

where he died, lies he who has been called the "greatest genius of immortal verse."

Milton quietly rests in a modest tomb in St. Giles burial ground, Cripplegate. Many pilgrims are attracted hither, since it is the burial place of him, who having passed through blindness, pain and poverty, gave to the world his wonderful "Paradise Lost."

The churchyard at Stoke-Pogis is not only the scene of the famous "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," but it is also the place where the author of the famous Elegy rests. There by the side of his mother, whom he loved so devotedly, he lies in a humble tomb, to which place the numerous admirers of his verse flock to pay him tribute.

Pope died at Twickenham and was buried beneath the church in which he worshipped. The melancholy Cowper is buried at Dereham, and Oliver Goldsmith at Temple Church, London, Westminster Abbey, also, has a monument to his memory, in the cemetery of Shoe-lane work-house, in the parish of St. Andrew's, Holborn, lies that wonderful boy, Thomas Chatterton. Wordsworth rests in the almost neglected churchyard at Grasmere by the side of his beloved daughter. Kirke White, whose young life promised so much in the future, lies in the church of All Saints, Cambridge. Tom Hood, poor and heart-broken, was buried in lovely Kensall Green.

Shelley was drowned in the Gulf of Spezzia, but his body was washed ashore and burned by his intimate friends—Lord Byron, Leigh Hunt and one or two others; now his ashes lie in a grave by the side of John Keats, in the beautiful protestant cemetery at Rome. At Florence, Italy, lies the author of Aurora Leigh, the lovely Mrs. Browning.

And so, scattered here and there, mostly on English soil they rest.

"And they no longer weep,
Here, where complaint is still!
And they no longer feel.
Here, where all gladness flies!
And, by the cypresses
Softly o'ershadowed,
Until the Angel
Calls them, they slumber."—*Marjorie*.

+ Class '87. +

* I N our last issue we made the statement that we would devote a short space to the members of class '87. In doing this we find some little trouble as all have not responded to our call. The question, "After graduation, what?" so often heard asked by them, has been answered; and from what we hear, in much the same way by all. Free from restraint they are following their own inclinations. Miss T. Robinson's carries her to the United States. Away over in the Yankee town of Syracuse we find her, under the kindly protection of Chancellor Sims. The studies of music and languages occupy most of her time. In these we wish her every success.

In parting with the graduates of '87, we kept one to remind us of the "good old days." Miss E. Robinson is still a student among us, but only a very small one, as her studies are but two in number—French and German. Nor has Mr. Ambrose, much to his joy, lost his best pupil in music.

In Miss Burns we hardly recognize the young lady who, last year, wandered about the halls with such a careworn expression; and when asked if she wished anything, replied: "There is another page of the "PORT" to be written." But now all is changed, and "so light of foot, so light of spirit" is she that she does not seem like the old Aleda. Our Saturdays come but once a week, but to her every day is Saturday. Happy in her painting we leave her; and the city also.

Down East we go to Campbellford, the home of Miss Tucker, who is remembered here as the friend of those who had no friend. Em writes that she was constantly accused of robbing class '87 of its dignity, but she adds, "Do you remember what Sam Jones said? The more dignity one has the more he resembles a corpse." (O, what consolation this to the present seniors.) She does not shirk work but takes her part in dish washing and other household duties, which are more useful than agreeable.