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"Prodesse Quam Conspici"

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The Sonnet

I

How fair thou art the poets have long known ;
And I have sought the beauty which is thine
Through many days and nights of cloud and shine,
Until one note of all sweet notes outblown
Has spelled my ear ; for dearest things alone
Are found companionless ; and the divine
And single inspiration will entwine
The laurel, till it fit the brow of one.
And thou art rare among the things most rare ;
The beam consummate of the lights of day ;
The fullest note struck from the living flood
Of melody ; the gem that has most care
In the kind workman's hand, till he shall say
Thy beauty is the acme of all good.

II

Oft have I struggled with dull words, until
Vain sighs and palpitations moved my breast ;
And the sweet fount of fancy sank to rest ;
And memory broke the thralldom of the will.
Then, every sense, like a new-flowing rill,
Stirred with unguided life that suits it best
And th' whole being with fervor unrepressed
Gave birth to the soul-theme while pulses thrill.
Yea, as a wanderer in the dark strives long,
Held by the guidance of the moveless North :
So has imagination groped in earth
Till thou, pure sonnet, like a holy song
Of inspiration from the soul burst forth,
To find from my quick, gladdened lips thy birth.
J. F. HERBIN, '90.

James Edward Wells, LL. D.

The request of the ATHENÆUM for a biographical sketch to accompany the portrait of James E. Wells, waked in me a thousand college memories. I have before me a crumpled and soiled programme of "Acadia College Anniversary, Wednesday, June 6, 1860." It is of interest to read over the names of the young men who selected Mr. Wells to be their valedictorian that day: Silas Alward, William