4-12-1890

The Wellesley Prelude

Wellesley College

Follow this and additional works at: http://repository.wellesley.edu/prelude

Recommended Citation

http://repository.wellesley.edu/prelude/24

This is brought to you for free and open access by the Archives at Wellesley College Digital Scholarship and Archive. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Wellesley Prelude by an authorized administrator of Wellesley College Digital Scholarship and Archive. For more information, please contact ir@wellesley.edu.
VOLUME I.—No. 25.

CONTENTS.

Leader, Clara E. Emerson, '91 — 351.
Poem—Easter Morning, Kent Dunlap, '90 — 352.
A Legend of Easter Lillies, M. E. C. (special) — 352.
Poem—A Story Retold, Emilie Paulsson — 354.
The Florentine Lily, Estelle M. Hurll — 354.
Poem—April, '90 — 356.
A College Vacation — 357.

College Notes, Theodora Kyle, '91 — 359.
Auld Acquaintance — 359.
Inter-Collegiate News, Mary W. Bates, '92 — 360.
Our Outlook, Mary Barrows, '90 — 360.
Waban Ripples — 361.
Magazine Reviews — 361.
Our Exchanges — 362.
Book Reviews, Sarah M. Bock, '90 — 362.

Wellesley, Mass., April 12, 1890.
UNMOUNTED PHOTOGRAPHS

Our September Supplement, just issued, contains full lists of illustrations of the following works:


Please call and examine or send for Supplement, mentioning this paper.

Soule Photograph Co.,
338 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

NEW $3 FOR FIRST-CLASS LIMITED TICKETS.

NEW YORK FARES REDUCED.

FALL RIVER LINE.

Express trains connecting with steamer at Fall River in 80 minutes. Leave Boston from Old Colony Station weekdays at 6 P.M. Sundays at 7 P.M.

Steamers Puritan and Pilgrim in commission. Steam heat in staterooms. An orchestra on each steamer throughout the year.

Tickets, staterooms, &c., secured at the line office, No. 3, Old State House, and Old Colony Station, Kneeland Street.

L. H. PALMER, Agent, 3 Old State House.

R. H. STEARNS & Co.

TREMONT STREET AND TEMPLE PLACE.

Correspondence solicited with reference to GRADUATION OUTFITS.

White Goods a Specialty.

Dresses Made to Order.

R. H. STEARNS & Co.

Partridge PHOTOGRAPHER,
BOSTON AND BROOKLINE.
Wellesley Studio open Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of each week till July 1. Publisher of Wellesley views.

MEADE, DODGE & CO., DEALERS IN Artists' Materials.

Picture Framing, Art Studies and Decorative Goods of all kinds.

NO. 4 PARK STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

ARTISTS' MATERIALS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Mathematical Instruments, Etching Materials, Etc.

FROST & ADAMS,

37 CORNHILL, BOSTON.

J. TAILBY & SON, FLORISTS,

Opposite Railroad Station, Wellesley.

Cut Flowers and Plants of the choicest varieties constantly on hand. Floral designs for all occasions arranged at shortest notice. Orders by mail or otherwise promptly attended to. Flowers carefully packed and forwarded to all parts of the United States or Canada.
ADVERTISEMENTS.

**ARTISTS' MATERIALS.**

**DRAFTING INSTRUMENTS**

**Art Novelties of all kinds.**

WADSWORTH, HOWLAND & CO.,
82 and 84 Washington St., Boston.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

---

**OAK GROVE FARM CAFÉ,**

413 WASHINGTON STREET.

The Fashionable Dining Parlors in Boston.

Elegantly appointed, perfect attendance, and superior Cuisine.

---

**Tired Brain**

**HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE,**

A brain food. It increases the capacity for mental labor, and acts as a general tonic. It rests the tired brain and imparts thereto new life and energy.

Dr. F. W. Lythe, Lebanon, Ill., says:

"I have personally used it with marked advantage when overworked, and the nervous system much depressed."

Dr. O. C. Stout, Syracuse, N. Y., says:

"I gave it to one patient who was unable to transact the most ordinary business, because his brain was 'tired and confused' upon the least mental exertion. Immediate relief and ultimate recovery followed."

DESCRIPTIVE PAMPHLET FREE.

Rumford Chemical Works. Providence, R. I.

**CAUTION:**—Be sure the word "Horsford's" is printed on the label. All others are spurious. Never sold in bulk.
THE WELLESLEY PRELUDE.

WELLESLEY COLLEGE, APRIL, 12 1890.

No. 25

. The Wellesley Prelude.
Edited by the Students of Wellesley College and published weekly during the college year. Price, $2.00 a year, in advance. Single copies, 10 cents.

EDITORS:
Mary D. E. Lauderburn, '90.
Sarah M. Bock, '90.
Mary Barrows, '90.
Emily I. Meader, '91.
Thordora Kyte, '91.
Mary W. Bates, '92
Edith S. Tufts, '84.

All literary communications from the students of the college should be sent to Miss Lauderburn, through the "Prelude" box in the general office. Literary communications from outside the college should be directed to the Alumni Editor, Miss Edith S. Tufts, Dana Hall, Wellesley, Mass.

Subscriptions and all other business communications should be sent, in all cases, to Mary Barrows, Wellesley, Mass.

Entered at the Wellesley Post Office as second class matter.

EASTER morning, with its blessed significance, fills us with joy, and in its light we see resurrection in God's world. The eggs and the lilies, the "corn of wheat," which "if it die, bringeth forth much fruit," the budding leaves, the flowing streams, all spring faces and voices, tell of new life. And so they all come to be emblems of Christ's resurrection. On Easter morning, we love to share the joy which this thought brings to us. The day is made more beautiful by a card or an egg telling the thought of a friend. Do not let us forget to give a little brightness to sick people and friendless people. A weary child in a hospital ward might be made to forget the pain by a gilded egg or a bunch of flowers. A card with a poem or a Bible verse would bring joy to the heart of many a lonely old lady. And while we are making our Easter gifts, let us make them in the spirit of Easter. A funny Chinaman made of an egg is certainly "cute," and wish-bones and horse-shoes are good in their time, but are they not better for souvenirs and valentines than for Easter greetings? A spray of pussy-willow tied to a card, and an Easter carol, is as graceful an emblem as one could want, for it is a piece of the newly awakening world. Let us not spoil it by adding the legend,—

"Sing willow, tit willow, tit willow."

We need fun, and comical little devices are good, but the Sabbath is a day for better thoughts. A beautiful card is made by mounting on water color paper a photograph of one of Fra Angelico's angels, with a hymn neatly lettered in ink or gilding. There are endless devices of eggs, of butterflies, and of lilies. Let us make them as beautiful as we can, but more, let us put in them Easter thoughts that they may tell the glad news, "Christ is risen," and may stir in the heart of our friend the answer, "He is risen indeed."

Clara E. Emerson, '91.

THE EASTER DAWN.

Hush! the first faint dawn is breaking
O'er the far-off Eastern hills,
Solemn, sweet, in holy silence,
Till, at last, the world's heart thrills
With the chant of Easter music
Sounding through the depths of night,
And the angel voice rings glorious,
"He is risen! God is Light!"

All the clouds and gloom are banished,
Fled the Lenten grief and pain;
Death is conquered, night is ended,
Darkness ne'er on earth shall reign.
Glorious shines the world's Lightgiver,
Earth from sadness hath release,
And the angel voice rings ever,
"Christ is risen! All is peace!"

H. M., '92

It fortifies my soul to know
That, though I perish, Truth is so:
That, how soe'er I stray and range,
What e'er I do, Thou dost not change.
I steadier step when I recall
That, if I slip Thou dost not fall.

Arthur Hugh Clough.
THE WELLESLEY PRELUDE.

EASTER MORNING.

I.
The glad hope is buried in sorrow,  
The day-star is drunk by the dark,  
Black cloud is our promised to-morrow:—  
The Master is dead, cold and stark.

From the gate of the long-vanished garden,  
Through the ages of striving and pain,  
Men have hoped for an ill-deserved pardon,  
Awaiting some saviour in vain.

Mourn with us, each sad, wakened dreamer,  
Whose great hope is come great despair:—  
Him we trusted was Israel's Redeemer,  
Lies wrapped in his grave clothes there.

II.
Fear no longer, he has risen;  
Jesus lives!  
Joy and hope from death's dark prison  
Heaven gives,  
Black the shadows, but the light  
Of morning breaks athwart the night:  
Jesus lives!

Israel, not in vain thy dreaming,  
And thy prayer:  
Thine eyes first do catch the gleaming  
Vision fair.  
Of a-glad triumphant earth  
Saved from all her pain and dearth  
Jesus lives!

He hath come to reign forever,  
Love is King.  
Precious hope that fadeth never  
Doth he bring.  
Death and pain and sin's strong might  
In his kingdom do not blight;  
Jesus lives!

Set earth's joy bells wildly ringing,  
Him to greet.  
Lay sweet flowers, incense-bringing,  
At his feet,  
Hand and voice unite to raise  
A glorious symphony of praise!  
Jesus lives!

Kent Dunlap, '90.

A LEGEND OF EASTER LILIES.

In a pleasant valley far beyond the sea, lived a happy people. Simple and prosperous, they did not feel the wants and temptations of the splendid and sinful world beyond their sheltering mountains.

Here the sun threw its brightest rays and softest shadows, and clouds melted in gentle showers. All day long merry children frolicked in the sunshine, growing brown and rosy under its genial rays. In the field the comely women and sturdy men labored side by side; laughing maidens vied with the ruddy youth as they lightly tossed the golden grain, or piled the mellow fruit in harvest time. When the day was done the workers homeward went in the golden evening light. The maidens first, to prepare the evening meal, their arms filled with fruits and flowers.

From vine-clad doorways they watched the approach of husband and brother, their cheeks glowing with the ruddy wine of health. They saw the meek-eyed herdsmen, casting huge shadows on the golden grass, and the woolly sheep, like flecks of foam, creep down the winding mountain path. They saw the shadowy light steal low across the valley and stretch her quivering fingers up the mountain side.

When the stars came out, in the cheerful light of hearth fires, which cast a ruddy glow on aged cheeks, and discovered youthful forms in shadowy nooks, or in the summer-time, in the cool moonlight, the good people gathered to listen to quaint old legends and tales of blessed saints, or to the songs of the Poet of the valley.

He sang of sunrise on the hills; how the twinkling morning star drops in the west while the sleeping valley lies shrouded in a coverlet of mist; how the youthful sun strides up the mountain side, leaps upon its summit and hurles glittering lances upon the valley below, and at their magic touch the brooding mist awakes and rising spreads its quivering wings of rose and gold and vanishes over the distant hills. He sang of the water sprites imprisoned in the mountain streams, how they chatter and dance and leap from rock to rock and vanish with twinkling laughter. He sang of fairy bowerS behind the dashing waterfall, all cool, and green,
and dripping, decked with violets and redolent with the wild rose. When the spring-time came he sang of birds and love and flowers, and at Easter-tide they begged of him a song of hope, and heaven, and Easter lilies. So bending his ear to catch the sweet voice of the harp as he played, the Poet sang:

"'Tis over bending
In the ages far ascending
Here our sires their steps were bending,
Found this valley in the mountains
Ate its fruits and drank its fountains,
'Tis a goodly land" they murmured
Here we'll bring our wives and children.

Many years they lived and prospered;
Bright the skies above them bending,
Rich the flocks their youths were tending,
Sweet the blood the black grapes yielded,
Goodly harvests, fragrant fruitage
In this happy, happy valley.
O the merry hearted children,
Nut brown boys and winsome maidens,
Gentle, coy, and loving maidens
Whom the lovers called "my sweetheart,"
Brought them flowers from lofty places,
Fashioned barques from toughest tree-bole,
Lined them with the silver birch tree,
Placed therein the dainty maidens,
Spread the sails of snowy linen,
Sailed away as skims the sea fowl;
And returning with the shadows,
Listened to the song birds whispering
Low, to swaying branches clinging.
O the merry hearted lovers!
O the happy, happy spring-time!

In a marsh behind the tree tops,
In the snaky woods and slimy,
Lived a genius black and evil.
Icy winter bound him fast there,
But the spring-time fast approaching,
Decked with flowers the happy valley.
Waked the spirit from his death trance.
Shaking sleep from off his eye-lids,
Round the genius looked, and spying
In the distance Happy Valley
Nestling in the heart of mountains,
Folded his black wings, and stealing
Through the forest creeping, creeping,
Saw the workers and the children
In the sad and fated valley,
When the nights came dark and heavy.
Wide the spirit spread his bat-wings,
Hovered o'er the sleeping valley;
And descending with hot breathing
Poisoned all the little children;

Left the grass all scar and blackened,
Withered flowers in his foot steps.
But at day-break back he glided
To his noisome habitation
Where were reptiles dark and slimy
Lizards, toads, and creatures crawling.
O'er the stagnant waters spreading,
Dark he lay, and still, and brooding.
O the cry that went up heavenward!
O the moaning of the victims!
O the broken-hearted mothers,
And the desolated valley!
"O thou Christ and Holy Mother
See our hearts all torn and bleeding.
See our loved ones 'round us dying,
Look upon us, kind and pitying."

In the Easter Tide approaching
Came the answer to their praying.
In their midst a Being lovely
Came, and walked among the people.
White her garments as the sunlight,
Pure her soul as is the snow drop.
Flowers blossomed in her foot-steps.
Forth among the people walking,
Laying hands on foreheads fevered,
Filling all the air with sweetness,
All the valley felt her presence.
Back the Spirit dark was driven
To his noisome habitation.
Where were reptiles dark and slimy,
Lizards, toads, and creatures crawling.

Came the people heavy-hearted
Seeking for the Being lovely,
Always seeking, never finding,
Never knowing how she left them.
Did a fairy barque of silver
With white sails and purple lining
Bear her o'er the sparkling water
Till in rosy mist it vanished?
From the foot-prints on the lake shore,
In the paths her feet had treaded,
From the graves of those who left them
Sprang the shining snow-white lilies.

The poet ceased; and when Easter morn dawned fair and beautiful the clear toned chapel bell summoned the people to prayer. From all over the valley they came with their offerings of flowers. The breath of the lilies mingling with the melody of the Christus Sanctus and Ave Maria filled all the valley with sweet peace and sweeter hope.

M. E. C. (Special)
THE WELLESLEY PRELUDE.

A STORY RETOLD.
(Selected.)

Christ is risen! Dear child listen
To a legend old:
'Tis a sweet quaint Easter story,
Years ago 'twas told,
1, a little child like you,
Loved to think the story true.

When the Saviour's suffering ended
In death's welcome rest
Lovingly the pierced body
For the grave was dressed,
And to sepulchre was ta'en
Where man never yet had lain.

Very lovely was that grave-yard,
Very fair to see;
Beautiful with bloom and verdure;
One close-growing tree,
Stretching greenness far aloft,
Clad the tomb with shadows soft.

Very early in the morning,
While it was yet dark,
When no moon shone in the garden,
Nor yet starry spark,
In the early morning gloom,
Rose our dear Lord from the tomb.

Angels bright, in shining garments,
Rolled away the stone;
Seal of death they could not open,
Christ the Lord alone
Then, as now, that seal could break,
To new life the dead awake.

As he rose from rocky prison,
One wee bird above,
In the sheltering green branches,
Met his look of love.
Quick responsive to that look,
Forth the joyous music broke.

Praise more glad, or music sweeter,
Sure was never heard
Than this first of Easter anthems,
Caroled by a bird!
And Christ, listening to the lay
Blessed the little bird alway.

That all Christians might remember
Through the ages long
This the blessing, for that joyous
Resurrection song;
That the birds white eggs should change
Many colored, bright and strange.

And, dear child, the legend sayeth,
Eggs, for Easter Day
Still are colored, by that blessing,
In some magic way;
Showing us our God of Love
E'en a bird song will approve.

Emilie Poulsdon.

THE FLORENTINE LILY.

The lily is the civic emblem of Florence and is embodied in the coat of arms in a graceful conventionalized form. Cut in stone on the facade of the stern grey Palazzo Vecchio, wrought in iron on the summit of the obelisks of the Piazza Santa Maria Novella, stamped on the plugs of the public water pumps, ground in the glass of the post office doors, painted on the dainty vellum bindings of Romola, set in corals or in mosaics as brooches,—the charming device appears constantly and in every conceivable form. One likes it at first as a pretty design quite as much as on account of its resemblance to the flower it represents. Indeed were it not for experience with the fleur-de-lis of France one would hardly think of it as a lily at all; and in any case the discovery of the lily-likeness is a slow one. When once the three parts have become identified in the mind with petals, the device begins to mean, and grows in meaning, the lily of Florence.

The living flower originally intended by the conventionalized form is a ruby colored amaryllis. What a vision of glory must that field of red lilies have been—the garden of Eden—in which the city was founded and called the City of Flowers! The amaryllis no longer lifts its red banners on the hillsides. One must make a long search among the florists to find the few descendants of this noble ancestry, in order to conjure up from one or two specimens the great multitude which greeted the early Florentines.

When this tribute to tradition has been duly paid we are at liberty to leave the actual lily of history, to choose for ourselves an ideal lily for this fair city of our sojourn. The lily used in Art as the symbol of the Virgin Mary possesses our imagination for a while as the lily of Florence, and not inappropriately, as the city is under the direct tutelage of the
virgin. This is the lily of lovely, large, white golden-tongued bells, clustering closely on great stalks. It is known at home as the Easter lily, but here it is called the Annunciation lily, because associated with that event more frequently than with any other in Mary's life. Superb reproductions of the flower in silver surround the Chapel of the Virgin in the Church of the Annunziata.

The meaning of the symbol is clear enough to the most literal minded. The white lily is what Ruskin calls a "hieroglyph of nature." The sweet pure life is more like a lily than like anything else in nature, and sweetness and purity were the main elements in that vague ideal of true womanhood of which Mary came to be the personification.

It is interesting to notice how the lily symbol has been handled in the paintings of the Annunciation. In many it is formally introduced in a pot set half way between the angel and Mary. More often the angel bears the flower as a tribute of the divine favor with which the Virgin's purity has been regarded. I have seen it held like a wand as Mercury holds the Caducus, but it is usually carried in the left hand resting over the shoulder like a flag or standard, and in such cases has a very long and very rigid stalk. The Annunciation of Veronese in the Pitti, although rather sensational and not excellent enough to be starred in the guide books, presents a more natural lily than most, resting carelessly on the left arm over which the stalk bends gracefully. But here there is no excuse for the lily, so to speak. Even the stiff and abnormally large stalks of other artists are preferable, borne with a solemn dignity as the heavenly standard. But Carlo Dolci's wonderful picture reveals a distinctly new vision of the Annunciation lily. Here the angel carries the flower, not as an indispensable but somewhat inconvenient label of Mary's character, but for a purpose. He searches its very heart with a sweet penetrating gaze, smiling tenderly upon the fair blossoms. Life is the more noble if more mysterious for having seen this angel reflecting upon the beauty of holiness.

The imagination loves to linger upon the Annunciation lily as the special lily of Florence symbolizing the ideal of righteousness towards which all true Florentines should strive. But thus interpreted this lily alone would present an incomplete view of life. Rightness of conduct is the invariable antecedent of blessedness in experience. The history of Mary, beginning with the Annunciation culminates in the Assumption. Considered apart from their connection with the Mariolatry of the Roman Church these two great themes of medieval religious art may represent the two essential facts in every true Christian history, the divine call to service, and the joy of fulfilling that service. The eternal life which we seek is the eternal union of righteousness and blessedness. For the completion of our ideal of the lily of Florence, let us seek a lily of joy. In the fields beyond the gates and on the hillsides beyond the fields, the glad yellow jonquils are growing in profusion as I write. These are lilies of the sun, woven of sunbeams, dipped in sun waves, transferred with sunlight — what you will — but truly sun glorified. Walking along the Arno on these happy March mornings, past the broad baskets of the flower venders where these Lenten lilies lie in great fragrant masses, I choose these of all others for the lily of Florence, they are so full of the promise of the heavenly city. Their golden chalices are to me the earnest of the cup of absolute joy from which we shall drink at the marriage feast in the perfected Kingdom of our Father.

As I reflect with growing affection upon the two flowers which I have chosen in turn and together as the lily of Florentine aspiration, I begin to understand my deepening admiration for the Campanile, the noblest achievement — the flower — of Florentine art, it is the embodiment of all that is noblest in the Florentine ideal, and thus truly the flower of Florentine faith — the lily.

Its shining white marble has become stained with yellow in the coming and going of the centuries — this is the literal explanation of its present color. But thinking of it always as a lily, it seems to me to have so long lifted its stately shaft of white purity into the golden sunshine, that it has entered into the joy of fulfilled service, and has become glorified with the Sun of Righteousness. The tower which stands for the religion of Florence is thus connected in my mind with the device which stands for the state, and the symbol of patriotism and the symbol of faith are united in the lily of Florence.

Estelle M. Hurll.
APRIL.

Over Lake Waban the blue sky is bending,
Spring to the glad earth her message is sending,
Telling of hope and of life never ending,
And April is here.

April, who smiles, but is presently weeping,
April who awakens the flowers lately sleeping,
And quickens the life-blood so sluggishly creeping,
Sweet April is here.

EASTER.

'Tis Easter morning; clear and bright
The sun has risen out of night,
From the dark chaos of life's woe,
The light of heaven shines below.
The earth is bathed in crystal dew,
All nature seemeth made anew;
The warbling birds the angels greet
The budding lilies kiss their feet.
The early mists are robes of light
That veil bright beings from our sight,
The very silence pulses near
With music that we do not hear.
Great Nature bows in reverent prayer
The joys of glory new to share:
And shall not sentient beings lift
Their gratitude for God's great gift?
The voices of the stones shall break
Their sealed lips for His dear sake,
And myriad stars in wonder blaze
If mortals dare withhold their praise.
The world's great battle now is won.
The joy of victory begun:
The "Son of Man," the King of Love
Now reigns in glorious light above.
And 'mid the white-winged seraphs bright
He calls, "Come sit upon my right,
Where holy joys unending be,
And life is all eternity."

E. C. '92.

The following quotation is from the poem of a famous writer published in a recent magazine, but we fail to appreciate the poet's conception of a cenotaph:

"Beneath those marble cenotaphs and urns
Lies richer dust than ever nature hid
Packed in the mountain's adamantine heart
Or shyly wrapt in unsuspecting sand,"

To the Editors of the Prelude:

Will you please give space for a few lines of explanation? After my enjoyable visit to Wellesley, a report was sent to New York that in my address on City Mission Work, I had spoken strongly against the College Settlement. In my Chapel Address, I did not in any way refer to the College Settlement, this attack must, therefore, have been made in the Faculty parlor, where I endeavored to point out the best methods of doing City Mission Work.

Before coming to Wellesley, I had been informed that one of the young ladies connected with the College Settlement had made an address, at Wellesley, in which she stated that it was a hopeless task to attempt to do anything for persons over 14 years of age. I was on this account asked to give my view of the subject, and made prominent the power of the gospel in reaching those who were deep down in sin. I urged the young ladies, who might be considering this form of work, to make the religious element prominent, and I stated that I could see no reason why the disciples of Christ should not go everywhere "in His name." I stated that I was perfectly convinced none would be frightened, because we taught religion. I had no thought of attacking any one, but simply urged the Christian rather than the Ethical basis of work.

Since my return to New York, I had the pleasure of meeting the young ladies of the College Settlement and learning their methods of work, and I am convinced that it is a mistake to suppose, as some of the Wellesley students do, that religion is ignored by the College Settlement.

The members of the Settlement are not missionaries, their work is chiefly social and educational, but the religious element is not neglected. The College Settlement does a grand, good work, and deserves the sympathy of all good people.

There is room for another Settlement and, a number of Wellesley girls will get a hearty welcome if they start a similar work in one of our densely populated districts of New York City.

W. T. Elsing.

White shall not neutralize the black, nor good Compensate bad in man, absolve him so:
Life's business being just the terrible choice.

Browning.
A COLLEGE VACATION.

An adventurous fly who was a close observer of human nature was scouted as an incredibly silly insect by his friends and peers. He had proposed to himself and, in an evil hour, to his acquaintance to spend his vacation at college. In spite of friendly remonstrances and gibes, with the tenacity of his tribe, he clung to his first resolution and only answered, "buzz, buzz" to their vain repetitions. The fact was this original and stubborn creature was possessed by an idea. It was that even in vacation the college offered a good field for study, and he intended to prove it by the only true scientific method, experiment. His aim, however, was not to study in the old lines but to strike out boldly among "fresh fields and pastures new."

His interest and sympathy were enlisted in some fellow mortals also doomed to stay. Though these seventeen damsels were not urgent in their invitation to join them they tolerated him without a thought to his million and one eyes and the tales he might unfold. The result was he made himself privy to all their counsels, and a companion in all their movements. When his "dear five hundred" friends returned from the four quarters of the globe after the holidays he was asked to give an account of himself. So he told of some of the things that had come under his unwinking gaze, unnecessarily adding the negative of a sentiment of the pins Aeneas which he had crawled over in his youth—"quorum pars magna fui."

There was in this giddy crowd an Autocrat of the breakfast or any other table that happened to be set. She, like the immortal Tommy liked to "shee wheels go wound," and in cases of inertia would put her shoulder to help around the aforesaid. As a neutralizer to this surplus energy there was the Alp who was the rest cure fiend, who advocated the shortest working hours for working women, and refused to entertain even ideas during the vacation. Morpheus himself could not have retired earlier nor appeared later at breakfast nor discoursed more soulfully concerning the physical sin of being awake at eleven. Another hobby which the fair Alp, also known as al (p)\#, rode or either walked around was out door exercise. Here she made many converts and "pedestrianating" as her disciples fondly called it became one of the regular institutions of the college vacation. Another object of the fly-on-the-wall's interest was the Aged Spanner whose malicious delight it was to torture living specimens of the words of the English Language nor allowed the dead to rest in peace but almost made the ghost of the Courant walk the corridors by insisting that "duces est desipere in loco" was "it is sweet to dissipate in this place." The great trouble with vacation is that such things spread rapidly, even as the Grippe in days of yore. A few days only were necessary to show the increase of cases in no mild form and in many quarters. Even the "delicate Southern nursling who never had seen the snow" was heard making remarks about the statuary veiled in ancient damask. She said that in term time there was a "Niobe all tears" in vacation, a Niobe all tears (tares.) Another important personage was the Royal Midget who had to be kept Straight continually. Then there was the fair and only auctioneer, who though as yet but an amateur showed signs of marked talent in that chosen profession. The fly wishes her a long life and manifold success in her noble calling. He has spent many hours looking over a costly and noteworthy Elzevir edition of Mendelssohn's Elijah and has not overlooked more than a quarter of its excellencies. The eloquence that pleads its cause with an unappreciative public was worthy it. The habitat of this gifted daughter of the hammer, she playfully called "the nursery" which being situated in a remote part of the building she would often use her exceeding gift of speech upon her unwary friends to persuade them to escort her thither, and thereby get them as Hamlet would have it "be-rattled."

But enough of this, the fly feels that as a trust-worthy historian he should give a few events as well as character studies in the epoch he has undertaken to treat. There are always found in the period of vacation certain deep underlying interests or events—it is hard to know which to call them—viz: the mails and meals. To be thoroughly understood in their real significance the relations of the former should be brought out as one bringing into permience the Universal, commonly known as the outside world and the significance of the latter as a fact of interest to the particular self. The
tardiness with which mortals come in vacation to the table is only equalled by the tardiness with which they will relinquish hope of getting a letter even after the contents of the mail bag have been sifted even as flour sifted seven times. There may be a subtle relation of cause and effect which, however, the fly leaves to wiser philosophers than himself to determine.

The fly has strong suspicions that vacation would lose half its festal glamour if the drama were as much one of its impossibilities as it is one of the term's. He took his usual station on the wall to listen to a part reading of Othello in preparation to seeing Salvini give it better—"by all mores." How the fly shivered at that mountain of vehemence the "monstrum horrendum, ingens, cui lumen ademptum," and yet would almost have dared to have about with that dear little innocent dapper Iago—To go to another Shakspeare play the same day was nothing to these capacious young whales and they found Julia Marlowe as charming in Rosalind as Salvini was terrific in Othello. "Cakes and ale" (figuratively) had been provided for the wanderers, glad enough to get back, both chaperon and chaperonee, to the Alma Mater. There were other evenings to come home from Twelfth Night and the oratorio and Tannhauser and each time a fairy godmother had been around looking out for the children. Once it took the form of a spread of daintiest appointment but where the fly is grieved to record great levity in the company. The venerable Spunster here began her never-to-be-sufficiently-discouraged practice of—well, punning. An inquisitive Freshman wishing to know the why and wherefore of pickled walnuts—why so soft, for instance, had it explained to her that they were taken so young they had not fully made up their minds to be some other fruit but the Spunster with a wicked look added "They hadn't decided whether 'So be or not.'" The fly felt sick at heart to hear the applause at this outbreak of youthful irreverence. But he was gaining experience.

One beautiful afternoon three started off on a long walk with high ambitions and a small box of raisins. They proposed walking to Farm Pond and back, in all some ten miles, to call on a pair of recluses from the maddening crowd at the college. As our well known excursion to Moscow "the fields were green and the skies were blue," but, in a similar manner, upon arrival there was a dense depopulation of the enemy—the aforesaid having also gone for a walk. A search was instituted and after having caused the babbling gossip of the hills to cry out "Ki-yi ki-yi ki-yippy ki-yi ki-yi ki-yi for Wellesley! to no purpose they thought they would try the "mute inglorious Milton" act and let them alone. Finally as all good things will do they turned up in time and the walk was not utterly fruitless. But such a day as it was to walk! It seemed like some of those undimmed ones left from the world's morning—such fine white light pearling away into the haze of distant hills and now and again the sound of the little runs which have only lately regained their freedom and song could be heard.

But beside the social walks there were pleasant social evenings in Society Hall, or the Stone Hall parlor where music and the beautiful iridescent light of drift wood fires found secure corners in the memory of many a Wellesley girl. But oh, those happy days that went so fast, wing-soled like Hermes sandals. Often the seventeen wished like Joshua to make the sun stand still in Ajalon but such astronomical feats being impossible the vacation came to an end—bringing back, however, as compensation absent voices and faces. They could no longer escape paying the penalty of Adam for they were no longer exiles in Arden. And now, flies, and comrades all, did you have as happy a holiday?

There is a cloud above the sunset hill,
That wends and makes no stay,
For its goal lies beyond the fiery west;
A lingering breath no calm can chase away,
The onward labor of the wind's last will;
A flying foam that overleaps the crest
Of the top wave; and in possession still
A further reach of longing; though at rest
From all the earning years.
Together in the bosom of that day
Ye cling, and with your kisses drink your tears.

—D. G. Rossetti.
AULD ACQUAINTANCE.

BORN.

At Zurich, Jan. 7, a daughter to Mrs. Alice Leonard Gaule, '81.

At Rochester, N. Y., a daughter, Louisa Van Campen, to Mrs. Annie Spear Taylor, student at Wellesley, '82-'83.

At Rome, N. Y., March 18, a daughter, Henrietta, to Mrs. Eleanora Sherwood Hopkins, student at Wellesley, '85-'87.

MARRIED.

Shute-Mann. At Boston, Feb. 6, Grace Elise Mann, student at Wellesley, '86-'89, to Edward S. Shute. At home at Exeter, N. H.

DIED.

At Haverhill, Mass., Mar. 24, Samuel Woodman, aged sixty-five years.

Miss Ella May Cook, '85, is an assistant in the High School at Milford, Mass.

Miss Alice Hamlin, student at Wellesley, '87-'89, is teaching at Andover, Mass.

Miss Stella Cartwright Davis, student at Wellesley, '83-'84, is now living at Pueblo, Col. A daughter was born to her in October, 1889.

Miss Gertrude A. Woodcock, '85, has gone to Pueblo, Col., in search of health, and will remain in that city indefinitely.

Miss Mathilde Denkman, '86, is studying art in Berlin, and expects to be abroad two years.

A VACANCY in the Faculty of the Wellesley School of Philadelphia, caused by the illness of one of the teachers, has been filled the past term by Miss Mary L. Bean, '89.

Mrs. Bertha Holbrook Moffett, '85, is living at Syracuse, N. Y., having removed to that city from Watertown last fall.

Miss Edith Harris, '87, was in the class which was graduated from the Woman's Medical College at Philadelphia a few weeks ago. Miss Ruth W. Lathrop and Miss Mary J. Brewster of '83, Miss Rose Howe, '85, and Miss Jeannie Adams, '87, are studying at the same institution.

COLLEGE NOTES.

To the Girl who is Late for Chapel.

Don't you hear the Chapel bell
Ringing, loudly ringing?
Soon you'll hear unnumbered girls
Singing, sweetly singing.
Still you tarry, linger, wait,
Obstinately hesitate,
Though you know that you'll be late
Wicked maid!

When reluctantly you start,
Can you, dare you smile
As you loiter slowly up,
Through the empty aisle?
Don't you know that it's a crime
Thus to waste good people's time,
You'll know it, damsel mine,
When a shade!

Miss Lucile E. Hill, Instructor in Gymnastics, was called away just before the close of last term by the death of her father.

During the vacation, the death of Mr. Woodman occurred. He was the father of Mrs. Paul, Instructor in Mathematics, and of Miss Woodman, '89.

Miss Hattie Constantine, tutor in Greek, has returned to college. Miss Constantine left Wellesley some weeks ago on account of the illness of her uncle. Her place has been filled by Miss Abbe, '88.

Quite a delegation from Wellesley enjoyed Tannhauser the last night of vacation. They seemed to find it a model introduction to the term's duties.

On Wednesday evening, March 26, Mr. R. E. Spear, Princeton, '89, spoke on Foreign Missions to a large number of students. Mr. Spear represents the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. and is traveling secretary of the Inter-collegiate and Inter-seminary Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions. He has devoted his life to missions.

Professor Horsford has presented Norumbega with a flag. On the opening day of the term it waved right royally in the breeze. Professor Horsford declares that a flag should always wave from the residence of "The Presiding Princess." Neither this nor any thing else could add dignity to stately Norumbega but certainly the graceful signal will bring good luck.

On April 9, Mrs. Noyes died in Boston. She was the mother of Miss M. E. Noyes, Instructor in Logic.

On April 8, Miss Drosilla Douglas, '93, left for her home in Kentucky because of the illness of her father.
THE WELLESLEY PRELUDE.

INTER-COLLEGIATE NEWS.

The Andover Theological Seminary receives $26,000 from the estate of Mr. and Mrs. Richardson, of Manchester, N. H.

Mt. Holyoke College is to have a new scientific building for the departments of Chemistry and Physics; $12,000 has already been subscribed.

The Smith College girls voted almost unanimously to substitute caps and gowns for Tam O' Shanters and shawls, as the College costume but President Seelye objected to the change.—Ex.

The Trinity Alpha Delta Phi men are to have a club house which in point of utility and design will differ very materially from anything of the kind yet erected there.

Considerable attention has been attracted in various circles by the "Congress" of Cornell University, and it has been widely mentioned by the press. One of the Professors of the University is elected to the position of "President of the United States," and the students compose a "Congress," which holds weekly meetings. The enterprise has proven quite a success.

In an article on Classical Studies in America in a recent number of the Classical Review, Professor John H. Wright of Harvard acknowledges that the attention of classical scholars in this country is almost entirely devoted to the scientific side of language. They have a marked interest for points of grammar or of archæology to the detriment of the literary study of Greek and Latin. In their annotated editions of authors, they moreover confine themselves largely to a servile imitation of German workers.—Harvard Crimson.

THE MOTT HAVEN CUP.

The old intercollegiate cup won by Yale last year, and competed for at the intercollegiate games for the last thirteen years, will be given to Harvard after the games this spring. Harvard has won it eight out of thirteen times, and there is no more room left upon it for inscriptions. The record of the colleges since the cup was first competed for is as follows: In 1786 Princeton won it, and for the three following years it went to Columbia. In 1880 Harvard took it and retained it until Yale won in 1887. In 1888 it again went to Harvard, and last year Yale won with Columbia a close second.—Ex.

OUR OUTLOOK.

The New York Exchange for Woman's Work, it is said, will hold for its benefit a great electrical exhibition to which Edison contributes a $5,000 check, and loans all of his exhibits recently shown at the Paris Exhibition. One feature will be a very unique entertainment to be known as "A Peep at the Twentieth Century." A stage will be built at one end of the room on which a setting of a drawing-room will be placed, and in it several ladies and gentlemen dressed in advanced costumes will show how pleasant life will be in 2,000 A. D.

General Spinner, who first introduced women into the U. S. Treasury as clerks and accountants, left on record a striking testimonial to the efficiency and integrity of the sex, and no one had a better opportunity to study the question than he. Although there are several thousand women employed by the Government as clerks, accountants, post-mistresses, and in other capacities, not one has ever proved unfaithful to her trust. Many have been discharged for incapacity and for other reasons, but never one for dishonesty. These points are worth the consideration of merchants and bankers.

The work of the New West Commission is largely woman's work. Its small army of workers are mainly women. It is they, and not men, who have gone alone and often unwelcome into Mormon and Mexican communities, and wrought remarkable changes in the current of feeling and conversation, and of life and character. Had men at the outset attempted to do the work in Salt Lake City so successfully prosecuted first by Miss Shepardson, and later by Miss Gilberth and Miss Merrill, winning the children, then their parents, till a Christian church sprang up in that Mormon stronghold, the work would have died in its earliest stage. Social and religious reforms commence extremely near the nursery, and it will be well for our churches if they bring the forces fitted to create and sustain such reforms face to face with the difficult problems that confront Christianity not only in Utah, but throughout all the vast Territories of the West.

"A sin to be sick"—This is the teaching of Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton. In an address at the Dansville Sanitarium she urged the patients not to talk of their ailments. She told them that sickness was the result of violating law, and no more a thing to be proud of or the subject of conversation than a case of violation of any other law, civil or criminal. This is sound, wholesome doctrine. Let us have the most scientific and imperative instruction on how to keep well. Then if any of us violate the laws of health, either wilfully or from ignorance, let us be as humble about it and as much ashamed of it as possible, and utilize the period of restoration rather by a beautiful opening up of the whole being to the redemptive influences of rest and nature's inspiration, than by dwelling unnecessarily upon our physical sins either in regret or egotistic satisfaction.
THE WELLESLEY PRELUDE.

WABAN RIPPLES.

INSTRUCTOR: What should be done to stop the flow of blood from a wound in the hand?

WELLESLEY STUDENT: A cord should be bound tightly around the wrist and held securely.

INSTRUCTOR: What should be done if the wound is in the head?

W. S.: The cord should then be bound as tightly as possible around the neck and held firmly.

THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

HIGH SCHOOL BOY: "Oh, Lil, me and you is first in grammar."

COMPLAINING PATIENT: Doctor, what would you do if you could not sleep on your left side?

SYMPATHETIC PHYSICIAN: Sleep on my right.

DEJECTED STUDENT: I don't want to go in on that train, for I know that man will be going in on it and I don't want to see him.

KINDLY DISPOSED FACULTY: I am thinking of going in then and if I can be of any service——

RELIEVED STUDENT: Oh, do let me go with you, and then he'll be sure not to want to join me.

EXTRACT from Historical Lecture:—"In those stormy times the fate of Germany hung upon a slender thread, but that slender thread was Charles the Fat."—FLIEGENDE BLATTER.

BENEVOLENT OLD GENTLEMAN: Can you tell me my name, my little girl?

SURPRISED CHILD: Don't you know your own name?

CRAMBO.

QUESTION.—Do you really love me?

WORD.—Teapot.

RESULT.

Long searched I for a simile
To voice my love for you,
'Tis boundless as eternity,
'Twill last the ages through.

I fain would write of flowers and nymphs,
Of birds and angels fair,
But a plain word given me,
Which filled me with despair.

As love of ancient maids for tea,
So is my love for you.
So long as they the tea-pot love,
So long shall I be true.
BOOK REVIEWS.

Aus dem Staat Friedrichs des Grossen. By Gustav Freytag. Edited by Herman Hagy. Ph. D. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. This book is one of the excellent Modern Language Series published by D. C. Heath & Co. Like the rest of the series, it is carefully prepared, and is in every way, an acceptable addition to the German literature courses now in use in advanced reading classes, and will be found very interesting and instructive by many outside of the class-room also. It will be especially welcome to readers of German who already know Macaulay's and Carlyle's essays on Frederick the Great. The editor says, "For a brief estimate of Frederick's character and work as a whole, nothing better, I think, can be found than Dr. Gustav Freytag's masterly essay. In this sketch, we have not a detailed account of the facts of Frederick's life: a knowledge of its bare outlines is assumed, and the author directs his attention mainly to the working of his hero's mind, to the gradual building up of that character which came to be the moulding force of the German, perhaps even of the Europe, of his day." Special attention is also paid to Frederick's work as a writer, and as a historian. The style is vigorous and terse, yet as the editor says, "rising at times to real eloquence in spite of the studied compression which may seem at first a little perplexing to the reader." The student will gain from this work a good idea of the life and character of the great king as well as excellent training from the reading of the German. Ample notes are given to aid the reader, and quicken the interest, and an Appendix gives a full vocabulary of foreign words occurring in the text with their German equivalents.

Constitution of Switzerland. Translated by Prof. Albert B. Hart. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. The directors of the Old South Studies in History have just added to their general series of Old South Leaflets, a translation of the Constitution of Switzerland by Prof. Albert B. Hart of Harvard University, with careful historical and bibliographical notes. It will be of use to those both inside and outside of our colleges, who are engaged in the comparative study of politics. Equally interesting to many, at a time when several new states in the Union are just adopting constitutions, will be the Constitution of Ohio, which has also recently been added to this series of leaflets. It is the purpose of the directors of the Old South Studies to follow up these with similar leaflets, enabling every student to possess for a few cents good copies of the constitutions of leading European nations as well as of representative states in the Union. Our young people are very seldom familiar with the constitution of their own State. It is too often because they cannot easily get at it.

NEW BOOKS IN THE COLLEGE LIBRARY.

American Weather. By A. W. Greely.
Beneath Two Flags. By Maud A. Booth.
Discovery of the Ancient City of Norumbega. By Eben N. Horsford.

OUR EXCHANGES.

To make an old umbrella look like a new one, take it to a dance and leave early.—Columbia Spectator.

FRESH: What makes you call your trot, Mrs. Demosthenes?
CRIBB: Because you call your text Demosthenes, and the trot is its better half.—Yale Record.

FIRST SOPH.: Smith's a good oar, at least they say so.
SECOND SOPH.: I should say so; he has owed me $20 for six months.—Columbia Spectator.

MISS LAKESIDE (of Chicago, sweetly): Well, Chicago can say one thing that New York can't about the World's Fair.
MISS RIVERSIDE (of New York): What is that?
MISS L.: She didn't put her foot in it the way New York did.
MISS R. (significantly): No, she couldn't.—Yale Record.

"Which.
"Charity is love,"
So the preacher said;
"Close together wed"
Charity and love."

Nell and I at Church,
Plate comes down the aisle.
In my pockets search,
Couldn't even smile.
Change there? Not a mite.
Only dollar round.
Nell's there—In her sight
Was that dollar downed.
Charity or love?
On which one, I wonder,
I my ducats squander,
Charity or love?—Columbia Spectator.

R. & J. GILCHRIST,
5 and 7 Winter St., Boston,
Are offering Special inducements to buyers of
GLOVES, HOSIERY
Handkerchiefs,
And, indeed, every kind of reliable Dry Goods
Do you trade there?
Chandler & Co.,

Ladies' & Misses' Garment Department

We have a large assortment of

SPRING JACKETS

and REEFERS,

in Black and Colors, which are especially adapted to

YOUNG LADIES AND MISSES.

Prices range from $5.00 to $25.00.

CHANDLER & CO.,

Winter Street, Boston.
L. P. HOLLANDER & CO.

READY MADE DEPARTMENT.

For Spring and Summer Wear we are now prepared to show our complete line of

LADIES' OUTSIDE GARMENTS,

comprising the very latest designs in

Walking Jackets, Long and Short French Wraps, Ulsters and Travelling Wraps, French Jersey and Surah Waists.

The entire stock was personally selected abroad and represents the best ideas of the leading London and Paris houses who confine the styles exclusive to us.

WE FEEL THAT IT IS UNRIVALLED

for novelty of designs and beauty of texture employed, and the PRICES are within the range of the most economical buyers.

82 and 83 Boylston Street and Park Square,

BOSTON.

ESTABLISHED, 1817.

JOHN H. PRAY SONS & CO.,

Importers, Jobbers, Retailers and Manufacturers' Agents,

Carpetings, Mattings, Oil Cloths, Oriental Rugs,

- Carpets and Upholstery. -

558 & 560 WASHINGTON ST., - - - BOSTON.
30 TO 34 HARRISON AVE. EXTENSION