

I stood in yon chamber,
But one was not there;
Hush'd was the lute-string,
And vacant the chair,
Lips of love's melody,
Where are ye borne?
Never to smile again,
Never to mourn."

Through correspondence we have traced most of the old-time students of Our Academy on their way through the world. Many have journeyed far from those scenes and are known to us no more. Many have passed beyond the bourne that bars communication to all alike.

"I well remember the opening of the school," writes Alma Corey Knowlton, "the ringing of the bell was such a joyous sound; and we looked up to the stately and dignified Mr. Gilbert as to some superior being.

"Many of the old companions are gone; and yet, on thinking it over, comparatively few of the girls are gone, a greater number of the boys are missing; Dr. Malcolm Meigs, Abel Adams, Zeno Whitman, James Tree, Reid Paige, and probably others of whom I have not learned.

"Poor Malcolm's career was short. He was very successful in his profession, but over-work brought on a fatal disease. He left a young wife and an infant daughter. Of his first wife, my dear friend Jane Chandler, I feel incapable of writing worthily. She had a lovely character, refined by suffering. She died very young, soon after her marriage, the third of Mrs. Chandler's four beautiful daughters to fall a victim to consumption."

Once during her lingering illness, she spoke to the present writer of her reading, saying it had been such a source of consolation to her. "I have chiefly to thank the Gilberts for it," she added, "they gave me a good knowledge of books and taught me to love the best."