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Wellesley College

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# The Wellesley Magazine

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**The Conception of Immortality in Shelley, Tennyson, and Browning.**

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The conception of immortality in Shelley, Tennyson, and Browning.

The quality of thought man bestows upon one human experience will be, to a greater or less extent, transferred to every other mental problem. Throughout the ages, as he has beautified and glorified his idea of life, he has been compelled to purify and sanctify his visions of death and immortality. High ideals of the one have, of necessity, demanded holy conceptions of the other.

Characteristic as this may be of humanity in general, it is still more true of the poet in particular, if, as Emerson asserts, he is "the person in whom powers are in balance, the man without impediment, who sees and handles
that which others dream of, traverses the whole scale of experience, and its representative of man, in virtue of being the largest to receive and impart.” If to the poet the visible and invisible reveal themselves as to no other creature, if he is indeed our truest hero, prophet and seer, if he makes audible the silent and unconscious thought of his own age,—just as he confides to us the ideals our fellow-men have conceived of life, so he will also whisper their songs of immortality.

Three great poets stand out against the horizon of the nineteenth century, not only as powerful personalities, but as representatives of the typical attitudes the soul takes toward life and death,—Shelley, the dreamer, Tennyson, the man of faith, and Browning, the seer. A discovery, therefore, of their individual conceptions of immortality will also portray the attitudes of the age toward the after life.

Shelley is the greatest of our dream-poets; the Real was only half-hidden, half-revealed to him between the opaque clouds of his own visions which covered and wafted him to an enchanted land. As the poet’s ideal of life presented in his poems seems at times vague and indistinct, as if he knew not himself what it was in formulate terms, so his conception of immortality lacks in general the definiteness of our other poets.

“I wish to believe—I long to believe in immortality,” Shelley wrote, and even his latest poems manifest this same yearning fluctuation between doubt and belief. He reaches ever out for a satisfying conviction of its reality, goaded on by the dreams and visions which could no more rest content within the limits of a mere material universe than could his soaring skylark. The very nature of his genius demanded an ideal of immortality. Silencing his own questionings, and giving himself the benefit of his own doubt, Shelley built up a dreamy conception of a future state which should satisfy the cravings of his beauty-loving nature and the yearnings for the fulfillment of his visions. Very tenderly, very lovingly, he rears it with the jewels of his fancy and imagination—not the firmer rocks of reason. As the colors of the prism melt and fade mysteriously into one another, so Shelley’s conception of immortality remains always vague and intangible to a great extent.

In “Queen Mab” we have a glimpse of the poet’s earliest efforts to satisfy his longing. The state of the life-after-death is described in the opening verses:—
"Sudden arose
Ianthe's soul; it stood
All beautiful in naked purity,
The perfect semblance of its bodily frame.
Instinct with inexpressible beauty and grace,
Each stain of earthliness
Had passed away, it re-asserted
Its native dignity, and stood
Immortal amid ruin."

Later in the poem another characteristic is described: —

"But matter, space, and time
In those aerial mansions cease to act;
And all-prevailing wisdom, when it reaps
The harvest of its excellence, o'erbounds
Those obstacles of which an earthly soul
Fears to attempt the conquest."

Thus, to Shelley, immortality was a state, that of a "disembodied soul," free from all barriers, and all limitations imposed by time, matter, and space relations.

The intense longing for freedom, which we recall as one of the chief characteristics of the poet's ideal of life, is transferred to this conception of the spirit-world. Whatever he demanded for the ideal state of the one, he craves also for the other. As human methods of government bind man, so he feels that the soul is limited by the material universe: give man freedom in the first, and sin and crime shall cease to be; release him from the second, and he will re-assert his own pure, eternal soul. Nothing can surpass the beauty of perfect freedom, to the poet's mind. Immortality to Shelley is a state of liberty, and therefore of equilibrium, a re-assumption of the soul's innate and natural dignity.

Who can forget Shelley's two little poems on Mutability, or the sad, sobbing strain beating through them?

"We are as clouds that veil the midnight moon; . . .
Or like forgotten lyres, whose dissonant strings
Give various response to each varying blast. . . .
Man's yesterday may ne'er be like his morrow;
Naught may endure but mutability."
We can not forget, nor could Shelley—the thought was bound inextri-
cably to his heart. As his ideal of the future life was made to satisfy the
poet's craving for perfect freedom, so it also should bring at last to man the
rest and peace the world had nowhere to offer.

In "Queen Mab" we find: —

"Once peace and freedom blest
The cultivated plain;
But wealth, that curse of man,
Blighted the bud of its prosperity:
Virtue and wisdom, truth and liberty,
Fled, to return not, until man shall know
That they alone can give the bliss
Worthy a soul that claims
Its kindred with eternity."

Again, in the description Prometheus gives of a future ideal state on earth,
the culmination of his thought is, —

"We will sit and talk of time and change
As the world ebbs and flows, ourselves unchanged."

With Shelley's idea of freedom and peace in the spirit-world Tennyson
and Browning would thus far agree. But here they depart essentially from
sympathy with the poet, for their ideal is change, change ever, onward and
upward.

Returning to "Queen Mab," another characteristic is evident: namely,
that of fulfillment.

"The chains of earth's immurement
Fell from Ianthe's spirit. . .
She knew her glorious change,
And felt in raptures opening round:
Each day-dream of her mortal life,
Each frenzied vision of the slumbers
That closed each well-spent day,
Seemed now to meet reality."

We acknowledge at once this idea of fulfillment, but question sponta-
everously, fulfillment of what? We must answer, I think, fulfillment, without
growth, of the cravings of the purely æsthetic nature; of the visions and
dreams of the imagination which can find no corresponding reality on earth, or in any material form.

"Oh happy earth, reality of Heaven,
Genius has seen thee in her passionate dreams,
And dim forebodings of thy loveliness,
Haunting the human heart, have there entwined
Those rooted hopes of some sweet place of bliss,
Where friends and lovers meet to part no more.
Thou art the end of all desire and will,
The product of all action; and the souls
That by the paths of an aspiring change
Have reached thy haven of perpetual peace,
There rest from the eternity of toil
That framed the fabric of thy perfectness."

However we may try to avoid our conclusions, Shelley's ideal state is one of only spiritual-sensual, aesthetic, and emotional fulfillment, and is therefore only a mere beautiful vision of stagnation. This quality throbs in every line of the description of the redeemed life on earth which the poet gives us in his "Prometheus Unbound."

"We will search with looks and words of love
For hidden thoughts, each lovelier than the last,
Our unexhausted spirits; and like lutes
Touched by the skill of the enamoured wind,
Weave harmonies divine, yet ever new,
From difference sweet where discord can not be...
And lovely apparitions, dim at first,
Then radiant, as the mind, arising bright
From the embrace of beauty...
Shall visit us, the progeny immortal
Of painting, sculpture, and rapt poesy,
And arts, tho' unimagined, yet to be."

Moreover, if we delve deeper into the words of Prometheus and Asia, we come face to face with — no real personalities or individuals, but two representatives of mankind as a whole, not a distinct nature differentiated from all of his human brotherhood. This thought is transferred by Shelley almost directly to his ideal of the spirit-life.
"Man, one harmonious soul of many a soul,
Whose nature is its own divine control,
Where all things flow to all, as rivers to the sea...
The universal sound... your nature is that universe
Which once ye saw and suffered."

Still more clearly in "Adonais" does Shelley advance this doctrine of a general, not a personal, immortality. To this fate the poet dooms the spirit of Keats, in a passage which sums up also the whole of his conception.

"He is made one with Nature; there is heard
His voice in all her music...
He is a presence to be felt and known
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,
Spreading itself where'er that power may move
Which has withdrawn his being to its own...
He is a portion of the loveliness
Which once he made more lovely; he doth bear
His part, while the one spirit's plastic stress
Sweeps through the dull, dense world, compelling there
All new successions to the forms they wear...
The one remains, the many change and pass...
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are."

To Shelley, then, if we summarize, immortality was the state of free disembodied spirits,—a state whose key-notes were freedom, liberty, peace, and the fulfillment of all aesthetic ideals. To him the perfect fruit of God's creation was men as men, not as individuals,—a divine spark of His own self, distinct, apart from Him, and yet of Him,—but the mighty pulsation of one great universal mind, inseparable, immortal.

As Shelley finds through the thought of the dead Keats his clearest conception of immortality, so Tennyson, in the lines of "In Memoriam," comes into the closest communion with the "vanished life." Just where Shelley leaves the unfinished strain, Tennyson takes it up with still firmer fingers. We heard the staccato notes of doubt from the dream-poet's harp, but now we have the full, strong chords of a loving faith rung out for us. The opening lines of the "In Memoriam" disclose in general the poet's attitude toward the invisible world.
“Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we can not prove.”

From his own confession our poet sees “by faith and faith alone.” But so clear are those eyes, so earnest their longing to pierce beyond the hidden veil, that we have a glimpse past the shadow land of Shelley into a world where a sweeter and fuller conception of immortality has royal sway.

Before Tennyson advances to his own mature thought, he retraces the ideal of a universal existence which Shelley upholds. The belief of unity and harmony in the universe is so strong in the poet’s mind that the vision brings a momentary temptation with it.

“Are God and Nature then at strife,
That Nature lends such evil dreams?
So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life . . .

That each, who seems a separate whole,
Should move his rounds, and fusing all
The skirts of self again, should fall,
Reverging in the general soul.

Is faith as vague as all unsweet?”

But Tennyson’s longing and his faith move him to declare: —

“Eternal form shall still divide
The eternal soul from all beside;
And I shall know him when we meet.”

Tennyson, however, does not deny a communion with the “one,” but longs to find a spiritual companionship, which, however close and harmonious it may be, is still individual.

“He that died in Holy Land
Would reach us out the shining hand
And take us a single soul.”

Just here, in this idea of the “one,” we find that Tennyson has departed from close sympathy with Shelley.

Again, as the latter’s idea of an impersonal state could not satisfy Ten-
nyson's longing for an individual eternity for his friend, so the ideal of stagnation finds no response in his heart.

"They do not die,
Nor lose their mortal sympathy,
Nor change to us, although they change;
Rapt from the fickle and the frail
With gathered power, yet the same,
Pierces the keen seraphic flame,
From orb to orb, from veil to veil."

This key-note of growth, sounded here, is to Tennyson what freedom and peace were to Shelley. In this conception our younger poet finds his greatest consolation. Immortality is indeed "vanished life," but more light, more life, not the mere fulfillment of a mortal day.

"Doubtless, unto thee is given
A life that bears immortal fruit,
In such great offices as suit
The full-grown energies of heaven...

Eternal process moving on,
From state to state the spirit walks;
And there are but the shattered stalks,
Or ruined chrysalis of one.

Nor blame Death because he bar
The use of virtue out of earth:
I know transplanted human worth
Will bloom to profit, otherwhere."

Change and growth must lead to gain, and gain, in time, to fulfillment and the realization of an ideal. But Tennyson's conception of the soul's fulfillments differs essentially from that of Shelley. In place of the ideals of sensuous and aesthetic beauty which became realized in the latter's dream-world, is granted the attainment of intellectual heights. Not that our poet-laureate is unresponsive to the first, but a love for the beauty of wisdom and of holiness lies nearer to his heart.

"There must be wisdom with great death,"

he asserts; and again:—
"If, in thy second state sublime,
Thy ransomed reason change replies
With all the circle of the wise,
The perfect flower of human time . . .
How dwarf'd a growth of cold and night,
How blanched with darkness must I grow!
The great Intelligences fair
That range above our mortal state,
In circle round the blessed gate,
Receiv'd and gave him welcome there,
And led him thro' the blissful climes
And show'd him in the fountain fresh
All knowledge that the sons of flesh
Shall gather in the cycled time."

This is what our poet craves,—not to live on unchanged, unstirred, but close to all human life and thought. Although the hope of intellectual attainment beams within his heart, the thought of a spiritual transfiguration for the soul raises him to the highest note in his conception of immortality.

"Come, beauteous in thine after form,
And like a firmer light in light."

Pausing for a comparison between the two poets, with the conception of an impersonal immortality presented by Shelley, we have balanced the ideal of a personal spiritual existence for each soul in the after life; with freedom from mere bonds, a glorious liberty of growth; with peaceful stagnation, intellectual and spiritual progress; and with mere fulfillment of sensuous charms, the revelation of mental harmonies, and the transfiguration of the being into a "beauty of holiness," growing more and more into the perfect day.

What is longed for by Shelley, faithfully believed in by Tennyson, is grasped with an unfaltering trust by Robert Browning. The same earnestness which the poet shows in solving logically the greatest problems of life is dedicated with the same strength to the solution of the mysteries of immortality. No mere day-dreams for him, as for Shelley! No mere blind faith, as for Tennyson! But as Browning went toward life,—

"Scenting the world, looking it full in face,"
so he weighs the arguments for and against the existence of the soul after death. To him the question of immortality has as much right to demand from him a logical and scientific method as any other fact in the wide realm of experience. All the power of his great mind he turns upon this question in the one poem treating avowedly of this subject,—"La Saisiaz."

As Browning was one who "at least believed in soul, was very sure of God," so upon these two fundamental facts in his own consciousness he bases his reasons for a personal immortality.

"My first fact to stand on, 'God there is, and soul there is' . . . question, answer presuppose
Two points: that the thing itself which questions, answers,—is, it knows;
As it also knows the thing perceived outside itself,—a force
Actual ere its own beginning, operative through its course,
Unaffected by its end,—that this thing likewise needs must be:
Call this — God, then, call that — soul, and both — the only facts for me.
Prove them facts? that they o'erpass my power of proving, proves them such:
Fact it is, I know I know not something which is fact as much."

Thus, as God is good, he demands for every soul an immortality; as the soul exists, he requires it,—else the universe's great harmony is broken. That the natural world is a harmony science seemed to prove conclusively to Browning's mind, since it shows no force can be lost. Then, the greatest force of which we know — the human mind — can not go into oblivion at death. On these points chiefly rests the seer's belief in immortality. The thoughts run all through the lines of "La Saisiaz."

"Life, my whole soul chance to prove . . . my forces every one,
Good and evil,—learn life's lesson, hate of evil, love of good! . . .
Can we love but on condition that the thing must die?"

In "Abt Vogler" we find the perfect answer to this question:—

"There shall never be one lost good; what was shall be as before. . . .
What was good shall be good, with, for evil, so much good more:
On the earth the broken ares; in the heaven the perfect round.
All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist;
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power,
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist,
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour."
But, not only on the argument from the harmony of the universe does Browning satisfy himself. The very longing of the soul for an after-existence has some weight in his mind.

"Anyhow, we want it; wherefore want?"

he asks, and then hastens to answer:—

"God, whose power made man and made man's wants, and made, to meet those wants, Heaven and earth, which, through the body, prove the spirit's ministrants
   Excellently all,— did He lack power, or was the will at fault?"

Either of these quotations is enough to show how thoroughly and logically Browning believed in the immortality of the soul; not blindly, but as strongly as did the prophets in the voices that they heard, the visions which they saw.

We turn now to the conception of that future state as set forth in his poems.

Comparing Browning with Shelley, the two seem in direct opposition to one another. With Tennyson, the latter seems to take only the most passive of attitudes; in contrast with "La Saisiaz," "In Memoriam" is only a pale spectre of this powerful conception of the after world.

Not only does Browning believe in a personal immortality, but the immortality of influence. This is slightly touched upon in "Saul":—

"Each deed thou hast done
   Dies, revives, goes to work in the world;"

but the thought is overshadowed by a greater:—

"O Soul, it shall be a face like my face that receives thee; a man like to me
   Thou shalt love and be loved by forever; a hand like this hand
   Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee!
   See the Christ stand!"

Just here we hear the key-note of Browning's conception,—the growth of the soul toward perfection of character. In Tennyson's idea of a spiritual transfiguration we have the thought, but foreshadowed only.

Life and immortality are so truly interdependent in the poet's mind that whatever makes life firm and holy here has the same manifestations there.
The spirit-world is an outcome of the material universe. Browning's whole attitude is that of a spiritual evolutionist; he believes in a soul's "struggle for existence," as well as the "survival of the fittest." A man of character here will enter a strong spirit-child into the unseen, able to adapt himself to new surroundings, and to find the invisible things truly a heaven.

"Certainly as God exists,  
As he made man's soul, as soul is quenchless by the deathless mists,  
Yet is, all the same, forbidden premature escape from time  
To eternity's provided purer air and brighter clime,—  
Just so certainly depends it on the use to which man turns  
Earth, the good or evil done there, whether after death he earns  
Life eternal,—heaven, the phrase be, or eternal death,—say, hell.  
As his deeds, so prove his portion, doing ill or doing well!"

Thus Browning defies Shelley's idea of immortality, and accents Tennyson's firm faith. He makes growth toward the perfection of character, not mere beauty of intellectual attainment, take the place of peace. Fulfillment even to perfection must be the aim of every soul in heaven as on earth. Over and over again we hear this in "Christmas Eve and Easter Day."

"The love, ever growing there, spite of the strife in it,  
Shall arise, made perfect from death's repose of it.  
And I shall behold thee face to face,  
O God, and in thy light retrace  
How in all I loved her; still wast thou!"

So, as personality was on earth the grandest thing to Robert Browning, so it was the most glorious fact in the wide sweep of heaven. To him the perfected personality, the completed character, was immortality; character was God; and to see God, touch God, yes, be God, the end of every soul's personal immortality!

"The truth in God's breast  
Lies trace for trace upon ours impressed."

HELEN WORTHINGTON ROGERS.
A LITTLE GIRL I KNOW.

She walked slowly up the hill, drawing a little wagon after her. She was not more than ten, and her hair was very black, and her eyes big and gray. She was sucking an orange, and the coloring of the picture she made was very much like that in a yellow daisy; that is, what color there was in the picture, for her apron was of some dark stuff that did not make much showing, and her little bare feet and legs had taken upon them a coating of dust. The orange gurgled deliciously as she squeezed it, and the juice made a sticky circle about her mouth. She was as happy as a lark.

Away, on either side of the road, across the rail fences, stretched dry fields, dotted here and there with greener spots where poppies lifted their big cups for the sunshine to fill. The sky was a hazy, sleepy blue, and the little girl looked up and thought how she would like to have a dress that color all trimmed with poppy yellow. Then she laughed as she pictured her gipsy self in it. Everything was so free and beautiful out of doors. She had a passionate love for the sky and the broad fields and her own strong little body—and oranges.

A few plain houses showed here and there, and at the top of the hill stood a country store with one great shady tree in front of it, and heaped just inside the door a cooling pile of watermelons. A boy was sprinkling the ground in front with a watering-pot, and the damp, cool-smelling earth felt delightful to the child’s hot feet as she stopped, out of breath, before the door. The straight, black hair was damp on her forehead, and when she brushed it back it fell down in moist strings. Then came a happy moment of hesitancy as she selected a melon. A big, dark-green one with spots on it pleased her most, and her round face was all aglow as she paid the man for it. The resources of the orange were almost exhausted and she threw it away and took the new treasure in its stead. Putting her arms around the great, cool melon, she laid her hot cheek up against it, and, going to the wagon she had left outside, she seated herself astride across its bed and started it with her heels. It went slowly at first, then faster, as she reached the steeper part of the hill. The rattling wheels jogged over the dusty road, encircling her in a cloud of dust and making her teeth shake together with imminent danger to her tongue. The great melon shook about in her lap and she
hugged it tighter as the thought of dropping it and seeing its red-and-green splendor dashed in the dust came to her mind. Her little bare legs stood out on either side of the wagon, her feet serving to steer. Ah, the joy of it! The fence on either side swept by with railroad speed. The breeze blew the damp hair up from her forehead and seemed fairly to whiz by her, cooling her hot cheeks and ears and giving her a delightful sense of power and freedom as she joggled on, on, with the blue sky overhead and the watermelon in her lap, and a whole world of freedom, and life, and joy in her beaming, round face.

She gave a queer half-whoop, half-whistle as she neared the bottom of the hill where the road turned. A man in a buggy, who was driving leisurely along, suddenly jerked at the reins and turned his horse to the left as she rattled by. The horse gave a sudden plunge. The man swore, and struck him with the whip, then relaxed into a grim smile as he thought of what he used to do when he was a boy.

SONNET.

The February sun to rest sinks slow,
    And all the landscape kindles in his rays.
    Afar across the northern hills I gaze
    Where woods of beech and oaken forests grow;
Their summer leaves, despite each windy foe
    Who fain would take them for his gentler plays,
    Cling closely in these fierce, cold winter days,
And now in sunset light are all aglow.
    The oaks' rich red, the beeches' bronzen gold
    Come back as in the mellow autumn shades,
And Indian Summer reigns by grace of light.
    A moment—and the sun is gone, the cold
    Becomes the world again, the glory fades,
And o'er the earth sets in the winter night.

Feb. 7, 1893.
THE CHURCH OF THE CARPENTER.

BOSTON deserves its favorite name of "the modern Athens" not only on account of its culture and intellectuality, but also for its fondness for all new things. It might be called the laboratory of the country where all new theories, social, religious, or intellectual, are tested, either to be rejected as worthless or sent out to the rest of the Union stamped with Boston's approval. One of these new theories, now being experimented upon in Boston, has seemed to me so interesting that I thought we might, perhaps, not unprofitably spend a few minutes in its consideration. I refer to the Church of the Carpenter. It is not a large or a fashionable church. It is not down on any list of places which a stranger must be sure to see, nor is it noted for its elaborate ritual nor the excellence of its music. In fact, it is a poor, obscure, and struggling organization, not yet a year old and known to but few; and yet I believe it to be one of the most important churches in the whole city. But first a word as to its history.

Some time ago the Rev. Mr. Bliss, then a pastor in South Natick, found his attention drawn to the social problems of the day. The inequalities in the distribution of wealth, the vast fortunes of the few, the destitution of the many, the great and apparently increasing numbers of those who were either unable to secure work, or else were barely able, by working day and night, to support life,—all these things forced themselves upon his notice, and more and more, as he saw the want and misery lying so close about him, and contrasted the world as it is with the world as it might be, did the conviction grow in his mind that the cause of social evils is social injustice, and that it was his imperative duty, as a minister of the gospel, to discover what this injustice is and how it could be remedied; and so he devoted himself to the study of the social problem. His studies led him to very different results from those usually attained by students of economics. For one thing, he became convinced that one great cause of the ills of these later days is that men have lost, or at least do not possess, the spirit of humanity, of kindly, helpful brotherhood, so strongly inculcated by Christ; and that, until this spirit could be attained, all efforts at reform were likely to prove futile. Therefore, since example is so much stronger than precept, he conceived the idea of organizing a little church, whose members should be united by this
spirit of mutual helpfulness, and who should show forth in their daily lives
the strength and beauty of brotherly love. Here is his plan for the church,
as it first formed itself in his mind:

"It was to be a Catholic parish-church and a Brotherhood; its members
were to live, for the most part, in little homes in an enclosure or close
around the church. They were to work mainly in some co-operative indus-
try for the good of all. Those of them who would were to meet for meals
in a common dining-hall. Those who preferred were to have their meals in
their own homes, but largely prepared in public co-operative ovens, as is the
custom to-day in some places in Italy and in Western Asia. There was
to be a church school for the children. There were to be a co-
operative laundry and other conveniences of life. In the evenings all
were to meet in a church-house for dance and laughter, for music and
instruction. There were to be a reading-room and a library and reception
room for all. The homes were to be simple and easily cared for. The
church-house was to be beautiful and large, and cared for by the women of
the church in turns. Thus the household work would be light and the
women not overworked with household cares, but be true, glad mothers of
glad church children. The church-house was to be full of art and beauty.

"Eight hours was to be the limit of the working-day. On Sundays all were
to meet early for Holy Communion, with lights and simple service. Later
they were to meet for Morning Prayer and sermon. In the late afternoon
there was to be Even-Song. In the evening there were to be renderings
of carefully chosen music or lectures on Christ in Art, Christ in Industry,
Christ in All. On frequent Feast days the church was to meet for stately
service, to be followed by festal joy. Prayer and work and play were to be
'in His name.' The little church was to called 'The Church of the
Carpenter.'"

Such was his ideal; as was to be expected, the realization differed from it
widely in matters of detail. Instead of the beautiful church-house among
the hills and woods, with the homes of the members nestling close around it,
the church was organized in a hall of one of the business buildings on
Washington Street, and in this building many of its members still live. The
picturesque surroundings, the beautiful furnishings and adjuncts with which
he would have fain beautified the church, are wanting; but after all they
were merely details, and the spirit of the church as it was planned has been attained. The system of communal meals was established, and from it has evolved one of the striking features of the association,—the Brotherhood Supper. Every Sunday evening a supper is spread in the church hall, and to this every one who will is welcome to come; but, since the church is poor, a small fee is charged. Some subject has previously been selected for general discussion. Usually some topic of the day, or some social or religious question is chosen. After the supper, a speaker, who has been appointed during the week, makes a short speech on this subject, which is then thrown open for general discussion, and any one whom the spirit moves to do so is free to rise and express his views. Perfect freedom of speech prevails, and, since persons of all shades of belief and unbelief participate, somewhat startling opinions are occasionally broached. This freedom of speech has at times given offense to some, who have thought that a Christian church ought not to permit atheistic or infidel utterances; but Mr. Bliss very wisely considers that it is better for each one to say what he thinks than to get the idea that if he said it the Church of Christ would be seriously injured thereby: so free speech, limited only by courtesy, reigns supreme.

The theory of the Church of the Carpenter recognizes the brotherhood of the rich as well as of the poor; but, since the rich are better able to help themselves, its active work has been more among the poor and middle classes. It has thus come to do something of what we regard as peculiarly college settlement work, though it has never made a specialty of this. Perhaps the main difference between its work on this line and that of our settlements is that it has avoided the slight tinge of condescension which colors our work. We can not quite rid ourselves of the idea that a college settlement is a very philanthropic and commendable affair, and that any one taking up the work is entering on a praiseworthy course of self-sacrifice; while this church, holding that all men are really of one great family, considers it only the natural and proper course that one who is strong in any respect should help, as far as in him lies, one who is weak, and this with no more thought of doing a laudable or noteworthy thing than an elder brother has when he carries a younger over a rough place in the path.

The Church of the Carpenter has always kept on good terms with the various labor organizations of Boston, and through this fact came about one of
the most interesting enterprises founded under their auspices,—a co-operative tailoring-shop. About a year ago some of the sewing-women of Boston met by invitation in the church hall to discuss their situation. Their position was almost desperate. It was almost impossible for them to live on the wages they were getting, and there was no prospect of any improvement. One after another they agreed that the only thing which could help them would be the establishment of a co-operative shop, in which there would be no middleman to take up the profits, and in which, therefore, they could win a fair living by fair work; and since they had neither capital nor experience sufficient to start such a venture themselves, they appealed to the church for aid. The church responded nobly. The use of a hall was given them, for which, when they could afford to pay it, a small rent was to be charged, but till then it should be free. One member lent them capital to get the necessary machinery and furniture; another volunteered to act as their manager; and so the little shop was started. Those of you who have made any study of co-operative undertakings know that of all trades that of garment-making is the most difficult in which to carry on such an enterprise successfully, and the shop had a hard struggle for existence. They could not get well-paid work to do, for many of the large Boston firms, looking on the enterprise with suspicion as having a tendency to eventually raise wages, refused it work of any kind, while others offered it work of the poorest quality at prices lower than they would have been obliged to pay even at the sweating-shops. Yet, since the girls must have work, they accepted these orders, and all through the long, hot days of last summer they toiled desperately. "We tried very hard," says Mr. Bliss, speaking of this time, "to keep the girls from working over legal hours, but it was almost impossible to do so. We tried to give them an hour's recreation at noon, and secured musicians and singers and readers to entertain them, but the girls refused to take the time to listen. They must work, they said; they must make the shop succeed." During this time the girls were barely making living wages, but they held on bravely, and with the fall came better days. Orders for campaign uniforms first made them somewhat independent of the wretched work they had been engaged upon, and after the campaign was over came in still better work. They have recently moved into a larger building nearer the centre of the town, they are getting in better
wholesale orders and a good deal of retail work, and they think that their worst days are over.

Perhaps the most radical undertaking of the Church of the Carpenter is its latest. As it has been increasing in numbers and prosperity, it has recently rented the upper floors of two adjoining buildings, and as fast as it can it is fitting up these additional apartments as lodging-rooms. As fast as these rooms are furnished they are to be placed at the service of any who may need them. Be the applicant who or what he may, scientific inquirer or homeless wanderer, victim of misfortune or victim of his own vices, anxious to reform or anxious only to escape the penalty of past misdoing, he—or she, for the church recognizes no distinction of sex in need—will receive shelter and a cordial welcome. If the applicant can do, so he will be expected to pay a reasonable sum for board and lodging. If not, he will receive just as warm a welcome, and the church will exert itself to the utmost to secure him honest work, to give him friendship, sympathy, and encouragement, and to help him back to paths of respectability. What the effect of this very catholic and far-reaching charity will be, it is yet too soon to predict. Certainly, it is opposed to the doctrines of the current political economy, but it does seem to come rather close to the teachings of Christ.

Such are some of the salient features of the Church of the Carpenter. It is not a sensational organization. If it were, it would be easier to describe, and would have grown far more rapidly. Its moderation, as well as its radicalism, has stood in the way of its material progress. As its rector says, "We are too socialistic to suit most Christians, and too churchly for most Socialists," so neither class has heartily helped it. Just because the difference between it and other churches is so pronounced and yet so subtle, it is hard to give any idea of what it really is. Perhaps one might say that the main difference is that the Church of the Carpenter, accepting the same creed as other churches, regards it not as a mere dogma, but as a principle of life; not as a series of doctrines to which an intellectual assent must be rendered, but as a mainspring of action which must necessarily produce a marked change in one's relations to his fellow-men.

But the Church of the Carpenter is a small organization, and by no means wealthy. It has existed as an organized church for less than a year. Any one of a dozen accidents might ruin it entirely, and its passing away would
be known only to the few. On what grounds can we claim that it is an important movement?

In this day the importance of the social problem hardly needs to be dwelt upon. We all know how wonderfully the prosperity of the nation has increased within the last half-century. Our vast natural resources are being opened up, means of communication have been improved, labor-saving machinery has been invented. Steam and steel have become the hewers of wood and drawers of water for this generation, and by their aid one man today can do what fifty could not accomplish in the times of our grandfathers. Wealth pours in on every side, and yet with all this increase of material prosperity the people as a whole receive so little benefit from it. Our millionaires have their city homes and their country places, beautiful and luxurious as the palaces of the old world; but in our slums people herd together, two or even more families living, eating, sleeping, dying in a room fourteen feet square. The coal barons of Pennsylvania and Ohio accumulate such fortunes as were undreamed of a century ago, but the miners live in a state of poverty and degradation which beggars description. Wealthy leaders of society, longing for some new diversion, give birthday parties to their pet poodles, at which the dogs of their friends are regaled with game pie and cream, but a few squares away starving women are competing fiercely for the chance to earn half a dollar a day. Everywhere we see the same state of affairs,—extreme wealth on the one hand, utter poverty on the other; and ever, as the fortunes of the rich increase, the misery of the poor becomes by contrast more bitter.

This is no new thing, you say? True, but there are elements of danger in the situation to-day which did not exist of old. The people are growing conscious of their misery. It was hardly so before; they were born, they suffered, they died, and the idea that life could be otherwise hardly entered their minds. To-day a spirit of unrest and bitter dissatisfaction is abroad. Free education has leavened the mass a little, and the people are beginning to think, to seek the cause of their sufferings. Moreover, in olden times, all the influence of religion was brought to bear to persuade the poor that a God of justice had doomed them to this life, and that a God of mercy would regard as an unpardonable sin any attempt on their part to escape from that station of life in which it had pleased Providence, through the medium of
our beautiful social arrangements, to place them. But religion is losing its hold on the masses; no plea of divine right will avail our present system long. More and more the people are questioning the justice of an organization of society which compels the many to lives of toil and privation and ignorance that the few may go clad in purple and fine linen and fare sumptuously every day. More and more are they becoming convinced that the present order is wrong, and that a remedy must be found. It behooves us to see that they find the right one; hunger, and hate, and ignorance are fierce foes to battle against, and the French Revolution has shown what may happen when a people is made desperate by misery.

But what is the true remedy? Are we sure that we know it ourselves? Numerous remedies have been proposed. “Teach the poor to cultivate a spirit of industry, of temperance and contentment,” is a favorite suggestion. Well, by all means, teach this. Teach the sweater’s victim, working sixteen hours a day, to be more industrious; teach the man whose system, weakened by insufficient nourishment, exhausted by overwork, poisoned by unsanitary surroundings, calls imperiously for stimulants, to refuse its demands. You may do a good work, but do not imagine that in thus averting some of the effects you are abolishing the causes of social injustice. “Organize charity more carefully,” is another theory, but charity, again, only relieves present pain, without removing the causes which produce, and must necessarily produce, want and misery. Socialism offers, perhaps, the most hopeful solution, but socialism demands in the people among whom it is to be tried intelligence and self-control, and the very poor possess but little of either; the conditions of their life do not tend to develop such qualities. Remedy after remedy has been proposed, but always either the conditions under which the experiment might be successfully tried have been found incapable of realization, or else the experiment has failed.

Yet there must be a remedy, or else, for multitudes of our race, this world is a hell, and life the cruellest gift with which a human soul could be cursed; and this remedy can be found, I believe, in the spirit of Christ. Observe, in the spirit of Christ, not in modern Christianity; not in the Christianity which builds magnificent churches in one quarter of a city, while in another young girls are growing up in surroundings which render modesty and virtue impossible; not in the Christianity which permits a Rockefeller to
build up a fortune at the cost of ruin to all who compete with him, and then
alone for it all by building a church or endowing a university; not in the
Christianity which allows us to lead easy, comfortable lives here, cultivating
our intellects and our aesthetic sensibilities and all our higher faculties,
while not twenty miles away men and women whom we profess to regard
as our brothers and sisters, children of one Father with ourselves, are living
under conditions which must, and which we know must, stunt them phys-
ically and starve them morally and dwarf them intellectually; not in the
smooth, selfish, worldly Christianity which makes religion a mockery and
the church the bitterest farce our civilization has ever seen, but the Christi-
anity which Christ taught and the Apostles lived,— the Christianity which
looks upon all the race as verily one family, which, seeing a brother cold or
hungry, is not satisfied with saying, “Depart in peace, be thou warmed and
filled,” but takes practical steps to see that the warming and feeding are
accomplished, and which, better still, will see that its social system is so
adjusted that all, save the physically and mentally infirm, may by fair work
secure a fair living, and not be forced to seek as a kindness what should be
earned as a right. It is because the Church of the Carpenter stands for this
principle of brotherhood, this practical, vital, loving Christianity that it is of
importance. The success of the church may be doubtful, but that of its
principle can not be. The Church of the Carpenter may pass away, but its
spirit must survive, must grow stronger and stronger, until by it we are led
up from the mists and perplexities and wrongs of our present system into
the pure light of a better day, where want and suffering will be no more
known, and the social problem will have become a thing of the past.

THE OLD OAK-LEAF.

“COME, Madame Oak-Leaf,” cried Jack Frost, “choose yourself a fall
gown from my stock. You may have crimson, like your neighbor,
Mistress Maple, or golden yellow, such as the Maiden Birch prefers.”

“Nay, good friend,” said the Oak-Leaf, “those gowns are gay indeed, but
they are flimsy and will not last the winter through. Give me something
that will wear well. I am here for use, not for show.”
“O-ho,” laughed Jack Frost. “And of what use, pray, can you be — old and feeble as you are?”

“I can stay here and shelter the baby leaf that is to take my place next spring,” replied the Oak-Leaf.

With a scornful laugh Jack Frost hurried on, to find a more appreciative customer for his goods.

“Foolish old Oak-Leaf!” he said to himself. “She never can brave a winter. She would be wise to follow the fashions, and enjoy herself a little before she falls, rather than to attempt the impossible.”

The Oak-Leaf heard him, but she only smiled. She was content to do her duty.

“Come, Madame Oak-Leaf,” cried the North Wind. “Come, dance with me? Why should you stay tied up at home, when all the other Leaves are free and frolicking together?”

But the Oak-Leaf only answered: “I am needed here to shelter the child that will take up my work by-and-by.”

“What a stupid old prig!” cried the North Wind, as he rushed on. But the Oak-Leaf only smiled. She was content to do her duty.

“You poor old Oak-Leaf!” whispered the snow-flakes as they fell through the wintry air, “Why don’t you come down with us and rest? You must be so cold and weary. Come down and let us cover you up in a soft, warm bed.”

The Oak-Leaf looked longingly toward the earth, but still replied: “I can not leave my charge.”

“How foolish and willful she is!” the snow-flakes sighed.

But the Oak-Leaf only smiled. She was content to do her duty.

“Out of the way, you old, withered creature!” cried the young leaf in the spring. “You’ve kept me cooped up here ridiculously long! All the other Leaves were out in the sunshine weeks ago. Out of the way, I say!”

Then the old Oak-Leaf knew that her task was ended. She dropped from the tree and fell fluttering to the ground.

“I’m glad she’s gone at last,” grumbled the young leaf, as his old nurse disappeared and he sprang out into the spring sunshine; “I hope I shall never outlive my usefulness.”

The old Oak-Leaf heard his words, but she only smiled. She had done her duty.
TO ONE I LOVE.

Can I tell you how I love you,
   With your beautiful brown eyes,
And your pretty lips, just parted,
   In a smile both sweet and wise?

No, I know I can not tell you
   How the one warm spot you bring,
Gives my life, so cold and wintry,
   All the warmth of sunny spring.

Surely, I shall ne'er forget you,
   Through life's mingled joy and care,
Darling, little, furry sable,
   That around my throat I wear!

—Gertrude Jones.

THE OLEANDER CITY.

WHAT is there characteristic about Galveston? Has it any features which twenty other cities do not share? Perhaps not; and yet—I raise my eyes for a moment, and as I gaze out abstractedly the bleak New England landscape fades away, the snow-covered hills sink from sight, the bitter north wind which is howling past my windows dies into utter quiet, and once more I look in fancy upon the island city at high noon of an August day. I am looking down upon a broad, sandy street, bordered on either side by a hedge of oleanders. At both ends of the street one can see blue water,—on the right the Gulf, on the left Galveston Bay,—and so nearly on a level are land and water that one hardly sees why the waves of the Gulf should not roll on across the island. Near at hand, the thick-walled white buildings stand out sharply against the sky, “clear-cut, with shadows very black;” and beneath the “sheds,” built out to protect the sidewalks from sun and rain, gather dusky, mysterious shadows. Not a breeze is stirring; the leaves of the orange-trees and pomegranates hang drooping beneath the fierce blaze of the sun, and the heated air rises quivering above the heated sand of the streets. Far away I can hear the rhythmic throb of a cotton-press, and can see its jet of steam hang for a moment like a cloud against the sky, then fade away, while another takes its place. The streets are very quiet, for no one is abroad at this hour except on some matter of necessity.
The white glare of the sand beats up against the blue glare of the sky. Heat and light and solitary silence reign; it is like some uninhabited city in a desert.

One of the peculiarities of Galveston is its lowness. The island is a mere sandbank, scarcely ten feet above the water in its highest part. Once in a while it is overflowed. When the wind blows hard and steadily from a certain quarter the water of the Gulf is backed up into the bay; if, now, the wind suddenly veers to the northeast, this water is driven back across the island. Such an overflow does not often do much damage, partly because a good many conditions of wind and storm have to be fulfilled to bring any great depth of water over the island, partly because the houses are all built upon piles from three to five feet high. Usually all that happens is that the city is converted for some hours, perhaps even for a day or two, into a kind of Americanized Venice, minus the gondolas. Business comes to a standstill; solid citizens may be seen balancing wildly about on hastily constructed rafts, as they sail off to secure a stock of provisions; families living near the beach take refuge with their friends nearer the centre of the island, and turn the occasion into a picnic; while the small boy is in a frenzy of delight, “going fishing” on the veranda, sailing tubs about the backyards, dropping everything within reach from the windows “to see it float,” and generally making himself a boon and a blessing. Still, there is always the possibility of danger, and the fate of Last Island lingers in their memories as a constant, faint menace to Galvestonians. The last storm in which the city suffered any real damage was in the seventies,—'75, I think,—and it is remembered chiefly for the fate of one man and a boy. Far out on the eastern and lowest end of the island stands the quarantine station. There are no other buildings within a mile or so, and it does not need very high water to cut the station off from the rest of the city. In this storm of ’75 the wind had been blowing almost a gale for two days, and the water of the bay was backed up to a dangerous height, when, on the third day, the wind showed signs of changing. The least experienced knew that this meant danger. The smaller houses and those on low ground were hastily abandoned — none too soon, for the slighter structures were beginning to shake ominously before the rush of the rising waters — and a boat was sent out for the people at the quarantine station. By some unlucky chance
the boat sent was too small to hold all the people at the station, and two, the keeper himself and his little son, were left behind to be taken on a second trip. But long before the boat got to the city it was plain that there would be no second trip for it that night; for a time it hardly seemed likely to succeed in returning from this first attempt. That night the storm rose to a fearful height; the wind blew a perfect hurricane, and over the lower part of the island the waters raged at will. At times it seemed as though no building in the city could withstand the shock of the waves, but still for hours, through the flying spray and drifting rain, watchers in the town could catch a glimpse of the quarantine light, and while it shone they hoped against hope for the two who waited for death amid that awful waste of waters. It was long past midnight when, in a wilder blast than had yet swept over the island, the light suddenly vanished, and the watchers fancied—it could have been only fancy—that they heard a distant cry. It was two days before the storm died away sufficiently for a boat to go out to Quarantine Point. Not a trace of the buildings was left, and the bodies of the keeper and his son were never found. Other lives were lost in this same storm, but there was nothing else approaching the dramatic interest of the hopeless waiting for death of the two in the abandoned building that night.

Like every other Southern city of any pretensions, Galveston has its war history. The remains of old earthworks can be traced on the eastern end of the island, and the marks of shells are visible on some of the public buildings; moreover, at least two-thirds of the adult male population bear military titles. Most of the fighting near here was naval, and of but little importance. Concerning one of these engagements Galvestonians tell a story which has always interested me from the ethical point involved. Here it is: In a certain fight off Galveston harbor, one of the Federal vessels, the "Harriet Lane," let us call her, as that was certainly not her name, ran aground. The tide was ebbing, and no efforts could get the vessel off; but lying there she was exposed to the full fire of the fort on the island, and completely at the mercy of the Confederate vessels outside. Surrender was the only thing possible under the circumstances, so the flag was lowered. The Confederates, of course, at once ceased firing on the ship, but, instead of promptly boarding her and taking possession, they devoted themselves to the rest of the Northern fleet, meaning to come back for the "Harriet Lane"
after they got through with the others. It was a case of misplaced confidence, though, on their part, for the contest was a long one, and while it went on the tide flowed in until the “Harriet Lane” found herself fairly floated off the bar. What was her duty under the circumstances? Ought her crew to consider that, as they had saved their lives by yielding, they were in honor bound to let the Southerners have the fruit of their submission; or might they justly argue that, as they surrendered only because they were on a sand-bar, their surrender held good only while they were aground, and that, if the Confederates didn’t care enough for their prize to secure it while they had the opportunity, they had no right to complain if it escaped them at last? Whatever they ought to have done, what they did do was to steam away and join the other Federal vessels, to the great indignation of the Southerners, who were loud in their denunciations of Yankee faithlessness and ingratitude.

Galveston would certainly be renowned for its flowers if their very abundance did not prevent a proper appreciation of them. No words can describe the beauty of the springtime there; it becomes literally an island of flowers. The streets are hedged by oleanders growing into shrubs twenty feet high in some places, covered with great clusters of pink and white blossoms, larger, more fragrant, and more brilliant of hue than any one who has seen them only in the North could believe. The gardens are full of orange and lemon trees, fig-trees, and pomegranate bushes. The air is heavy with the scent of the Cape Jessamine, and the Spanish Bayouet raises its stately spike of creamy bells beside the delicate foliage of the crape myrtle. But the roses are Galveston’s crowning glory. They are everywhere, climbing up the porticos, peeping out through the fences, taking possession of every vacant spot. Roses of the rarest and most exquisite kinds bloom riotously. Marechal Niel and Cloth of Gold, Jacqueminot and Malmaison, and Niphetos and La France, and many another, named and unnamed — here they all are, a perfect carnival of beauty and fragrance.

But Galveston does not lack for other claims to interest; and, in fact, so remarkable a place is it that it has been taken under the special protection of the celestial powers, as any good Catholic will explain to you if you will but walk down with him to the gray old cathedral, and look up to where, on its lofty spire, stands a beautiful image of the Blessed Virgin, stretching
out her hands in protection and benediction over the flowery city. In the old days, he will tell you, the island used to be visited almost annually by yellow fever, and some twenty years ago there was so terrible a visitation that, between those who died and those who fled, the city was almost depopulated. When at last the deadly fever burned itself out and the survivors began to cast about for means of averting its return, the faithful sent to Italy for this image,—the Holy Father himself has blessed it,—and, raising it to its present position, with prayers and invocations they dedicated to its protection the cathedral, the city, and the island. The Virgin was graciously pleased to accept the charge, and since that year the yellow fever has never returned to Galveston. To be sure, skeptics are apt to mention that the raising of the statue was coincident with the establishment of a rigid quarantine system, and the appointment of a board of health to supervise the sanitary condition of the city; but that is a sordid and materialistic view to take of the affair. Let us rather share the faith of the devout Catholic, and believe that the gentle Mother of Mercy does indeed avert all pestilence from the fair city of which she keeps her tireless watch and ward.

Ah, it is a beautiful city, with its broad streets and brilliant skies, its broad-piazzaed houses set far back in their wealth of luxuriant shrubbery, its strange, motley population gathered from all the quarters of the globe, and with the steady monotone of the surf forcing its way through and over all sounds of business or pleasure. Alas and alas for its distant sunshine and fragrance! It is a fair dream of the summer, but what have we to do with it, dwellers in this rigorous clime? The north wind’s trumpets are calling us, the rock-ribbed hills are preaching us stern lessons of strength and courage. Let us arise and gird ourselves manfully for the conflict; but in hours of discouragement and weariness our thoughts and our hearts turn again to thee, Galveston, city of sunshine and blossom, radiant Queen of the Gulf.
"A CHIEL'S AMANG YOU TAKING NOTES."

SADNESS would darken the brow of the Chiel, mortification would de-vitalize his frame, and despair would seize the essence of his being, were he to weary any one whose eye chances to fall upon his printed notes. He therefore humbly beseeches the reader, when he feels the first touch of drowsiness, to close these unlucky pages without further delay, and to take a nap. And neither would the Chiel desire you to consider him the possessor of a "squinting brain;" nevertheless, he sometimes can not refrain from puzzling over certain little incongruities which exist in the life around him, from asking harmless questions, and from making comments now and then: for, in truth,—

"A chiel's amang you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it."

The Chiel, in happy mood, was idly leaning against the post of a door, which opened into a long arched hall. The hallway ran into little recesses, each lighted by a window, through which peeped the rays of a retiring sun. The semi-illumined particles of the atmosphere seemed joyous also, and gleefully knocked up against one another; and when the Chiel half closed his eyes, he thought he could see them sending forth little shining trills of what, for want of a more proper expression, might be called laughter. His soul responded to the innocent gaiety before him, when — horrors!

The Chiel beheld an Act of Walking coming down the hallway. Many persons, unenlightened by experience, but with perfectly good intentions, will throw themselves into a scholarly attitude and assert, "Nonsense! It is impossible to see such an abstract thing as an Act of Walking." The Chiel begs to state that this remark does not trouble him in the least; for he knows that he saw an Act of Walking. It was a horrible monster of Protean accomplishments; and, sad to relate, but all too true, it had swallowed a beautiful maiden and had maliciously outlined her form by its own. The Chiel calls her a beautiful maiden, not because she seemed beautiful to him at that moment, but because he could see that she would have been so, had she not been in the Act of Walking, and so completely under its control. She was naturally tall, erect, and graceful, but under the management of this particular monster (for all Acts of Walking are not so barbarous) the maiden was as a mere jumping-jack. The wonderful tricks which it made her perform were painfully grotesque.
The Chiel finds it hard to describe her movements, but will make an attempt to do so. They certainly were not directed according to the rules of the beautiful harmonic poise. Her chest was not erect; neither was her head. Her arms looked uneasy; and, bent at the elbows into an acute angle, they see-sawed the air with such vigor that if one happened to be passing along near by he would be in danger of catching cold from the draughts which surrounded her. The monster delighted in thrusting forward her head, and holding it in a rigid position; in doubling up her shoulders; depressing her chest; and in spurring her onward with little jerks.

This sight made the Chiel feel faint. But what most troubled him was, that there are innumerable maidens within the power of just such monsters; and he lifts up his voice to implore all sane-minded persons to use all their strength in rescuing beautiful maidens from these horrible, unmerciful, excruciating Acts of Walking.

Several weeks ago, the Chiel had the good fortune to visit what he considers the finest college in America. It is a woman’s college, and is situated about fifteen miles west of Boston. There were so many good points about it, that he left with a pleasing idea of composite excellence, rather than impressed by any particular detail; but there were a few bad points, and, on account of their scarcity, he retained a distinct remembrance of them. Concerning one of these points the Chiel wishes to ask a few questions. They pertain to the decorations in the rooms of the students.

Question No. 1. — To what part of human nature appeal those marvelously intricate ornamentations, which consist of different colored tissue papers, cut into figures of various shapes, interwoven with one another, and festooned along the wall?

Question No. 2. — Why should a student, otherwise possessed of a discerning mind and good taste, wedge her door apart with brightly colored picture-cards, inscribed with bits of literature on the Royal Baking Powder, Baker’s Breakfast Cocoa, Burnett’s Perfectly Pure Standard Flavoring of Highly Concentrated Extracts, Barry’s Tricopherous, Miss Beach’s Curling Fluid, etc.?

Question No. 3. — Why do young women, who are supposed to have put away childish things, still continue to delight in tying fantastic ribbons upon every available piece of furniture?
Question No. 4.—Does it not shock one’s sense of refinement to be confronted, in inopportune places, by such startling signs as “Keep off the grass,” “Hands off,” “Ask your grocers for Maria,” “Boys wanted,” “Use Pear’s soap,” “No smoking allowed,” “No horses to be turned loose here,” “No dogs allowed,” etc.?

But the Chiel does not wish to be critical. He only wonders why a student’s room should bear so strong a resemblance to a bazaar.

Some of us are filled with a grave apprehension that we are entering upon the era of a renascence in hoop-skirts. This style has not yet shown unwonted officiousness—at least, in the regions of our discreet Boston. They tell the Chiel, however, that in New York it is spreading itself more and more, and has gained such prominence that he may be justified in considering the possibilities which await us in the line of fashion. The Chiel understands that, in a certain city, one lady of fashion’s clan, while walking along the street, acted as a moving partition, and passers-by were obliged to resort to the curb-stone, and sometimes to the gutter. “Yes,” remarked a young woman who is acquainted with this story of outrage, “hoop-skirts literally drive men to the gutters.”

Several weeks ago there was introduced into the New York Assembly the Anti-Crinoline Bill, ridiculous, though with a good underlying purpose. It consisted of six sections, the first of which reads: “Therefore, be it enacted, that is shall be unlawful for any person to sell, give, loan, or furnish, to any citizen of this State what are known and called hoop-skirts or crinoline; but any person may steal such article, and if not caught will not be punished.” The other sections are in a similar vein. Now the Chiel looks at this matter much more seriously, and would suggest a more stringent measure. He would therefore like to add a section to this bill—Section 7—which would read: “Every individual who, in spite of laws to the contrary, persists in wearing hoop-skirts, shall be made to pay a heavy tax, in proportion to the circumference of said skirts; and the money, coming in to the government from this tax, shall go toward the enlarging of public edifices.”

In the “New Review” for February, 1893, there is an article called “In Defense of Crinoline,” by Lady Jeune. She says: “If crinoline is going to be the fashion, we may shriek till we are hoarse, but it will be adopted, and
there are many points in its favor, if it can only be controlled within reasonable limits." Let us glance over the points which she gives in its favor. According to her, crinoline may be defended on the ground that there are many women who, for personal reasons, will welcome its return; it may also be defended on hygienic grounds and those of cleanliness. "Now we shall have no trailing skirts that act as a mud-brush on a pavement, and a dirt-trap in the house," she says. "We can now have clean boots and stockings, instead of those which needed cleaning every time we came in from walking, in our dirty and bedraggled petticoats."

All this may be true; but the Chiel thinks that crinoline, while it may hide defects, is far more offensive to the sight than the defects themselves; and that taking care of a train is preferable to being tossed about in the restless billows of a hoop-shirt. But it is not necessary to choose between the train and hoop-shirt. There are other styles of dress.

Lady Jeune also takes up the humorous side of the subject, as may be seen from the following quotations:

"The reappearance of crinoline must produce a change in some of the outdoor games women now participate in. Lawn-tennis will be hardly possible in a crinoline; the quick, active movement, the constant change of attitude, the jumping to reach a ball, would hardly be possible with an inflated skirt; and croquet will possibly reign once more, a game which permits of slower and more graceful movements."

"One unmixed mercy [of the return of crinoline] will be the complete disappearance of the terrible decorations of Japanese fans, umbrellas, etc., with which we are all familiar. They would literally be swept away in the tempest created by the entrance of a few voluminous crinolines in their midst."

"But the crinoline in its hey-day of glory and insolence did not alter the position or feeling of men to women; they still wooed and won them in hoops, and never for one moment did the "old story" cease to be told, and whispered even at a distance of many feet from the object to whom it was addressed."

The Chiel, however, is a tolerably easy-going individual, and is content to rely upon the decision of the American women in regard to this matter, while he politely stands aside and takes notes.

Mary Keyt Isham.
Editorial.

There seems to be an unwritten decree — and we all know how much weightier are unwritten than written laws in most matters — that an incoming board of editors for a college magazine shall make their first appearance in literary evening dress, so to speak, shall advance, hand on heart, to the footlights, and, grievously lamenting their own deficiencies, shall crave the indulgence of their audience, and promise all sorts of possible and impossible things concerning their work for the next twelve months. This, while unquestionably a charming custom, has one distinct disadvantage: the opening address has not yet crystallized into a formula, unchanging as the wording of a Chinese letter, yet what chance is there of making it original? So many college papers, so many editors entering on their duties, so many opening editorials for so many years past — how is it possible to do anything but to say the same old things in the same old way? Still, far be it from us to run counter to a time-honored custom. Respect for antiquity is better than originality; so we, too, will say our say in this, our opening number.

And, first, what shall be said as to our predecessors? Is there any need of speech or compliment from us to them? Not, surely, before a Wellesley audience, whose eyes have been upon them for the last college year. They founded our magazine, they conducted it through the perilous first six months of its existence. How hard their task was we, entering a path made easy by their labors, are just beginning to appreciate. No, they need no compliments from us; may we, when we in turn pass on, leave behind us a record as satisfactory as theirs.

And for ourselves, what shall we say? Shall we debate on what we should like to do? Shall we give voice to our aspirations that the Magazine may continue an exponent of our Wellesley life in all its depth and breadth; nay, that it may step beyond the limits of our college world, and in the questions agitating the greater world outside range itself on the side of right and justice? Many such dreams we have, of which we would gladly speak, but that is a wise old proverb, “Let not him that girdeth on his
armor boast himself as he that putteth it off,” and, perchance, it were well for us to say nothing about our anticipations until time has shown how far we may realize them. What we hope to do may at least serve as an ideal toward which we shall strive; what we can do the future must show. And so, prudently abstaining from promises, let us bow once more to our audience and retire, to show by deeds not words what are our hopes, and to await with them the time when they shall sum up our work, and, looking back upon it, shall know whether we have succeeded or failed.

SPRING is making literally true the saying, “Cleanliness is next to godliness.” Indeed, the Lenten season was not yet over when rollicking March began to shake the dry yellow leaves from the oak-trees, and to sweep them into sheltered corners and ravines. April is now busy, finishing the half-completed work of her happy-go-lucky brother, freshening each tiny twig, and laying a rich green carpet in place of winter’s white rug. Deft-fingered May will add the last graceful touches and end Dame Winter’s house-cleaning.

House-cleaning has been for ages woman’s province, and she has prided herself on her reputation for “sweeping the cobwebs from the sky.” But at last she has followed April’s wise example, and has come down from the clouds, in order to aid man in his work of cleaning streets. The Magazine leads in three cheers for the girls of Packer’s Collegiate Institute, Brooklyn, who are earnestly studying the street-cleaning problem, and echoes the words of President Backus: “The men of his city are too busy to attend to public affairs, and we believe the time is coming when the women will have to see that the streets are properly cleaned, and so we are drilling our girls to inform themselves on the subject as well as on other public questions.”

Other public questions! The work must not stop at the sidewalk. Many house-cleaning and housekeeping problems exist on the other side of the street, and Uncle Sam is calling on his nieces for their solutions. Will those who have theoretical solutions to any of Columbia’s Domestic Science Problems please communicate with the Free Press of the Wellesley Magazine?
The Free Press.

I.

A recent Legenda bore on its title-page an odd little picture of "This Funny Wellesley World." A sketch of the earth, on which Wellesley was a large black dot, served as the head for a little figure in the Senior gown and supported the dignified Senior cap. A newly discovered mountain range made a nose to uphold a scholarly pair of spectacles, while a broad smile extended from shore to shore of the Atlantic.

Everybody laughed at the droll little figure, but only those who had been a part of the "Wellesley world" knew all that the dignified cap, the scholarly spectacles, and the merry smile stood for. It all meant the jolliest of good times—spreads, dances in the gym, Tree Day, Float. It meant misery too,—grinding, examinations, domestic work. It meant much more, for it stood for four years of steady purpose, high endeavor, honest work.

But that which lingers in memory longest is the thought of the red-letter days, the Parliament, Tree Day, Float Night, all those delightful festivals so peculiar to Wellesley life. For the Wellesley world is a "funny" one, with its holidays known only to itself, its social events such as are found nowhere else. It is a life possible only in a large community of women, amid delightful surroundings, but apart from the business of the general world.

But, pleasant as it is, it has its disadvantages. More than one man of wide culture has said, "My children must be educated at a college whose students are more thoroughly in touch with the world." Many a mother decides, "My daughter is to be fitted for her place, must be trained in something besides mathematics and Greek; and the life at Wellesley, however attractive it may be to the student, is no preparation for society outside the college gates."

To us who realize the value of this isolation and freedom for our mental work, the criticism seems entirely too severe, not, however, entirely unfounded. Can we deny that our interests often narrow to a very small and school-girlish circle? Two students sit down for a few minutes' chat together. Are the chances great that they will refer, even remotely, to any political event, to a new attempt to solve a social problem, to a recent publication or a new criticism? More than this, the isolation of the Wellesley world fosters in the student the feeling that
she is exempt from the usual duties of society and that her conduct is not to be measured by its standards. Is it not true that we often allow ourselves to fall into a feeling of general irresponsibility, more fitting for a schoolgirl than a college woman? Is it not largely our fault that Wellesley life sometimes seems so narrow to those who watch it from the outside?

After this self-inflicted little lecture, it is a pleasure to notice a recent event which must serve to link us more closely to the college world. Up to this year, our societies, which are the centres of much of our social life, have been, with one exception, purely local; but at the last meeting of the winter term Phi Sigma took a new step, initiating a movement on which both society and college are to be congratulated. The Beta Chapter of Phi Sigma of Wesleyan University was organized. Four young women from Wesleyan were present at the ceremony, which was significant for both colleges. It is not merely a matter of pleasant and profitable acquaintance with the thoughtful women of another school, although that means much, but the friends of Phi Sigma see in it a promise of added strength and vitality for the Wellesley chapter. Formerly each society has been practically in the hands of the forty or fifty girls who, for the time, composed it. Now, Phi Sigma will be in a measure responsible for her general work and social tone to a council, a part of whose members come from another college. This must insure a certain uniformity in character and work, while, as the parent society, the Wellesley chapter will feel the necessity of holding up the highest example. Above all, it will give to the members of Phi Sigma exactly what is lacking in our college life,—the consciousness that, so far from being merely a set of schoolgirls, freed from the rules and standards of society and subject only to those of our own making, we are bound as college women to maintain a standard fully as high as, and in accordance with, the demands of that world for which college is supposed to fit us.

And so we congratulate Phi Sigma on the forming of a connection which can not fail to bring added prosperity and strength; we congratulate the college on a movement which promises larger sympathies and wider interests in the Wellesley world.

Caroline W. Mudgett.

II.

In an article in the "New Englander" for November, 1892, Miss Hodgkins suggests a new interpretation for our college motto — non ministrari sed ministrare — which points to a vital evil in our American colleges, and must appeal to every student. Writing as one who has stepped out of our college life into the world
life, Miss Hodgkins says, "Could there be added, not only to Wellesley's curriculum, but to all college curricula, certain definite courses of instruction that shall inculcate patriotism and the value of American citizenship, instil a keen sense of the dangers that threaten the American republic, and infuse nobler ideas of American institutions, the greatest possible advance in our educational work would have been made."

These words imply, in the first place, that we of Wellesley are lacking in patriotism. In one sense we must deny this. Patriotism is not lacking; it is only sleeping. It waked up somewhat last fall in the heat of the presidential campaign, but it soon wrapped the cloak of non-responsibility about it again, and lay down to pleasant dreams. Yet, in another sense, Miss Hodgkins is right, for patriotism means love, and demands, therefore, a keen consciousness of the capabilities and possibilities of the loved object, and watchfulness to guard it against all accidents and diseases, to ward off all dangers that threaten either from within or without, and to aid in every way toward its noblest and fullest all-around development.

Probably the majority of Wellesley girls believe theoretically in the justice of woman's suffrage, while they prefer practically the present injustice, with its accompanying comfortable sense of non-responsibility, to suffrage with the involved duties. Unfortunately, justice is swiftly and inevitably winning, and the responsibility is ours whether we will or no. A few weeks ago the Kansas Senate voted thirty-two to five and the House ninety-four to seventeen in favor of full suffrage for women, and the question to amend the State constitution will go before the people. I wonder how many Kansas college girls could state the first principles of the Populist party, or have any intelligent idea of the effect of prohibition in their State. There is one great American problem upon which we can bring our influence to bear, in many States directly, and in all States indirectly, and whose every phase should be of vital interest to us. I refer to our public school problem. A large proportion of Wellesley's students expect to teach. How many of those girls have ever given fifteen minutes' earnest study to the advantages and disadvantages of our school systems, to their rank as compared with the schools of France, Germany, or Italy,—not to speak of the closely connected problems of Roman Catholicism and Catholicism? That our sense of the value and responsibility of American citizenship needs education is evident.

I would not have the case seem blacker than it is. Wellesley has waked up very much in the last two years. The way in which the Juniors crowd the debating sections when the question is on one of the problems of the day proves this.
Zeta Alpha devoted her last meeting to the social problems of the city of Boston and their possible solution, and the avowed purpose of the Agora is to "create an intelligent interest in the questions of the day." Our interest in our College Settlements keeps us somewhat in touch with the gravest problem of our national life. What we need now is that interest in public questions shall cease to be the distinguishing characteristic of individuals and of societies, but shall become an essential part of the "Wellesley atmosphere."

I am not pleading for the addition of courses to our curriculum, but for public sentiment, and enthusiasm, and for a change in the spirit with which we approach our present studies. The paramount questions to-day are social questions. We hope that some day Wellesley will have its Chair of Social Science, but in the mean time what is to hinder our making every department of the college such a chair? The most inspiring lecture on American problems I ever listened to was given in a German literature class.

Germany is trying an experiment. Henceforth the school-children are to be taught the history of their own time first, and will study back from present conditions to past causes. Let us, at Wellesley, wake up our sleeping patriotism; let us demand for ourselves "an intelligent interest in the questions of the day," and a knowledge of the history and foundation principles of our American institutions. Then we can turn back to our study of the history of any country in any age with new inspiration and earnestness. One of the great dangers of our American republic, the indifference of its citizens, will be lessened; a keener sense of the magnitude of other national problems will be aroused almost unconsciously, and we shall not need "certain definite courses of instruction" that shall "infuse nobler ideas of American institutions."

On account of lack of room the "Exchanges" have been omitted this month.

**Book Reviews.**

**I.**

**The One I Knew Best of All: A Memory of the Mind of a Child.**

Who of us has not at some time looked down into the wide eyes of a little child, wondering what thoughts, what feelings were at work in the brain behind the fathomless blue and brown! Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has tried to unveil the mystery for us; in her "Memory of the Mind of a Child" she has endeavored to give an exact reproduction of the inner life of the child she once was.
Mrs. Burnett says that she might fairly entitle her sketch "The Story of Any Child with an Imagination," but there is far too much individuality about the Small Person to consider her a mere type, "a little unit of whose parallels there are tens of thousands." There is just enough of the real individual in the Memories to engage our warm interest; while at the same time we must recognize the fact that the Small Person is very like other small persons of whom we have a more or less dim recollection. Can we not all of us recall the awful reverence with which we looked up to a policeman; the mysteriously pathetic impression of some old song or poem, whose words we did not half understand; the fiery steed, which to ordinary eyes was only a sofa-arm? How the Small Person brings it all back!

Then we have that picture of the little child kneeling by the window, gazing with spellbound eyes at the factory-girl, whose beautiful face long years afterward inspired "That Lass o' Lowrie's." And we have the composition of her first poem, and the writing of thrilling dramas in old butcher books, and the relation of endless impromptu tales to an admiring circle of school friends,—things which made Frances Hodgson different from other children.

It is almost impossible to believe that these sketches are exact transcriptions; the imagination, which ran riot with the doll and the sofa, must come in here to make the pictures so vivid; yet we feel that they are true to life.

It is all written in Mrs. Burnett's best style, with a delightful blending of pathos and humor; it has in it the very laughter and tears that the remembrance of those innocent, funny, childish days calls up in our minds, now grown more worldly wise. It is a charming book, and one equally suited for amusement or earnest thought. The grown-up folk who took contraband peeps into "Little Lord Fauntleroy" will find "The One I Knew Best of All" even more fascinating; and the grave psychologist will find the deepest interest in this record of the unfolding of a young human life.

E. B. S.

II.

A Golden Wedding, and Other Tales.

 Somehow we all like stories of the South; the Northerner is carried away with their picturesque unfamiliarity; the Southerner is equally charmed by their picturesque familiarity. So we shall all be glad to welcome Ruth McEuery Stuart's new book of darky stories. It includes several old friends, among others the inimitable "Lamentations of Jeremiah Johnson," as well as a number of new ones.
One is impressed throughout the book by Mrs. Stuart's evident familiarity and sympathy with the people whom she shows to us; she has not taken a glimpse at them from a car window, or spent a month or two in "studying the type;" she was born on a plantation, and thoroughly knows and loves her own South.

The dialect is admirably done; not only the negro, but the soft French-Italian-English of the French market in New Orleans, and the Arkansas dialect of the two dear old ladies who managed the "Woman's Exchange of Simpkinsville."

The character-drawing is remarkably fine; each individual is clearly defined, from the saintly, self-denying old Uncle Mingo to the anything but saintly Widder Johnsing. Mrs. Stuart has, nevertheless, preserved in all these widely differing individuals the strong excitability, the childlike inconsequence, the deeply religious tone which characterize the race as a whole. And she tells it all in a tender yet humorous way that appeals to the heart as well as to the intellect.

Like too many of the stories of the present day, these are decidedly lacking in plot; they are indeed sketches rather than stories. But possibly in this case a plot would give an air of artificiality to the little tales that are now so simple and so natural.

The funniest one of the collection is "Jessekiah Brown's Courtship," and Uncle Mingo's "Speculations" is perhaps the most pathetic; but every page in the book presents a hero worthy to stand with Chad and Uncle Remus and our friends "In Ole Virginia."

E. B. S.

III.


There are a number of new books this spring on sociological subjects, but it is doubtful if any of them is of greater importance and interest than the recent report of the College Settlements Association. "Report" sounds like something excessively dry, but the neat gray covers of this little pamphlet contain much that is good reading.

In the first place, the settlements themselves have become a matter of such deep interest, not only to college women, but to the country at large, that even the dryest statistics of their work are worth investigating. But these statistics are not dry, when they tell how men and women are coming forward to support the movement; that twenty of our foremost colleges are represented on the books of the association; that settlements are being started in our chief cities.
However, the little book contains more than figures and lists of names; there are the reports from the various settlements, necessarily concise and simple, but full of the greatest interest, and of real literary value. The report from the New York Settlement is particularly good. That is the oldest of the settlements, and naturally has more varying lines of activity than the others, while here and there Miss McLean's enthusiasm and faith in the work peep out between the mere statements of facts.

The Philadelphia and Boston reports, too, are well worth reading; and altogether, the "Third Annual Report of the College Settlements Association" is a good thing to turn to when you tire of your short story or novel.

E. B. S.

College Notes.

The officers of the Class of 96 are: Harriet Baldwin, president; Inez Hopkins, vice-president; Josephine Batchelder, recording secretary; Virginia Schoonover, corresponding secretary; Mary Mudgett, treasurer; Lucy Freeman and Elizabeth Adams, historians; Dora Allen and Grace Nutter, factotums; Agnes Caldwell, Belinda Bogardus, and Martha Shackford, executive committee.

On Monday evening, March 13, a valuable study of Whittier as a poet was given by Mr. Horace Scudder.

On Thursday evening, March 16, Bishop Talbot spoke of his efforts to establish churches among the mining communities of Wyoming and Idaho, and described visits to several Indian tribes.

Monday evening, March 20, will long be remembered for the brilliant piano recital, given by Ferruccio B. Busoni. The program comprised selections from Bach-Busoni, Schubert, Beethoven, Schumann, and Liszt.

A collection of eleven large views of the various college buildings was, for several days, on exhibition at the First Floor Centre, before being sent to the World's Fair.

Miss Helen Marie Bennett has been elected by the Specials as their representative on the editorial board of the Wellesley Magazine.

On the evening of March 20, the Deutscher Verein of Harvard University entertained, at its second annual reception, a number of ladies from Harvard Annex and Wellesley College, among whom were Fräulein Margarethe Müller, Fräu-
lein Elsbeth Müller, and Fräulein Marie Wenckebach. The guests were received by Mr. Schilling, Mrs. Francke, and Frau von Jagemann. A cordial welcome was extended by the president, Mr. Ahlers, and members of the Verein. After refreshments, Mr. Ahlers spoke of the growth of the Society, and of the interest shown in it, not only by the student, but by members of the faculty. An address by Professor Schilling, on “The Development of Comedy in Germany,” was followed by the presentation of a little play, “Das Ganschen von Buchenau,” in which the parts were sustained by Mr. L. F. Kiesewetter and others of the Verein. Dancing had just begun, when the chartered horse-cars were ready to take the Wellesley party back, and a very pleasant evening was brought to a close with three Wellesley cheers for the Deutscher Verein and the answering “Rahs” of Harvard.

On Sunday evening, March 19, the Senior Vespers were held in Society Hall. The services consisted of hymns, reading of Scripture and Episcopal prayers, followed by a violin solo, Miss Etta Penniman; piano solo, Miss Winifred Meyer; vocal solo, “Easter Eve,” Miss Marion Wilcox; piano solo, Miss Gertrude Bigelow; vocal solo, “There is a City,” Miss Mabel Hayes; violin solo, Miss Etta Penniman; piano solo, Miss Adelaide Smith; vocal solo, “He Shall Feed His Flock,” from “The Messiah,” Miss Grenell; piano solo, “Schubert’s Serenade,” Miss Gertrude Bigelow; violin solo, “The Better Land,” Miss Marion Wilcox.

On Thursday evening, April 6, Gen. J. T. Morgan, recent Indian Commissioner at Washington, ably treated “Some Phases of the Indian Question.”

An informal Vesper Service was enjoyed by Zeta Alpha Society and her guests, Sunday, April 9, in Society Hall.

Miss Belle Sherwin, ’90, Miss Mary Barrows, ’90, Miss Bertha Jones, Miss Flora Luther, and Miss Grace Mix, spent Sunday, April 9, at the College.

Miss Elizabeth Hoyt, ’91, is spending several days with Miss Bertha Clough, ’93.

Monday afternoon, April 10th, the Agora Society most handsomely received the Shakespeare, Zeta Alpha, Phi Sigma, Art, and Classical Societies in Elocution Hall. The highly artistic decorations included an alcove for each of the societies, gracefully adorned with the appropriate flowers, colors, and symbols.
Society Notes.

The regular meeting of Zeta Alpha was held March 18.

Program.


The Shakespeare Society held its annual open meeting in Stone Hall parlor on Saturday evening, March 18, 1893, at seven o'clock. The following was the program:

- Shakespeare News . . . . Adeline Bonney
- Ibsen's Personality . . . . Harriet Blake
- Ibsen's Ideal for Woman . . . Caroline Randolph

Dramatic Representations.

The Doll's House. Act III.

Nora . . . . . . . . Alice Hunt
Torwald . . . . . . . . Elizabeth White

Merchant of Venice. Act III. Scene II.

Portia . . . . . . . . Phebe Campbell
Bassanio . . . . . . . . Julia Reid
Ibsen's Place in the Modern World . . . . Jean Evans
Ibsen's New Play . . . . Mildred Feeny

Dramatic Representations.

Much Ado About Nothing. Act IV. Scene I.

Beatrice . . . . . . . . Grace Miller
Benedick . . . . . . . . Frances Lucas
As You Like It. Act IV. Scene I.

Rosalind . . . . . . Sarah Capps
Celia . . . . . . Elizabeth Bartholomew
Orlando . . . . . . Julia Reid

Ibsen is an Influence for Good in the Modern World.

Discussion . . . Leaders { Helen Stahr,
{ Annie Tomlinson.

At the regular meeting of the Agora, March 18, the following program was presented: —

Extemporaneous Speeches: —

2. Cleveland's Policy towards Hawaiian
   Annexation . . . . . Helen Bisbee, '95
   The Growth and Spirit of the Re-
   publican Party . . . . Carrie Mann, '93
   The New Democracy . . . Mabel Learoyd, '94
   The Significance of the People's
   Party . . . . . . . . Sarah Weed, '95

At the meeting of the Agora, April 8th, Miss Mower, '93, Miss Fackenthal, '95, and Miss Waterman, '95, were received into the Society.

Prof. Katharine Coman has become a member of the Agora.

The program of the regular meeting of the Art Society, held March 18, was as follows: —

Paper: Work and Influence of
   Praxiteles. (Illustrations) . . Miss S. Hoghton
Paper: The Pergamon School of
   Art . . . . . . . . Miss H. MacMillan
Paper: Greek and Roman Art . . Miss G. Edwards

Tableaux.

Discussion: The art of the Pergamon School is the highest art which
we have studied thus far.

Leaders { Miss Foster,
{ Miss Hoopes.
The regular meeting of the Zeta Alpha was held April 8.

Program.

Boston's Practical Efforts towards the Solution of Social Problems.
Work among the Children . . . Mary Millard, '94
The Angels of the Slums, or the Work of the Salvation Army . Julia Buffington, '94
Salvation Army Song
Marion Canfield, '94, Marion Wilcox, '93
Elizabeth Wood, '94, Grace Grenell, '95
What is Prison Reform? Helen Marie Bennett, Sp.
How the New Methods are Illustrated at
Sherborn, Frances Pinkham, '93
Concord, Helen Dennis, '95


Miss Mary Keyt Isham was initiated into the Society's membership.

Alumnae Notes.

The Boston Wellesley Club held its regular winter meeting on Feb. 18, 1893, at the Thorndike, Boston. Because of the heavy snow storm only a small number were present. Miss Laura Parker gave an interesting report on College news, after which the annual elections were held, and resulted as follows: President, Mrs. Mary Putnam Hart, Sp.; vice-president, Miss Laura M. Parker, '87; secretary and treasurer, Miss Jennie M. Furber, '92.

The Chicago Wellesley Club held its meeting on Saturday, March 18th, at the Beatrice, University of Chicago. At the business meeting the matter of a Wellesley Registry at the Fair was discussed and approved. It was suggested also that a time and place for a meeting of the Wellesley students should be appointed by those having charge of the Registry as often during the Fair season as should be thought best, that these meetings should be held somewhere in the Fair grounds, that they should be entirely informal, and that notice of their occurrence be posted in the Registry. When the entire matter of the Registry and meetings is arranged, a fuller notice will be given in the Wellesley Magazine. Music
was furnished by Miss May Estelle Cook, '88. The remainder of the time was spent in social intercourse.

On April 3d, the following members of '89 met in the Faculty parlor for an informal reunion: Miss Mary S. Case, Carrie Field, Essie Thayer, Mary Winston, Helen Holmes, Katharine Lowe, May Banta, Flora Hidden, Clara Preston, and Caroline L. Williamson. Letters were read from the class president, Mrs. Mary Bean Jones, and from a number of those whose proximity to the College had suggested a possible meeting, but who were unable to be present. The class tree was decorated with '89 colors and a call was made upon Miss Shafer.

Ethel Paton, '89, and Mary Stinson, '89, arrived home on March 23 on the "Trave" from Bremen.

Caroline L. Williamson, '89, is at College during March and April, pursuing studies for a second degree.

Mrs. Stevens, a former special student, is taking a trip to Italy.

Annie S. Woodman, '89, spent March 30th with her sister, Mrs. Paul.

Ethel Paton, '89, spent the first days of the new term at Norumbega.

Mary Hawley, '92, visited her friends at Norumbega the first week in April.

Miss Elizabeth Stewart, '91, and Miss Candace Stimson, '92, sailed on the steamship "Aurania," March 10, for a two months' trip in Italy.

Miss Evelyn E. Parkes spent the winter in England. On her return to Rochester, N.Y., she visited friends in Wellesley, and Miss Marion Marsh, '80, Miss Helen Bruce, '92, and Miss Harriet E. Balch, '92, in New York, N.Y.

Miss Clara L. Bacon is Professor of Mathematics in Hedding College, Abingdon, Ill.

Miss Edna Johnson, '87-'89, is teaching in the Girls' Normal School of the Presbyterian Mission, Saltillo, Mexico.

During the past two weeks, the College Settlement at 93 Tyler Street, Boston, has enjoyed short visits from Miss Ada Wing, '86, Miss Belle Sherwin, '90, Miss Shepherd, '93, and Miss Young, instructor in Latin at Wellesley.

The friends of Mrs. Harriet Emerson Flinchliff will be especially sorry to know that the son, the notice of whose death was in our March number, was one of the twin boys in whom members of the Class of '82 have shown so much interest. The date of his birth should have been given as Jan. 2, 1892.
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Births.

In Sandusky, Ohio, March, a daughter, Florence G., to Mrs. Maryette Goodwin Macky, '87.
In Chicago, Ill., March 17, 1893, a daughter to Mrs. Sophie Bogne Huff, Spec., '86-'88.
In Worcester, Mass., March 21, 1893, a son to Mrs. May Sleeper Ruggles.

Deaths.


---

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