

WOODSTOCK ACADEMY

GLEANER

Vol. 2

Woodstock, Conn., August, 1900.

No. 2

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Woodstock Academy Gleaner

Vol. 2.

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The readers of this issue of the Gleaner will not find in its columns any more accurate news from China or South Africa than may be found in the daily press despatches. Nor do these pages try to settle the important questions of imperialism, trusts, and finance, that are to the front in the opening presidential campaign. We leave these to the unprejudiced reasoning and lucidity of the daily newspaper. We simply invite you to scan carefully the menu on the first page and to taste our viands to suit your palate, for we remember enough of our Quintillian to recall "De gustibus non disputandum." Perhaps the Graduating-Day Address may be regarded as our "pièce de résistance," while there is enough else spicy to keep the appetite on the edge, and the Personal Items may have sparkle enough in them to serve at least as Apollinaris water. Some may be hungry enough to take all, from the entrée to the dessert.

The advertisers in the Gleaner deserve careful consideration. Among them may be found those who have patronized all the eight numbers which we have issued. Without these advertisers the publication of this little magazine would be beyond the reach of our financial means. We feel confident that those who read and value the Gleaner, will take pains, as far as they reasonably can, to return the courtesies of our advertisers by giving them a competing chance in trade.

We are looking for the man in this corner of Connecticut, who doesn't toss his hat when he remembers that, in another year, Woodstock Academy will have lived and served a century. Read carefully the article in this issue on the "Academy Centennial of 1901," if you are such an one. We should no more weary of thinking and speaking of the spirit and wisdom of our ancestors, displayed here in 1801; than we

should cease to be exhilarated by the vigorous summer breezes which sweep over these hill tops. The Old Academy did not die! It has nearly rounded out its century. Or, then, with the Centennial of 1901!

The Rev. George Reynold Matthews and Stuart Holt were wide apart in years and work; but both made themselves extremely companionable among people here. The former had not been connected with Woodstock for several years, but his death, though in California, caused great sadness among us. The latter was closely bound up in the life of this community, and his death was a loss which will be long and keenly felt, because of what he was in character, and because of the intimate and delightful associations which he had made in Woodstock. More is written about each of them elsewhere in this issue.

Death has come into the circle of Academy friends at other points. Mr. Edwin H. Bugbee, of Putnam, was one of the contributors to the Academy Fund, and will always have a memorial here in the inscription which he caused to be placed on Pulpit Rock. He was deeply interested in the prosperity of Woodstock. Mr. Rufus T. Towne, whose sudden death recently shocked us, was formerly one of the Trustees of the Academy.

Treasurer's Report.

From August 1899 to August 1900.

Aug. 1	Balance on hand,	\$ 1 62
	Received from Gleaner,	23 10
	Received for advertising,	74 50
	Total receipts,	\$99 22
Aug. 1	Expenses for publishing Gleaner,	\$79 90
	Postage envelopes and postals,	7 80
	Total expenses,	\$87 70
	Balance in the treasury,	\$11 52
	MAY BLACKMAR, Treasurer.	

The Centennial of Woodstock Academy in 1901.

When an institution like Woodstock Academy has completed one hundred years of successful life, it is fitting that the event should be celebrated. The names of the men who founded the Academy as well as the history of its growth during the century, should be recalled in order to serve as an inspiration for work and for continued growth during the years to come. The cause of education was given immediate attention when the town was first settled two hundred and fourteen years ago, and all during the eighteenth century the question of schools was one of the most important in town-meeting discussions.

How shall the centennial of the founding of Woodstock Academy be celebrated in August of 1901 is a question about which I have been asked to write a few words for "The Gleaner." I would suggest the appointment at once of a small committee, with power to enlarge its numbers as the months went on, to attend to the preliminary work and to take entire charge of the celebration. To such a committee I would make the following suggestions:

1. Have a circular printed to send out in September or October, to all the graduates of Woodstock Academy in different parts of the country asking them to make their arrangements so that they may visit Woodstock as part of their vacation during August of another year to attend the celebration.

2. Ask three or four of the most prominent graduates of the Academy to speak on topics that may be assigned to them; for example, Hon. W. T. Harris, Commissioner of Education, one of the most distinguished graduates of the Academy, could make an address on some educational topic that would attract wide attention in the public press.

3. There may be other graduates no less distinguished who could be especially invited to speak.

4. Ask some graduate of the Academy who is a clergyman to preach a sermon in the Congregational church on the Sunday preceding the celebration.

5. If some graduate were asked to deliver an historical address it might be listened to with interest.

6. An elm tree might be planted to commemorate the event and to be known as the "Centennial Elm."

7. The committee of arrangements above referred to might appoint several sub-committees to carry out the plans agreed upon. One of the sub-committees, a sub-committee on entertainment for example, might arrange for a dinner to be given under the trees to all the graduates and other friends of the Academy who will be present, at the close of which five-minute addresses could be called for from those present whom we should all be delighted to hear.

The above are a few of the suggestions that occur to me as I write, and I hope they will draw out other suggestions from graduates of the academy, for I am sure all of us love the institution, and will be interested in seeing celebrated another summer the one hundredth anniversary of Woodstock Academy.

CLARENCE WINTHROP BOWEN.

The Principal's Survey of the Year.

The principal of the Academy is glad to take advantage of the Gleaner to submit a report of the year to the patrons and friends of the institution. Such a report makes a valuable record of history, and must appeal with interest to those to whom it is now addressed. Moreover, in the case of an old institution like ours, which so many times has kept upon its feet only by a determined struggle, we may be inclined to over-emphasize its success, when it has success, and fail to see its perils, or to strengthen it where it is weak. If we can rightly state our facts then, and wisely interpret them, we may hope to remedy this tendency towards over-confidence on the one hand, or thoughtless indifference on the other.

The fall term opened Thursday, September 7th. This was three days later than usual, as the Woodstock Fair continued through these first three days of the week. The work of the school, especially since it is just at its start, is

sadly cut into by this town Fair. Of course the Fair is too closely identified with the community to expect its young people to forego the pleasure of attendance upon it. If, however, any arrangement could be made, so that only one day of school work would be sacrificed to it, it would be a decided gain for Academy students. The attendance in the fall term averaged fifty six. There were sixty students enrolled. The average attendance for the winter term was fifty-three and the number enrolled fifty-eight. For the spring term there were fifty-two enrolled with an average attendance of forty-three.

The school has suffered greatly because of irregularity in attendance on the part of its students. High praise is due to a large number for their regular attendance from long distances, in trying weather, and with home obligations resting upon them. Great allowance must be made for the fact that most of the students of the Academy ride daily to and from the school. Yet this does not account for all delinquencies in this direction. Tardiness and absence in school life, as elsewhere, easily become habitual.

There are three evil results which follow such irregularities, as inevitably as effects follow their causes: first, a growing looseness in regard to business obligations; second, an actual loss of study and of instruction, which places a student in a backward and discouraged position; thirdly, the other members of the school, if they escape the contagious effects of the bad example, cannot but be materially hindered by the necessity of dragging on the delinquent.

The epidemic of measles attacked about twenty five of the Academy students during the spring term. This break into the work was keenly felt, but, of course, in no way can be unfavorably criticised: in fact, some of the victims of this treacherous disease, in their eagerness to return to their school life, were found in their places before they could do their work. It may, however, be well to state here strongly, that the idea of keeping a student out of school for a single day, or even half day, because the term or month

or week is soon to end, can find no justification in reason or in advantage to the student. No skill or patience of teachers, no methods of instruction, the newest and most scientific, can ever make up for the lack in the home of sympathetic support of the purposes and efforts of the school.

The instruction of the school has been unusually thorough and efficient, if this doesn't seem too much for one of the teachers to say. Three teachers have been employed for the entire time, so that the number of daily recitations has been increased by ten per cent at the least. All the teachers have been college graduates. More attention has been given to vocal music throughout the year than ever before. Typewriting received some attention, but as the work was made optional, the interest in it soon disappeared.

The study of physics received a new impulse, from the new apparatus; and, though the extent of laboratory work was not great, still there was enough to throw light upon the subjects and to increase the interest. Mathematics and English will always receive the greatest attention in such an academy as ours. History and the sciences will rank next. But the foreign languages have come in for a large share of attention, indicating that the courses of study offered by the Academy are taken advantage of by many, and showing, further, as it seems to us, that there is a tendency towards continuing intellectual work either in college or out, after the Academy work has been finished. Twenty studied the modern languages the past year, either French, or German. Thirty-seven studied Latin. Six studied Greek.

Deficiencies in scholarship have been sadly evident in many cases. We find the causes for this, in inability, poor equipment, partial attendance, and the failure of the home to be closely allied with the school. On the other hand, we have found in our ranks many students of high scholarly attainments. Such give not only courage to their instructors, but tone and inspiration to the entire school. How far an institution like ours can direct its efforts to uplift the former,

class without trespassing upon the rights and best interests of the latter, is one of the burning questions in the work of a country academy.

The graduating class numbered seven. Of these, three, at least, go on with advanced study in higher institutions. But those who remain in this community, to further the interests of its industries, and to become its excellent citizens, must ever be a source of pride to the Academy that has graduated them. The total number of graduates since 1888 is now sixty-one. Of these eleven have since been graduated from colleges; five others have taken a year or more in college; and seven are now in colleges, not including the three of the class of 1900 who intend entering in the fall. Twenty-seven of these sixty-one graduate alumni may be ranked as home residents in this north eastern corner of Connecticut. We should not, however, overlook the large number who have not completed any course, but have attended the Academy long enough to have been influenced by it, and who are honoring it by their lives here and elsewhere.

That Woodstock Academy may be an "artist and not an artisan," it must ever follow its vision, which is to strongly influence for good the community where it has been located. Here is its work; to give to the boys and girls of this community preparation for high service, breadth of outlook, and a keen appreciation of the value and advantages of rural life. With our history, mathematics, classics and literature, the sciences must be more extendly, and thoroughly taught. We must have a well equipped laboratory. This we feel confident will soon be ours. The days of the automobile may be at hand, but until they are, the Academy should have the means near at hand of stabling the horses that bring its students. The time may come when any one of this vicinity may enjoy the privileges of the Academy without expense, but whilst that good time is on its way, how can we open our courses of study to those worthy students, a few of whom are usually with us, whose parents either cannot or will not pay tuition bills?

The Academy has heard these three needs crying loudly for several years, and has been unable to meet them. For the alumni and other friends, here is subject for thought; here is opportunity for action.

E. R. HALL.

[Since the Principal's Survey went to press the Academy has received a gift of three hundred dollars from Chas. C. Tiffany of New York City, and a pledge of more from other quarters for the laboratory. The work will be begun at once and it is expected that everything will be ready for an extended, and thorough course in chemistry and physics to be begun with the fall term. Through these columns the alumni and friends of the Academy are glad, we are sure, to extend their thanks to Mr. Tiffany for his generous and timely gift, as well as to the other friends showing at this point their interest in the institution. EDITOR.]

Graduating Day Address.

BY JAMES GIBSON JOHNSON, D. D.

Artist or Artisan, Which?

Thackeray used to say that his characters were as interesting to him, and as full of surprises as to any of his readers. When he was planning a novel, and had chosen the little section of life which he was to represent, the people who were to move on his stage would walk up and take possession like lodgers taking apartments, and, once having entered and made themselves at home, they were not to be evicted until the end came. Col. Newcome or Henry Esmond, or Phillip, or Laura, or the immortal Becky Sharp, having secured possession, he no more dictated their history than his readers did. He was as interested in their development as any one and waited to see what they would do next. He laughed at their wit and their absurdities, he scorned their meannesses, he lamented their misfortunes, he rejoiced at their prosperity, he loved or despised or hated them, and he bade them good bye at the end of the volume, with a deeper emotion and a greater loneliness than was possible to a reader: for in the same way and with greater vividness they were real persons to him, and their characters and destinies were unrolled before him as in

actual life. In fact, he simply repeated for the instruction and delight of others that which he saw. By general consent this is called genius. But Anthony Trollope, who has written many books which nobody now reads, says genius is simply the power to sit a given number of hours at your table during which time a given number of lines will be written; and having bestowed sufficient care upon the formation of your style, they will maintain an even degree of excellence. Genius, he says, is the purpose and habit of work. These two definitions do not necessarily exclude each other, but they at once present to us two theories of action, two methods of life. The one who accepts the first theory is the artist. Accepting the other he is the artisan. One would paint the Transfiguration, the other the house in which it is hung. Now it is a theory of life of which I wish to speak, the artist's theory rather than the artisan's theory. The artist spends his energies in making visible to other eyes that which is revealed to his, and his skill is but the trained obedience of his deft fingers to this vision, which is ever before him. The artisan obeys the command of his superior, and labors through his task for the sake of the wages at the end.

Here are undoubtedly two modes of life. They exist whether we philosophize about the matter or not, and some are happily working out their visions while others are wearily working through their tasks. So far as actual deeds go, or indeed so far as physical effort is the measure, it would be difficult to distinguish between them. But the difference between them is just the difference between work and play. Work is energy put forth for the sake of results. Play is energy put forth for its own sake. The question that every one is permitted to answer for himself is: Shall my life be one of work at the command of some master, fate, or destiny, or necessity, whatever the name he bears, or shall it be putting into expression my own vision where I am my own master? The first is labor, drudgery, which finds its solace only in its results, the second

has its pay as it goes, in the sure satisfaction which in the nature of things attend such exercise of energy. The boy goes reluctantly on his errand, and counts the minutes and the steps, and comes back weary with his work; but he knows no weariness in the greater physical effort at his game of foot-ball. Now since to put forth energy is the object for which we are here, and is the condition upon which all things which are worth getting and keeping are gained, our question is, how shall we lift that exertion out of the realm of the drudgery which exhausts, into the realm of play which knows no weariness and is a perpetual joy. The answer is already given, namely by making our necessary exertion to consist in the working out of our vision. If I should go to the source to which I usually resort for my texts, I should name the incident when Moses was admonished in regard to his task of welding the mob of fugitive slaves which he led out of Egypt, into a nation with civil and religious institutions. "See that thou make all things according to the pattern showed to thee in the mount." Or I should recall the defense of the converted Pharisee who had gone over to the cause which he had previously tried to destroy and who accounted for his change by the statement, "Wherefore, O King Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision." But are there visions in these days? May we all become seers? Undoubtedly we may because we do. We all have visions, and on our visions depend our lives. It is for us to say what value they shall have and how truly we shall follow them. There are times when they come more readily than at others. The opening or closing of a year, or of any chapter in one's life is a time favorable for these revelations of a possible future. There is then no backward look, and faces are set toward the front, and turned from the things that are behind, your thoughts press forward before your impatient feet can go.

The matter-of-fact merchant has times of closing his doors and pausing in his work of buying and selling, to take what

he calls an account of stock. He perceives what goods are in quick demand and what are unsaleable. He learns the wants of his customers where he must increase and where he must lessen the amount, and how he should improve the quality of his purchases. Without such inventory he is in danger of filling his spaces with material that he cannot sell, and of losing profitable opportunities. He goes through with this laborious process not because he wishes to know anything more of the past. The books are closed, and he would gladly leave them closed, but he must have the light which only the past can throw upon the path that stretches dimly before him. The all important matter is the plan which he lays, its breadth, its wisdom, its practicability. His profits, his career, his standing among merchants, all depend on one thing, namely foresight—the sight he has of that which may be before him. He may have no foresight. He may not have the penetration to detect, nor the courage to reject, his vicious methods and so may end speedily his career where nine out of ten who begin a merchant's life find their goal, namely, in ruin, or he may learn just enough to avoid such disaster, but fail to perceive how the path may broaden out into prosperity and eminence. He may be quite content with his living profits and no expansion, or, like some of our merchant princes, he may boldly enter the ways that open before his observant eyes until he reaches the broad spaces where no boundaries of business or profession shut him in, but where the noblest powers of character, forged out of obstacle and difficulty, exert their widest effect upon mankind.

The plan we lay is not merely the sketch after which we work—it is a prophecy as to the quality and extent of our work. What was said long ago by one who spoke with authority has a wider application than we have sometime thought. "As thy faith is, so shall it be unto thee." Not only does the fact of our faith determine the fact of our attainment, but the quality of our faith determines the quality of our attainment. Education has no higher work to do for us than to quicken

and purify our imagination and to elevate our ideals. The education which does not do this for us is waste effort. If we have gained during our years of study only a little Latin, and less of Greek, and some mathematics, we would better have been learning a trade, or running a machine. The time comes when the only protection you have is, not your educators, but, your education; when nothing can prevent coarseness of life, but the refinement of your own nature, when nothing will prevent lowness and narrowness of attainment, but the loftiness and breadth of your own aim. The star to which you hitch your wagon should be a heavenly luminary, not some lower light whose range is limited by your present horizon.

We all know that growth is not continuous, at a steady pace, but that it is often marked by sudden leaps. Silent preparations have doubtless gone forward, unrecognized by us, working no visible changes, until some incident small or great, will awaken us to the realization that we are not the same that we were. We have sailed into new seas, and new constellations are over our heads. If you have ever experimented in chemistry, you have no doubt sometimes, after having mingled your elements, waited in surprise that the crystals did not form. Nothing was wanted but a shock that should violently stir the contents of your glass. Then the crystals at once appear. These changes in one's view of himself and of his future may come suddenly, though they have long been approaching and have long been inevitable, and that which chiefly marks them, to us at least to whom they come, is the new future into which we look. Somewhere, sometime this picture of our own future rises before us, perhaps often long and slow and painful preparation. It is painted surely however unconsciously by our selves. We are much indebted, no doubt to other sources for suggestions, and we mix our tints with borrowed colors, but the composition is all our own. Whatever vision of the future is spread before you today is the creation of your own choice. You cannot work out the vision

of another. The effect of past training is nowhere so surely and so fully shown as in this prophetic sketch of yours. From it your inspirations come. Incitements to action or to restraint are born of this source. Inexorable necessity may hold you to some present surroundings, duty may dictate much of your effort, but these do not chain your fancy, nor prevent the growth of desire and purpose which are prophetic of their own fulfilment, nor do they control the strengthening and the weakening of your faculties, nor the reaching out into the years to be to make real that figure of yourself which you have painted against the sky. Whatever our choice may be, we are unconsciously adjusting ourselves to it. Its imperious sway is a terrible thing. No desire is so unworthy that it may not drag the nature with all its noble powers down to its low level. The contemplation of it will increase the probability of its attainment, for with an irresistible logic, the needed purposes will silently form, outlying plans or feeble hopes for something better will dwindle and pine, and the character will sink, willingly at last, to the level of its ruling purpose. Not what one has done so much measures the man as what he intends to do. We know that there is such a thing as repentance and moral renovation by which one may escape in some degree the contamination of past evil. But in human or divine philosophy there is no escape from the deadly effects of intended wrong. It is of the nature of the shadow which coming events cast before them, a shadow deadly to all finer growths, in which many a life of unaccomplished sin perpetually abides.

It complicates the problem of life that one may drift into unintended choices in obedience to impulses that are hardly recognized while they are encouraged. The current in which one is caught may be very smooth, all the smoother because its direction pleases, and its companionships gratify one's pride. To glide with it is by far the easiest thing to do. To be gratified at as little cost as possible is natural with all the human family. It is the spirit that we all have to contend with, the spirit that would yield to the

current, go with the crowd, conform to things about us. It leads one to accept the standard that he finds, rather than an absolute standard, when in Rome to do as the Romans do. To get on, to achieve social successes, to secure an establishment in life, to conform with tradition, and orthodoxy, these may become the absorbing aspiration of the soul. No visions come to such a soul? There is no name that fits this spirit so well as worldliness, a word which I hesitate to use lest it may give me the tone of the preacher. The term is needed by others beside the preacher. It describes the spirit which is dreaded equally by all who try to make truths which are eternal find place in the attention and affections and thus have expression in deed and life. In their easy philosophizings, persons possessed by such spirit do not fail to realize the difference between the shadow and the substance, between the transient and the eternal, but their hearts are fixed on objects as fleeting as a sunset cloud. Such spirits cannot hope to attain the heights of any noble art or science. Orion and the Pleiades are not more distant. Noble art and science, like noble living are unworldly. Wordsworth says, "It is an awful truth that there neither is nor can be any genuine enjoyment of poetry among nineteen out of twenty of those persons who live or wish to live in the broad light of the world, among those who either are or are striving to make themselves people of consideration in society. This is a truth and an awful one because to be incapable of a feeling of poetry, in my sense of the word is to be without love of human nature and reverence for God."

Michael Angelo, who grasped the mysteries of war and science as well as of painting, and sculpture, and poetry, gave his own secret, and wrote in the interest of art, not of religion, when he said:

"Heaven-born, the soul a heavenward course must hold,

"Beyond the visible world she soars to seek
 "(For what delights the sense is false and weak)

"Ideal form, the universal mold.

"The wise man, I affirm, can find no rest

"In that which perishes, nor will he lend

"His heart to aught which doth on time depend."

The laws of society, which are well calculated to be aids to rational and profitable social enjoyment, may become to him who makes himself their slave ruthless tyrants, and the conventionalities, which might save thought as machinery saves labor, may come at last to stifle and destroy even the power of thinking. The love of nature, the love of art, the love of literature, the love of truth which increase their power to yield satisfaction by what they feed upon, are impossible in such a life.

I need, perhaps, by this time to restate my theme, which is, taking the drudgery out of life and giving it the zest of play by making it, not the performance of a task set for us, but the working out our visions. And I have tried in imitation of the famous recipe to show that you must first catch your vision. You must be a seer, must cultivate the powers of a seer, must habitually turn away from the things that deaden your powers as a seer. The way to develop a power is to use it. The commonest things may be done in the spirit of an artist. The maid may sweep a room or wash her dishes under the inspiring impulse that comes from power to see them as they will appear orderly and clean as the result of her work. Her work ceases to be simply physical exertion that wearies, but is effort which may be constantly and delightfully improved, by which the desired end is reached. The clerk is clearing his counters at night, and he may view his task either as so much work to be carried through, growing more weary as the end approaches, or he may see his restored packages and his orderly shelves cheering him with their nearer approach. So one clears his desk of his accumulated correspondence—he attends to his items of business—he discharges his small duties and trusts—he clears the deck to-day for action tomorrow. And he may always do this in two ways, he may see it to be successive exercises of tiresome effort which grow more tiresome as they advance, or he may see them as steps that bring him nearer the goal which

shall express his idea of thoroughness and order. And the artist, however great his skill, who uses his gift to pander to what he knows is a low taste, no matter how it may prevail, who paints what he knows is a bad picture for the easily caught approval of the crowd, or for the money of the vulgar, comes down from his royal height not only, but he even endangers his right to royalty. He is dimming the eyes which alone can see the saving vision. He is only the artisan working for wages while the housemaid may be the truer artist. And the teacher who merges his love of truth in the purpose to maintain traditions and sustain orthodoxy, no longer speaks with authority but only as the scribes. The illuminating quality in every realm of life, is this ideality or faith. In one of the sweetest creations of the genius of Mrs. Burnett, little Sarah Crew is everywhere finding instruction how to meet the injustice and meanness of others by acting out her idea of a princess—doing and speaking as her ideal princess would do and speak, whose nobility of nature was beyond the pettiness which surrounded her, and who could not be dragged down to the unworthiness of resentment. Working out one's own idea is, by the very constitution of human nature, a peculiar joy. It is of the same class of efforts with the skipping of the lambs around their sedate and serious dams in the pasture. The boy soon varies his mere running and laughing by making his own playthings, and the little girl is cutting her paper dolls and their clothes, wherein they find much greater satisfaction than in the most perfect toys which come ready made into their hands. Years later it is the same satisfaction that Watt finds in working out the idea of the steam-engine that he has caught as he sits before the fire watching the lifting of the cover of his mother's kettle in which the water is boiling for her frugal cup of tea; or that Morse enjoys in bringing his idea of the electric telegraph into usable form. What shall we call it but the joy of self-expression, putting the creation of one's own mind into visible form for any purpose, to please one's

self or others, to instruct and aid and benefit our fellowmen. It must constitute a large part of the inspiration and encouragement of the reformer and philanthropist. The real reformer in art or science or morals must be a prophet—a seer—and work in the light of a future which is visible to his eyes all the time it is sneered and scoffed at as impossible by the practical people. If he cannot draw his inspiration from the things which lie beyond the horizon of most persons his work is a weary waste of energy. Oppositions that must be met on their own level and with their own weapon will be too many and great. To be irresistible one must be for the time at least not merely using and applying some truth but in a sense the incarnation of it. There is a vital difference between possessing a purpose and being possessed by a purpose. It is the difference which distinguishes a ship from a steamer. The ship that has a favorable wind may glide with grace and speed along its course. But it is quite at the mercy of that power which it has caught and used for a time, but which is beyond its control, and no one can predict when its voyage may be ended. But how almost sublime is the act of faith which sends those majestic steamers with their precious freight out from their port into the pathless ocean, conscious and confident of their power to contend with current and winds, assuring you of the hour when and the point where you can see rising above the waves the welcome headlands of your destined shore. The steamer is possessed by a power which is independent of external forces and can conquer them. What Socrates called his demon was the spirit of truth to which he yielded himself in willing subjection. Is not genius the incarnation of some phase of truth, and the consecration of life to its realization in appropriate form, as He, who was the world's greatest Genius, was the incarnation of the truth in its completeness whose life was spent in its expression? The most perfect life, perfect in its beauty, its usefulness, its satisfaction, must be that which most perfectly em-

bodies and expresses the truth, shrinking from no labor or sacrifice which it demands. It is setting loose the angel imprisoned in the block of marble, putting on the canvass for the delight of others the vision which is revealed to the soul. We may thus all become artists. Here is a life that is directed from within and not from without, a life consecrated to the purpose to work out in speech and deed a reality which may be more beautiful and must be more enduring than poem or symphony, than canvass or marble. But upon our vision depends our life. Our castles in Spain, though built of such airy stuff may be the ruin of us. Or we may reverently watch and listen for the visions and voices from above these levels, in obedience to which our simplest acts may take a meaning and attain an end that we have no power so much as to imagine. The least aspiring may build far better than he knows.

Of Florence Nightingale, that noble type of good heroic womanhood Longfellow sings:

"Where'er a noble deed is wrought,
 "When'er is spoken a noble thought
 "Our hearts in glad surprise
 "To higher levels rise;
 "The tidal wave of deeper souls
 "Into our inmost being rolls
 "And lifts us unawares
 "Out of all meaner cares."

It is not too much to hope that to some slight degree we may thus pay the vast debt which we owe to humanity for its inspirations and teachings, for the rare and radiant blessings that its sacrifices and heroisms have wrought for us. At least in the purpose thus to spend our lives lies our only hope of rescue from impending pettiness or our only hope of the attainment of possible nobility.

Members of the graduating class: It may not be to conspicuous service that you are to be called, but no power outside yourselves can prevent you from finding a noble and heroic life, if regardless of prominence or obscurity, of satisfactions or sacrifice, you labor on to work out of the material that life affords, the revelation which your listening soul re-

ceives. Wealth, social position, luxury, poverty, disappointment, delay, are but fragments of the things present or things to come, which have no power to separate such a soul from its high destiny. They, with the tears and fears and never absent tribulations, are among the colors that are to be mingled and laid on the canvass by your tireless hand before your vision can be reproduced for the instruction and joy of the world. It is to the hope of such beneficent service that life's highest philosophy calls us all. It is a hope which lifts us above conscious weakness and unworthiness and cheers us with the vision of perfected nature's life by and bye. It glorifies the simple duty which it is the lot of most of us to render in humble and inconspicuous fields. It keeps full in mind the truth that has cheered martyrs and crusaders and the heroes and heroines of every age and in every field, that the highest attainment of human service is the divine recognition of it as good and faithful.

Public Exercises of '99-'00.

The public exercises of the Academy for 1900 were favored with all that could be desired in the matter of fair skies and fine weather, and considering the many who must come from a distance to attend, this is not an unimportant factor in contributing to the pleasure of these occasions.

The program of the Public Rhetoricals, printed elsewhere in the Gleaner, gives an idea of the pleasing variety offered in the recitations which are selected with great care and after much sifting of material. In every instance these were well given and gave evidence of careful training.

As for several years past, the instrumental music was furnished by the Leavitt family, whose orchestral selections so artistically rendered are always a source of genuine pleasure. The vocal music, under the direction of Miss Brooks, was given as usual by a chorus selected from the school, and was an attractive feature.

In spite of the extreme length of the program—which cannot be easily made shorter—the exercises were interesting throughout, and expressions of pleasure and satisfaction were heard on every side, at the close of the evening.

Academy Sunday was observed on June tenth. The church was appropriately decorated with flowers and ferns, and at the appointed hour the students entered, marching to the music of an inspiring chorus sung by a selected choir.

The sermon, by Rev. C. A. Jaquith of East Woodstock, was an unusually strong one, clear and forceful in thought and style, and showing throughout the spirit which finds in Christianity the highest ideals for life today.

A second selection was given by the choir, and at the close of the service Mr. Henry Morse sang Mozart's ever beautiful "Who Treads the Path of Duty."

However enjoyable other public occasions of the Academy may be, there is none which seems to possess quite the sweet solemnity of graduation day. We rejoice in the courage, hope and bright promise so evident in the young faces before us, and our hearts beat a bit faster at sight of the graduates as they rise and take their places on the platform hallowed by many memories of past years.

The address this year by Dr. James Gibson Johnson, late of the New England Church, Chicago, was especially impressive and held the closest attention of the large audience.

The diplomas were presented in a most happy manner by Rev. A. G. Hibbard of Woodstock.

During the program several selections were given by the Leavitt orchestra.

At the close of the exercises the class ivy was planted at the west side of the Academy, the ivy poem given, school songs sung and the many friends of the graduates gave them the last hand-clasps and expressions of good wishes. This social half hour on the lawn closed in a pleasant way a delightful afternoon.

The usual reception given by the graduating class in the evening was attended by a large number and was a very enjoyable affair.

AGNES CHILDE.

From an Alumnus in Mexico.

CINDAD PORFIRIO DIAZ, MEXICO,

June 25, 1900.

Dear Mr. Hall:—It scarcely seems pos-

sible that I have been here a year, but I cannot dispute the calendar.

Well, Mexico is a nice country, to live in, in some ways. There are a whole lot of things which one raised in the north is averse to, but as long as one remains in the country I do not believe in disparaging it too much.

The climate here is excellent, especially in winter. The ground never froze once last winter and from the fact that it scarcely ever gets cold enough to kill the grass or leaves on hardier trees, I can hardly realize I have spent a winter here. The summer is very warm in this part of the country on the Rio Grande, the thermometer registering from 95 to 100 in the shade, almost every day.

The largest business houses are closed for an hour and a half in the middle of the day. Scarcely anything is done from twelve till half past two every day in summer. All the Mexicans sleep for an hour or two after dinner. Of course that doesn't fall to our lot.

American customs are being introduced however, in the larger places like Monterey and Durango. Monterey is quite Americanized. Mexicans are not progressive as a rule, and it is my opinion, Mexico will eventually become a part of the United States. A large proportion of the capital invested here is foreign and a large number of Americans come down here every year to superintend and to do skilled labor. The Mexicans are not very trustworthy and consequently cannot with safety be employed in responsible positions. The lower class of Mexicans are fairly good for common labor if they have a boss to keep them at work. They certainly earn their 75c per day, meaning about 35c American money, which is the price paid for common labor on the railroad. In fact, it would be folly to give them more, for they would lay off half the time.

If a peon has a few tortillas, (a kind of corn cake) and a dish of frijoles, (Mexican beans) he has reached the height of his ambition. Everything he receives besides, goes for mescal, a native drink, mostly alcohol, one drink of which if imbibed by an American occasions the bartender to request that he leave immedi-

ately as no trouble is wanted in the saloon.

There are free band concerts on the plaza in all the cities at least once a week and usually two or even three times a week. Mexicans are quite good musicians and make a very creditable, showing considering their instruments which are not of the best quality by any means.

The school system is in a very poor state of development except in the large cities and there only the higher class of people send their children. Consequently all the young people have to think of is music, love and bull fights; and they are great enthusiasts in all these directions.

I have attended one bull fight since I have been here which was called a good one. I saw four bulls and seven horses killed and I have been regretting ever since that I didn't see all the bullfighters killed. All my sympathy was for the animals and I rooted for the losers.

Many curious customs prevail which, when viewed for the first time by an American, surprise and amaze him. For instance, when two Mexican men greet each other they do not shake hands but embrace and pat each other on the back. In case of two women they kiss each other first on one cheek then on the other. If you wish to stop a street car or call a waiter you clap your hands.

The men of the common class wear hats with wide brims and cone shaped crowns about a foot high, and sandals fastened by leather strings running up between their toes and around their ankles. Their wives have no head or foot gear of any kind.

Of course this applies only to the lower class, for the aristocracy delight in finery and the men often wear hats costing from fifty to one hundred dollars, trimmed with gold and silver threads.

Not wishing to monopolize any more valuable space and hoping for a prosperous existence for W. A.

I remain yours truly,
C. E. WEAVER.

The Library.

This is a valuable auxiliary to the Academy. It is receiving new interest from

the friends of the institution and is constantly becoming more valuable, not only as supplying reading matter to pupils and teachers, but also as furnishing helps to instruction. The departments of General Literature and History have been supplied to that extent that few points come up requiring further facts or illustration, than are found in the ordinary text-books, that are not furnished by this collection. The best of modern fiction is being constantly added, due regard being paid to the wishes of both adult and youthful readers. The books especially relating to the fine and useful arts and to sociology are slowly added as needed.

The use of the books is free to pupils and teachers during the academic year. At the present time we have 2900 different works and considerably more than 3000 volumes catalogued.

Some idea of the extent to which the library is used may be formed by the following statistics for the past school year: The number of Academy students drawing books was 44. Number of books drawn out by them 580. Of these 525 were fiction, 38 were general works, 15 were histories, 1 was science, and 1 sociology.

The teachers have drawn from the library 80 volumes of reference. The above does not include the daily use of the library by teachers and students made without drawing out books.

There has also been taken out weekly by subscribers other than students an average of about 20 volumes.

It is our pleasure to acknowledge the obligations of the library to Mrs. Henry C. Bowen, Mr. Edward A. Bowen, Mrs. George Holt, Miss Jessie McClellan, Mrs. J. Addison Porter, who have been generous in their gifts of books, and also to Mr. and Mrs. Clarence W. Bowen who have given liberally of books and money.

Rev. A. G. HIBBARD

Chairman of Library Committee.

From an Alumna in Florida.

Several times the Gleaner has found its way to Florida and was most welcome, bringing to mind, as it does, the friends, and days of school life. As I write this letter, Eden seems very far away from

the beautiful town on the hills of old Connecticut; but around me I have a number of Woodstock views, the school, the campus, the lake, and bits of scenery, which recall pleasant days at Woodstock Academy.

But I am to tell you something about Florida, this land of surprises and interesting things, not all sunshine and flowers, as the railway guide book would have one believe; but also plenty of rain, sand and other necessary components. The crowd of winter visitors who come to the South each year, and return in early spring, do not know how beautiful are the days in June on Florida's eastern coast. All winter the palmetto, coconut, date and other palms are green, but there are many northern trees that put on their foliage in the spring. At this season the native birds are nesting and singing, and the flowers come in greater profusion. Day after day the trade winds blow from off the Atlantic, and frequent showers keep the air beautifully clear and cool.

Eden is situated in what is called the Pine apple belt, a narrow ridge of less than a hundred miles, bordered on one side by the Indian River and on the other by a Savanna, which is partly a lake, covered with floating islands, with here and there deep pools where water-lilies grow and the wary alligator makes his home. Beyond the Savanna extends the great pine forest or float woods, as it is called, where are herded immense droves of cattle and wild pigs. The cattle king of Florida is said to have on the plains a million head, which are exported to Cuba in large numbers. In the midst of this wilderness, the last remnant of the tribe of Seminoles live undisturbed. They are often seen in the towns where they come to trade.

As I have said, the pine-apple district borders the Indian River, which at this point is more properly a sound, connected with the ocean by inlets and separated from it by a long narrow island. Hundreds of acres of pine-apples are under cultivation, and the fruit from this section is well known for its excellence.

The young pines, or slips, are set in

rows and when first planted look like a field of small century plants. In two years they bear fruit, blossoming in January which brings the crop in June. at this season many car-loads of fruit are being shipped each day, the crop being estimated at five hundred thousand crates from this section alone.

The work on the plantations is largely done by negroes; and, as a rule, the colored people of Florida are industrious, honest and peaceable. They have schools and churches, and often the older ones educate themselves.

The other day I saw an old darky reading what appeared to be a dictionary. I asked him if it was interesting, to which he replied: "O, yes, marm! dis am a very fine two dollar under bridged dictionary from de time of De Noah down."

Each year the orange groves of this section are being extended. Fish and vegetables are also valuable sources of income.

The northern people who have settled this community are much attached to their southern homes, and although the majority go north each year, the first real touch of winter sends them southward, where amid her—

"Countless lakes and winding rivers
Almost lost in depths of green,
Fairest flowers entwine to crown her,
Florida, the Southern Queen"

June 30, 1900. MABELLE L. MERWIN.

The Senior Honor Essay.

THE SUPREMACY OF THE ANGLO SAXON RACE.

There is a dream which is not all a dream, a dream which has inspired the poet, emboldened the prophet, strengthened the statesman, and encouraged even the laboring man. The ideal of this dream is a golden age in which there shall be equality of rights, and religious freedom, when the ills and cares of life shall be subordinated to its joys and pleasures, and the whole world shall form one vast empire, ruled by a wise and kindly power, "Whose officers shall be peace, and her exactors righteousness"

History tells us of many vast empires

whose extent and magnificence have attracted universal admiration. Once Persia with her unalterable laws ruled the world; once Greece controlled the nations by her literature and her art; once Rome sat, mistress of the world, on her seven hills, and yet the dream had not been realized. Shall it ever find its realization, and shall this golden age ever dawn upon the world? No certain answer can be given. But this we know: there is but one race that is advancing with the pace requisite to reach such a goal, and that race is the Anglo-Saxon race. It has established itself on every continent; it has carried its commerce into all waters; and is giving to all nations its language and institutions. Races like individuals follow the law of the survival of the fittest. No race possesses the elements of strength and endurance in a higher degree than does the Anglo-Saxon. Macaulay says: "No other society has yet, succeeded in uniting revolution with prescription, progress with stability, the energy of youth with the majesty of immemorial antiquity."

This race also possesses the peculiar genius which enables it to take the best qualities of other races and engraft them into its own stock, in such a manner that each engrafting ennobles and strengthens it. From its mingling with other Celtic nations there has sprung a line bred Celtic race, which embodies the independence of the Saxon, the daring spirit of the Angle, the stern justice of the Dane, and the fire and vigor of the Norman.

Freedom, which is the most valued possession of mankind, is the foundation of all Anglo-Saxon government.

The freedom of the French is unstable, and liable to go to pieces at any moment; the Germans have lost their early political freedom, and now feel safe only under an autocrat; the Russians have never known what it is to be free; but the freedom of the Anglo-Saxons is of sterling worth and has been held unbroken for more than two thousand years. Actuated by an unswerving reliance upon this principle, they have established and maintained the most liberal forms of

government. The strength and character of an individual depend largely upon the organization of which he is a member.

A powerful nation produces powerful men. It is no less true, that a nation is strong in proportion to the strength of the unit which is a part of it.

The Anglo-Saxon race, depending upon the loyalty of its noble freemen, has subdued most powerful peoples, has entered upon the most hazardous enterprises, has made most important discoveries in science, has produced master-pieces of literature, and has blessed the world with the sublimest ideals of the Christian faith. But these great deeds have cost the blood of many martyrs; and war, cruel and relentless, has taken the first step toward making our race what it is today. The first real struggle of our race for supremacy took place three hundred years ago, when it dared to match its strength with Spain, and by a complete victory established its supremacy on the sea, and gave a death-blow to the progress of Romanism in England. Then came a collision with Holland, which nation was threatening its commerce, and it came out of this struggle with its commercial power enlarged and strengthened. For more than a century there was fierce rivalry between England and France, but England triumphed over her rival, also gained much territory, and seemed about to become a world power.

Now strife comes within the race itself, a strife for the preservation of that same individual freedom for which every Anglo-Saxon is willing to give his life.

Such bitter-memories remained in both branches of the race after this conflict that all hope of race domination seemed to be destroyed. Although the leaders in the mother country denied independence to the American colonies, the mass of the people, in whom lay the strength of the race, still remained true to the principle of freedom, and the race from that time has made rapid progress toward supremacy. The older branch planted itself in new countries, subduing the wilds of Australia, taking possession of the riches of India, and becoming the greatest

owner on the continent of Africa; while the younger branch was left master of its own grand country, which, with its recently acquired possessions, furnishes ample territory for its mighty people. The two branches, each rejoicing in the success of the other, now possess one fourth the area, one third the population, and more than a third of the resources and the wealth of the globe, "a dominion which furnishes all the commercial conditions of the world, and which might surround itself with a Chinese wall of seclusion against all the rest of mankind and not forego a single article of necessity or of luxury or the profitableness of a single exchange."

It has been said that in the hero-worship of the age the inventor should stand before the great general or the famous author. Most surely the inventor is mankind's great benefactor. In the ranks of inventive genius the Anglo-Saxons are a century in advance of other races. To them we owe the steam-engine, the steam-boat, the telegraph, and the various appliances of electricity, the majority of labor saving inventions, which relieve countless numbers of men from the most menial toil and add millions of dollars annually to the world's wealth.

Watt, Whitney, Fulton, Morse, Edison, is not their fame world-wide? Will they not live as long as the fruit of their industry shall continue to bless humanity? Beside the advantages of these inventions in the saving of labor and the producing of capital, it is to be noted that they show a high degree of intelligence and mental ability in the mass of the people. They indicate that Anglo-Saxons have great power of observation and ability to make a practical use of knowledge; that they train the forces of nature, and make them subservient to the needs of man.

In language and literature our race holds a commanding position. Our language is spoken by more than one hundred and twenty-five million people, occupying such parts of the world's territory that their speech seems destined to become the universal medium of communication throughout the globe. Like the race itself our language has drawn

largely from other languages. In variety and energy, in strength and beauty, in grandeur and simplicity, it is inferior to none. The vigorous intellects of the race have embodied in this language their loftiest thought, and a literature has been produced which ranks high in the world of letters. Chaucer gave us to drink of the "well of English undefiled;" the world has known but one Shakspeare: the philosophy of Bacon excels in force and clearness; the epic of Milton compares favorably with those of Homer and of Dante; the sweet singing of Spenser was the ornament of the Elizabethian age. The writers of the older country have found worthy successors in this land of ours. Longfellow, Emerson, Lowell and Holmes are names "immortal, that were not born to die."

Among the choicest productions of English literature is Tyndale's translation of the Bible, the free distribution of which wrought the Reformation. This gave the race a new moral and religious impulse. Since that time it has held true to the principles then inculcated and upon them has based its laws. It is pre-eminently a Christian race, and among nations stands for trust in God and justice between man and man. By its extensive missionary efforts it has spread the gospel of Christ throughout the world. The recent agitation in England concerning the sanctity of the Sabbath, shows how into its very fibre is woven reverence for sacred things.

With all the glorious past behind it, the English speaking race has never been better or stronger than at the present hour, and, with assurance, we may predict for it a glorious future. The final issue must be that the imperialism of the world will lie with it. English rule, English speech, and English ideas will be the leading features of the political, social, and intellectual life of mankind. Every Anglo-Saxon should hold the leadership of his race essential to the welfare of the world. Is this leadership in any way threatened? Gladstone says, "that aside from ourselves, Russia alone has any future."

Can it be conceived that the Slav will

ever triumph over the Anglo-Saxon? The only danger lies within the race itself. If the principles of the race remain unyielding, if the spirit of the race is not broken, and if we may trust our sons to follow our fathers in their trust in God, in their devotion to righteousness, freedom, and justice, then we stand only upon the border of our glorious empire.

"—Oh, ye who in eternal youth
Speak with a living and creative flood
The universal English, and do stand
Its breathing book,—live worthy of that grand
Heroic utterance!—parted, yet a whole,
Far, yet unsevered,—children brave and free
Of the great mother-tongue: and ye shall be
Lords of an empire wide as Shakspeare's soul,
Sublime as Milton's immemorial theme,
And rich as Chaucer's speech and fair as
Spenser's dream!"

BERTRAN C. BUGBEE.

The Rev. George Reynolds Matthews.

He was not a trustee, teacher or student of Woodstock Academy, nor was he a resident of Woodstock, except during the parts of the years of '91 and '92. But while Mr. Matthews was here, his social connection with the students of the Academy, as with his other friends in the community, was intimate and affectionate. His high and broad scholarship, his keen appreciation of all that made for refinement and culture, made him an ally to every educational force. He often expressed himself as detecting in the character of the community the long years of influence for good which the old Academy had exerted. In this influence he rejoiced no less than in the influence of the old church. With him religion and education were not handmaids, but education was religion, and religion was education. Such seemed his respect for honest, clear and vigorous thinking, that his intellectual life seemed a part of his simple Christian faith.

We cannot think of Mr. Matthews without finding, prominent in our thought, his genuine fondness for out-of-door activities. We see him galloping a-horse-back about our streets and along our country roads or umpiring a game of ball, or playing a vigorous and skillful game of tennis, or, after

a winter's snow-storm, we waded with him through the drifts over these hills to enjoy the beautiful and fantastic winter scenery. This happy combination of genuine fondness for out-of-door life, of broad scholarship and of true religious sense, made it impossible for him to live among us, even though for a short time, without leaving an abiding impression for good upon those with whom he came in contact.

Mr. Matthews was born in the West, and received his B. A. at Adelbert College, Western Reserve University, Ohio. He was graduated at Yale Theological Seminary, studied Philosophy and Political Economy abroad at Leipsic, Zurich and Berlin; and returning to this country, entered some of the courses at Harvard, but soon was compelled to give up on account of poor health. He had no intention of remaining in the ministry, and accordingly soon left us, and took a professorship in the University of Utah. This was his last place of work, and from here he withdrew to California, husbanding the last days of his life, with hopes of at least a partial recovery of health.

It is a pleasant task for us to give him this little memorial in these columns. It is, besides, a most fitting thing to do. We who knew him will always be glad to think these thoughts about him; and they who come after, who may some day read these words, will surely be glad to know that such a genuine man has ever been our friend.

E. R. HALL.

A Graduate's Week in Egypt.

As I look back over my winter abroad, I can recall no week with such pleasure as the one I spent in Egypt. That little glimpse of Eastern life has a wonderful charm for me, and I hope my description of it will portray in a small degree at least a few of the wonders of that ancient Empire.

Our party of three left Athens one day early in March, and sailing from the Peiræus in a small Italian steamer, arrived at Alexandria after a rough trip of two days. I was up on deck early Saturday morning watching the African coast

grow more and more distinct, and the palm trees rising up from the great sandy shore. Soon the city of Alexandria became visible, and as we slowly sailed into the harbor, I scanned the crowds of Arabs and Egyptians with eager interest.

The railroad journey from Alexandria to Cairo was extremely picturesque, and the scenery strikingly eastern of course. This oriental aspect was prevalent all through Cairo, and we spent one week there with the keenest pleasure.

We enjoyed intensely our mornings spent out at the bazaars where the Arabs, Egyptians and native priests thronged the narrow streets. Our guide took us through the principal mosques of Cairo, and we spent one afternoon visiting the tombs of the ancient caliphs.

But the most perfect day of all was spent out at the pyramids, and I will describe that fully, hoping to give some idea of how intensely impressive everything was to me.

We left the hotel at about eleven o'clock for the pyramids. It was a ten mile drive there and the road goes absolutely straight towards them. At first they were only dim outlines and the familiar shape was all I could see. But upon a nearer view their enormous size and jagged surface became discernible. The edge of the desert soon appeared also and grew larger as we approached. I had always imagined it was something like a beach, all level sand, but in this I was mistaken; the desert is all great rolling hills and valleys of sand, making the sight even more awe-inspiring.

There is a little hotel near the pyramids where we stopped for luncheon. But even that modern convenience and the sight of the trolleys going back and forth, could not detract from the grandeur of the pyramids. Right after luncheon we started for them. I wanted to ride a camel out to them for the novelty of it. The great creature almost threw me headlong when he got up, but I enjoyed it intensely and loved the swinging motion when he started.

I could not believe that I was looking at that mammoth structure which has stood for over six thousand years. I had

no idea that the great pyramid could be so colossal. And when I think what a quantity of stone was taken off of it to make the citadel of Cairo many years ago, it is hard to realize how much larger it must have originally been. I always supposed that the pyramids had smooth sides, but age has worn away all the outside coating of stucco, and now they are all jagged with projecting stones and time has colored the granite into almost burnished gold. Their size was so immense that my mind could not entirely grasp such massive wonders.

Pretty soon we went on to see the Sphinx which I believe is the most wonderful thing I have ever seen. It lies between two hills of sand, to the left of the pyramids facing the east, and I never thought it could possibly be so monstrous. To stand in front of that gigantic figure rising up from the desert, and realize that it is so old and wrapped in the mysteries of the past that it is not even known when or by whom it was built, made me almost feel like falling down and worshipping it. His magnificent head so colossal in size, which was hewn out of the living rock, is wonderful in its intensity. A long time we sat there before the noble grandeur of the Sphinx; I do not know how long, but my mind was full and I could scarcely grasp the awfulness of the passage of time to such a degree. Finally we turned away, only because we wished to climb the great pyramid, and we were forced to hasten as the afternoon was half gone. Before going however, we explored the temple of the Sphinx, now merely enormous blocks of granite and hidden tombs.

I had three Arabs to help me climb the side of the great pyramid, for some of the steps were four feet high; but I let them do their full share of the work and I was not so very tired. When we got a little over three quarters of the way up we sat down to rest, and I looked out upon that matchless view which will be fresh in my memory always. The long green plains far below bordering the gleaming Nile on either side; the groups of Arabs and camels at work; Cairo, a collection of spires and minarets glittering in the sun;

and the mighty mountainous waste of sand stretching away for miles. I could not speak for the wonder of it.

It was hard for me to leave, but knowing we were coming out once more I at last turned away. We could see the distant pyramids of Sakkarah some miles across the desert, as we drove back, one of which is the oldest monument in the world, having been built two thousand years before Abraham was born. We were sorry that our stay in Egypt was too short for us to go there.

I could have spent weeks instead of one morning just in the museum, but our day of departure came all too soon for lingering over those wonderful antiquities.

Having spent our last evening with the pyramids, viewing their majestic beauty by the moonlight, we sailed for Greece on the morning of March 17, with a lifelong memory in our hearts.

CONSTANCE HOLT.

Woodstock Academy, Class of '97.

Personals from the Older Alumni.

Mr. J. Henry White, principal of Woodstock Academy in 1874, is superintendent of schools and principal in the High School in Maynard, Mass.

Mr. H. P. Topliff, who taught at the Academy in '77, has been teaching in the town where he resides, South Coventry, Conn. His son, Frederick, is paymaster at the mill in Wauregan, Conn. He was married in October.

Rev. Herbert Armes is pastor of a Congregational Church in Carlisle, Mass.

Miss Alice Hosmer has just closed a successful year of teaching in the Sudbury Graded School.

Mr. W. O. Armes still lives in Lexington, Mass., with wife and four children. He continues in the Portable Oven Business and is connected with the wool business in New Bedford.

Mr. George L. Fitts is agent of the Grand Union Tea Co., in Providence, R. I.

Mr. Alfred Briggs is proprietor of the meat business in Pomfret, Conn.

Mr. Washington Hoppin is employed

in the Gold Wire Manufactory in Providence, R. I.

Eliza Dean has passed her examinations for entrance to Smith College.

Harold W. Cox has been a student at Storrs Agricultural College the past year.

Kathleen Leavitt has been working with success upon her music, both vocal and instrumental. She has been singing in a choir at Southbridge during the winter.

Robert Grosvenor graduated at Cushing Academy in June. He had the honor of being chosen president of his class.

All Alumni who are not spoken of here are supposed to be found at their former homes or business.

Mr. Henry Mathewson, is United States Surgeon, and is stationed at Liverpool, England.

Mr. Benjamin Warner, with his wife and two sons, is living in Salisbury, Maryland. Col. and Mrs. Alexander Warner reside in the same place.

Miss Abbie Bartholomew has been teacher of the South Woodstock school during the spring.

Mr. Edward H. Parkhurst is secretary and treasurer of the E. B. Sheldon Co., Electrotypers, Engravers and Printers. Their office is in New Haven, Conn.

Dr. E. E. Gaylord, so long a trustee of the Academy and so deeply interested in all good for Woodstock, we are pained to hear is in extremely poor health. THE GLEANER sends its kindest wishes to him and his in Pasadena, Cal.

Dr. C. A. Newhall has his dental office at 207 East 34th street, New York City.

Mr. Geo. E. Moore, formerly of East Woodstock, is a Police Officer in Worcester, Mass.

Mr. Frank Blackmar and family have returned to Putnam, where he has resumed his business as builder.

Mr. Robert Mathewson is engaged in farming in Pomfret, Conn.

Miss Harriet Stanley is librarian in Brookline, Mass.

Mrs. James W. Pierce (nee Mary Longden) lives in Washington, Kansas. She has four children.

Mr. Chas. Tucker continues in the wagon business in Pascoag, R. I.

Mr. John A. Paine of Danielson, has been elected a director of the Intercolonial Copper Company with mines in Dorchester, N. B.

Mr. Henry Britton is in Paris with the exhibit of the American Steel and Wire Company. He intends to visit Germany and other places before his return to San Francisco, Cal., where he is to be general superintendent of the plant in that place.

Mrs. Lizzie Surpluss Christie lives in Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. Ebenezer Bishop has sold his house and farm in North Woodstock to parties from Boston.

Mrs. Peter Maher (nee Lillie Stevens), with husband and little girl, is living in Dorchester.

Mr. Asa L. May, officer of the House of Correction in R. I., has been promoted to Deputy Superintendent of the State Alms House. Mr. May has been connected with the State institution for the past fifteen years and the Providence Journal, says of him he has been a careful and painstaking officer, worthy of the position to which he has been appointed. He is a son of the late Harris May of East Woodstock.

Mrs. Dillingham (nee Abbie Skinner) has been in Vineyard Haven the year past.

Mr. Thomas A. Lake, collector of Internal Revenue, for the district of Connecticut and Rhode Island, resigned to engage in private business.

Mr. Arthur Cogshall is employed in a market on Broad Street, Providence, R. I.

Miss Nellie McCoy is a teacher in New Bedford, Mass.

Mrs. Mary Barney Evans lives on Oakland Street, Springfield, Mass.

Mr. Henry H. Davenport is proprietor of a livery and feed stable in Pomfret, Conn. He has two sons attending the Academy.

Louis H. Lindeman, Jr., has bought a farm in the vicinity of Southbridge, Mass.

We are glad to welcome Mrs. Polly

Bowen back to her home in Woodstock, after an absence of two years. She expects to have with her during the summer, her daughter, Mrs. Annette Lord and little Marjorie, from Hanover, N. H. Miss Sarah Bowen, assistant superintendent at the Boston City Hospital, and Charles Bowen, wife and two daughters from New Bedford, Mass.

Mrs. Nellie Webber Bishop is living with her son who is preaching in Stafford Springs, Conn.

Mrs. Emily Clemens Merriam, assistant teacher in Woodstock Academy in '72 lives in Putnam, where her son is employed in the First National Bank.

Dr. Albert Paine and son John, sailed on the Oceanic for the Paris Exposition.

Mary Low has disposed of her millinery business in Putnam, is at present visiting her sister in New Hampshire.

Arthur D. Chandler is publisher of the North American Review and three of Harper's publications.

Miss Annie M. Brooks resigned her position as assistant teacher in the Academy, in June. Her successful service for two years has made many warm friends for her in Woodstock.

Mrs. Gertrude Way Burritt and family moved from Rockville, Conn., to Palmer, Mass., March 1st. Mr. Burritt is General Manager of the Palmer and Munson Street Railway Co. and the Central Massachusetts Electric Co., of Palmer.

Nathaniel Williams of Brooklyn, Conn. has been appointed a member of the State Board of Agriculture.

Solomon Drowne has been for ten years bookkeeper for Samuel Williams, wholesale dealer in woolen goods, Boston, Mass.

Capt. Wm. Flynn of the 8th. U. S. Cavalry, Porto Principe, Cuba, has been granted a furlough and will revisit Woodstock after seven years' absence.

Miss Jesy McClellan worked in the Art League of New York for three months the past winter.

The family of A. P. Dennis, formerly of Woodstock, have moved from Dorchester to Somerville, Mass.

Mrs. B. F. Bingham expects to return to Springfield to teach another year.

B. F. Chandler is employed by the Electric Light Co., of Northampton, Mass.

Among the Alumni Guests who return to their ancestral homes in Woodstock, during the summer of 1900, are Henry M. Morse, Mrs. Nellie Mathewson Haskell, Albert McC. Mathewson, Edward, Arthur and Louis Chandler, Dr. George B. McClellan, George Spalding, Mrs. Nellie Webber Bishop, Miss Mary L. Flynn, Mrs. Gertrude Way Burritt, Capt. Wm. F. Flynn, and Louis B. Southworth.

Morning.

(Come to you' pallet now—go to yo' res';
Wisht you could allus know ease and clearskies
Wisht you could stay jes' a chile on my breas',
Little brown baby wif spaklin eyes!

[Dunbar.]

BORN.

A son, Lewis J.—, to Mr. and Mrs. Willis W. Wells. South Woodstock, Conn., Oct. 8, 1899.

A daughter, Laura Louise, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank May, East Woodstock, Conn. Oct 7, 1899.

A daughter, Grace Viola to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wells, South Woodstock, Conn., Nov. 1899.

A daughter, Hope, to Dr. and Mrs. Henry Mathewson, San Francisco, Cal., Oct. 29, 1899.

A son, Merrill Lorin, to Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Healy, (nee Carrie Blackmar) North Woodstock, Conn., Feb. 1, 1900.

A daughter, Dorothy Etta, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Blake, (nee Mary Burdick) Brooklyn, Conn., Jan. 14, 1900.

A son, Edward, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Mathewson, Pomfret, Conn., April 7, 1900.

A daughter, Eleanor Child, to Mr. and Mrs. J. Richard Carpenter (nee Nellie Child), Putnam, Conn. July 1, 1900.

A daughter, Beatrice, to Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Holt. Brooklyn, N. Y., June 7, 1900.

A daughter Muria Whitmore, to Mr. and Mrs. Howard Clark, January 5, 1900.

Noon.

Summah night an' sighin' breeze,
Long de lovah's lane,
Frien'ly, shadder-mekin' trees,

Long de lovah's lane.
 White folks' wo'k all done up gran'—
 Me and Mandy han'-in-han'
 Struttin lak we owned de lan',
 'Long de lovah's lane.

[Dunbar.]

MARRIED.

Miss Clara S. Rawson of North Woodstock, and Mr. Calvin L. Rawson of Norwich, Conn., June 27, 1900. Their home is to be in Norwich.

Dr. Harry Flynn of Providence, R. I., and Miss Jessie M. Macdonald, in Providence, Aug. 2, 1899.

Mr. William R. Barber of Putnam, Conn., former secretary and treasurer of Woodstock Academy, and Miss E. K. Andrews, in Shelburn Falls, Mass., Oct. 1900.

Mr. Walter J. Chase and Miss Flora Belle Judd, both of Windsor, N. Y. Sept. 27, 1899.

Miss Eva M. Jackson of Woodstock Valley, and Mr. Edwin O. Sumner of Eastford, Oct. 3 1899.

Mrs. Lizzie Carroll Carr of Woodstock, and Mr. Benjamin Ritch, Dec. 6, 1899. Their home is in South Woodstock.

Mr. Henry B. Cummings of Woodstock and Mrs. Marie Stroud of Minneapolis, Jan. 9, 1900. They are living in East Woodstock.

Miss Emma S. Hammond and Mr. Samuel N. Brett of North Woodstock Jan. 1, 1900.

Miss Sara H. Colvin and Mr. Lewis A. Colvin at Riverpoint, R. I., May 23, 1900.

In Providence, June 20, Harry Hicks to Mary Stevenson of East Providence.

Night.

But when the just and good depart,
 What is it more than this—
 That man, who is from God sent forth,
 Doth yet again to God return?
 Such ebb and flow must ever be,
 Then wherefore should we mourn?

[Wordsworth.]

DIED.

Miss Annie Law in Woodstock, Aug. 19, 1899.

Mr. Edwin Summer Bugbee, in Putnam, Conn., Nov. 30, 1899.

Mrs. Emma Fenn Brown, in East Putnam, Conn., Dec. 15, 1899.

Mrs. Sarah Day Migneault, in Dayville, Conn., Jan. 31, 1900.

Mrs. Diana May, wife of William B. Lester in Woodstock, Feb. 2, 1900.

M. Alonzo Marcy, in Southbridge, Mass., Feb. 9, 1900. Attended the Academy '51—54.

Mr. Stuart Holt in Brooklyn, N. Y., March 9, 1900.

Mr. William Penniman, in North Woodstock, April 26, 1900.

Rev. Walter S. Alexander D. D. in Cambridge, Mass., May 12, 1900.

Mr. Rufus T. Towne, in Woodstock, June 6, 1900. A member of the Board of Trustees of the Academy.

In Memoriam of Stuart Holt.

BORN SEPT. 5, 1876. DIED MARCH 9, 1900.

Stuart Holt first attended the Academy in the fall term of 1893. He had been fitting for college during the preceding years at the Columbia Grammar School. Coming to our school, as he did, from New York City, he brought us new life and spirit, and, better than that, the enthusiasm of a true scholar. He was one of the half dozen boys and girls in school who studied because they loved to. It is this sort of scholars to whom lessons are not tasks, who generally possess the power of concentration; and Stuart Holt was not an exception. He would come to his seat in the main room, open his book, and work without looking up till the end of the study period.

He was graduated in the class of '94, but as his health did not permit his entering college that fall, he came back to us for post-graduate work. And we were glad, not only for the influence of his scholarly ability, just mentioned, but because of the warm friendship we all had for him. It would be hard to tell anyone who didn't know Mr. Holt of the charm of his personality. Perhaps it lay most of all in his fine sense of humor and in his genial spirit with all whom he knew. His fun made him a favorite in the social events of our school-life, and in the sports of the common, also, he took an active part; for although he was not a base-ball or foot-ball player, he was one of the best tennis players in the school.

His four years of college life at Yale—

1895-1899—seemed to change him but little. As he came back to us for his summer vacations he was the same warm friend, full of fun, and ready for any kind of game. He became much interested in golf, and developed into one of the best players on the Woodstock links. But though Mr. Holt's outer personality was little changed by college, his ability as a scholar was ripening. He had always been fond of anything which had to do with books, with their outside as well as their inside. Indeed, the amount of ready information he possessed about different editions of books, their size and print and general artistic make-up, was remarkable. And in regard to the contents of books his knowledge was hardly less. He was widely read, not only in modern fiction but in older books, like the Elizabethan dramatists. During the years at Yale this knowledge had been widened by several courses in literature, so that when he was graduated, he was well-fitted for the work he took up in the fall, that of book-reviewing for the New York Independent.

It was a business in which he gave great promise, as nearly as we can judge, for he possessed the balance and wide point of view of a critic, and a literary ability which would have matured and developed with experience. He was engaged in beginning this work, and in meeting the friends of his family in Brooklyn, among whom he had never lived, when, in March, his life was suddenly cut short by appendicitis after an illness of two days.

In his death his schoolmates of Woodstock Academy have lost a true friend, and not only they, but the people of Woodstock also, for all who knew him as he lived here in the summer, feel that in losing his presence from among them a brightness has gone from their lives.

EDITH H. HALL.

Athletics of 1899—1900.

The summary of a school's progress for the year is never complete without touching somewhat on the athletics. Woodstock has always kept up its interest in the manly sports of baseball, and foot-

ball, recognizing the fact that a healthy body is necessary to a sound mind, and that, as in mechanics, the better workshop turns out the better work.

Last fall we began the football season well by defeating an alumni team by a score of five to nothing in a hard fought battle. Our next game was with the junior eleven of the school at Pomfret, our old rival, whom we succeeded in beating; score eleven to nothing. In another game with them, largely the first team, which was very exciting, we received our first defeat by a score of five to three. Later in the season a few of our players went, with some outsiders, to Danielson and played the city team there. In a closely contested game we were beaten, five to nothing. This game was the last of the foot-ball season. Some of the players who did good work for us in these games were: Rockwell, captain; Davenport, Morse, Spalding, Brunn, and Chandler.

The base-ball team this season has been particularly successful, having been beaten only once out of four games. Early in the season we overwhelmed Dudley by a score of twenty-one to four. Our next game with Webster High School was much more difficult to win; however we managed to get the winning runs in the last part of the ninth inning by a great streak of batting; score fourteen to thirteen. When we went to Putnam we were not as successful, owing partly to the poor grounds with which we were unfamiliar. We lost the game by a score of twelve to four. Memorial day we beat a West Woodstock aggregation in a very loosely played game; score twenty-four to twelve.

We are very sorry that our young ladies' basket-ball team had no games, this spring, with teams outside. It was not because of any lack of interest on their part, nor because of inability to hold their own. There never has been more enthusiasm in the game, nor stronger, nor more skilful playing than this year. It was a great disappointment that the young ladies of the Putnam High School, with whom a game had been arranged, backed down at the last moment.

Tennis has received considerable attention. The tournament, at the close of the spring term, called out new interest and new talent. This game is always one in which all ages and both sexes can enter with fair measure of success.

It may be safely said that Woodstock Academy has maintained, at its usually high mark, her reputation for athletic spirit and success; and we sincerely hope she may continue to do so.

JOHN C. PAINE.

Class Poem of the Class of '00.

We look into the future, and its days
Seem brighter than those slipping by us now.
We feel success is waiting for us there
Altho' we know not when, nor where, nor how.

Our bark is ready, Alma Mater dear,
Yet, as we start to cross life's stormy sea,
A moment would we pause to take our leave,
To take the leave we must take, now, of thee.

A moment would we pause, yea many more;
But Time, whose name is also Change, cries
ever "On!"

And onward, ever onward, we must press,
For time heeds neither threat nor supplication.

And thus it is that ere another day
Has reached us on its journey round the earth,
Thou shalt have passed forever from our lives
But in our memories shall just have had thy birth.

We look into the future, and behold
The Star of Youth's bright hopes and brighter dreams,

We stand and gaze, with faster beating hearts,
Enchanted by its golden glow and brilliant beams.

It is the dream star of a dreaming world;
A world which dreams, and toils, to dream again.

For what is all our boasted throbbing life
Except attempts our visions to attain?

Class-mates, for us that star is rising now,
Its ever changing hues give hope again.
Life seems a calm smooth sea without a shore;
No storm raves there to make our toil in vain.

And yet we shall not all attain our ends
For a Hand Divine rules that vast sea;
And many things are done for our own good
For which we curse a cruel Destiny.

Yes, there are trials for all in life's strange path,
Yet he who has Contentment heeds them not.
For him they are as swiftly passing clouds,
Which hardly darken up his earthly lot.

So let us make the best of fleeting life—
A life which now seems long, but which is short.

Remembering that, "He conquers who o'er comes himself."

As true a truth as any which Old Time has ever taught.

And let us early learn to rule ourselves,
To make our wills subservient to our minds,
For he, and only he, who can do this
Is he who in all things contentment finds.
So shall our earthly lives flow smoothly on
Like streams which, in the shades of coming even,

Are "darkened at times by shadows of earth
But reflect an image of Heaven"

FREDERICK F. ROCKWELL

Personals from the Younger Alumni.

Class of 1890

John A. Boyden, having resigned his position in Southbridge, has entered the employ of the Standard Optical Company, Geneva, N. Y., as chief clerk in their office.

Class of 1894

Edward S. Boyden is employed at Geneva, N. Y., in the office of the Standard Optical Co., as order clerk.

Alfred T. Child has taken the degree of M. A. at Columbia during the past year, and is employed as assayer with Guggenheimer Bros., Perth Amboy, New Jersey.

Bert Merwin is making a great success in raising pineapples in Eden, Fla. Some of the editorial staff of the Gleaner have personal knowledge of the large size and fine flavor of their fruit. A letter from Mrs. Merwin in this issue commends itself to our readers.

Class of 1895

Jessie S. Bowen has resigned her position as librarian at Storr's, where she was a favorite with both faculty and students, and will soon go to Colorado with her mother, whose health demands those higher altitudes.

Edith H. Hall has taught in the Academy the past year, but has engaged to teach for the next year in the school of the Misses Shipley in Bryn Mawr, a preparatory school for Bryn Mawr college.

Mrs. Lewis A. Colvin, formerly Sara H. Colvin, may be addressed at Worcester, Mass.

Mary Estella Tomkins has taught the past year with high approval in Harrisville. She has now returned to Tonica, Ill.

Everett L. Upham has finished his second year at the Mass. School of Technology.

Burton T. Fitts is in the employ of the Gorham Silver Co., Providence, R. I.

Class of 1896

Evelyn L. Dean was graduated from Middlebury College in June. She has brought honor to the Academy by winning there the honor of the Class Poet.

Ralph A. Pike has finished his second year at Yale Sheffield Scientific school.

Clarence Weaver is engaged in railroad work in Mexico. He writes us on "International Club" paper, with the heading "Cindad Porfirio Diaz, Coahuila, Mexico." That, of course, is clear as print.

Class of 1897

Joe Catlin has only one more year at the Mass. School of Technology; and then look out for Joe!

A. Lloyd Cooper is a wise old senior at Wesleyan.

Louise P. Grosvenor has been studying at the Boston Normal Art School the past winter. We hear of most creditable work on Miss Grosvenor's part.

Constance Holt has spent a large part of the year abroad at Athens and traveling in Egypt.

Esther H. Trowbridge has been conducting a private school at her home in Eastford.

Mowry Ross has one more year at the Maine State College.

Class of 1898

Emma E. Allen has finished her first year at the Boston University.

Flora A. Steere has taught the district school on the Hill during the entire year.

Maria E. Chandler has been teaching in Thompson.

Sidney D. Upham has been employed in Southbridge during the winter.

Class of 1899

Ruby Sanborn has returned from her first year's work at Holyoke College.

Frank D. Skinner has been attending two different Business Colleges in Worcester.

James Hutchins is at work in Providence.

Class of 1900

Bertran C. Bugbee intends entering Brown University, and John C. Paine enters Amherst in the fall. The latter is now abroad at the Paris Exposition.

Miss Mabel Vinton is still employed at the County Treasurer's office in Salem, Mass.

Robert C. Paine, M. D., Dartmouth, is taking a course at the Boston City Hospital.

Miss Helen Carr has returned from Chicago after a two years' stay there.

Miss Edith Bemis is at Greenfield, Mass., preparing to become a trained nurse.

Howard Clarke has gone into business in his own name. If any one wishes fine work for interior finishing of library or the like, he has only to address Mr. Clarke at the Stewart Building, New York.

George and Freeman Spalding have opened Plaine Hill for a Summer Boarding house. See their advertisement in this issue.

Robert H. Gaylord we hear of as socially prominent in Pasadena, living in a fine corner house, and the happy owner of the only automobile in the place.

Willis Hosmer is just to enter upon his Junior year at Williams College.

Clifford I. Stoddard has been elected a member of the Common Council of New Haven, and has been chosen by that honorable body to be their Chairman.

Rev. Welles Partridge is rector of a church in Peabody, Mass.

John P. Grosvenor has completed his third year at Yale; Henry C. Holt his first at the same University; William W. Mathewson his second at the University of Virginia, and Henry J. Potter his first at the Worcester Polytechnic Institute. These records, with others like them, speak well for the higher education of our alumni.

Lucius Eldredge has attended the Blackhall School at Lyme, Conn., during last year.

W. H. Crowell has finished the course in Pharmacy at Maine State College, and

has the position of head clerk in the drug store of R. B. Bancroft, New Britain, Conn.

Miss Clara Greene has accepted the position of principal of the graded school in Plainfield, Conn.

Ivy Ode of 1900.

Here we leave thee, little ivy,
Leave thee in these walls' cool shade,
As an ever-present emblem
Of a love that ne'er shall fade.

And may'st thou grow, as our love shall grow
As the years roll on and on;
And may'st thou cling to these solid walls
As our memories shall to these ancient halls.

May the soft south winds of summer
Sweeping northward—creeping northward,
Blowing o'er the scented meadows,
Breathing softly o'er the green sward,

Wake thee, with the dews of morning,
Woo thee with their sweet caresses,
Making stronger thy strong tendrils,
Making greener thy green tresses.

May the sun, who toward the westward,
Slowly, slowly is descending,
Taking with him our last school-day,
With thy green his glory blending,

With thy life his light entwining,
Give thee strength for each to-morrow,
That thou may'st become an emblem,
A fit emblem of our sorrow.

May the white snows of the winter
Settling, settling thro' the air;
Slowly covering all the landscape
With a mantle pure and fair,

Cover too, thy tender leaflets,
Tender as our love for thee:
And protect thee from the northwind,
Him who roves so bold and free;

Him who roves thro' lordly forests
Breaking tree-trunks in his might;
Him who whistles thro' the tree-tops;
Moans and groans at dead of night.

May the warm rains of the spring time,
Falling from the leaden sky—
As our tears shall soon be falling

While we say our last good-bye.—

Wake thee with their constant dripping,
As they wake the world about thee,
From the long sound sleep of winter,
Lest this place should be without thee.

As it soon shall be without us.
Yet we shall be represented
In the years that follow after
If kind nature has consented

That thy life shall be spared us.
So small Ivy heed our prayer,
Take deep root and grow, and prosper,
That thou may'st reward our care.

Make the best of summer breezes;
Make the best of autumn sunshine;
Make the best of winter snow-storms;
Make the best of spring-time showers;

For, Ivy dear, we leave thee here
Beneath these walls' cool shade
As an ever-present emblem
Of a love that ne'er shall fade—

Of a graduate's love, which, like that from
above

Shall never, never fade.
And may'st thou cling to these solid walls
As our memories shall to these ancient halls,
And may'st thou grow as our love shall grow
Thro' summer's suns, thro' winter's snow,
As the years roll on and on.

FREDERICK F. ROCKWELL

The following little home-made song
was sung graduating day by the students
as they marched along the lawns to the
planting of the Class Ivy. The tune to
which it was sung was, "My Maryland."
It may be of interest to have it in print.

We gather neath these dear old walls,
To bless thee, Alma Mater.
Once more thy spirit on us falls,
We bless thee, Alma Mater.
The blowing trees above us bow,
The hills are green around us now
Our hearts with love and joy o'erflow
To bless thee, Alma Mater.

Beneath thy shade our lives have grown.
We bless thee, Alma Mater
Thy life is fast bound with our own.
We bless thee, Alma Mater.
The years shall not undo our love
Tho' far from thee we may remove.
True to thy power our life shall prove
And bless thee, Alma Mater.

Public Rhetoricals.

Public Rhetoricals given by the students of Woodstock Academy in the Academy hall, Friday evening, March 23, 1900, commencing at 7.30 o'clock:

ORCHESTRA

PART I

- | | |
|---|-----------------------|
| 1. Chorus—Morning Invitation, | Veazie |
| 2. Declamation—Carrying the Message to Garcia,
Herman B. Chandler. | Elbert Hubbard |
| 3. Recitation—April's Fools.
Ellen V. L. Cox. | Mrs. A. Giddings Park |
| 4. The New South,
Irving P. Frost. | Henry W. Grady |
| 5. 'Ceptin Ike,
Ernest G. Williamson. | G. S. Langdan |

ORCHESTRA

PART II

- | | |
|---|----------------------|
| 1. Chorus—Hark, The Vesper Hymn, | Stevenson |
| 2. Declamation—The Catacombs,
Charles S. Spalding. | H. H. Ballard |
| 3. Declamation—The Revenge of Hamish,
Ewart M. Brunn. | Lanier |
| 4. Recitation—Selections from Henry Van Dyke.
(a) The Song Sparrow,
(b) The Whip-Poor-Will. | |
| 5. Recitation—The Cabin Tale,
Mary E. Aldrich.
La Fayette E. Evans. | Paul Laurence Dunbar |

ORCHESTRA

PART III

- | | |
|---|--------------|
| 1. Sextet—(a) The Hungry Spider. (b) Light. | |
| 2. Recitations—Selections from Henry Van Dyke.
(a) An Angler's Wish.
(b) The Maryland Yellow Throat.
Mary J. Allton. | |
| 3. Piano Solo—Placca Brillante, Polish Dance,
Ethel M. Spalding. | Op. 222 Bohn |
| 4. Declamation—Achievements and Responsibilities,
Bertran C. Bugbee.. | McArthur |
| 5. Recitation—Whilomville Stories, Shame,
Olive A. Paine. | S. Crane |

ORCHESTRA

PART IV

- | | |
|---|--------|
| 1. Declamation—Vesuvius and the Egyptian,
John C. Paine. | Bulwer |
|---|--------|

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- | | | |
|----|--|----------------|
| 2. | Recitation—"How Lucy Backslid," | Paul L. Dunbar |
| | Phoebe Ward Randall. | |
| 3. | Declamation—Connecticut's Share in Forefathers' Day, | Bromley |
| | Arthur G. Morse. | |
| 4. | Declamation—Mr. Dooley on Admiral Dewey and the Philippines. | |
| | Frank F. Rockwell. | |
| 5. | Chorus—The Woodman, | Veazie |
-

Graduating Exercises, 1900.

Two-thirty o'clock, p. m., June 15, 1900.

PROGRAM.

- | | | |
|----|---------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. | Prayer, | Rev. L. J. Bamberg |
| 2. | Orchestra—Selected. | |
| 3. | Address. | James Gibson Johnson, D. D. |
| 4. | Orchestra—Selected. | |
| 5. | Presentation of Diplomas, | Rev. A. G. Hibbard |
| 6. | Orchestra—Selected. | |
| 7. | Benediction. | |
-

Graduating Class, 1900.

"Vincit Qui Se Vincit."

CLASSICAL COURSE.

Bertran Clyde Bugbee,
John Colwell Paine,

Woodstock Valley, Conn.
Chicago, Ill.

LATIN SCIENTIFIC COURSE.

Mary Jane Alton,
Ivring Perrin Frost,
Arthur George Morse,

East Woodstock, Conn.
West Woodstock, Conn.
East Woodstock, Conn.

ENGLISH SCIENTIFIC COURSE.

LaFayette Edwin Evans,
Frederick Frye Rockwell,

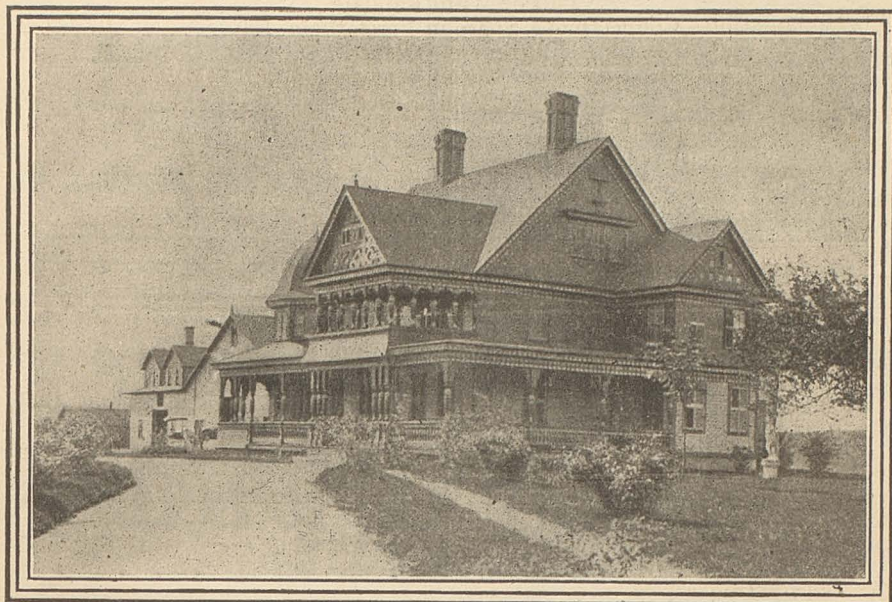
Woodstock, Conn.
South Woodstock, Conn.

Academy Sunday, June 10, 1900.

Sermon by Rev. C. A. Jaquith, East Woodstock, Conn., at the Woodstock Congregational Church, eleven o'clock, a. m.

Plaine Hill House,

WOODSTOCK, CONN.



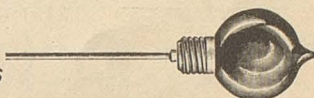
A large, private residence, beautifully situated,
open for summer boarders from June 1 to Nov. 1.
Golf links, fishing and boating. Good stable.

Spalding Bros.

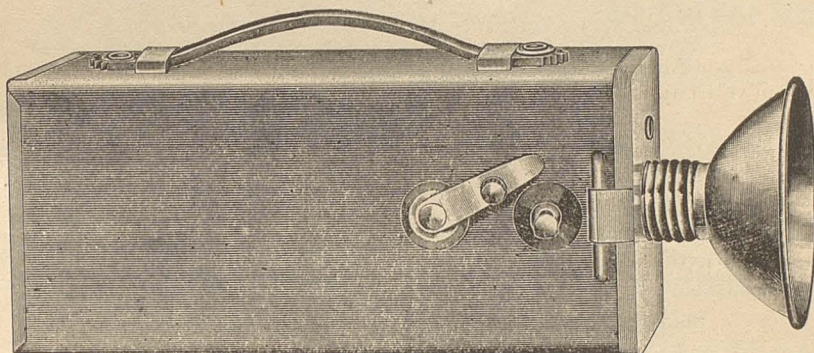


Our Night Light,

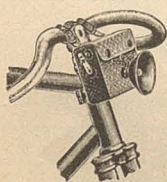
UP-TO-DATE
ELECTRIC
NOVELTIES



Our Hat Pin.



Our "Little Rhody" Hand Lamp.



Our Bicycle Lamp.

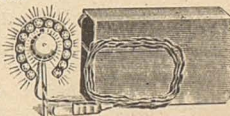
American Endoscopic Co.

Weybosset, Union and Middle Sts.

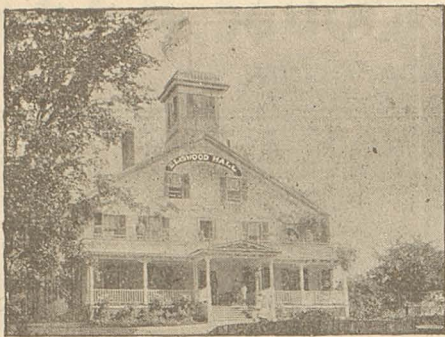
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Send for Catalogue.

We are one of the '76 tribe.



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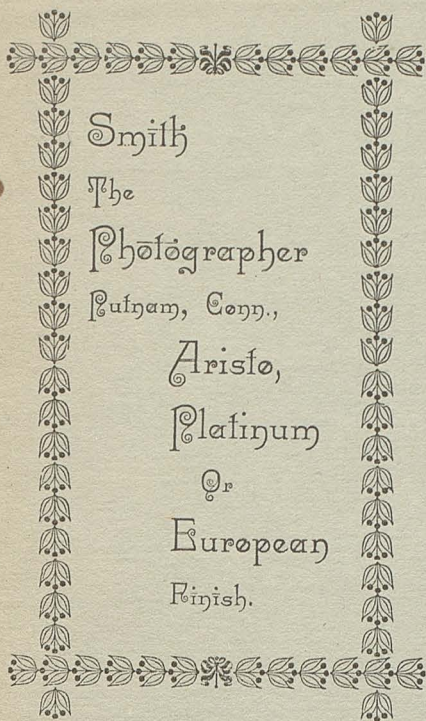
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