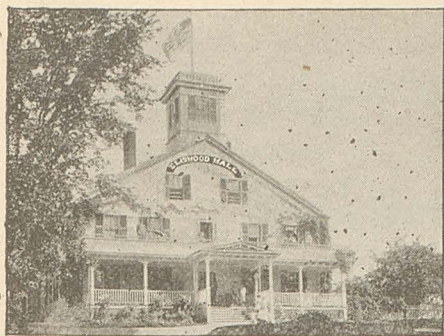
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A diploma from a College or High School, a State Certificate, or three years' successful experience in teaching will be accepted in lieu of examination.

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Examinations for entrance will be held at Normal School Building, August 25th and September 4th.

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Business Education



The following appeared in Sept. 1898, number of "The Association Notes," which is published by the Y. M. C. A. of Providence:

We wish to suggest that parents and guardians do not sufficiently realize the high grade of business training school that is located in Providence. We refer to the Bryant & Stratton Business College. During the thirty-six years of its existence, it has prepared thousands of young men and women for a business life, who speak in the highest terms of the school.

We are familiar with the thoroughness of instruction, the soundness of the methods, and the breadth of the education given, and we are well acquainted with the whole-hearted and devoted teachers—ten in number—who form the faculty of the school.

While being aware that the school is progressive and up-to-date, we were recently pleasantly surprised to see the fine appearance of the Senior Commercial Department, which has been refurnished during the summer vacation. With a new hard wood floor, fresh paint, and 105 office desks—a "New Model Desk" designed by the Principal—a person on entering cannot but believe he is in a large business office. Many of the people of Providence would be greatly surprised to find in their city such a thoroughly equipped school in every department, for the study of Bookkeeping, Shorthand and Typewriting, and the kindred English branches—a school resembling a flourishing business house.

In our opinion the best indication of the regard of business men for the Bryant & Stratton Business College is not only the frequency with which they make applications to it for trained office assistants, but the still stronger endorsement that they send their own sons to the college to be educated.

We can conscientiously recommend the college to our patrons and the public generally."

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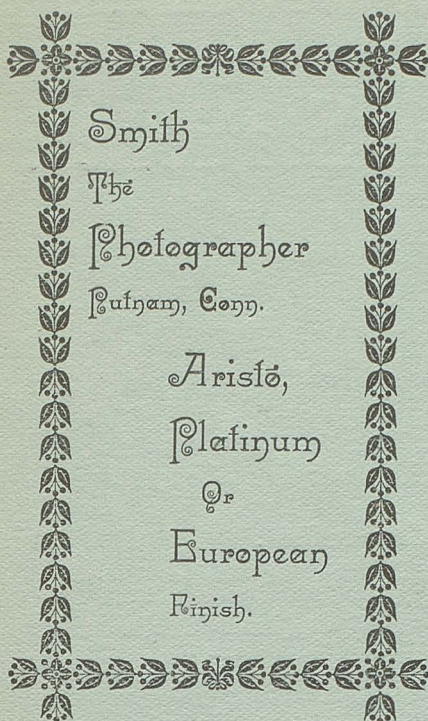
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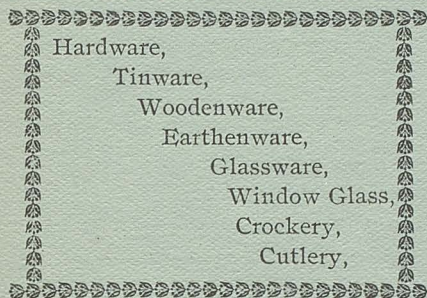
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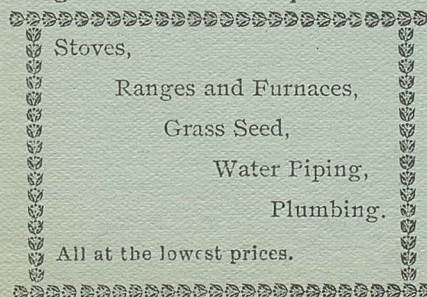
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