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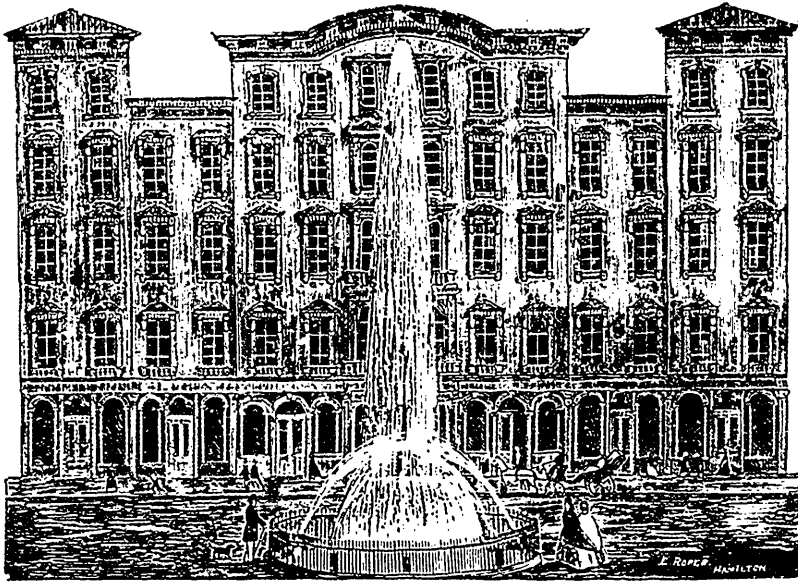
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Notes.

The word "Thanksgiving" has for students a deep significance. It means to them the cessation of their studies for a short time, and perfect freedom from books and lectures. For a few short days their time is their own, and doubtless the fast fleeting golden hours are heavily freighted with pleasures. That is right, girls, enjoy yourselves while you may, for there is

truth in the old adage, "All work and no play, makes Jack a dull boy." We wish all our girls to be bright and active, so these holidays are judiciously given in order that you may change your pursuits for a little while, and after this recreation may return to your studies with renewed interest and greater application.

We are pleased to note the interest taken by our students in the work of the Senior Literary Society. All seem to realize that the success of the Society depends, to a certain extent, on individual effort, and thus far nearly every member has contributed something for the entertainment or instruction of the large number of college pupils gathered every Friday afternoon in the Drawing-room. A Glee Club has been recently organized, with the Misses Clark and Homuth as leaders, and Miss Lazier as pianist. We are sure that this will prove a pleasing feature in connection with the Society. Just at present the Seniors are agitated as to what peculiarly distinctive name shall be given to this Vocal Club. One suggests that it be called the "Squalling Squad," but that is too intimately connected with our infancy, so it will have to be discarded. Another says, name it the "Screeching Screamers;" but no, after having once been pleased with the harmonious strains issuing from the throats of our fair singers, we could not designate such musical sounds as "Screechings," "Howling Heroines" is equally unappropriate, therefore, by the ordinary names of "Glee Club" or "Choral Class" will this bevy of girls, vocally inclined, be henceforth known.

Contentedness is a state which we are almost compelled to assume, for with many arguments in its favor and scarcely one against it, our reason admits that we should strive to maintain a contented spirit amid all kinds of sad calamities and severe trials and afflictions. Our religion teaches us that all good things comes from God:

Note well Reading Matter at foot of Pages.

and that "Whomsoever God loveth, he chasteneth," therefore, duty to God prompts us to say, "Thy Will be Done" Our sense of right and wrong, or what we would call conscience, tells us that it is much better to submit to our misfortunes than to be making our lives and the lives of others, a burden, by continually fretting about things over which we have no control. Then it is to our interest not to fret and worry, for if a man has injured us, it will give him the satisfaction of seeing that his schemes have succeeded. When there is no feasible way of bettering our lot, necessity compels us to be contented with our position in life. Although a man may think himself poor, and on account of his poverty possess a discontented spirit, still in comparison with some, he has abundance, "for no man is poor who does not think himself so." Men have shown us by example how the noble trait, "Contentment," can smooth the hard places in life and produce peace and quietness, where without it would have been confusion and turmoil. Those who practise this noble virtue have a reward laid up for them, which will far more than compensate for their present submission.

**Wordsworth's "Leech
Gatherer."**

There had been a storm in the night; the wind had blown heavily and the rain had fallen in floods; but now the sun is rising, bringing with it a beautiful, happy day. The birds sing merrily, and the noise of the distant falling waters accompanies their song, as if to welcome the light of another gladsome day. Everything loving, sunshine and brightness is out of doors enjoying it. All nature seems to rejoice; the grass still covered with raindrops which had fallen during the night, sparkled in the sun; and as a hare now runs by, a glittering mist rises, making a finishing to nature's beautiful picture.

At that time I was travelling upon the moor. I was filled with happiness, and at times was so busy with my pleasant

thoughts that the scenes and sounds around me were forgotten, and I was a boy once more. But at last a thought comes to me, which for a time took all the happiness away from my heart. My past life had been unusually happy, but would it continue to be so? Would I not have to pay for my happiness, with perhaps years of sorrow and pain? I had lived a life free from care and distress as the birds, but was it likely that it would remain so? my thoughts then wandered to the lives of different men with whom it had been thus, who, like myself, had been very happy in youth, but whose course had ended in pain and sorrow.

Then something occurs to change the current of my thoughts. On suddenly raising my eyes I beheld before me an old man standing by and looking fixedly into a pool. There was no apparent reason for standing thus, motionless and silent. He was very old and his body was bent almost double as he leaned upon a long wooden staff. As I drew near he still continued to stand "motionless as a cloud," seeming not to hear or feel the wind. At last he stirred the pool with his staff, and looked steadily into the muddy water. Now I took a stranger's privilege, and spoke to him. He answered slowly, but courteously. Then I asked him what his occupation was. He looked surprised but answered in the same measured way he had spoken before. He said that, being old and poor, he was trying to maintain himself by gathering Leeches. The old man continued to talk by my side, but I was again lost in thought, and scarcely heard him. It all seemed as a dream, or else as if he had been sent to give me strength to keep from yielding to my unhappy thoughts. My former feelings then returned, and wishing to be comforted, I asked once more, how he lived. He smiled and told me again, adding that it was once easier than now to find leeches. While he spoke, I imagined seeing him going long distances across the moor alone. How lonely and desolate his life! He soon began to talk of other things and when he ended, I could have laughed at myself for being so weak, when the old man's mind was so firm. "God help me," I said, "and I'll remember the Leech-Gatherer on the lonely moor."

Question Answer.

- What were the "Humanities?"

 What kind of a plant is the Mimosa?

 Who invented Tableaux?

 Who were the Stoics, and what did they teach?

 To what religious denomination did Milton, Locke and Newton belong?

 In what book is the "Knight of the Woeful Countenance?"

 Who was called "The Lady of Christ's College?"

 Who divided the Bible into Chapters and Verses?

 The loss of what friend is mourned by Milton in "Lycidas?"

 When did Pythagoras live; What doctrine did he teach?

 Who was the founder of the Metaphysical School?

 Who is the author of the following quotation:—"Two low they build that build beneath the stars?"

 Who is the author of the following.—
 "There is no land like England,
 Where'er the light of day be;
 There are no hearts like English hearts,
 Such hearts of oak as they be."

 Why is the sky blue?

 What is a Communist?

Is the "Tidal Wave" an actual movement of water, or does it simply move in a heap?

What would be a good name for our latest venture in the shape of a Choral Class?

Is there such a thing as a lunar rainbow? If so, what is it like and under what conditions does it appear?—L. D.

Answers to Questions of last Number.

The two legs on which life stands are the heart and lungs.

Fear seems to have the effect of making the heart beat slower, while shame has the opposite effect and tends to cause it to beat faster.

Martin Van Buren was called the Wizard of Hinderhook, because he always extricated himself so well from all charges of political chicanery brought against him.

The War of Chili against Peru and Bolivia, (1879-1883), for the possession of the nitrate beds.

"When the elmen leaf is as big as a mouse's ear,
 Then to sow barley never fear;
 When the elmen leaf is as big as an ox's eye,
 Then say I, "Hie boy, Hie."

The rhyme has reference to the fact that both garden and field work was formerly regulated by the leafing of the elm.

The means by which astronomers intended to communicate with the supposed inhabitants of Mars, was by a sort of flash communication. A large electric light was to have been constructed and by means of a large reflector, light was to have been reflected from this to Mars; but as no inhabitants have as yet been discovered on

this planet, we think that the question had better await developments.

Perhaps it would be imposing too much on the credulity of our readers, to ask them to believe that the word "news" was derived from the first letters of the four points of the compass, north, east, west and south, as the sources from which our information comes; hence we will add, that it is derived from the Latin *Novus*, French *Nouvelle* and German *Neu*.

The Soldiers' Gaiety Home.

The war was over and in the half-starved southern city the poor people had done their best to decorate and beautify the streets as a cheerful welcome to the brave, though defeated soldiers, as they returned from their fruitless struggle. Women and children throng the streets through which the returning heroes are to pass. What a picture their anxious faces present! Some radiant with joy at the thought of so soon clasping in fond embrace the long absent father or husband or brother; others sad and sorrowful,—no fond loved one for them to welcome home, their dear ones have gone to another home, and all, even the most joyous, wear that pinched and care-worn expression which speaks only too plainly of the privations and hardships which had worked such havoc in their once happy homes.

At the window of a little cottage in the outskirts of the city stands a young girl of about fifteen summers. Near her propped up in a low rocking chair sits a woman on whose sweet sad brow the hair has turned before its time, to silver. The pale, thin, gentle face tells of suffering patiently borne, and of a sweet life fast ebbing away. The trembling hands move restlessly, nervously over her thin shawl.

"Mother dear, won't you lie down a

while? You look so tired, and you know the neighbors say that they cannot get here till evening."

"But oh! he may not come then! Oh! Jack, my boy, if I only knew that you were alive!" wailed the poor weak voice.

"Hush mother dear, of course Jack will come. If he had died we should have heard of it. Poor Jack! how I shall hug him when he comes, and we three shall have such a nice little home together, and oh! he shall never, never leave us again, shall he mother?" said the girl, leaning her face against the window-pane and peering down the street.

"If he would only come to-night dear, I could die in peace. Oh! Jack, surely if you could know how near the end your poor mother is you would not be so long in coming:" said the feeble voice sadly, "haste, you will be too late."

"Mother, mother, don't say that," cried the girl rushing wildly to her mother's chair. "You know it cannot be true, and oh! you hurt me so; and now that Jack is coming home we will all be so happy together. Always plenty to eat now and no fear of hearing every day that Jack is among the slain.

The mother only stroked the curly head on her knee and gazed longingly out of the window.

"Bring Jack's letters and let us read them again, Lucy, child," she said at last. Reluctantly Lucy took them from among her treasures. Selecting a few of those that were most torn and dirtied, she laid the others aside, and read them slowly over. They were those with the joyous tone of hope about them, which the poor soldier had written while there was still hope of defeating the North. Little did the brave strong soldier dream, as he sat writing in the light of his camp fire, that all these bright hopes were so

soon to be dashed to the ground. "Yes, mother, we shall soon beat the scoundrels, we will show them that the South will not submit to be tyrannized over by a set of Yankees. . . . And I will soon be home again with you and little Lucy."—So wrote the brave soldier and now, many a weary day after, his mother and sister are anxiously waiting his return.

They had heard that he had been wounded in one of the battles and since then there had been only one letter and that written by another hand. Thus their anxiety had been increased by the thought that he might have died as the result of his injuries. However, his name had not appeared in the death lists, and they had continued to hope against hope.

"How long is it since that last letter was written, Lucy dear?" asked the mother."

"Oh not so very long mother, and you know Jack may have been too weak to write another; or we may not have got all his letters."

For a time all is still and only the ticking of the large clock on the shelf breaks the silence of the room.

"Read the rest of the letters, dear," said the mother at last.

"Never mind them to-night, mother dear, they always make you so sad and you know we must be bright and happy when Jack comes home."

"Very well, child," said the mother, and together they sit and talk of the war, and of the one round whom their hopes are centered, until twilight shadows the room. "Put a light in the window, Lucy, to welcome him." Lucy places the light in the window and hastens down the street to hear what she can of the approaching soldiers.

But what is that dark mass in the

distance? Can that be the returned army?—Yes! it is they, and the steps which had been slow with fatigue and the sense of defeat, are hastening on as they approach the city. Doubtless the weary soldiers hearts are cheered by the thought that though returning with no laurel crown of victory, no martial strains of music, yet the welcoming smile of the dear ones at home will be none the less bright and loving.

On they come,—a mere handful of broken down men, their blue coats all faded and mud-bespattered, their brows bearing the indelible traces of hardship and defeat.

"Mother, they are coming!" says Lucy running back to the door, "and—and, yes! there is one making straight for our door."

A few moments more and the longed for son was clasping the fragile frame of his mother to his breast. One bright smile she gave him, one word of welcome, "My boy," and then the wearied mother sunk in her sons arms. The spark of life had fled, all sorrow and pain, and waiting, for her was over.

Yet the hand of the death angel was not all unkind that night, for in the dim light the feeble mother had failed to see that on her son's face also was marked the stamp of death. Wounded and ill he had returned home to die, and ere another morning's light had broken over the city, yet another sheaf had been reaped for the garner above,—the weary soldier had gone home, and poor little Lucy's bitter cry was rending the gates of Heaven.

Some of our students have been star gazing in earnest lately. A telescope has been placed on the roof of the College, and on fine evenings, all of the girls astronomically inclined, may have the pleasure of looking at Mars, the Moon, or Jupiter with his attendant satellites.

Lord Tennyson.

Lord Tennyson, the late Poet Laureate of England, deserves especial study, not only as a poet, but as a leader and a landmark of the popular thought and feeling of our day. The influence of his poetry has steadily and surely grown, until he has attained a standing in the highest category of our English Poets.

His father was rector of Somersby, in Lincolnshire, and at this place in 1809, the poet was born and grew up amid the monotonous scenery of the Heather and Fens of his native country. The third of a large family, several other members of which shared with him in some measure the genius which has given to him undisputed rank as the first English Poet of his time. His early education was conducted by his father, a man of strong powerful character. Very early the bent of nature became obvious. In 1827 Tennyson along with his brother Charles issued a small volumn entitled *Poems by two Brothers*, of which almost nothing has been preserved.

His poetic career began in 1829, when as an undergraduate of Trinity College, Cambridge, he gained the Chancellors medal for a poem in English blank verse entitled *Timbucto*, in which is plainly traced some impression of his peculiar genius. In 1830 a bolder step was taken, when Tennyson issued a modest volume bearing on its title page the words "*Poems Chiefly Lyrical*," in which such pieces as "*Claribel*," "*Mariana*," "*The Ballard of Oriana*," showed that a minstrel of brilliant promise was trying his prentice hand upon the Lyre of English song. This volume was received coldly by the critics, but Tennyson would not allow himself to be discouraged.

In 1833 a second volume was published containing besides corrected reprints of some former poems, many new compositions which marked a striking advance both in thought and variety. The

sombre monotony of the scenery of Lincolnshire, and the somewhat melancholy introspection common to persons who have been brought up in seclusion, have had there effect on these earlier poems and the local coloring is not consequently so bright as in his later works.

The critics of 1833 were unkind and unjust to the youthful singer and for nine years the sweet voice was silent, but it was not the silence of an idle life, Locksley Hall was unfolding its pathetic and passionate beauty.

While studying at Cambridge, he formed important friendships, and notably that which was to be connected with one of his greatest works "*In Memoriam*." Arthur Henry Hallam, the poets bosom friend at college died at Vienna, and the effect of this great sorrow upon the poet was to deepen and strengthen the character of his genius, "*In Memoriam*" is however a poem often requiring careful reading to see its drift: yet it is poetry that grows upon you and whose meaning becomes fuller and richer with each repeated reading. True Tennyson has produced no "*Hamlet*," nor "*Faerie Queene*," nor "*Paradise Lost*," nor even a "*Manfred*," or "*Marmion*," but may he not still be entitled to a crown of greatness in his own chosen line. "*In Memoriam*" deals with just such heart passions, just such thoughts and experiences, such doubts and questionings as are common to all nations, to all times, and they are dealt with in simplicity, tenderness and force. Therefore we bespeak for "*In Memoriam*" the homage of future generations.

In 1859 the first four tales which form the "*Idyls of the King*" appeared. The Athurian romance was completed in 1869; the more we study this work the more forcibly are we impressed with the fertility of the authors fancy, his insight into the best parts of human nature, and the purity of his general tone of mind.

On the death of the aged Wordsworth in 1850, the vacant Laureat was worthily conferred upon Tennyson. In 1883 Tennyson was raised to the peerage with the title of Baron Tennyson.

It has been said that Tennyson took but little active part in the practical politics of the day. But it is not to be inferred from this that he was indifferent to the events transpiring around him; he loved his country and was interested in the affairs of the nation.

Nothing low or impure taints his poetry; the tone of his writings is moral and elevating; a poet of nature, like Burns, Tennyson was equally a poet of art. To Tennyson more than to any other man of to-day, we owe the atmosphere in which song, music, painting and sculpture may live, and he has not only given pleasure, but has exerted a refining influence wherever the English language is spoken.

At Farringford in the Isle of Wight he lived most of his time amid green undulating woodland, fringed with silver sand and snowy rocks, on which the light green summer sea and the black wave of winter flow with the changeful music of the seasons. The Landscape of Southern England, where green daisied downs, took the place of grey wolds to which his young eyes had been accustomed in earlier days, is often painted in his later works. Here in his quiet home the poet lived, and only when the tourists and admirers became oppressive in the Isle of Wight did he retreat to his estate at Haslemere in Surry, where he died full of years and honors.

"And the stately ships go on
To there haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand;
And the sound of a voice that is still."

ALMA.

School Friendships.

The word Friendship implies mutual affection based on confidence; and where there is not perfect confidence there can be no real affection.

And how necessary to our happiness is true friendship. Bacon says, "No receipt openeth the heart but a true friend, to whom you may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels and whatsoever lieth upon the heart to oppress it.

When we leave the dear home friends we are more susceptible to other friendships. The heart craves sympathy, and when in a measure debarred the sympathy of those in whom we have always placed our confidence, we seek it from others. It has been said, that the more a man loves the greater he is; and we may say that, in most cases, the making of new friends does not require that the affection for relatives grow less.—the love is expanded not transferred.

We go to school with the purpose of learning, but the learning should not be derived from books alone, for much of the good would be lacking if we made no new friends to broaden our minds by glimpses of other lives and characters. Thus it is well to form friendships, and those formed at school influence to a greater or less degree our future; consequently it is of the utmost importance that great care should be exercised in the choice of friends. How many have been led into folly by those whom they called friends; and on the other hand, how many lives have been brightened and ennobled through companionship with those worthy of full confidence.

But meanwhile let us also remember that, though we may not accept all as friends, still it is incumbent on us to be kindly towards all. Solomon says, "A man that hath friends must show himself friendly."

Locals.

Halloween.

Roast Turkey!

"In the Soup."

"Chests up."

"Do you see?"

"Fur." "What Fur."

"What thinkest thou?"

"Do you perceive thereof?"

"I'm—a—fraid Miss—"

"Weight on the balls of the feet."

"One awud, two awud."

"Sit there till you find out."

"Come from the edge, children."

Freddy was a baby once.

The new Geometrical term:—A wabbling straight line.

A word of advice:—In looking through a telescope keep at least one eye open.

We should be dignified Seniors; but where, oh, where is our dignity!

A bright young junior after apparently working in vain over a yard or two of Algebra, suddenly cried out,—"Jureka!"

Why is the English Dude not tolerated in the United States? Because the Yankee Doodle do.

If you are called "*une chère petite coche*," do not take offence, but remember that you are being addressed affectionately—in French.

While the students were on the roof looking at the eclipse, they were told to look through the keenly side of the telescope not on the dull side.

The girls of the Senior Literary Society have formed a Glee Club, which we hope

will add greatly to the interest of the Society.

We would advise a certain member of the Junior Class to get a rubber ring, although she may feel assured it is not much worse than some of the Soph's amusing themselves with a rag doll.

One of the young ladies, evidently from a "big place," whenever she hears the town clock strike, rushes to the window to see if there is a fire.

Teacher:—Name the planets of the solar system in order, passing outward from the Earth?

Clever Student:—First comes the Moon

The Alumnae Association have once again brought within our reach the privilege of listening to a course of lectures delivered by Mrs. Ewing, of the school of cookery at Chantaqua, New York. Mrs. Ewing is familiar to a large number as a person well versed in the science of the household, and her lectures have been found to be of great practical value. Those who have not availed themselves of this opportunity, may well have feelings of regret.

Exchanges.

A large number of Exchanges have been received lately, and all give promise of a fine year's work.

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We are glad to enter on our Exchange List, the Sequoia of Leland Stanford Junior University, which has some very interesting items in its columns. This paper has a very promising prospect for the future.

*
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*

It gives us much pleasure to exchange with any of our Sister College Journals, and hope that our exchange list will yet increase.

The absence of an Exchange List has been noticed in many of the College Journals, and we think that it would be a great improvement, if the Editors of those papers would follow the example of others that adhere to it, for what are Exchange for but to pass kindly criticisms on each other's work, and so lend a helping hand.

* * *

Our attention is drawn to some very interesting Items in the "Phoenixian." We may be sure on pursuing its pages, not only to be interested, but to gather a little knowledge as well.

* * *

A new College Journal "The Helios," was issued last month, and we hope as time goes on it will be deserving of its name in brightness. The Portfolio wishes it much success in its work.

CROSSING THE BAR.

TENNYSON.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning at the bar
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as, moving seems asleep,
'Too full for sound or foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
'Turns again home.

'Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark:
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.

For tho' from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

THE EAGLE.

He clasped the crag with crooked hands:
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ringed with the azure world he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls:
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

Break, Break, Break
At the foot of thy crags, O sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good,
Kind hearts are more than coronets
And simple faith than Norman blood.

The splendor falls on castle halls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataraet leaps in glory.

Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying,
dying.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying clouds, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

You must wake and call me early, call me early,
mother dear:
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the
glad New Year:
Of all the glad New Year, mother, the maddest
merriest day;
For I'm to be Queen O' the May, mother, I'm
to be Queen O' the May.

Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing
purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the
process of the suns.

I held it truth with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let
thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
'That nourish a blind life without the brain.
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them
friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

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