

The *Terronian*
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Class Day Poem.

HENRY ROYER KREIDER.

THE DAWN OF PEACE.

When the clouds of war are scattered,
And the raging storm has passed;
When the cruel bonds are shattered,
The oppressed are free at last;
When the angry war has ended,
And the cries of battles cease;
When our cause so just defended;
Then we'll greet the dawn of peace.

We are boasting, not of glory
Battles and of empty might,
Nor the f^ost of vanished glory;
But of justice and of right.
We are fighting, not for sovereigns,
Nor for conquest, power, and pelf;
Not for vast and endless domains,
But for right, and peace itself.

In America no principle
Fills the loyal heart with fear;
All are living free and equal,
And no slave is known here.
May our mode of legislation,
Cause all tyranny to cease;
O'er this mighty western nation,
Love is sovereign. Such is peace.

May the cause which we now cherish,
Meet the merit of the world;
Until right and justice flourish,
Where our banners are unfurled.
May the policy of nations,
Cause oppression's hand to cease;
Bind the world in close relations,
By eternal bonds of peace.

May our nation live forever,
With a noble destiny;
Like a deep and endless river,
Flowing through eternity.
With a cause so just and glorious,
That a life for life be given;
May our country live victorious,
Neath the brightest smiles of heaven.

A SAILOR ON THE MAINE.

(Second Prize Winning Poem in Goethean Poetical Contest, April 80.)

'NEATH the smile of the stars in Havana's broad bay,
The battleship "Maine" at her anchorage lay,
The darkness had covered the land and the sea,
For the night had come stealing on silently.
The earth was enveloped in stillness profound,
And o'er the calm waters was heard not a sound
Save the roar of the sea, as it rolled up the bay,
Like a lion about to devour his prey.

And resting from labors and toils of the day,
The sailors below in their hammocks now lay;
Some dreaming of home, of fathers and mothers,
Some dreaming of sweethearts, of sisters and brothers,
Some dreamt of the future when terrors of war,
When riots and tumults are heard of no more,
When struggles and battles and roaming are o'er,
And happy they'll dwell on the bright sunny shore.

By the side of their loved ones they had lingered their last,
For death's song was swelling the ocean's dull blast.
Oh, might they have known ere they last left their home,
O'er the earth and its seas of mad waters to roam,
That 'twas death who was standing a prince by their side,
And wherever they went death was ever their guide.
Oh, might they have dreamt that 'twas death steered the ship,
And that soon he'd grasp all in his terrible grip.

A youth there was dreaming that night on the Maine,
Who fond of much loving, loved never in vain.
He dreamt of his home in a land far away,
Of pleasures and joys of a happier day.

Distinctly he remembered his childhood of ease,
The brooks where he played 'neath the old willow trees,
The friends he had made 'neath their wide spreading shade,
The grass covered glade and the hills where he strayed.

He thought of his mother, the pride of his heart,
From whom duty so sternly had called him to part.
The lessons she taught, how she told him to pray,
And how she so often had taught him to say,—
"Though threatened and tossed by the storms of the sea,
O Father, my hope and my trust is in thee;
'Mid struggles and battles whatever betide,
Thou alone art my comfort, my strength and my guide."

How well he remembered the last words she said,—
"Soon I, too, shall be called to the ranks of the dead.
When at last all your roaming and wandering is o'er,
And again you'll return to your old home once more,
Then, should I not meet you at the wide open door,
And lovingly greet you, as often before,
You will know that I've gone to that land far away,
Where ne'er setting sun brings the closing of day

"On eternity's shore where no parting is known,
There my soul will be waiting until thou shalt come.
Until then, may the Lord watch between thee and me,
And may peace be thy guide over life's stormy sea."
Oh, who can replace the fond love of a mother,
In all this wide world, there is never another
By whom such affections can ever be given;
They are equalled by only the angels in heaven.

Thus he dreamt of the future, he dreamt of the past,
But his dream was too sweet and too happy to last.
For suddenly hurling destruction around,
There arose o'er the waters a horrible sound,
As if hell, breaking forth from the depth of the sea,
Had seized all in its horrible misery.
The ship and the sailors had vanished from sight,
And naught was there left but the stillness of night.

Oh, mourn for the Maine, all her glories are o'er,
From her masts our fond flag will be floating no more,

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No more will she sail o'er our bright sunny seas,
No more will we call her our Guardian of Peace.
But few, who so gallantly served on the Maine,
Have lived to return to their loved ones again;
But few of the brave, noble band which she bore,
Have lived to return to their country once more.

The eyes of our country are weary with weeping.
Beneath the mad wave her brave heroes are sleeping.
No farewell to friends, and no last parting word
From the dying and dead in that tumult were heard;
Some gently were laid by an enemy's hand
Beneath the green sod in that warm southern land;
Some silently sleep far below the dark wave,
There, nature has gen'rously made them a grave.

Not borne to their graves by a sad, weeping throng,
Nor buried 'mid prayers and funeral song
They lie where the pearls of the sea lie deep
And no one can go to their graves to weep.
They are far from the world, from its battles and care,
No enemy's hand can e'er trouble them there.
Oh, plant to their memory a lily, a rose,
A tribute to tell of the heroes' repose.

—HENRY R. KREIDER, '98.

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A DREAM OF THE PAST.

IT WAS midnight early in the month of April and Horace Benton sat at his desk, having just finished a long article which must appear in the morning's paper. Being tired of the toil of the day and the night now so far spent, and in that condition when the mind is weary and the heart is full, Horace lay back in his large arm-chair to indulge in a moment's thought. Immediately he drifted into a deep reverie, a day-dream, and on his memory floated vividly scenes of his younger days. He saw himself in the mirror of the Past, as he once had been,—a youth filled with ambition and noble aspirations. He again lived over his youthful life. It seemed to him that he was once more passing through the spring-time of his life, and that his college days had again returned.

Suddenly there appeared before him a maiden robed in the queenly beauty of youth, and he lived through the scene where he first had met her. He found himself one of a merry picnic party, who were about to enter the welcoming grounds of Penryn, a park which graces the sides of the verdant mountains laying to the south of the famous Cornwall ore banks. There they were to spend the day in pleasure and merriment. As the train, now deprived of its precious freight, was rapidly moving away, the crowd halted a moment for the greeting of friends and the meeting of strangers. Horace was a great favorite among this particular crowd, nearly all of whom he had known from childhood.

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But among the few strangers presented to him was the cousin of one of his devoted friends, and in her he immediately observed a mysterious charm. 'Twas early in June. The day was an ideal one for a picnic. The sun was shining brightly from the eastern heavens, purpling the surrounding hills and filling all with floods of glory. The birds were singing sweetly in the neighboring trees, and the sound of laughter and merry voices was heard on every side. Within the park were found various sorts of amusement. Some began playing games, some found enjoyment in the swings and others were engaged in conversation. Thus the forenoon passed by very pleasantly. The hour for luncheon having come, tables were prepared and the contents of the baskets placed upon them. Soon the merry-crowd gathered around. It happened that directly opposite Horace sat Nell Demming, the cousin of his friend. Here, for the first time Horace seized the opportunity to enter into a little chat with her, for he, when younger, was very timorous, and some remnants still remained, although now he had greatly overcome this vexing fault. The narrow tables permitted easy conversation, and his cultured manners and kind disposition soon won the favor of Nell, who at once saw in him the type of true dignified manhood, which he always manifested, and which noble womanhood never fails to appreciate. Dinner was ended after many a pleasant joke and merry laughter.

Horace and Nell, now finding much pleasure in each other's company, concluded to take a walk in search of flowers. They were strolling along the clear stream which flows through that park, admiring the rustic work and the beautiful foliage, when Horace noticed a number of blue violets growing upon the bank. Stooping down he plucked them, and gave them to Nell. She perhaps thought little of the symbol which they represented. They took a short ramble into the woods, gathering laurel and columbine, and after some time returned to seek the crowd, some of which were now seated about in small groups engaged in various topics of conversation, others were just returning, bearing with them bunches of flowers.

It was now late in the afternoon, and the evening lunch was soon prepared, after which it was proposed that all of the party take a boat-ride. For this purpose they gathered at the landing by the side of the little lake and soon all the boats were filled.

The day was already far spent, and the sun was rapidly sinking in the western heavens, painting the sky with a ruddy hue and filling the horizon with a sunset-glow. Evening had come. The

birds of the morning had long since ceased to sing, but in their stead was heard on every side the croaking of frogs and the chirping of crickets. Never before had the little lake at Penryn presented a more beautiful sight, nor did it ever bear upon its crystal waters a merrier crowd. They gathered the boats into a group and floating upon the quiet waters sang the familiar song:

"Twilight is stealing over the sea,
Shadows are falling dark on the lea,
Born on the night wind's voices of yore,
Come from the far-off shore."

To Horace and Nell, who happened to be in a boat by themselves, the scene seemed sublime, as the zephyrs, gently blowing, wafted the sound o'er the still waters, through the quiet evening air, until it was lost among the trees and the distant hills.

Darkness was rapidly setting in and the company was gathering at the railroad, awaiting the coming of the train, which was to bear them away. Soon it arrived, and being filled with the party they soon found themselves on their way homeward. Much of the gayety and merriment of the morning had passed, yet many a familiar song was sung as the train was speeding along. Finally they reached the depot and in groups were rapidly hurrying away. Horace and Nell took a quiet little walk toward her cousin's home, with whom she was then staying. The evening was beautiful. The stars were glittering throughout the heavens and the moon, about to rise above the eastern horizon, cast its first rays o'er the city, and as it shone through the willows by the roadside, appeared to them a new herald of a brighter glory. They spoke of the picnic, of the pleasures of the day, and of the future. Nell said that on the following day she must leave her cousin to return to her far-off home, but that in a year or two she would come again, and that she hoped that they might then repeat the scenes of that day. The place where Nell was staying was reached only too soon, and the time had come when they must part. Would it be forever? Horace, as he turned to leave, lingered for a moment, and then looking backward gave one more "good night." Upon his ears echoed and re-echoed the sound of her sweet voice, "Farewell."

* * *

Is love but a ray of sunshine
Cast one moment o'er each heart,
Soon to pass and be forgotten,
As our hopes so oft depart?

These are the words Horace again repeated in his reverie, as he had repeated them that night years ago on his way home. Then suddenly the door opened and some one entered. Springing up he clasped in his arms the form of his wife, saying,

"My dear Nell."

"Dear Horace."

H. R. K., '98.