

was failing fast, he returned to his home where he remained until his untimely death a few days ago.

While in college he endeared himself both to the professors and students. He was a young man of the most lovable disposition, pious, modest, and retiring. When the news reached us that he was dead it quickly passed from lip to lip. Expressions of regret and sorrow were heard on all sides. His former associates could be seen in groups, here and there, discussing the sad event.

The sweet and beautiful poems that now and again graced the pages of EXCELSIOR during the last few years were the productions of his pen. They are the outpourings of a pure and stainless soul, with here and there a note of sadness, which only enhances their beauty. No person reads these poems without a feeling of love and admiration for their author. In his quiet, unassuming way he did not write for fame, nor for money, nor for the sake of writing, but he wrote whenever the poetic spirit moved him, and the poetic spell came upon him.

Before he ever came to college many of us had heard of Bransfield. In the spring of 1897 there appeared in the columns of the *Casket* a poem entitled "Easter" over the name of J. Bransfield. Those who read it were so struck with its beauty that they began to wonder who this J. Bransfield could be. It was soon learned that the author of this really beautiful poem was a young man scarcely out of his teens, living in the neighboring town of New Glasgow. This poem, though written when he was young and unknown, contains sublimity of thought, beauty of expression, and depth of imagination that would do credit to poets of much greater pretensions.

Much of what Bransfield wrote was never given to the public. We hope that in some future issue we may be able to present our readers with those poetic gems. The poems that have already been published we have collected, and take much pleasure in inserting them in this issue :

EASTER.

Wake! day's glory-shrouded monarch
Dancing mounts his throne of azure,
Showering thick his golden arrows
On the fast retreating darkness.