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I see that power is not in art,
Nor name nor place essential part
Of life's reality and glory ;
The strength of life is the health of the heart.

If man but lived the pure white truth,
As lives the lily tender ruth,
The earth were Paradise to-morrow,
The Christ, unveiled, would be here in sooth.

The worldly wise, he does not heed,—
What love sees true is true indeed !
Immortal blooms this hardy blossom,
And deathless fruits in a deathless creed.

Theodore H. Rand, '60, in 'Song Waves.'



The Northfield Conference

FROM the sweltering heat of Boston's crowded streets one unusually warm day in June, a B. and M. express bore me with a few companions on our way to Northfield. We had great anticipations of the convention which was the object of our coming, nor were we at all disappointed by the experiences of the next ten days. We reached our destination in the morning, while the air was still fresh and fragrant with the smell of hay newly mown, and got our first glimpse of the spot which will live in our minds while memory itself endures.