

begin, a ring is formed. I see the vacant places filled, I start to complete the circle, but as I join hands the key drops, the scene vanishes. I find myself with the flickering shadows o'er me and the rippling waters near. I know that it hath been a dream, and yet not all a dream.

'94 CLASS ODE AND VALEDICTORY.

Far back ere the Stream of the Ages had widened to infinite span,
 When Nature had yielded no secrets, and the mind and the spirit of man
 Groping, reached forth in the darkness unpierced by one tremulous ray,
 In that land by Old Nilus made bloom and where Summer is smiling alway,—
 From the uttermost heights of heaven descended a living flame
 Of mighty and marvellous power, to sweeten the earth with its fame.
 But men, in a blindness deep sunken of ignorance, folly and crime,
 Beheld not that flashing splendor which dawned on the Ocean of Time;
 All, save but a few and the wisest, they bathed in the glory and lit
 A torch that proved quenchless thereafter; and the long-lasting shadows
 did flit

From the vale and the shores of Egypt; and straightway o'er all the land,
 Rose million-inhabited cities and the temples colossal and grand.
 And the wave of the Ancient of Rivers through elysian gardens rolled,
 While their guard against the Lybian sands did the time-scorning pyramids hold.
 At length, o'er the wide warring waves of the storm-loving Central Sea,
 Forth from the home of the Pharaohs, undaunted sailed Cadmus, and he
 Bore a flame from the Memphian altars to the Grecian islands and shore,
 That kindled till Greece was ablaze where all had been darkness before.
 As the Sun to the worlds that encircle, was Athens to every clime;
 Where the reason of Plato reached God, and Demosthenes thundered sublime;
 And many a minstrel immortal awakened the lofty lyre,
 To notes that have thrilled down the ages and mightiest minds yet inspire.

Greece flashed the flame on the Tiber, and over Rome's occident realm
 It kindled and spread; and at length, when Her grasp grew weak on the helm,
 When Discord, descending from heaven, brought Rage, Desolation and War,
 And the Queen of the World was unsceptered and millions sank down in
 their gore,

'Mid the numberless nations that rose from the burning wrecks of the Past,
 Cold quenched was the flambeau of Learning, for Anarchy strode every blast.
 So the current of centuries rolled; and but now and then but into light
 A spark which the gloom but insulted; and men marvelled much at the sight;
 And seeing, they saw not, and hearing, they heard not nor yet understood;
 So they wondered, then feared, then hated, then cursed it in murderous mood.
 And many a beam was eclipsed, long, long ere its radiant prime;
 As by rack and by scourge and by steel, perished many a spirit sublime.
 So the current of centuries rolled; and the night hovered less and less deep,
 And gleam after gleam pierced its breast, as man's mind loosed the fetters
 of sleep;

Till at length the long slumber was broken; humanity woke, and behold!
 'Twas Morn on the land and the sea, and the mountains were flashing with gold.
 The brightness grew ever intenser and banished the shade with its rays,
 Till the world was afloat in the splendor and wrapped in the tide of its blaze.