

of previous years. That the paper will continue to improve is fully warranted by the election of another progressive and we do not doubt, harmonious board. Miss Cather as managing editor of the new board will do her work well, as she has done this year, and will present THE HESPERIAN to its patrons in a form and make up that will be a credit to herself and all concerned. Again, in saying farewell I wish to thank the board and the business manager for what they have done to make THE HESPERIAN the success it has been, for the interest they have taken in the paper and for the harmony that has at all times existed in the present board. I also wish to thank all those who have contributed anything for the paper at any time during the year. The professors have shown a good deal of interest by written contributions that have added much to the attractiveness of the paper. We hope they will not let their interest lag next year.

PAUL PIZEY.

### Book Reviews.

One of the most interesting and unique books we have seen lately is a little volume entitled "College Verse." It contains about two hundred pages of the best verse compiled from the leading college papers of the country by Joseph L. Harrison. The book exhibits good taste in every particular, and the binding is especially neat. Owing either to the influence of classic models, or to the youthful susceptibility of the authors, the verse runs largely to sentiment, but as the sentiment is good, and we all rather like a little sometimes, that is no objection. On the whole, the verse seems to us a great deal better than those pallid effusions that decorate the pages of the *Century* or *Harpers*.

A few of the selections are in a lighter vein, of which the following is one:

"TWO SEASONS."

LAST.

Oft through the summer vacation,  
We played—the fair Clara and I,  
Love games o'er the net of our tennis,  
With glances entrancingly shy.

THIS.

This season again we play tennis  
Together through many a set;  
But now we always play double  
'Gainst the world just over the net.

### Class Day at Harvard.

Class day at Harvard is the students' day; the buildings are all theirs, and the yard is theirs, to do with as they like. It is the day of actual graduation. Commencement may give the formal certificate of the university, it is necessary in order to make the letter of the ceremony complete, but college life, in its subtler significance, ends when Jones the Bell-ringer blows out the last candle of the class-day lanterns.

Of the formal part of the exercises of the day there is little to say. With a few unessential differences, it is like the formal part of the class day of every other American college. About nine o'clock in the morning there is prayer in the chapel, to which all the seniors walk, once in the unaccustomed splendor of dress suits and silk hats, but now, I believe, in gown and mortar-board. Of the recent changes, however, I do not feel qualified to speak. I will describe the day only as I myself knew it during the four years when I was at Harvard. After chapel comes breakfast, taken standing at the house of the Plummer Professor of Morals, and then all idle about or busy themselves in preparations till eleven, when they march, two by two, with the band and class day speakers at the head, over to Sander's theatre, in the eastern end of Memorial hall. There the Orator delivers his oration, the Poet reads his poem, the Ivy orator is, or tries to be witty, and the Odist reads his ode, which the whole audience then sings to the tune of "Fair Harvard."

It is then, when the crowd has poured out of the theatre, that Class Day really begins. It is a little afternoon, the time for the mid-day spreads, and the girls begin to gather. There have been many of them at the theatre, but these are but a fraction of the vast army that now begins to invade Cambridge from every quarter, from Boston, from Brooklyn, from New York, from Virginia, from Texas, from California, in all degrees of bewildering beauty of face and of dress.