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Wheat the water
In its onward rushing, falters
Into shallows,
Ere it winds through pastures fallow;
By the brookside
Where the violets spreading wide
Under willows,
Surge along in bluest billows—
Dark days thronging,
Then for these my heart is longing.

I. H.

CAEDMON.

"Deep on the convent-roof the snows
Are sparkling to the moon!"

All around the earth lies buried in a white silence, in the town below only here and there
the watch lights gleam in the windows. The
noise and merriment of the hostel is hushed,
the music of the midnight Mass has been borne
away on angel wings. The old man kneels
alone in his little lodge, he shivers with the
cold and draws the tatters of his cloak closer
about his shoulders. The little oil lamp before
the rude Christ on the wall, sputters and glares
in the icy draught. On the rush-strewn flags
lies a little harp, the top of the post grotesquely
carved into the semblance of a woman's head.
The old man groans as it catches his eye the in
uncertain light, as he peers through his bony fingers. For the harp was dead, and with it had died that night, in the glare and clamor of the hostel, the art which once he had so proudly ruled. No more would it sing of wars and rumors of them, never again would it tell of the great deeds of the mighty men of old, of Grendel and his horrid dam. For the spirit of song had fled from the old man that night, and he had been the laughing stock of the great crowd of strangers and travelers who had sought shelter that night in the hostel of the Abby of Whitby against the blessed feast of the Nativity. Humiliated, heart stricken, the old man kneels there by his dead harp in the wan light of the little lamp. Slowly, faintly another light seems to fill the bleak lodge, and break effulgently into the old man's soul. A radiant form as of a youth stands in the little path of cold moonbeams that strikes aslant the cell. "Now ought we to praise the Lord of Heaven, the power of the Creator, and His skill, and the deeds of the Father of glory—"

The old man stretches his lank arms towards the radiant vision, his heart aflame with the new song inspired by those words. And there, in the dawn of that Christmas long ago as the Abby bells were calling the faithful to the Mass of the Angels, the old man, clasping once again his harp to his heavy breast, sang a new song unto the Lord, the song of the Creation.

JANE.

Her hair were as threads of virgin gold;
Her eyes were as turquoise, round and blue;
And red her mouth as the rose of the South;
And her heart? Ah, her heart beat true!

Her smiles were as fresh and as sweet as the dawn;
Her tears as the early morning dew;
But were it a smile or a tear the while,
Her heart beat true, beat true.

CHAUER.

The threads of her hair around my heart
A net did weave. The wee gold hue,
So tightly braided, set me unaided
A king on the throne, yet her heart beat true.

Her eyes did laugh in childish glee,
Her eyes like turquoise, round and blue,
The rose of the South pressed on my mouth
A kiss, and her heart beat true.

Her smiles and tears have brought suence
From sorrow and every sort of pain;
She was five years old, but true as gold
Was she, my sweetheart Jane.

I remember the game of Owl we played,
She kneeled on my knees, our both eyes closed;
How joyful we cried as our eyes flew wide—
We had kissed in the dark, 'twas supposed.

But all this happened when I was young,
One afternoon with my own dear Jane,—
Ah, red was her mouth as the rose of the South!
And she was my Sunshine after Rain.

Well, if any should ask me, ages hence:
"Is there no one joyous thing free from stain?"
I should answer: "None, if the children are gone;
But if not, you may find another Jane.

2 POTTER HALL.
This would place his birth as early as 1428. Little dependence can be put upon this statement. In fact careful research of ancient papers still within possession of British museums lead only to the decision that the time of Chaucer’s birth is indeterminate, occurring somewhere between 1330 and 1340 and probably nearer the latter date than the former. But the place of his birth can be determined with fair accuracy from circumstantial evidence. Probably the city of London deserves the honor.

From these same records it is evident that his father and his family before him were either customs officials or vintners for the intermarriages which occurred between the vintners’ families of this time show in a very odd way how association in business relations must have led to friendly terms among the wives and sons and daughters. This circumstance, too, can easily stir our imagination and fix the subject of this theme within a live and active period.

An attempt has been made to make the name Chaucer tell something of his family occupation. Judging from this one would call them shoemakers, others would say they were tailors, but we must conclude that however the early family occupied themselves, they had at this time risen in the social scale and possessed at least some means and possibly some small rank. At least Chaucer’s father, John, had attended the King on an expedition to Flanders and had also served as deputy to the King’s brother in the port of Southampton. The earliest reliable notice of Chaucer himself refers to the year 1357. It is found in papers which form a part of the household accounts of Elizabeth, Countess of Ulster, wife of Lionel, Duke of Clarence. It shows that one time when the Countess was in London she bought an entire suit of clothes for the young Geoffrey at a cost of about 5L, present money. Similar items at about the same time show other gifts as deputy to the King’s butler in the port of Southampton and leave us to suppose that he was attached in some way to this family—perhaps as a page. At any rate while here he probably came to the notice of John of Gaunt, the Countess’ brother-in-law, who visited her at this time, thus indicating a reason for John’s later interest in the poet’s welfare.

While here he also met Phillipa, a female attendant of the countess, perhaps Chaucer’s future wife, who afterwards is found to be one of the ladies in the service of Queen Phillipa.

This period would naturally be the time for Chaucer’s university education. So some scholars try to record him as a student at Cambridge, others at Oxford, and still others say that he studied at both places. Those who argue for Cambridge have probably the better reason, but even their arguments are doubtful. Where he gathered his learning must remain open to the imagination of each of his admirers. Perhaps it came from opportunities afforded by his travels. As early as 1359 he accompanied Lionel on King Edward’s expedition against Rheims. The army full of disappointment at their ill success, sent out detached portions to raid the country. As part of one of these Chaucer was captured and held prisoner for some indeterminate time, until at last ransomed by his friends in England. Even the King had contributed 16L to effect his delivery.

Soon after this, records show that Chaucer became attached to the King’s household, for in 1366 he received as an esquire with others a robe at the Christmas. During this year he had probably been married, for on Sept. 12, Phillipa Chaucer received the grant of a pension of 10 marks from the queen. This may have been a wedding gift. At any rate it became a yearly income to the family and was confirmed by later sovereigns until her death.
As suggested before, Philippa's maiden name is unknown. If we identify her with Philippa Roet—a supposition fairly well founded, since the arms of Roet afterward appear on the tomb of Thomas Chaucer—we join the poet by marriage to the Royal house, for Philippa was sister to Catharine de Roet of Hainault who became the third wife of John of Gaunt. These facts are further strengthened by later grants and favors at the hands of various Kings, and Dukes. In 1367 we find Chaucer as "dilectus valettus noster" receiving at the hands of the King an annual salary of 20 marks for life or until otherwise provided for.

Enough of such details have been given to show his connection with the King's household. Now we may show how he was used by the King in his important offices. They number at least seven during the short period of ten years. Some of them remain secrets to this day. Others dealt with proposed treaties of peace with France, alliances with Flanders and a marriage between Richard, Prince of Wales and Mary, daughter of the King of France. Still another was a visit to Italy and had to do with negotiations for a port in England where the Genoese might form a commercial establishment. He may have visited Petrarch on this occasion though the evidence is scant. For all these services Chaucer received many pounds from the King's treasury, and on one occasion received a cheerful grant of a daily pitcher of wine. At first sight this appeals to one as a jolly chance to treat his friends. Sad to say, however, this gift was later found troublesome and was commuted for an annual pension of 20 marks.

While Edward seems to have been well satisfied with Chaucer's executive ability, he did not appreciate fully his talent for letters. For in 1375 he rewarded him with the position of Comptroller of the Customs and Subsidy of wools, skins and tanned hides in the Port of London. But note the conditions: He must write the rolls of his office with his own hands, be continually present and perform his duties personally (except when on the King's service, elsewhere). Imagine the poet plodding at these daily tasks while his mind was rather inclined to dream and write upon those subjects which have since done so much for English literature. Nevertheless he found some time for his shorter pieces and evidently became quite popular with the great ladies of the court, who could well rejoice at some notice in his gifted productions.

Not until 1385 did he secure the privilege of having a deputy in his office. At once after his release from business he threw himself vigorously into literary work. But his contemporaries knew his value too well to let him enjoy his leisure in peace. The very next year he was elected a knight of the shire for the county of Kent, thus securing a seat in parliament. This seeming prosperity was really his temporary downfall. For as we have seen he was in peculiar relations with John of Gaunt and also with the king's household. This circumstance must have involved him in some way with the difficulties which were upsetting the government at this time. At any rate he was dismissed from his position as Comptroller.

Here his misfortunes began. He must, in the past, have spent his money freely and now in reduced circumstances he scarcely knew what to do. The best indication of his want is the fact that he transferred two of his annuities to John Scalby in order that he might have the ready money. An added misfortune came in the death of his wife. Her annuity too must have ceased. But this was not the most serious effect of her death. His sorrow seems for a time to have had an effect on his moral tone. Finding more leisure now he writes
voluminously and we find that at this period are produced those few coarse pieces which his work contains.

When the King again took control of the government Chaucer again recovered his official positions, and a part at least of his income. It may seem, from this, that he had been clearly on the side of Richard in Parliament, but some opinions are that his vigorous character at this time proved its independence of any party; consequently during this time he must have been out of all favor, from which resulted his distress.

In 1390 he was still serving king and country in important offices. His duties at this late period consisted in the oversight of important engineering and construction: repairing the banks of the Thames, repairing St. George Chapel, Windsor, the palace of Westminster and the tower of London. He also superintended many of the most important parks of the kingdom. For some unaccountable reason he had not yet recovered from his financial reverses until Henry of Lancaster came to the throne. As an old friend, Chaucer had no hesitancy in appealing to him and at once secured the necessary relief which enabled him to end his days in comparative peace.

To enlarge upon the personal character of Chaucer would be too great a task for this paper. Each one may glean a knowledge of it from his works, which will certainly repay reading. How it was possible for him to accomplish so much for literature, in such an age, with an unsettled language and in addition to the many other duties which he had to perform will perhaps always remain as great a question as do many details of his life.

14 Hoffman.
As the setting to the ring, as the picture to the frame, so she to the scene. Beauteous she was as she idly trailed the oars. An oval face with just a suspicion of pink mounting her cheeks, large eyes that were really black, a flood of raven hair framing her face and falling in large shining curls on either shoulder. Such were the glories of this bewitching maiden.

Now and then she softly sang, looking the while at the sun, aye, and beyond. For she was gazing at the sun which had gone down just a year before. In those days another was in the boat. He always rowed her out on the bay where both watched the closing day.

To him she was only one of the many things that made the place attractive for his summer's vacation. He loved the beautiful bay, the green grass, the high hills, the setting sun, but it seemed to him that she by her own sweet self made all these more beautiful. No, she was only a child, his little playmate, but—it was not love.

To her he was as on a pedestal. How happy she was when with him! How she thrilled when he spoke to her in those deep but soft tones! How contented she was as he told her stories, some true, others woven, into beautiful fabric by his wonderful fancy! Ah, longingly she waited during the long winter months until summer should bring him back to her own, little, lonely world!

This the burden of her thought, but what the burden of her song?

He had come back; he had even been to see her, but another came with him. He told her who that other was, how he had known her long, lived near her in the great city, had spent many pleasant winter evenings with her, and now she was to stay for the summer. He was sure she, his little friend, would like the new-comer.

Yes, when they met, she did like her. She was tall, light, and gentle; and she spoke so softly; just like the lapping of the waves against the boat, that soothes one—so thought the maiden. But he—why didn't he come to see his little companion more often and take her out upon the bay? Why didn't he seem pleased whenever he saw her, just as last year? Why did he always seem to be thinking of something else whenever he talked with his lonely, little friend? Was it possible that he was thinking of——?

The lone rower suddenly roused herself from her reverie. The golden glow had long since faded away and now darkness reigned round. The once faint disk, now in shining splendor, moved high in the heavens, sending forth a path of silvery sheen that played on the waters before the boat. The ships had already come in and anchored for the night and now their myriad lights seemed to float in the air.

She was about to row back to the shore when there came faintly over the waters the sound of singing accompanied by the low thrumming of a guitar. Instantly she recognized the voice and—did she hear aright?

"In the gloaming, oh, my darling, think not bitterly of me!

Though I passed away in silence, left you lonely, set you free,

For my heart was crushed with longing, what had been could never be,

It was best to leave you thus, dear, best for you and best for me."

The singing which had become more and more distinct now entirely ceased. Trembling and with filling eyes she listened. Did he know she was so near? Was he singing to her? Did he know her heart was wrung.

Then suddenly a boat drifted within the silvery moonlight. In it were two forms. Him she had recognized already, and who could the
other be but the tall, gentle lady from the city? They sat facing each other—near together. He had laid aside the guitar and with head bent towards his companion was speaking in low tones. All this she saw, unseen herself, being outside the path of moonlight. She could not row away for fear of making a noise, and so she was compelled to listen, though she bent her head that she might no see.

Ah, the silent agony! Slowly both boats drifted along; and still the shimmering path followed. And now his voice sounded fainter. Unconsciously she raised her head. They had almost passed outside the light and leaning forward even further—but they had passed into darkness.

A sob shook the lonely one’s body; the little waves lapped against the boat in silent sympathy; the gentle breeze blew back the hair from her wet, burning face; the lights on the ships grew larger through her tears. One, two, three, four bells. One after another the ships, taking up the sound, slowly tolled the hour. She sank down in the boat. The last bell had ceased when there came from a camp on the far-off shore the faint but clear tones of a bugle. It was “taps.”

Schroeder, '07.

A PRAYER.

I cannot ask that Thou, O Lord,
Wouldst grant that what I would may be;
The way through life that I would walk—
Hast Thou, Lord, chosen it for me?

Shed Thou Thy Light, O Heavenly Guide,
Upon Thy way that lies before;
Give me my Cross and grant me strength
To bear it, till Life’s journey’s o’er.

Brinckerhoff, '05.

THE BLUES.

The lamp on the table burns dimly and low,
The coals in the fire-place yield a warm glow,
My books, vainly opened, are still lying there
Where I left them, to sit in my old Morris chair.

Not a sound breaks the quiet—the night has grown late—
Save the tick of the clock and a crack from the grate;
No voice to distract as I ponder and muse,
Alone with a pipe, and a dose of the blues.

As I gaze at the fire a vision I see
Through the lingering smoke, of a home dear to me;
Before a grate fire, in Morris chair, too,
Another is musing—and she too is blue.

Conv, '05.
EDITORIAL.

April fool! The editorial in the last number of the MESSENGER was pretty good and the present editor appreciates it very much. It said something about “Wells is gone.” Well, Wells is back. An explanation is unnecessary and besides it would take too long to write it up justly, so just let’s let it go. ’Tis All Fool’s day, and as I once read: “the fool world is moving.” “Times go by turns,” so Robert Southwell says,—and so they do. The time of Spring is here again, and last night there came a sprig of pussy-willow, messenger in itself to tell of a new Commencement. ’Twas sent to me by a fair lover of Nature, and as I held it up to the lamplight to examine the tender little buds, soft as mullen leaves, through my open window there came the cry of the “peepers” from the pond out behind the football field. This morning a cock robin welcomed his mate in that tree next to Bard Hall. “I have waited long for you,” he sang, “and many a victory I’ve had to win, to hold this nest for you, my sweet.” Down on the old Bard place, the water rushes over the rocks; the falls are grand, and all nature is crying: “April fool!” How glad we are to be fooled! How glad that it is not always ice and snow and cold. Already our hearts beat warmer with the touch of Spring.

Those weak individuals who cannot find a college course suitable to their narrow powers and who consequently shift about from one institution to another looking for a “snap,” form a very poor class by which to criticise the work of the places they have left—unless, indeed, you judge negatively, ranking those institutions highest in which such persons fail to find a snug berth. Much annoyance must everywhere result from the migrations of such tramps and from the misrepresentations which they establish in the minds of thoughtless people. Some men also do harm by taking one or two years at a college and then going half prepared to take advanced work in theology, law or medicine, posing as college men. In view of these facts, it is cheering to notice that the latest catalogue of the G. T. S. fails to insert the name of any college except in connection with those men who have definitely attained degrees.

F. B.

ALUMNI NOTES.

—’83 Spc. The Rev. Chas. E. Freeman, formerly Chaplain of St. Luke’s Hospital, New York city, has accepted a call to the Church of the Good Shepherd, Barre, Vt.

—’85. The Rev. Hibbert H. P. Roche, of Philadelphia, expects to sail for Europe in May.

—Ex-’89. The present address of Mr. Walter M. Sherwood is 2nd National Bank, Hoboken, N. J.

—’93. The Rev. Chas. Blake Carpenter has assumed charge of St. Thomas’ Church, Brandon, Va.

—’95. The Rev. Thomas Worral—first editor of the MESSENGER—has been called from his parish in East Hampton, L. I., to Christ Church, Rye, N. Y.

—Ex-’95. The Rev. J. Holmes McGinnis has received the degree of D.D. from St. John’s College, Annapolis.
—’96. The Rev. J. L. Lasher will be in charge of St. Andrew’s Church, New York city, during the absence of the Rev. Dr. G. R. Van De Water.

—’98. Mr. Watson Bartemus Selvage deserves much credit for continued scholastic efforts. He has already attained the degrees A. B. from Cornell in ’02; A. B. from St. Stephen’s in ’04,—for the year ’98 in course—; M. A. from the U. of P. ’04. He is now pursuing advanced studies in English literature at Harvard University leading to the degree Ph. D. Meantime he has held the Professorship of Rhetoric and Literature at Villanova Coll., Pa., and has received membership in the Phi Eta society.

—Ex’99. The Rev. George E. Knollmeyer of St. Luke’s, Attica, diocese of Western New York, has accepted a call to Zion Church, Avon, in the same diocese.

—’00. The Rev. Horace W. Stowell of St. Peter’s, Waynesboro, diocese of Harrisburg, has succeeded the Rev. C. B. Sparks as assistant at Christ Church, Baltimore, Md.

—’00. The Rev. Henry L. Drew, formerly of St. Mary’s Whitechapel parish, Denton, diocese of Easton, has become curate of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Brooklyn.

—Ex’01. Mr. Alfred Reed Hill is to be married on June 13th to Miss Minerva Clapp of Winsted, Conn.

—Ex’05. Mr. Harold M. Vanderbilt, of Cambridge, Mass., is rejoicing at the birth of a son.

**College Notes.**

The Missionary Society held its monthly general meeting on Wednesday evening, March 22nd. The meeting was addressed by Messrs. Lewis and Thompson, the former speaking on “Missions and the Monastery” and the latter on “Foreign Missions.” These monthly meetings are held by the society in addition to its regular weekly Study Class, their purpose being to carry some of the Missionary spirit to the College-at-large.

—Not long ago one of the Sophs at Latin recitation translated the word *Bos* “female cow,” to the great amusement of the rest of the class and the professor. At lunch that day a classmate of his was telling the joke to the men at his table and was interrupted by a learned senior who asked “Was it *Boves*?” “No” replied the sophomore “it was *Taurus*.”

—“What’s the matter with the Glee Club!”—Finish the yell yourself. Its last concert, given at Red Hook, on March 6th, was a success in every way. The club will appear in Tivoli on May 1st and will probably give another concert shortly afterwards at the college.

—Mr. W. B. Selvage, class of ’98, spent a few days with us last month. Mr. Selvage is doing post graduate work at Harvard.

—The Rt. Rev. Richard H. Nelson, D.D., Bishop Coadjutor of Albany, preached in the College Chapel on Thursday evening, March 16th. On March 23rd the Rev. A. T. Ashton, D.D., Archdeacon of Dutchess Co., N. Y., was the preacher. The Rev. S. C. Hughson, O. H. C., whom we hoped to have with us the following week was kept at home by a sudden illness. The Warden preached the sermon on that evening.

—The frost is out of the ground, Freshmen! Do you know what that means? The old
Algebra has been dead for a long time and it is up to you to bury him pretty soon. Keep your eyes on the rascals, Sophs, and try to catch them this year; the burying of the Algebra has been too easy a thing for the past few years. And, fellow Seniors, we must remember that we buried an Algebra three years ago and the time of its cremation is drawing near.—I wonder how many of us know where to look for it.

—Partly through the generous contributions of some of the students and the very kind offer of the Rev. F. J. Knapp, '98 and G. Sillman '04 to entertain our basket-ball team, our men were enabled to make a trip to Albany on March 31st and to play the first team of Central Y. M. C. A. We lost, 17-13, but it was a poor victory. Albany outweighed us about twenty pounds to a man. This, however, was offset by our better team work. We were handicapped by the unusually small floor and the poor light. Allen threw first goal in about thirty seconds of play. He soon followed with another. Matt contributed a third on a long pass. Albany gradually recovered and scored on some fouls. Schroeder shot St. Stephen's fourth goal. After this Albany picked up and the first half ended in their favor, 12 to 10.

In the second half, so close was the guarding, that no field goals were made, the scores of both sides being made only from fouls. Albany excelled us in making fouls and if we had had more practice in shooting from the foul line the game would have been ours. Our "gym" at present is too low for this kind of work.

Each team shot four field goals. The other points were made on fouls.

Although Craigie and Jepson shot no goals their work was by no means inferior to that of the others. St. Stephens played a good game and next year the team will do better if the alumni and students support it. The line up: Albany Y. M. C. A. (17) St. Stephen (13)

Positions.
Sayers . . . . Forward . . . . . Matt
Farley . . Forward . Schroeder (Capt.)
Parmelee (Capt.) . . Centre . . . . Jepson
Sanford . . . . Guard . . . . . Allen
Kelleough . . Guard . . . . . Craigie

—At a recent meeting of the Convocation, Isaac Jones was elected business manager of the MESSENGER and J. Henry Oehloff was elected assistant.

—The Athletic Association has chosen Henry J. Oehloff as temporary captain of the baseball team and N. Guy Snyder as manager. Our principal aim this season is to pave the way for a good team next year.

—The tennis courts will soon be in good condition. We must have our inter-class tournament this year, fellows, so find out your class champions.

—Spring must be here, for Cony's annual brace of whiskers have sprouted again. Whether there be any connection between the appearance of the grass and flowers and the sprouting of Cony's "side boards" we know not, but they all invariably spring up together as soon as the winter is past. We hope, however, that he will mow them before haying time.

—Mrs. William Simmons entertained the Masons of the college at her home in Annadale on Saturday evening, March 25th.

—"Dick" is gone. In other words, Professor Anthony has sold his horse. This event is one of much concern to those of us who through the generosity of the Professor and the kindness of his "hostler" have come to depend on Dick more or less in the performance of our social duties.
—The social lights are burning pretty low now-a-days, but little rumors of cake and fudge that reach our ears now and then tell us that they have not gone out entirely. There is every sign of their blazing up brightly after Easter.

EXCHANGES.

It has been long indeed since the exchanges of any single month surpassed or even equalled those of the month just past. But although it is hardly too much to say that all were good, still of course some were better than others and it is of these better ones that we are going to write.

Of these, to our mind at least, none is better than the Williams "Lit." Its three short stories are really readable and as usual it has a number of essays which show that Williams men think on college problems. The verse which is in happy proportion to the prose is generally good. We quote the following, not, however, as an example of the "Lit's" best verse but merely because it appeals to our individual feelings:

O Lord, we thank thee for the doubts
With which man's heart is torn,
For 'mid the travail of his thought
Sincerity is born.

We had intended to mention particularly one of the "Lit's" short stories "Number Sixteen," but instead will speak of a two act farce called "An Amateur Tutor" in the Trinity Tablet. The plot which hangs on an assumed identity is to some extent the same as that of the "Lit's" story, but to us it seemed some-

what more interesting. The Tablet's only original poem "To My Diary" by C. E. G. cannot be passed over, perhaps because we've all been there ourselves.

As usual the Vassar Miscellany does not disappoint. Indeed, this time it seemed especially good, perhaps because it contained the year's prize poem entitled "Song," the prize essay "The Trolley" and the prize story "Mrs. Carter, Critic." Among the other articles, "The Personality of Trees" by Theodosia Hart Wales was especially full of forceful thoughts. The opening sentence, "There is something akin to man in the forceful vigor, the very waywardness of the trees," indicates something of the treatment of the whole.

"John Hay, Poet" is the first article of the Bowdoin Quill and in it Mr. Hay's verse is feelingly and appreciatively reviewed. The writer's claim for Mr. Hay to at least "a respectable place among American men of letters" will hardly be denied. In addition to two readable stories, several pieces of verse keep the March Quill up to the usual Bowdoin standard.

A brief essay on "The Affinity between the Imagination of Blake and that of Coleridge" in the Mount Holyoke is well and interestingly written. We close our exchange column by quoting one of the same magazine's bits of verse. It is called "Day Dreams;"

They come to me on gauzy wings,
Touched rosy by the hopes of youth;
They brush aside the bitter things,
The stern realities of truth.
Advertisements. The Business Men whose advertisements appear in this magazine make possible its publication. If it proves of any value to you, the best way to thank us is to do YOUR TRADING with them.