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NO. 1.

THE WOODLAND PATH.

Only a narrow foot-path,
That winds 'neath the stately trees,
In the glorious haunts of nature,
In the forest wide and free.

Only a little foot-path,
But adorned by Nature's hand
With flowers dainty and simple,
With trees so lofty and grand.

Only this narrow foot-path,
But the scenes that it has viewed
Would fill our thoughts with wonder
Which they yet have never known.

Oft have the feet of children,
In joy and thoughtless mirth,
Tripped o'er the mossy path-way,
And plucked the flowers of earth.

But now the scene is changing,
The children have passed from view;
And in their place in the path-way
Is a different scene and new.

This time a mourner passes
With head down-cast in grief,
And in the silent forest
Seeks sadly for some relief.

And so the scene will be changing,
Through all the coming years,
Now scenes of joy and pleasure,
Now those of grief and tears.

And still this little foot-path
Shall all these changes view;
And record in the annals of Nature
What others may never know.

MY SCHOOL DAYS.

I am afraid that when I went to Berwick

shake of the head, and then I used to try to imagine what these pleasant-faced Searsport girls had done and seen in Lisbon or in Havre or at the Hague and even in Bombay. And it used to seem quite fitting that they understood the broken English of some young Cubans who boarded with them down at the old Academy boarding house. All the boys and girls who are left to recall with me the handsome dark faces of those lads from Trinidad in Cuba must often have wondered what became of them as I have. They were most conspicuous in the school life, admired by the girls and fellowshipped with by the boys—Francisco and Edwardo and Venancio. I can see them every one and remember, too, how generous they were with their importations of guava jelly—and this I only whisper—of their small cigarettes. These must have been chosen by judicious parents, for they were curiously sweet and little like tobacco. There was a wild curiosity at first about these new scholars. They stood in our minds for Cuba itself—for rich sugar planters, and bucaners and pirates and Christopher Columbuses all at once, but as I recall them now they were only laughing, quick-tempered, brown-skinned little fellows who seemed to me already like men. I have always hoped that one or all of them would some day make a pilgrimage to the old school house. It startles me to think what middle aged gentlemen they must be.

A little later than the Cubans' pre-eminence the war made many changes in the village and even in the school. I used to have great inspirations of patriotism which were neither deep nor sincere until long afterward when I had grown older and understood what the war really meant. Sometimes an elder scholar who had

was a thorough-going, cheerful, rough young sailor. I used to tease him to tell me stories of his seafaring, and try to make him a continuation of my favorite Hans Andersen story book, which was not such a difficult matter with his simple-hearted ways and his love for a far away Northern home. Poor fellow! he went to the war, too, and I never saw him again and I believe he had been there before he came to school, for he was popularly supposed by us to have once commanded a small United States craft named the Pink on a Virginia river. A young officer in the regular Navy appeared on the hill one day fine with bright buttons, and as I timidly spoke to him I dared to say that our Dane had been a captain, but the officer gave me an incredulous glance which established for me at once the great distance between regulars and volunteers.

How serious and brilliant an occasion Exhibition Day was then, what a flutter of white dresses and what scattering of flowers from short locks that were perhaps for the first time arranged in grownup fashion. Some of the boys were going to college; we all said goodbye without an idea what we meant or what partings were really coming. There are few left here in town with whom I can talk over the old days.

The Trustees were always a most dignified body. Colonel Peirce used to come up from Portsmouth and Mr. John P. Lord and Mr. Cogswell and Mr. Hayes the President, and the village ministers and Mr. Hobbs and my father; those are the ones I first remember. Mr. Stockin, the teacher, was more sober than usual on this great day, but he used to reassure us kindly and be very much disappointed because we could not all have prizes. How hot

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MY SCHOOL DAYS.

I am afraid that when I went to Berwick Academy, I really cared more for the outside of the school than the inside. I remember a good deal more about the great view toward the mountains, or down river, and the boys and girls themselves, or even the ground sparrows and little field strawberries that grew in the thin grass, than I do about learning my lessons. I must take my place at the foot of the list when the Academy's best scholars are named over, but I owe a great deal to my school days nevertheless. Many of my associates were stimulating and interesting to me because they brought a certain foreign flavour and interest into the routine of school life.

In my first year or two at school, in 1862 and 1863, we were very fond of two girls, both a good deal older than I, who came from a seaport town far down the coast of Maine. Nothing made me happier than to decoy them into relating their experiences on ship board, for they were each daughters of captains in the merchant service and had spent much of their lives at sea. What wings that gave my fancy! I used to point to places on my geography maps in school hours (when whispering was forbidden) with a questioning look and be answered by a nod or a

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There were two Danes who came to school just before this time and one of them always gave me great pleasure. He had come in to Kennebunk with one of the shipmasters and

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It was a little hard to begin this rambling paper, but it is a great deal harder to end it. I wish that other old scholars would follow me and write something of what they remember. I should like to hear about Dr. Gray's time at the Academy, perhaps the most interesting years of any. How few of the younger scholars know anything about that wandering Oxford scholar who liked his work and who gave the school an impulse which it did not lose for many years. His grave should not be unmarked and neglected as it is in the Old Fields burying ground. Mr. Goodwin's scholars, too, remember him with love and gratitude and owe to him much of their knowledge of good books. For my part I am as grateful to my fellow scholars as to my teachers for lessons of patience and of generosity and thoughtfulness. I have watched many of them lift and carry the burdens of life with closer sympathy and truer affection than they have ever suspected.

SARAH O. JEWETT.