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THE CONCEPTION OF IMMORTALITY, AS FOUND IN BROWNING'S POETRY.

THE poet lives in what is beyond. His ear hears the chord that is to be drawn out of the present harmony as yet quivering along the bow of the Master Musician; his eye sees the form and color that must grow out from the pattern through which the Weaver of Life has but now thrust His shuttle; his soul reaches out for that thought in the Eternal Mind which to-morrow will be born in the hearts of other men. He sees by the light of next morning's dawn, and the thing that he sees he calls Immortality. This is the soul of a poet's song.

In the sixteenth century he sang joyously, and he sang to a joyous people; a people docile, and, as yet, unthinking. And he sang to them of the wonders of this life and of the life that was to come after; he gave them
heavens, and hells, and purgatories to infinity; and they gluttoned themselves upon infinity and grew wise in their own conceits, and after, mentally dyspeptic; and for a long while no more poets sang—and the people starved. But in our century the poet has begun to sing again because of the hunger of the people, and his song has been, for the most part, sad, for the people were sick and could not eat, and the poet’s own soul was hungry, too, because of the famine in the land. Within these last fifty years there has been one poet who was glad, and who leaves behind him in his songs the echo of a laugh; this is Robert Browning.

There have been four great poets in our century to whom immortality was real, vital: Shelley, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Browning. The first two grope, in a hazy fashion, after their spiritual food: Shelley tastes it with an uneasy pantheism; he is almost distrustful of this new attitude towards immortality which has arisen in himself; he tries again and again in the “Prometheus,” in the “Epipsychidion,” to satisfy himself with the orthodox sixteenth century eternity; but its cloying sweetness sickens him—and us; our dreams of bliss no longer take up their abode there where is:

"A cave
All overgrown with trailing odorous plants
Which curtain out the day with leaves and flowers,
And paved with veined emerald, and a fountain
Leaps in the midst with an awakening sound;
From its curved roof the mountain's frozen tears,
Like snow, or silver, or long diamond spires,
Hang downward, raining forth a doubtful light;
And there is heard the ever-moving air,
Whispering without from tree to tree, and birds
And bees; and all around are mossy seats,
And the rough walls are clothed with long soft grass;
A simple dwelling, which shall be our own;
Where we will sit and talk of time and change,
As the world ebbs and flows, ourselves unchanged."

And where:

"We will talk, until thought's melody
Become too sweet for utterance, and it die
In words, to live again in looks, which dart
With thrilling tone into the voiceless heart,
Harmonizing silence without a sound."

...
"One hope with two wills, one will beneath
Two overshadowing minds, one life, one death,
One Heaven, one Hell, one immortality,
And one annihilation. Woe is me!
The winged words on which my soul would pierce
Into the height of love's rare universe
Are chains of lead around its flight of fire.
I pant, I sink, I tremble, I expire!"

The poet was weary of pictured immortality; it perplexed him that he
should be thus weary, but he felt the truth of it and turned from the defi-
nite to the vague. Immortality had become a tradition, and in order that it
should again be vital it must again become a prophecy.

Shelley's soul turned to the higher pantheism for rest, or rather, for defi-
niteness of motion, and his belief is voiced in the "Adonais":

"Naught we know dies. Shall that alone which knows
Be as a sword consumed before the sheath
By sightless lightning?"

"He wakes or sleeps with the enduring dead;
Thou canst not soar where he is sitting now.
Dust to the dust! but the pure spirit shall flow
Back to the burning fountain whence it came,
A portion of the Eternal, which must glow
Through time and change unquenchably the same.
Whilst thy cold embers choke the sordid hearth of shame."

"Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep—
He hath awakened from the dream of life,—
'Tis we, who, lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
And in mad trance strike with our spirit's knife
Invulnerable nothings."

"He is made one with Nature: there is heard
His voice in all her music, from the moan
Of thunder to the song of night's sweet bird;
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,
Which weeds the world with never-wearied love,
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above."
"The One remains, the many change and pass;  
Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's shadows fly.  
Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,  
Stains the white radiance of Eternity  
Until Death tramples it to fragments. Die,  
If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek!  
Follow where all is fled!"

"The soul of Adonais, like a star,  
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are."

Wordsworth also accepts the pantheistic idea—accepts it with serenity, and rests in it. For him the spirit after death is "rolled around in earth's diurnal course with rocks and stones and trees." Unlike Shelley, he never attempts a belief in pictorial immorality. The soul of the poet has recognized that it no longer needs such sweets.

Tennyson again, takes up the pantheistic idea where Wordsworth left it the merging of the individual in the universal, and in his "In Memoriam" rises to the belief in personal immortality which afterwards characterizes his work. In the Prologue to "In Memoriam" we have his completed thought:

"Strong Son of God, immortal Love,  
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,  
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,  
Believing where we cannot prove;  
Thou wilt not leave us in the dust;  
Thou madest man, he knows not why;  
He thinks he was not made to die;  
And thou hast made him: thou art just.

"Thou seemest human and divine,  
The highest, holiest manhood, thou;  
Our wills are ours, we know not how;  
Our wills are ours, to make them thine."

Browning also reaches to the height of belief in personal immortality, but the question is, does he do more for us than Tennyson, does he do more than simply present the idea in a new light? Is his thought the climax of our nineteenth century prophecy, or does he divide the honors with Tennyson?
Emphatically, without him we should have arrived at no such spiritual height as that of which we can at present feel proud, and which makes the poetic cycle of our century a complete as well as a great one.

In the first place, Browning takes up the idea of immortality beyond the point at which Tennyson takes it up; the pantheistic thought is used by him in his poems, but never as a belief belonging to himself; he never lived in it; his soul was born out of it. Tennyson's spirit struggled out of it; his is a gentle soul and one feels always a sense of lingering depression in him; he attained to faith and he clung to it with a sad joyousness. He lacks the robust quality which we feel in Browning. Browning came after the worst of the famine, he had a healthy dislike for too many sweets—he was hungry, but it was with the keen appetite of one accustomed to working for that which he expects to eat, not the gnawing of one inured to deprivation.

I have hitherto compared the poets through their elegies—the "Lucy" dirge, "Adonais," "In Memoriam." The elegies of Browning and Tennyson, although both presented from the standpoint of the intellect, show one marked difference: "La Saisiaz" leaves out that very element by which faith is attained to in "In Memoriam."

"That which we dare invoke to bless;
   Our dearest faith; our ghastliest doubt;
   He, They, One, All; within, without;
   The Power in darkness whom we guess;

"I found him not in world or sun,
   Or eagle's wing, or insect's eye;
   Nor through the questions men may try
   The petty cobwebs we have spun.

"If e'er when faith had fall'n asleep
   I heard a voice 'believe no more,
   And heard an ever-breaking shore
   That tumbles in the Godless deep;

"A warmth within the breast would melt
   The freezing reason's colder part,
   And like a man in wrath, the heart
   Stood up and answered, 'I have felt!'

"No, like a child in doubt and fear:
   But that blind clamor made me wise;
   Then was I as a child that cries,
   But, crying, knows his father near;"
“And what I am beheld again
What is, and no man understands,
And out of darkness came the hands
That reach thro' nature moulding man.”

This omission is the more noticeable in that the Christ-figure so thoroughly permeates the great mass of Browning’s work. In those poems in which he attains to the height of his spiritual faith the Christ is the centre and soul of his inspiration; he is, more than aught else, a Christial poet. But “La Saisiaz” deals with the intellectual arguments concerning immortality. The attitude taken differs entirely from that in the elegies of the other poets; it is just here that we get something new, something which was needed for the completeness of our modern cycle—the poet daring to approach with his argumentative intellect that which has hitherto been consigned to the imagination and the emotion. It will be well, therefore, to make a special study of “La Saisiaz” in order to understand this distinctive characteristic of Browning’s faith in Immortality; after which it will be sufficient for our purpose to summarize briefly those characteristics of his belief in which he is allied to his fellow poets, or in which he differs from them only in degree.

The poem “La Saisiaz” bears beneath its name the inscription “A. E. S., September, 1877.” This is its history:—

It was written after the sudden death of Miss Agnes Egerton Smith, an old friend of Mr. Browning’s, a cultivated woman of keen intellectual and artistic power. Mr. Browning and his sister spent the summer of ’77 with Miss Egerton Smith at a place near Salève, and here Miss Smith’s death occurred in the manner described in the poem. La Saisiaz, Savoyard for “the sun,” was the name of the villa in which the party spent the summer.

The poem, as we see by the date, is a late one and, as such, is of signal importance in tracing the development of our poet; it gives us assurance that despite the seeming cynicism and critical coldness towards life which have been said to characterize, perhaps unpleasantly, the later work of Browning, he has nevertheless retained in its fulness that depth and enthusiasm of faith which we find in “Rabbi Ben Ezra” or “Saul.” In fact, “La Saisiaz” seems to serve as a summary and repetition of nearly all the great thoughts on immortality which we find elsewhere and earlier in Browning.
Considering the poem artistically we find that the setting and treatment stand in definite relation to the theme. The poem is the result of a great emotional experience remembered in tranquillity; it was written in London several months after the death of Miss Smith, when the poet could follow out, link by link, the chain of that argument which he had grasped in its passionate entirety upon the mountain-top. The very calm, deliberation, meditativeness of metre and thought accomplish artistically that which a burst of passion would have thwarted; the atmosphere of the Alps, in all its cold, clear stillness, pervades the poem. The dramatic situation also bears directly upon the theme. The poet, filled with a great sorrow, has dared and done, singly, that climbing both had planned to do together just before she died. He has attained the summit and is resting there; his mood shows that fluctuation between depression and exaltation which would be the natural result attendant upon his long climb and his grief, opposed to the uplifting of the sublime in the glory of the world spread out before him:

"But the triumph crowning all—
There's Salève's own platform facing glory which strikes greatness small,—
Blanc, supreme above his earth-brood, needles red and white and green,
Horns of silver, fangs of crystal set on edge in his demesne."

He is resting on the height, looking out for answer upon the mysterious, unanswered silence of nature, with Geneva in sight, staring up at him out of the midst of civilization, and the "texts whence Calvin preached."

He begins by brooding over his walk with her the evening before she died, when they had planned this little journey; he lingers upon the things she said and did; he recalls the vividness of the life in that next morning; he recalls her death, and then he recalls herself:

"Gone you were, and I shall never see that earnest face again
Grow transparent, grow transfigured with the sudden light that leapt,
At the first word's provocation, from the heart-deeps where it slept."

"Rare thing, red or white, you rest now."

Confronting himself with her image forces upon him the question which he has been evading:
"Here I stand: but you — where?"

"If a spirit of the place
Broke the silence, bade me question, promised answer, what disgrace
Did I stipulate 'Provided answer suit my hopes, not fears!'
Would I shrink to learn my life-time's limit — days, weeks, months or years?
Would I shirk assurance on each point whereat I can but guess —
Does the soul survive the body? Is there God's self, no, or yes?"

He then begins by acknowledging that man is but a finite being after all, and that there is an infinite being outside of man:

"Mine is but man's truest answer — how were it did God respond?"

"Can I make my eye an eagle's, sharpen ear to recognize
Sound o'er league and league of silence? Can I know, who but surmise?"

He reflects upon the curious coincidence that they should have discussed the truth of immortality walking along the grass-path together, shortly before she died:

"If I dared no self-deception, when, a week since, I and you
Walked and talked along the grass-path, passing lightly in review
What seemed hits and what seemed misses in a certain fence-play — strife
Sundry minds of mark engaged in 'On the Soul and Future Life.'
If I ventured estimating what was come of parried thrust,
Subtle stroke, and, rightly, wrongly, estimating could be just,
Just, though life so seemed abundant in the form which moved by mine,
I might well have played at feigning, fooling — laughed "What need opine,
Pleasure must succeed to pleasure, else past pleasure turns to pain,
And this first life claims a second, else I count its good no gain?"
Much less have I heart to palter when the matter to decide
Now becomes "Was ending ending once and always, when you died?"

He then reviews the argument that:

"Somewhere new existence led by men and women new,
Possibly attains perfection coveted by me and you;
While ourselves, the only witness to what work our life evolved,
Only to ourselves proposing problems proper to be solved
By ourselves alone,—who working ne'er shall know if work bear fruit
Others reap and garner, heedless how produced by stalk and root;—"

"We who, darkling, timed the day's birth, struggling, testified to peace
Earned by dint of failure, triumph,—we creative thought, must cease
In created word, thought's echo, due to impulse long since sped!
Why repine? There's ever some one lives although ourselves be dead!"
In fact, Browning utterly rejects both pantheism and positivism, to which Shelley and Wordsworth had turned for comfort. He says since there is this incompleteness we must own life unhappy, and if unhappy, is "there supplemental happiness?" or must we count life a curse and not a blessing? He then determines to prove to himself how much or how little he believes true that controverted doctrine of immortality:

"Is it fact to which I cleave,  
Is it fancy I but cherish, when I take upon my lips  
Phrase the solemn Tuscan fashioned, and declare the soul's eclipse  
Not the soul's extinction? take his 'I believe and I declare —  
Certain am I — from this life I pass into a better there  
Where that lady lives of whom enamored was my soul'— where this  
Other lady, my companion dear and true, she also is?"

He declares that the question and its answer presuppose two points: that the thing itself which questions, answers, is, it knows.

That there is a thing which perceives—namely, soul—and a force which is perceived—God—these are the only facts he claims, and that they o'erpass his power to prove them facts proves them such—all else is surmise. Our three other poets hold also to the existence of these two facts. Modern science itself cannot leave them out, they are self-evident.

The fact that all else is surmise is illustrated in Browning by the figure of the rush which knows that it exists and that it floats on the stream that is not itself, but cannot tell whether it will be swept away to perish, or thrown upon the land to strike root and grow; or whence the stream comes or whither it flows.

He then asks if there is sufficient ground for the hope that there is another life beyond the fact that "anyhow, we want it," and that the hope of it is the only thing which makes life worth living, and he says there is not a sufficient reason.

"'We believe' is sighed. I take the cup of comfort proffered thus,  
Taste and try each soft ingredient, sweet infusion, and discuss  
What their blending may accomplish for the cure of doubt, till — slow,  
Sorrowful, but how decided! needs must I o'erturn it — so!"

He has declared the only two facts to be God and his own soul, and he now asserts that the only thing which tells him this is his own experience. He
can have no knowledge of other men's souls—he is the midway point between what is and what may be. Rabbi Ben Ezra says the same:

"Now, who shall arbitrate?  
Ten men love what I hate,  
Shun what I follow, slight what I receive;  
Ten who in ears and eyes  
Watch me: we all surmise,  
They, this thing, and I, that; whom shall my soul believe?"

And then he proceeds to get at a proof which shall satisfy his own soul, irrespective of satisfaction to the souls of other men. His first conclusion is reached with regard to this life—namely, that from personal experience:

"He must say—or choke in silence—howsoever came my fate  
Sorrow did and joy did, nowise,—life well weighed,—preponderate."

And, since this is the case, he declares that the cause is not all-wise, all-good, all-potent, since it cannot bestow upon its creature one hour beyond an allotted time in which to reach out after perfection. Present life is failure. The only way he can vindicate man's present existence to himself is that a second life is to be granted:

"Only grant my soul may carry high through death her cup unspilled,  
Brimming though it be with knowledge, life's loss drop by drop distilled.  
I shall boast it mine,—the balsam,—bless each kindly wrench that wrung  
From life's tree its inmost virtue, tapped the root whence pleasure sprung,  
Barked the bole, and brake the bough, and bruised the berry, left all grace  
Ashes in death's stern alembic, loosed elixir in its place!"

Notice that he ends with hope as the thing needful to make life worth living. Let us review these first arguments:

1. Man is a finite being and can never hope to attain to the absolute, therefore nothing in the infinite which he questions can ever be completely divested of mystery for him. This is the acknowledgment in the beginning; that he is attacking a question which he knows he cannot absolutely prove.

2. The positivist idea does not make life worth living.

3. There are three facts—God, soul and personal experience.

4. Personal experience teaches that this life taken by itself is a failure, and that God is not therefore wisdom, love and power, since that which He creates attains to nothing.
5. We do live and we do desire to live, and the thing we live for is this hope of a life hereafter. Therefore this hope is the one thing needful to make life here a success.

One very significant touch in the poem is that through it all Browning is addressing her, "the dear and true," as if she really were beside him in her other life.

Having now exhausted his arguments he proceeds to take them up again from a different standpoint; his soul, which has before been doing the arguing from his own experience, now stands aside as judge while surmise and fact, fancy and reason carry on the discussion.

Fancy begins by declaring that three facts exist—God, the soul and, because of these two, a future life.

One commentator has said that the ground of the argument shifted here from the main question of whether there is a future life to what good this future life would bring to present life. This would seem, however, hardly true, since immortality can only be considered through its relation with the present life, and Browning has been arguing on this ground all along and has just said that this hope of immortality was the one thing needful to present life.

Reason replies to Fancy that it certainly promises advantage, and that since we are to get so much good by death the best thing we can do is to die at once.

Fancy, however, splits future life into heaven and hell; hell for those who curtail wilfully their allotted portion of earthly life.

Reason retorts: then simply wait; be quiet, or if you prefer action, bustle around.

Fancy now creates another fact—reward and punishment in after life for good or evil done in this; and Reason replies: O, well! If you want to reduce man to a machine, pray do so, but

"Prior to this last announcement earth was man's probation place:
Liberty of doing evil, gave his doing good a grace";

and experience shows that man does not keep a law because he will be punished if he breaks it—rather he breaks it.
"All I see is law here on earth, and yet
There's evading and persuading and much making law amends
Somehow, there's the nice distinction 'twixt fast foes and faulty friends,—
Any consequence except inevitable death when 'Die,
Whoso breaks our law!' they publish, God and Nature equally."

In other words, man will hope—you cannot prevent him from doing it.

"Break, my warrant for assurance! which assurance may not be
If, supplanting hope, assurance needs must change this life to me,
So, I hope — no more than hope, but hope — no less than hope, because
I can fathom by no plumb-line sunk in life's apparent laws,
How I may in any instance fix where change should meetly fall
Nor involve, by one revisal, abrogation of them all,
Which again involves as utter change in life thus law-released,
Whenee the good of goodness vanished when the ill of evil ceased."

"Whereas, life and laws apparent reinstated,— all we know,
All we know not,— o'er our heaven again cloud closes, until, lo,—
Hope the arrowy, just as constant, comes to pierce its gloom, compelled
By a power and by a purpose which, if no one else beheld,
I behold in life, so — hope!"

This is the "Browning attitude" towards life, the attitude which reaches its faith through its doubt, and which prefers to do so.

Here ends the argumentative part of the poem. The poet now, with the flush of victory upon him, rejoicing in his triumph, at the highest pitch of exaltation, declares himself as great a man as other great men have been, and throws down the gauntlet before the pessimists Byron, Rousseau, Voltaire and Gibbon. In the face of the eloquence of Rousseau, the poetic power of Byron, the learning of Gibbon, the wit of Voltaire, he shouts:

"Fame, then give me Fame a moment!"

"Lo, I lift the erouseating marvel — Fame! and famed declare
He there with the brand flamboyant, broad o'er night's forlorn abyss,
Crowned by prose and verse, and wielding with Wit's bauble, Learning's rod—
Well? Why he, at least, believed in Soul, was very sure of God!"

But it is not through "La Saisiaz" that the world has learned of Browning's faith in immortality; it is not because of this effort of his intellect that we hail him the optimist, the believer!—had he never written "La Saisiaz" his creed would still have been in advance upon the creeds of his fore-
runners. "La Saisiaz" gives us a different aspect of Browning's genius, it does not mark the height of his message—it is the after-thought, the calm summing-up, the intellectual effort. His spiritual faith was given to us in "Saul," "Rabbi Ben Ezra," "A Death in the Desert," and others; and, strange to say, much as the world clamors for fact, proof, reality, it is not to "La Saisiaz" that it clings for evidence of the truth of immortality, but to those earlier bursts of prophecy which affirm with all the assurance of faith the truth that they disdain to prove.

Among these earlier poems "Cleon," perhaps, approaches more nearly to the intellectual calm of "La Saisiaz." "Cleon," as we know, is written from the standpoint of a Greek of the first century, and we feel something of repetition in "La Saisiaz" when we remember that Cleon has already said:

"No,
It skills not! life's inadequate to joy,
As the soul sees joy, tempting life to take."

"And so a man can use but a man's joy
While he sees God's."

"Most progress is most failure: thou sayest well."

Or again—

"It is so horrible,
I dare at times imagine to my need
Some future state revealed to us by Zeus,
Unlimited in capability
For joy, as this is in desire for joy,
To seek which the joy-hunger forces us:
That, stung by straitness of our life, made strait
On purpose to make prized the life at large—
Freed by the throbbing impulse we call death,
We burst there, as the worm into the fly,
Who, while a worm still, wants his wings. But no!
Zeus has not yet revealed it; and alas,
He must have done so, were it possible!"

But in "Cleon," as in all the other early poems, we find the note of Christianity struck, we see the edge of the gold rim of the Sun of Righteousness creeping up to lighten the pagan world—

"Oh! the Jew findeth scholars!"
As "Cleon" has shown the attitude of the Greek towards immortality, so "Karshish" shows that of the Arab mystic on seeing "Heaven opened to a soul while yet on earth." "The Last Ride Together" and "Prospice" give the attitude of the lover.

And in all these poems Browning is pleading for personal immortality; the idea of the absorption of the individual into the universal holds no fascination for him—rather, he finds it repugnant.

In general, these poems may be classed as mainly spiritual, or mainly intellectual, but there are several strange, almost whimsical poems, which it would seem almost a sacrilege to range on the side of the spirit, and almost an absurdity to range on the side of the intellect.

What are we going to do with "A Toccata of Galuppi's" and "The Bishop Orders His Tomb," and "Waring"?

The attitude of the bishop is not a real one as far as Browning is concerned, it is simply a whimsical and historical application of the term immortality. "Waring," again, borders on the mystical, it being about some one who is never quite dead and yet cannot be alive. But the "Toccata" is unique; it takes up with unpleasant directness the question as to what is to become of the masses who, in this life, have lacked nothing quite so much as they have lacked that very soul which, we are taught, is the pre-requisite to immortality. It is all well and good for the man who possesses individuality in this life to feel that he has a right to a better chance for perfection hereafter; but what are we going to do with the dead weight of the commonplace, the light weight of the frivolous? Do they, too, continue throughout eternity? What place will they occupy in our scheme of individual immortality?

"The soul, doubtless is immortal—where a
Soul can be discerned.

"Yours, for instance: you know physics, something of geology,
Mathematics are your pastime; souls shall rise in their degree;
Butterflies may dread extinction, you'll not die, it cannot be!

"As for Venice and her people, merely born to bloom and drop,
Here on earth they bore their fruitage, mirth and folly were the crop:
What of soul was left, I wonder, when the kissing had to stop?

"'Dust and ashes!' so you croak it, and I want the heart to scold.
Dear dead women, with such hair, too—what's become of all the gold
Used to hang and brush their bosoms? I feel chilly and grown old."
It is a delicate question, but doubtless there is such a thing as perfection even along the line of the commonplace.

I have already said that it is through his Christianity that Browning gives us his most perfect faith in immortality; I have already implied that it is in this respect that he differs from Tennyson only in degree. Tennyson is a Christian, but he views his Christ from afar off, he retains towards Him the attitude of a Sir Galahad. His is a sweet religion, gentle, pure, but sad and a little remote. Browning's religion is one shout of joy; if it were not for this he would be the saddest of poets. The man who could discover and depict the cynicism of a Don Juan, the sordidness of a Clara de Milleleurs, the depravity of such a man as one finds in the "Inn Album" and who, nevertheless, is known and revered as the happiest optimist of this, or almost any other century, must, indeed, be a man of joyous faith, and this his message proves. We have no ups and downs, no awful depths, no breathless heights in Tennyson; he is, for the most part, a shining plain with sometimes the sun under a cloud. Browning has mounted to a height never before attained by poet, and he does it in three leaps, from the great mass and solid foundation of his work to "Rabbi Ben Ezra"—

"Perfect I call thy plan:
Thanks that I was a man!
Maker, remake, complete—I trust what Thou shalt do!

"Look not thou down, but up!
To uses of a cup,
The festal board, lamp's flash and trumpet's peal,
The new wine's foaming flow,
The Master's lips aglow!
Thou, heaven's consummate cup, what needst thou with earth's wheel?

"But I need, now as then,
Thee; God, Who mouldest men!
And since, not even while the whirl was worst,
Did I—to the wheel of life,
With shapes and colors rife,
Bound dizzily—mistake my end, to slake Thy thirst.

"So take and use Thy work,
Amend what flaws may lurk,
What strain o' the stuff, what warping past the aim!
My times be in Thy hand!
Perfect Thy cup as planned!
Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same!"
From "Rabbi Ben Ezra" to "Abt Vogler"

"Therefore to whom turn I but to Thee, the ineffable Name!
Builder and Maker, Thou, of houses not made with hands!
What, have fear of change from Thee, Who art ever the same?
Doubt that Thy power can fill the heart that Thy power expands?
There shall never be one lost good! What was shall live as before;
The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound;
What was good, shall be good, with, for evil so much good more;
On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven a perfect round."

From "Abt Vogler" one leap to the height, that is, "Saul," and within this last stanza he embraces all the argument in "La Saisiaz"—

"I believe it! 'Tis Thou, God, that givest, 'tis I who receive:
In the first is the last, in Thy will is my power to believe.
All's one gift: Thou canst grant it moreover, as prompt as my prayer,
As I breathe out this breath, as I open these arms to the air.

"I will?—the mere atoms despise me! Why am I not loth
To look that, even that, in the face, too? Why is it I dare
Think but lightly of such impuissance? What stops my despair?
This:—'tis not what man does which exalts him, but what man would do!
See the King—I would help him, but cannot, the wishes fall through.
Could I wrestle to raise him from sorrow, grow poor to enrich,
To fill up his life, starve my own out, I would—knowing which,
I know that my service is perfect. Oh, speak through me now!
Would I suffer for him that I love? So wouldst Thou—so wilt Thou!
So shall crown Thee the topmost, ineffablest, uttermost crown—
And Thy love fill infinitude wholly, nor leave up nor down
One spot for the creature to stand in? It is by no breath,
Turn of eye, wave of hand, that salvation joins issue with death!
As Thy love is discovered almighty, almighty be proved
Thy power that exists with and for it, of being beloved!
He who did most, shall bear most; the strongest shall stand the most weak.
'Tis the weakness in strength that I cry for; my flesh that I seek
In the Godhead! I seek and I find it. O Saul 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!"

Florence Converse.
THE BETHLEHEM STAR.

I had searched the skies
With reverent eyes
For a sign of the Christmas star,
But my sins between
Like a veil had been,
My finite sight to bar;
And I went to sleep with the place unguessed,
Whence shone its silver beams,
But the big moon dipping under the west
Is telling me in my dreams.
   Oh, hark —
   And be still!
   You can hear
   If you will,
He is telling me now in my dreams.

I know that up there
In the blue somewhere,
   The wonderful rays still shine,
And some day, they
Will have swept away
   The sin from your eyes and mine,
And we shall be blest as the angels are blest
   By the sight of the silver beams,
For the big moon dipping under the west
Has told me in my dreams.
   Oh, hark —
   And be still!
   You can hear
   If you will,
What he told me in my dreams.

But I know not yet,
For I always forget
   The spot that the big moon said,
And I am not sure,
When I asked once more,
   But he kissed me for answer instead.
So still I wait with the place unguessed
Whence shine the silver beams,
'Til the big moon dipping under the west
Shall tell me again in my dreams.
    Oh, hark—
    And be still!
    You can hear
    If you will,
When he tells me again in my dreams.  

L. B. Q.

AT THE AUTHORS' CLUB IN NEW YORK.

All day the snow had hurried through the crisp December air, urging the traveler to a more rapid walk, driving the wayfarer relentlessly from place to place, adorning the every-day world in its most gorgeous array, "a robe of purest white," for the morrow was New Year's Day. The evening came on in restful calm. The snow had ceased. After the confusion, the turmoil of the day, the earth lay wrapped in silent beauty, awaiting the hour when it should discard its old, well-nigh completed year for a new and pure one.

We had chosen to walk, my friend and I—for my rooms were not far from those of the Authors' Club—that we might imbibe the spirit of the night, and be in full sympathy with the celebrations in which we were to participate at the Club. I anticipated the festivities with great pleasure, and felt myself fortunate in having so honored an occasion celebrate my first visit to the Authors' Club. My dear friend, Richard Harding Davis, with his usual tact and thoughtfulness, had set aside this night of all others to introduce me to the Club, where not only the gayety of an approaching New Year was abroad, but when Thomas Nelson Page, a well-beloved writer of my own State, was to honor the club with his merry, whole-souled presence.

Mr. Davis suddenly broke in upon my happy reverie—for we had walked for some time in silence—by saying, abruptly, "Frank, behold the entrance to this abode of good-cheer, good-fellowship and hospitality. Behold! and mark well its first characteristic."
After carefully scrutinizing the whole front, and the great door in particular, I drew a deep breath of satisfaction, and waited to be admitted to this shrine of delights; but I should not have been so easily satisfied with my survey; my friend was not. "Well?" he said, with a decidedly shivering question mark—for the wind, being no respecter of persons, whistled sharply around "temple of delights."

"Well?" I returned, varying my question mark, "very well. Anything remarkable?" I asked.

"Very," he answered, briefly, looking steadfastly at the name "Authors' Club," over the door.

Following his example, I looked again, and then the still air rang with my laughter; I had at last "seen." The apostrophe in the word "author" had been entirely ignored and omitted. There was no sign of possession. The authors claimed, I believe, that they did not own the club. They must be indulged and so the title stared you in the face with this peculiar omission, suggesting immediately the little eccentricities, the delightful freedom and abandon of the club.

"Dick," I said, well-pleased, "the wonders and the delights begin at once; take me further."

The shrine's door was opened, and we entered a spacious, brightly-lighted hall, alive and cheerful with the groups of men discarding heavy furs and enjoying the hospitable warmth of the flames as they leaped up the wide chimney; or exchanging hearty greetings, or chatting cosily. I recognized many familiar faces, but saw also many new ones. Scarcely had we closed the door, before a strong hand grasped mine firmly, and a pair of laughing gray eyes, a bright countenance, and a jovial voice bade me a hearty welcome. It was no other than Mark Twain, and I enjoyed him now the more because when last I saw him at my own home, he had dared tell me that my native town "had more churches and less religion, more schools and less learning," than any he had ever known. Charles Dudley Warner greeted me warmly from a distant corner, and I think now with great pleasure, how the spiritual eyes of Richard Watson Gilder smiled kindly greeting to me—those eyes that almost seemed to say:
“Oh! love, love, dear love, the best things are the truest.  
When the world is darkest here below, Oh! then the skies are bluest.  
Deep is the blue of the sky, and bright is the gleam of the stars,  
And oh! how bright across the night, Aurora’s crimson bars.”

Many other friends welcomed me, and Mr. Davis then and throughout the evening introduced me to numerous editors, journalists and authors.

When the roaring of the bright blaze and the hearty welcome of the members of the club had effaced the memory of the bitter cold, and left only the inspiration of my walk, I began to look about me and to behold other marvels or delights, as the case might be, of this abode of comforts and pleasures. My Southern blood warmed first toward the open fire; its crackle and roar, its dancing and leaping were constant joys. On the mantel above the fire-place, things of different degrees of beauty and usefulness rested; but those attracting my attention most were several long, handsome, meerschaum pipes, saying that if the club was not the possession of the authors, no more were they the possession of the club, but the subjects of their own free wills and pleasures. The rooms were fitted up in a simple, but refined and artistic way. Many good pictures, old engravings, and casts of Greek sculpture adorned the walls. The library in particular interested me. It contained several hundred volumes, works of the members of the club, with but few exceptions.

With my watchful host as my constant guide, and numerous suggestions and interpretations from many of the other members, I drank in the refreshing draught of this fount of humor, pathos, poetry and intellect. A little volume in blue and gold first attracted me, and in a moment I had taken Richard Gilder’s “New Day” from the shelf, and as I turned its pages, a pure, aspiring note floated up. I replaced the little volume gently near its companion, “The Poet and His Master.” Richard Henry Stoddard and Edmund Clarence Stedman now claimed my attention. In early manhood, and more mature age, they had faithfully served the Muse, and, denied the appreciation and reward which should have been theirs, they yet ministered faithfully to the ideal, the “beauty and wholesomeness of true art.” “Fantasy and Passion,” “Song and Story,” “Romance and Revery,” side by side, suggested Edgar Fawcett in his romantic verse. Just above, I found “Social Silhouettes” and several of his prose works. Here, too, was a
“Little Journey in the World” and “Their Pilgrimage” with Charles Dudley Warner’s realistic ring; and again, Mr. Bishop’s “Home of a Merchant Prince” and Professor Boyesen’s “Daughter of the Philistine’s,” depicting New York life in their careful, still realistic manner. Here was Julian Hawthorne’s “Beatrix Randolph,” there Bunner’s short stories and Brander Mathews’s. Ah! there was a very new volume of “Gallagher” and the “Van Bibber Stories.” Another new volume, I had just read its title, “The Faith Doctor,” when my name was called, and I hurried towards a group of men to find in their midst the guest of the evening, Thomas Nelson Page.

With him there had entered many other late-comers, the Opera was just out. Cordial were all the greetings to Mr. Page, and it was with deep interest that I stood aside to watch him, seated in the great arm-chair of state, before the blazing fire, bestowing his hearty cheer and flowing good humor on the members surrounding him. I was attracted by numerous other groups, one in which the Opera was being hastily discussed, another deeply engrossed in a game of chess, and yet a third in which the handsome head of Edward Eggleston towered above the rest as he defended some theory of his. I was drawing near to participate in this discussion, when a gong sounded, and the groups broke up, the men sauntered in from adjoining rooms, and we were ushered into supper.

The bright light was reflected and reflected again in the spotless damask covering the tables, in the polished silver, and the handsome cut glass. We were honored with seats near Mr. Page. The features of the banquet interesting me most was a salad of string beans. This, I learned, always accompanied their banquets, and, even on this festival evening, could not be omitted. Mr. Page, unwilling that there should be even an eccentric dish to which he could not find an equal, gave us his story of “Uncle Ci and the ’possum.”

“Gentlemen,” he began, “I fear you cannot fully appreciate this story, if you have never partaken of that truly darkey dish, ’possum. However, trusting that you will have faith in my word and Uncle Ci’s when we tell you that it is the ‘mos’ delightful dish you eber tasted,’ I shall give you the outcome of this opinion. Uncle Ci had had the good fortune to kill a ’possum while hunting. With great care he had cooked it, and when at last
it was done, Uncle Ci looked lovingly at it and said, 'Well, I ought to git all th' enjoyment outen this ez I kin. I'II jes' put the 'possum on de flo' beside me, en go to sleep. Den I'II eat 'im in my dreams and when I wakes, I'II eat 'im sho' nuff, and enjoy 'im more'en once.' And so the old darkey was soon eating 'possum to his heart's content in dreamland. But while he slept, Uncle Nelse, attracted by the savory odor, crept into the cabin. 'Well, I never!' he exclaimed, amazed. 'I reckon I'II jes' eat this 'possum, and Ci, he won't know who 'twas.' This resolution was no sooner made than acted upon, and e'er long the 'possum was gone. Now, Uncle Nelse's conscience smote him. After a moment's thought, he dipped his fingers into the pan, smeared the grease on Uncle Ci's mouth, and departed as noiselessly as he came. Soon Uncle Ci awoke. 'Well, I did enjoy dat 'possum in my dreams, and now I reckon I'II enjoy 'im agin'; but disappointment only awaited him. Turning, he found the 'possum gone. Slowly he rubbed his hand across his mouth, and then surveyed it. 'Ef I ain't done eat dat 'possum sho' nuff in my dreams! It don't pay to wait no way.'"

Soon now the toasts came, first to the honorary members, long life and happiness, with tender allusions to the dear ones so late with them—Whittier, Lowell, Arnold. I can even now hear the firm, sympathetic voice of Edward Eggleston repeating in his allusions to Arnold that requiescat, so appropriate to the writer's own life:

``Strew on her roses, roses,
    And never a spray of yew.
In quiet she repose,
    Oh! would that I did too.
``Her mirth the world required,
    She bathed it in songs of glee;
But her heart was tired, tired,
    And now they let her be.
``Her life was turning, turning
    In mazes of heat and sound,
But for peace her soul was yearning,
    And now peace wraps her round.
``Her cabined, ample spirit
    It struggled long for breath,
But now it doth inhabit
    The rusty halls of death.'''
Then came the toasts to the honored guests, and finally to the peaceful departure of the Old Year and the joyful entrance of the New.

As we emerged from the dining hall, the great clock on the mantel struck the half hour, and preparations were begun for our watch. The gas was lowered, wood was heaped on the fire till the flames fairly leaped for joy. Most of the company gathered round the hearth, and while we waited the twelve strokes of the massive clock, Page in his own inimitable way told us “Marse Chase.” I can see them now, that group of brilliant men, so different in their characters, their thoughts, their feelings, each listening with unabated interest. And now the story was ended, Mr. Page saying, “Judy, have Marse Chase’s dawg got home yet?”

We sat in silence for a moment, and then the twelve strokes came; and as they died away, we all sang “Auld Lang Syne.”

Soon after the good-nights were said, and with many best wishes for the New Year, and cordial invitations to visit the club again, I left. Mr. Davis and I, muffled in furs and our own pleasant reflections, took our homeward way in silence.

Agnes L. Caldwell, ’96.

THE FIRST SNOW.

The sad earth, seeking vainly for the sun,
Turned round and round, went patiently ahead
In the determined path, and, trusting, sped
Through vast abyss, her journey never done,
The sad earth, seeking, longing for the sun,
Grew cold and stiff, till all her life was dead;
And still she wandered on and on, but pled
With weary woe for one bright spot, just one;
Till, yearning for the light, the dark earth wept.
The dead leaves stirred, the air grew chill and bleak,
And drearily the day sank into night.
Weary with weeping, weeping yet, she slept;
The north wind softly came and kissed her cheek;
Smiling she woke, and lo! the earth was white.

M. H., ’96.
A HUSH of expectancy fell upon the company as Margaret Burnett moved slowly towards the piano; the fans began to flutter more slowly; pretty Fanny Mason stopped in the midst of an interesting bit of gossip which she was detailing to the man at her side, and drew in her breath with a quick sigh of delight.

"Oh, I am so glad she is going to sing!" Mrs. Dinson went over to the window to draw back the lace curtain, which the wind was puffing in and out with a little swishing sound. Some of the men changed their position quietly that they might get a better view of the singer's face.

Margaret Burnett was considered a pretty girl by women; the men pronounced her fascinating. Her features were finely chiseled, there was even a suggestion of coldness in the thin lips and firm little chin, but it was contradicted by the expression of her great gray eyes, "soulful eyes" people called them. She stood now, in the soft light of the shaded lamps, with a half coquettish little smile on her lips, her eyelids lowered, her hands clasped loosely behind her.

"Who is the accompanist?" asked old Mrs. Marsden, in an undertone, of her hostess. She was a queer old woman who was fond of making character studies of those around her; something in the face of the plain girl who had come quietly out of her dim corner when a song was called for, and now sat running her fingers softly over the keys of the piano, had struck her.

"Who is the accompanist?"

"That is Margaret's older sister. She always plays for her. S-h-h! she is going to sing."

This little whisper had disturbed the harmony of the opening chords, but it was hushed now, and every one listened with bated breath as the clear, rich notes of the young contralto trembled in the air. They rose higher and higher, stronger and stronger, filling the room and penetrating into the still summer night outside—then they died away, softly, slowly, until only the piano carried on the strain in dreamy undertones, a faint echo of music that had passed away. A little moment of silence followed, during which people came back from dreamland, with its sweet, alluring fancies, into the realities of the present. then came a hearty round of applause.

"How beautiful!"
The men crowded around her, each cherishing the happy thought that the song had been intended for him alone.

"Won't you come for a promenade in the moonlight?"

"I know of such a cosy corner in the conservatory, Miss Burnett."

"Don't you want a glass of sherbet?"

"Yes, thank you; it would be good," she answered the last speaker, and took his arm to move away, casting a bright, half-regretful glance back at her other admirers.

Meanwhile the elder sister had slipped back unnoticed into her dim corner. Her glance, too, was bright, though no one saw it. Her face was flushed and her lips parted in a general sort of a smile. It was so good to hear Margaret praised! How pretty she looked this evening in her flimsy new dress. It had been hard work to get it finished in time, but she felt well repaid now for her labor. . . . How warm it was! if she could only slip out and get a glass of water! but she did not possess sufficient courage to pass through all those people. She could just catch a glimpse of Margaret through the portières, sipping her cool sherbet, and laughing softly at some remark which the man who bent over her had made. A breeze blowing in from the open window lifted the little curls from her cool, white forehead, and wafted to her companion a subtle perfume from the violets on her breast.

The elder Miss Burnett lifted a hand to her own hot face, and pushed back the stray locks of hair that had fallen down, then, her eyes still fixed on the fair young vision seen through the door, she began mechanically to strike on the dumb arm of her chair the chords which she had just played on the piano.

"Yes, Hattie Burnett is a very sweet girl," Mrs. Dinson replied to some remark of old Mrs. Marsden's. She never was pretty, as Margaret is, and now she is getting quite passé. Well, she is only two years older, I believe, but then, no one would ever take Margaret to be twenty-five, while Hattie looks every day of thirty. You see, Mrs. Burnett is an invalid, and Hattie has always had charge of the family, that is, as far as their physical wants and comfort are concerned. She left school when she was seventeen to take the housekeeping. They are a large family, too, and Mr. Burnett has not been very successful in business.
"Yes, she is thoroughly unselfish. I don't believe she ever has time to think of herself. Why, she is sitting over there all alone! She never was a success in society, Margaret always carried off all the laurels. She never goes out now, I believe, unless Margaret wants her to be with her to play the accompaniments. . . . If you will excuse me a moment, Mrs. Marsden, I will see if I can find a man to talk to her."

Mrs. Dinson was a very thoughtful hostess. "Everybody has a good time at her entertainments," people said. There seemed to be an unusual scarcity of men this evening, though. Margaret was talking to three, it is true, but they all seemed to be so engrossed that she did not dare to disturb them——

"Oh, Miss Merryweather, you are not going so soon! A headache? I am so sorry. Good-night!" — then something else claimed her attention, and she forgot Hattie Burnett. It was so easy to forget Hattie, most people did.

Mrs. Marsden was the exception this time, however. She wanted a new character-study; she was growing somewhat weary of the society belle, and the dress suit types, so she went over to Hattie's corner, and took the seat beside her.

"We will waive the necessity of an introduction, my dear. I used to know your grandmother, and your father, too, when he was a very small boy. Are you having a good time?" She put the question deliberately. The tired eyes lighted up gratefully. It was such a relief to have some one to talk to.

"Oh, yes, a lovely time, thank you. No, I am not dancing, but I like to watch the others. Did you like Margaret's voice? I am so glad, for we are quite proud of it. She is going to New York to study this winter."

"Will you go with her? You have a very sweet touch, I should think that you ought to study too."

The old lady watched with interested eyes the quick look of amazement on Hattie's face.

"I? oh, no! I cannot play at all, only accompaniments. Besides, I could not possibly leave home."

"Yes," she answered, in response to another question, "I love music dearly, but I have never been able to devote much time to it. You see,
mamma is an invalid, — and then," with a little sigh, "it is so very expens- 
ive, we have spent hundreds of dollars already on Margaret's voice.

They talked for half an hour there in the dim corner.

"Why do they call you Hattie?" Mrs. Marsden broke out once, impa-
tiently, as a pretty cousin passed by with a bright "Hello, Hattie!" The 
girl looked up in surprise.

"Why, I don't know. My name is Harriet, for mamma, you know. 
Margaret is named for papa's mother. We were always called Maggie and 
Hattie when we were small, then Maggie went off to school, and became 
Margaret. I used to beg to be called Harriet, but they only laughed at 
me, and now — well, I don't care if they like Hattie better."

"There is Margaret beckoning to me," she said, rising reluctantly. "I 
suppose she wants to go. Good-night, Mrs. Marsden. I am so glad to have 
met you. May I come to see you some day? Thank you so much. 
Good-night."

"Did you have a good time?" she asked, some fifteen minutes later, as 
Margaret threw herself back in the corner of the carriage, and began to 
draw off her long gloves.

"Yes — I suppose so," Margaret answered, wearily; then following her 
own train of thought, and giving an impatient little shrug, "That Mr. 
DeLand is such a fool!"

"Is he? Why, I thought he was so nice," Hattie ventured, but with a 
sympathetic little inflection in her voice. "He complimented your singing 
very highly. I heard him. Everybody did."

"Did they?" indifferently. "Well, I wish you would practice that 
accompaniment over; you did not keep time at all to-night. I am going to 
sleep now; wake me when we reach home."

"Yes," said old Mrs. Marsden, decisively, "she is sweet, — too sweet, 
indeed, — she is ineffective. She lacks power even as an accompanist."

JOSEPHINE P. SIMRALL, '93.
TWILIGHT ON WABAN.

How does the light lie over the lake
'Neath the clouds of gray at the close of day,
When the winds sleep feign before the rain,
And the waves line the shore with hardly a break?

Straight through the cove an arrow of light
Keeps the dark of the bay from the ripples of gray;
For the dark sleeps still 'neath the sunset hill
Ere the gray has done watching the sun out of sight;

Faint, at the edge, are red and gold,
And outlines soft of the trees aloft,
Now dimming and fused, like pictures removed,
Which the eyes of a too sleepy child behold.

Softly the night comes out from the trees,
Pensive, serene, from the depths of green,
And it bends to bless with its restfulness
The quieted lake and the wakeful breeze.

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ON CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

CHRISTMAS day was fast drawing to a close in the great city; already clear-cut shadows cast by bright electric lights lay stretched out over the broad pavements, and the mellow tones of the chime in a lofty church steeple rang the hour of six through the frosty air. It was cold, bitter cold, and the wild wind shrieked round the corners, attacking unwary pedestrians, driving them even more briskly along the silent street. Those who wore overcoats turned up their furry collars and whistled merrily, thinking of glowing hearth-fires and gleeful children. Those who wore none gathered their rags a little closer together, set their chattering teeth a trifle more fiercely, and pressed doggedly on to their tryst with the wolf at the door.

Among these was an object, wandering slowly along in the dusk, that attracted more than one curious glance that night. It was a tall, gaunt figure, literally wrapped in rags. The face, pale, emaciated, stamped ineffaceably by dissipation and despair, wore still some mark of a former glory; for the head, despite the matted hair, was finely shaped, the brow broad and open; the thin lips, blue with cold, were not unrefined, and the
great blood-shot eyes, wild with the hunger-stare, retained a dim shadow of genius in their depths. The gait was uncertain and the figure pitifully bent, but, was it mere fancy? There came now and then an instinctive straightening as it passed certain palaces on the stately avenue. Indeed it seemed no unfamiliar path that it was treading — the path that led down to the great Music Hall.

Pierre Ribaut, ten years ago, had been the greatest tenor in the city, attractive, brilliant, lovable, it scarcely needed his wonderful voice to make him society's pet. Great things were boldly prophesied of his musical career, and few did Fame beckon so gaily onward; but high places often bring peculiar temptation, and, entering upon paths whose descent is terribly swift, Ribaut sank lower and lower, until, penniless, disgraced, a confirmed drunkard, he left the city, and his name was seldom mentioned in the very circles where it used to be a kind of talisman. For the first time in ten years, on this Christmas day, he had returned, and now, he knew not why, was plodding feebly along the familiar ways, recalling bitterly the old associations.

Now he stood by the Music Hall. Crowds passed in over the marble steps. The faint notes of a tuning orchestra were wafted to his quickened ear. His pulses throbbed; slowly, and with exceeding difficulty, he dragged his weary frame, from which he felt the strength fast ebbing, through the massive portals. The sturdy guards would have thrust him disdainfully away, but something in those eyes restrained them, and — a thing of which they had never before been guilty — they let him pass without a ticket into the vast audience room, where he stood, trembling, through the opening strains of "The Messiah." He could recall it all so well. He had stood there so many times. And now — but, oh, the wonderful sweetness of this rendition. Ah! a false interpretation there! He beat eagerly forward and stifled a hacking cough.

Just then, a sudden pause in the programme, a murmur through the crowd. "The great Tenor — seized with severe illness — carried away — what's to be done? The bent, eager figure heard the hurried whispers, a light gleamed in his eye, he straightened himself and gathered his tatters together, then stepped swiftly down the aisle. "I will take the part — I, Pierre Ribaut!" — the words rang like a clarion through the hall.
A hush like death fell over the waiting people. Some rose hurriedly to drag the intruder back, but the cry was quickly raised, "Ribaut, Ribaut! let him sing!"

He mounted the stage—the stage he had once graced so many times, stood there in his filthy rags beside the broadcloth, jewels and lace, seized the familiar score with his poor trembling hands and began to sing.

The vast audience sat breathless. Higher and higher the clear notes ascended, true, every one of them, and filled with a power of which that emaciated figure seemed strangely incapable. That voice could be none other than Ribaut's, but when had they ever heard Ribaut sing like that?

The great Oratorio was rendered, chorus after chorus, aria after aria, and still that wonderful voice continued, and still the audience sat in spellbound silence.

Oh, the fervor, the passion, the unutterable pathos that throbbed through the words! A soul was singing a story of life into that music—a life that had fallen far, a life that was groping for light, a life that had found a peace at last.

The mighty Hallelujah Chorus filled the air. The vast assembly rose, as was their wont. Singers and orchestra did their noblest, and in the glorious uplift no one saw an ominous shudder creep through the worn body, no one noticed that the score dropped from the nerveless fingers; but, when the last great Amen died softly away, they caught him in their strong arms as he fell heavily to the floor. He lay, even as he had fallen, a rapt look in the eyes, a glory on the face. Skilful physicians attended, kindest hands ministered, but he was far beyond the realms of their power. He had passed where eye cannot follow, nor ear perceive, nor the mind understand.

And for many a long year after, when the winds blow chill on Christmas night, and the ever wondrous strains of "The Messiah" fall upon reverent, waiting hearts, the thought of another Christmas night and the memories of the last song of Pierre Ribaut give new power and meaning to that music, which naught can ever give or take away.

Alice Welch Kellogg.
Editorial.

I.

We suppose, to the observant readers of the Magazine, or rather to such of its readers as deign to scan the editorial column, it is a notable fact that every just so often appears a vigorous harangue in regard to the literary shortcomings of the average college student. The very fact in itself but serves to point a moral. It intimates that every member of the editorial board is personally impressed with the need of our students for just such exhortation, and as the time comes for each one to speak her little piece, it is this subject with which she longs most to wrestle.

Is it that our average college student takes no pride in the Wellesley publication? Is the Magazine to express the college, or simply its editors? As a matter of fact, we are inclined to think that the college as a whole is degenerating instead of improving in this matter. It must be that it does not sufficiently take to heart our previous reproaches. Is it necessary for the editors to personally urge each member to send in a contribution? We admit that more contributions have been brought us for this number than have been brought before this year, but there is a vast chance for improvement.

Where are the juniors in our literary work? The time is not so far ahead when our present board of editors will dissolve and a new and, we trust, a nobler corps will come to take our place.

But if the juniors write not how can the new corps be chosen? How will it be known what genius lies latent in their midst? Let the juniors speak more volubly through our present Magazine columns, and let them not selfishly hoard their resources for their own future publication. Where are the Free Press articles that we are sure lie hidden in many a fertile brain? Because the centre of all our interests is in this Wellesley world, this department of all others should be besieged with contributions. There must be more thoughts to be expressed than have ever yet been put on paper.

Again, I have been told that our columns are too full of deep, or rather, as it was cruelly expressed, "heavy" matter. We are sorry if this is so.
Why don't the critics help to remedy the evil? Write us some nice literary papers which shall have a more airy character and take the place of the despised "heavy" articles.

It has been insisted that some of the subjects treated of in the Wellesley Magazine could as easily and with more profit be read up in the library, and consequently our more amateur efforts are cast away unscanned. We have got to be amateur before we can be professional, but if original matter is wanted, give us originality. Lend a helping hand towards making our Magazine perfectly all that it should be.

Moreover, where are the poems which should come rustling into our eager and waiting hands? And although of late there has been some improvement, we can scarcely have too much good verse. "Be not weary in well-doing," for in all this beautiful Wellesley world full of the Wellesley girls who love its beauty so much, there must be a great deal more poetry than has ever yet come to light. It seems almost more natural that a woman should be a poet than that a man should be, yet many of our brother colleges surpass us in this matter. Vassar, too, is going ahead. Shall we stand back and let Vassar pass us in the race?

Some one has said that our college life is full of "aspiration"; is it not also full of inspiration? Let us take time to voice the latter as well as to possess it: and although it comes best in leisure moments, and leisure moments are few, still let us make them possible in every way we can. We are at college not only for study but for development, and we can develop more from expressing our inspirations, even if that expression be harsh or feeble, than from any other method.

And now we come to the last and to the most important mention; important really, perhaps, because it points out a definite line of progress. It is, that we want to ask our college, a college of nearly eight hundred students, why it supports but one publication.

When the Wellesley Prelude changed to the Wellesley Magazine, what was the need to change? Why could we not have kept the Prelude for a weekly publication and had a monthly literary magazine as well? Are we so weak in literary possibilities that we must see our fellow colleges, many of them of lesser size than ours, bravely supporting two or even three publications while we can bear but one?
We would not so forcibly present our own shortcomings, if we were not sure they could be cured. Publish a weekly paper. Let Wellesley rouse herself, as she has roused herself in athletics, and take the place in literary work which she deserves to occupy. Let her perfect the Magazine as her purely literary monthly, and let her publish a weekly paper to be the general news-sheet. The latter paper would of course not be solely in the hands of the senior class.

We hope that others will take up the question, and though we ourselves must cease to speak, we trust that our readers will continue to agitate the subject with greater and greater courage, until another publication comes forth to show what Wellesley girls can do.

II.

We are permitted to quote from a letter written by Susan B. Anthony to Dr. Webster, in which Miss Anthony sends a message to the Wellesley girls:

“How the world does move womanward with Colorado added to our hitherto lone star! How rich our ‘field of blue’ will be with its two shining stars! Now for work in Kansas and New York, with hope of adding two more stars to the little galaxy in 1894.

I heard that your girls sent greeting to Colorado the other day. Give every one of them who signed the greeting my heartiest thanks and warmest love and hope that they will take their places in the grand army of women working for perfect political equality.”

The Free Press.

I.

In the leading article of the November number of the Magazine for 1892, the subject of college government is impartially discussed and the theory advanced that “the relation between the student and the college is partly that of contract, partly like that of a family in which the father has not yet wholly relinquished his control. From neither point of view has the student body any right analogous to that of a nation to assert and enforce its claim to self-government.” On this theory as a basis, it is the purpose of the present article to put forward a plea for the speedy recognition of student claims,—to voice the student’s desire to control a wider field of action, to share in college legislation.
Holding the foregoing theory to be undeniably correct, we admit unreservedly that the student body has no right to enforce its claim to self-government, but, at the same time, we assume that the college authorities, having the student interests at heart, are ready to recognize their claim, and to grant the students the fullest measure of liberty which is compatible with their well being and the maintenance of the college standard. If this is indeed true, true that the present governing body is desirous of increased freedom for the students, for student self-government so soon as they are ready for it, then, if they make no move in this direction, the inference is plain that in their judgment the students have already been granted the freest scope of action possible in their present stage of development. Is this position unassailable? Is it true without shadow of doubt that the students are now enjoying all the power they are prepared to exercise? We know full well that the students do not so think; we know that they are far from satisfied with the liberty they have, and, justly or unjustly, believe in their own ability to decide with wisdom certain questions over which they now have no control, and we know that they desire to be a law unto themselves in more than one matter in which the law at present is laid down for them.

Feeling sure that this is the prevailing sentiment among the students, it can not be amiss to raise the question, whether possibly the students are not ready for still greater personal freedom than is allowed them at present. It may be well to state some of their objections to the present order of things, and discuss the changes they would like to see effected.

First the question: Are the students in possession of all the privileges that can safely be granted them? We realize fully that only those rules are enforced which in the opinion of the college authorities are necessary to secure the welfare of the students and preserve the physical, mental, and moral standard of the college. We are convinced, too, that the governing body would be glad to enlarge student powers were it only wise so to do. And relying on these convictions, we give the answer, No, the students are not in possession of all the power that might wisely be placed in their hands. There are rules in force which might well be dispensed with and the college standard still preserved. We may leave out of account altogether, in the present discussion, the first three of the ten written rules which the students are expected to obey; as with the exceptions of the rule making chapel attendance compulsory, and that requiring withdrawal from outside obligations on failure to remove conditions within a given time, they have to do with the student only in her capacity as a member of the body academic, and over the conditions of that relationship the student has no
claim to control. The remaining rules concern the students as individuals, or as members of society, aside from their academic relation. And in the settlement of all such questions we hold that the student body should have a voice, that in legislation on student matters there should be student representation.

The right and justice of this proposition no one now denies. The difficulty lies in the fact that the theory is not put in practice, that rules are enforced in the making of which the student had no part,—rules which curtail her personal freedom and limit her power of action. Why is it? Why is it that, professing to desire liberty and self-government for the student, the governing body still retains in its own hands the power to regulate the details of student life, and passes laws that encroach upon her individual freedom? Because, forsooth, the student has already been granted many privileges and is not ready for a larger liberty. Is it a true, a sufficient reason for the present state of affairs? A state in which student self-government is regarded as the ideal system to be distantly admired and carefully avoided; its principle admitted, its practice denied! Is the student indeed a child to be told when to say her prayers and made to go to bed a little later? Is she really incapable of deciding such questions for herself? No! and no again! The student who comes to Wellesley is considered able to choose her own courses of study, and proves herself able satisfactorily to carry on the work required, is also mature enough and wise enough to regulate her conduct herself so far as it concerns only herself, and in so far as it concerns others, in conjunction with those others. Wellesley is no girl’s school, it is a woman’s college; of the student is expected work demanding the thought of a mature mind; to the student who fulfils such requirements should be granted a woman’s privileges.

But, it is urged, while the students should have reached years of discretion, the fact remains that all have not; while all should be able to settle personal matters for themselves, there are instances of wrong decision and unwise choices in those matters where freedom has been granted. But the cases of misuse are few in comparison with the cases of good use. The mistakes have been the exception and not the rule, good results have hitherto greatly outbalanced the evil. There is no instance, so far as we know, of a privilege granted which proved too great and was revoked on that account. Wellesley students up to the present time have shown themselves worthy of the confidence that has been reposed in them. It cannot, therefore, be taken for granted that were further liberty allowed the effect would be disastrous. Rather the inference is the other way,—that the innocent must not be made to suffer for the guilty, that the students having proved faithful in a few things are ready to be trusted with added responsibilities. We
have been told that the way to increase our powers is to exercise the powers already in our possession. This the students have always done with one striking exception—the right of petition has never been fully appreciated, although its exercise has met, save in a very few cases, with marked success. But they have always gladly taken control of all matters placed in their hands, and shown discretion in the use of their freedom. The few instances of misuse have been generally the result of misunderstandings and not proved. Serious—the rainbow of favor renewed has always followed the deluge. Thus the experience of the past throws a reasonable doubt on the justice of assuming that the students have already been given as much liberty as they know how to use. It points in favor of greater freedom, of extended privileges, and calls for immediate advance in this direction.

The question at this point takes on a more specific form and now becomes, not, Are the students ready for more liberty, but, Over what matters can their control be extended? A full and definite answer could be rendered only by the present governing body in conjunction with the student body, and is far beyond the scope of the present article. But we may consider at least two cases in which the student's claim to freedom of action is strong—the subject of the ten-o'clock rule and the subject of leaving town only by permission.

In both these cases the student's individual freedom is assailed; both relate to matters which concern only herself, having no reference to her relation to society or to the body academic. It would then seem that in these cases, if in no others, the student would be left free to decide her own course of action. Knowing student self-government to be the desire of faculty and students alike, having seen that past experience has proven the great majority of students to be capable of wisely exercising the power granted them already and pronounced in favor of increased liberty, we must now conclude that some other reason is assigned for enforcing the rules in question. And the reason is not hard to find.

Granted that a wider scope of free action is altogether desirable, yet if extended liberty would in any way reflect to the disadvantage of the college, endanger its high standard, then, because of the very relations between the student and the college, must all thought of such extension be repudiated. For, however true it is that the students are mature enough to decide for themselves in personal matters, there is always the possibility that some might abuse their privileges and bring dishonor on the college. And in those matters where only a few such instances would be sufficient to work the evil, and there is no other means of prevention, the colleges must of necessity retain its control and allow the innocent to suffer with the possible guilty.
This is the principle behind three rules, and did the students believe it really applied, did they believe the rules to be necessary to the maintenance of the standing of the college, not one word of remonstrance would be offered against their enforcement. But this position is not tenable. It is said the ten-o'clock rule must be enforced in order to preserve the health of the students and the physical standard of the college. It is very true that the great majority require, as a regular thing, eight hours of sleep. But whether each one shall retire always at ten o'clock to obtain it is a different matter, a matter for each to decide for herself, so far as the college authorities are concerned, just as much as whether she shall wear rubbers on a rainy day or warm clothing in winter. The rule would be no pleasing limitation to her freedom, even were it necessary as a security against lowering the college standard. But when it is known there is a surer way of preserving that intact it becomes a source of positive irritation to be obliged to obtain permission every time one wishes to prolong one's day—a permission obtained with more or less difficulty according to the college building in which one's lot is cast, from an officer who can scarcely be expected to understand the peculiarities of one's constitution or appreciate the exigencies of the case so well as one's self. Although, indeed, the one feature about the rule which makes it bearable is that in most places it is extremely flexible, and by going through a little red tape the student becomes at liberty to burn the midnight oil as long as she finds it necessary.

The standard of scholarship is assured not by laying down rules in regard to methods of work, but by requiring the students to meet certain conditions, and refusing to accept any work which falls below a fixed grade. So the health standard could much more easily be maintained if the students were obliged to stand a physical test each year, or twice a year if preferred, and only those allowed to continue with their class who fulfilled the conditions. But they must be permitted to take care of their health in their own way, so long as they take care of their health. It is the health and not the means of preserving it with which the college is concerned.

Turning now to the case of the rule which forbids students to leave town or attend places of public amusement without permission. Here the principle under discussion is sure to apply more nearly. A single grave mistake on the part of the students, in connection with some of the matters included in the rule, might seriously injure the good name of the college, and the students receiving the perfect rightness of the course the college has taken to enforce its wishes, in so far as that course is necessary. But of late years the rule, excepting in cases demanding a
chaperon, has been set aside in favor of the senior class and specials of two years' standing, and the college reputation remains unimpaired. The question then rises. Might not the privilege be extended with perfect safety to include a large number of students? It is certain the students wish it. Some believe that all students after the first year should be at liberty to leave town whenever they so desire and a large majority would be willing to go security for the junior class. Setting aside the wish of the more radical, as taking a too optimistic view of the situation, a belief held by the greater part of the student body is not unworthy consideration. Are the junior members of the college ready for the wise use of the privilege? A positive answer could be returned only after trial had been made, but there seem to be reasons for believing that students who have been in college for two years can be trusted to decide rightly on such matter. By still keeping in force that clause of the rule which now applies to all alike, any danger to the fair fame of the college is avoided, the only possible objection remaining to the extension is that some students might take unwise advantage of their freedom, neglect their duties and so lower the standard of work.

To meet the objection, we must again refer to past experience and study the probabilities of the case. In the classes which have enjoyed the privilege, as good work, so far as is known was done the senior as the junior year, and the privilege is still continued. It may be said that this argument applies only to the continuation, not to the extension of the privilege—that between the senior and junior rank is a year of training and development. But it is to be remembered that the student in the junior class has had two years of training in deciding what recitations she can afford to miss. She has been left free to absent herself from the class-room when she was so inclined, provided only she were willing to confide her reason to her instructor. The "senior privilege," in widening her range of free action, would offer her, perhaps, more inducements, but would give her no greater opportunity to slight her academic work. Yet the experience of a number of years has proven beyond doubt that placing this power in the hands of the students has in no wise lowered the standard of the college, that is higher now than ever before. And it is reasonable to infer that those who have used their freedom wisely for two years will not abuse the third year. Moreover, even if the inducement proved too great for some, and trips to Boston took the place of attendance on lectures, the instructor still has it in her power to maintain her standard by imposing a test on any she has reason to believe have failed to do the full amount of work, and so obliging them to meet her requirements. The junior grade can be preserved in the same way as the senior, and with equal
ease. The student attaining that rank has been trained for two years in the use of the power that leaves absence from the class-room a matter to be decided by each according to her own best judgment. The balance of argument is thus in favor of giving trial to the extension of the privilege. Why not, then, make some effort to actually secure this and any other privilege which is secretly desired? Why not, as students knowing the college authorities to be broad women, intensely interested in the student’s highest development, enter now upon a course of action that shall obtain for the student body a form of government in which student interest shall be represented by students, and for each student the right to shape her own life?

These questions have been raised in the sincere belief that open expression of opinion from the student standpoint is better than private grumbling, in the earnest hope that the discussion may be continued to some effect and steps taken by the students toward the realization of student self-government.

F. H. L., ’93.

II

THE RELATION BETWEEN FACULTY AND STUDENTS AT WELLESLEY COLLEGE.

It seems to me that the relations between faculty and students at Wellesley College are not what they might be. There is, as a rule, a feeling too much like that in primary schools, where the teacher and pupil are an infinite distance apart; there is too great a recognition of the relations as they exist in the class-room, the “instructor and instructed” relations. Of course there are many exceptions to this state of things, and I know that numbers of the girls are so fortunate as to be on terms of intimacy and friendship with certain members of the faculty. I say “the girls are so fortunate,” why not also, vice versa, “certain members of the faculty are so fortunate?” Surely any one will admit that friendly personal relations between teacher and student are desirable from either standpoint. Experience has taught us that there is no influence stronger than that of personal contact; and what stronger incentive can a girl have than the example of a thoughtful, broad-minded, experienced woman? As for the faculty themselves, it seems to me it must be an encouragement and inspiration to them in their work to become well acquainted with the bright, appreciative girls in college, for whom they are working and studying.

Now, as I have said, a friendship of this sort between the faculty and students at Wellesley is too much the exception instead of the rule. Who is to blame for
this? It seems so me that it is not so much the fault of the faculty as of the students. Some of the girls have a very foolish, childish idea that just because some one is a member of the faculty, she is of necessity antagonistic to the students' personal interests and desires. On such grounds she stands aloof from the faculty, and does not allow herself to come in contact with them, except on the footing of teacher and taught. If some one particular girl is sensible enough to reject this idea, and to seek the friendship and helpful influence of a teacher, she is made the butt of all sorts of comment and ridicule from the other girls. Perhaps this is stating the matter a little strongly; I hardly think the girls mean all that they say. But the very fact that I know many girls who are afraid to encourage any personal relations with members of the faculty, from their dread of having to bear the accusation "crushed" that is sure to result, this fact, I say, proves my point, that the students are very much to blame for the lack of friendship and sympathy between them and the faculty.

To be sure, the line between us here at Wellesley is not as broad as it might be, and as it is in a great many other institutions of learning, but it can most certainly be made narrower. Let us, then, the students of Wellesley, do our share towards narrowing it, and I think we are safe in feeling sure that we shall be met more than half way by the faculty.

C. P., '96.
Book Reviews.

A Botanical Treasure.

In 1682, Nehemiah Grew, who modestly styles himself "Nature's meanest pupil," gave to the world a large quarto volume, entitled "The Anatomy of Plants, with an Idea of a Philosophical History of Plants." This book has recently come into the botanical library and, by a happy chance, my way was yesterday directed toward it, and since then I have given every spare minute to the wise, quaint sayings of that dear old lover-pupil of our Mother Nature. The book is dedicated to "His Most Sacred Majesty, King Charles II." This dedication may give at least a slight idea of the character of the volume. In it the sacred personage addressed is given to understand that there are Terræ Incognitæ in philosophy as well as in geography. "And for so much as lies here," writes our friend, "it comes to pass, I know not how, that I am the first, even in this inquisitive age, who hath given a map of the country." Then he sketches in outline that New World where he has "come ashore"—"a New World whereof we see no end." "Your Majesty will here see that there are those things within a plant little less admirable than within an animal. That a plant as well as an animal is composed of organized parts, so that a plant is, as it were, an animal in quires, as an animal is a plant, or, rather, several plants bound up in one volume." Then he tells how all these plant organs are fitly framed together — "punctually set as the mathematical lines of a face." Lingering lovingly on the histology of the plant, he tells how "the staple of the stuff is so exquisitely fine that no silk-worm is able to draw anything near so small a thread, so that one who walks about with the meanest stick holds a piece of Nature's handicraft which far surpasses the most elaborate woof or needlework in the world." Then follows a word for plant physiology and "the mechanical way" of the plant, and after saying to the skeptic who might think the New World but another Utopia, "Yet not I, but Nature speaketh these things," our author makes his bow to His Sacred Majesty, and turns to a detailed discussion of the secrets which Nature had revealed to him of the fair new country of his love.

A. H. B.


The two volumes of school classics containing the seventh and eighth books of Vergil's Aeneid, and issued by Ginn & Co., are superior to the majority of Latin text-books. In addition to the necessary adjuncts of a good school-book — clear print, neat form and convenient size — they offer inspiration and preparation for
a more independent and scholarly investigation of Latin literature and language than is usually found in public school limits. They show what are, according to Lessing, the essential elements of a preparatory text-book, namely, strict attention to the present needs of the student combined with suggestions, which bring out the pupil's own reasoning powers and point the way to deeper research. Such preparatory steps are found in the vocabularies, which give the strict derived meaning of the words rather than the many possible free renditions; in the word-groups, which trace the common element in form and significance through a family of words; and in the notes, which are suggestive rather than exhaustive.

J. S. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED.


"The Science of Education." Translated from the German by Johann Friedrich Herbart, Prof. of Philosophy at the University of Göttingen. $1.00. D. C. Heath & Co., publishers.
Exchanges.

Foot-ball notes, poems on autumn, and exhortations to write for the college paper, claim a large part of the space in the November exchanges. All of these topics are undoubtedly in season.

We heartily congratulate Smith College on the new "Monthly," and gladly welcome so important an addition to our list of exchanges. The October issue is a remarkably good first number. The "Smith College Monthly" is unique in that it contains no advertisements.

The "Brunonian" for November 25 is a Thanksgiving number, from the first page to the last.

The boycott of the co-eds. by the men at Wesleyan has been a fruitful source of comments, serious or witty, in many of the month's exchanges. The "Argus" denies the report of the boycott, although it represents the Wesleyan men as taking a firm stand against co-education.

The feature of the "Argus" for November 13 is a picture of the foot-ball team and a discussion of Wesleyan's prospects in the game and her withdrawal from the League. One writer on the subject considers the abandonment of co-education as most desirable in the interests of athletics.

The leading article in the "Columbia Lit." for November is by Brander Matthews, on the "Profession of Literature and the Profession of Journalism." There is also an appreciative article on the "Novels of Miss Jane Austen."

At once the most practical and the most literary article of the month is Prof. Bronson's article on "Poetry and Student Life" in the "Brown Magazine." It is a protest against the development of the intellectual alone, to the exclusion of the sense of beauty; and a most seductive call to the pleasure of the library.

The "Mount Vernon Seminary Record" contains a charming description of Hull House, the Chicago Settlement, by one of the residents.

The "Mount Holyoke" announces the adoption of the cap and gown by the members of the senior class.

Illustrations are becoming more and more a feature of college publications. The "Dartmouth Lit." has some very good portraits and is altogether handsomely gotten up. The University "Cynic" for November 11 contains some pretty views of Lake Champlain.

The two literary societies of the Tuskaloosa Female College have begun with the November number the publication of a monthly journal, the "Carrier Dove."
The November number of the "Vassar Miscellany" is a very good one. "A Plea for College Journalism" must appeal with peculiar force to any undergraduate staff. The article advocates counting work on the college paper as regular work in the curriculum, and also co-operation between the department of rhetoric and the editorial board in securing suitable articles for publication. The plan seems a very feasible one, and one well worth considering.

The "Bowdoin Orient" for November 29 contains an article on a question which must be of more or less importance to every college where societies exist among the students, that is, the predominance of the fraternity spirit over the college spirit, particularly in class elections.

The "Collegium Forense" of Des Moines College pays particular attention to the political questions of the day.

There is a certain air of youthful cynicism which pervades some college publications, particularly in the fiction, that detracts much from the pleasure of reading them. The "Yale Lit." is a notable exception to this; its simple manly tone is perhaps its chief charm.

We clip the following from the verse of the month.

**FALL.**

The sky is full of gray and skurrying clouds,
The dry and rustling leaves fast swirl along.
Already Summer's dreamy sunlit days
Of insects' drowsy hum and thrushes' song
Have fled; as long since fled the swallows' throng
Before grim Winter's scout, the Northwest Wind,
The rough Frost-sower, scatt'ring far and wide
His icy seed, that, sprouting with the dawn,
With flower crystals spreads the brown hill side,
And soon will bring a bitter harvest tide. — *Yale Lit.*

**FORETHOUGHT.**

A child was born to-night. When it was brought
Back by the women where the mother lay,
The father held it once, then let it stay
Upon her bosom; and the while was thought
A future for it—all that should be wrought
In coming years; how nobly in the fray
Of life their son should battle; men should say
By his example they were grandly taught.
And this should be their son, this wondrous man,
With fond eyes they should view his holy might;
And when their well-worn life-paths downward ran
Unto the finish, then this splendid, bright
Hero should help their going. They began
Thanking God for him. The child died to-night. — *Advocate.*
College Notes.

The January number of the Wellesley Magazine will be delayed because of the holidays.

On November 16 Dr. Alexander McKenzie occupied the usual Thursday evening prayer meeting.

On Monday evening, November 20, Miss Marguerite Hall gave a delightful song recital, including selections from Schuman, Schubert, Saint-Saens, Somerwell and Carmichael.

A large delegation from Wellesley went in to Boston Friday evening, November 24, to hear Senators McKinley, Reid, Hoar, and Governor-elect Greenhalge speak in Mechanics' Hall.

On Monday evening, November 27, Prof. Goodale of Harvard University gave a most interesting lecture on Plant Life in Australia. The stereopticon views which illustrated his remarks were made from photographs he had taken during his recent travels in that region.

Rev. Dr. William Butler, the distinguished missionary pioneer and author, delivered an address on "The Reformation in Mexico" Sunday evening, December 3.

Thanksgiving Day was well celebrated at the college, despite the many who were away. Besides the rites fittingly associated with the "national bird," candypulls and other social gatherings combined to make the occasion most cheerful.

On the Wednesday evening before Thanksgiving Day seven scenes from "Little Women" were given at the Dedham Reformatory before an audience of thirty women. The parts taken were: Marmee, Caroline Field; Meg, Jane Williams; Jo, Sarah Bixby; Beth, Winifred Augsberry; Amy, Caroline Randolph; Grandpa Lawrence, Mary Clemmer Tracy; Laurie, Mary Isham; Mr. Brooke, Mary Salter; Aunt March, Elizabeth Hardee. Recitations by Caroline Field and music by Blanche Arter were also given.

On Thanksgiving evening Mrs. Butler and Misses Louise Taylor, Altsheler, Graff, Dexter, Willis, Collins, Hyatt, Allen, Peabody, Young, gave an entertainment for the women at the Sherburne prison. Tableaux, recitations, readings and college songs constituted the programme.
The ground has been in process of preparation for the new athletic field. By last reports $130.50 have been already raised by the freshman class.

On Monday evening, December 4, a piano recital was given by Mr. Ernst Perabo, including selections from Rubinstein, Schubert, Bach, Lörve, Kiel, Bennett and Beethoven.

Miss Louise Richardson has been elected to represent the special organization on the editorial board of the Wellesley Magazine, in place of Miss Adeline Teele, resigned.

Miss Grace Caldwell has been elected third member of '95's executive committee.

By unanimous vote of the Academic Council the senior privilege of registering for an absence from college has been conferred upon juniors also.

On Saturday afternoon, December 9, the class of '94 tendered the faculty a reception in the Stone parlor. Inclement weather did not prevent a goodly attendance on the part of both hostesses and guests. Miss Angell, Miss Foss and Miss Bridgman received. The tasteful decorations, enjoyable refreshments and delightful spirit of fellowship combined to make it a memorable occasion.

On Saturday evening, December 9, Miss Dennison gave a high tea at the Freeman in honor of Miss Atwood and Miss Barrows of Smith College.

On Saturday evening, December 2, Prof. Katherine Lee Bates received the Shakespeare Class and the Shakespeare Society in the faculty parlor. Violin music by Miss May Addeman and singing by the Fräulein Müllers added to the evening's pleasure. Outside guests were present.

Miss Friday, '86; Misses Martha McCaulley, Bettie Keith, Eleanor Green, Cornelia Green, '92; Alice Hamlin, Mary Hazard, Grace Grennell, Nan Pond, Gertrude Bigelow, '93; Elsie Pierce, '94; Sue Huntington, Cora Stewart, Grace Mix, Grace Webber and Caroline Mudget have visited at the college during the month.

On Sunday afternoon, December 10, Miss Atwood of Smith College spoke in the chapel concerning the organization, work and methods of the Smith College Association for Christian Work.

On Sunday evening, December 10, a Christmas vesper service was given, with carols by the Beethoven Society, vocal selections by Misses Foss, Hoyt and Richards, and organ music by Miss Brandt.
Alumnae Notes.

A meeting of the Chicago Wellesley Club was held with Mrs. Alice Hinchliffe Lay, 502 Jackson Boulevard, Saturday, November 25. The officers chosen for the year were: president, Miss Margaret Wrenn; vice-president, Miss Lillian Pike; secretary, Miss Agnes Cook, Foster Hall, University of Chicago.

The November meeting of the Cleveland Wellesley Club was held at the home of Miss Abigail A. Brooks, '92, on the Wednesday before Thanksgiving. In spite of the inclemency of the weather, there was a good representation, the two guests, Miss Winifred Myer, '93, and Miss Agnes M. Shaw, '92, being very welcome. A pleasant afternoon was passed in an exchange of Wellesley news. After light refreshments the club adjourned, to meet in December at the home of Miss Louise Pope, '91.

Miss Wiggin extended kindly hospitality to the Philadelphia Wellesley Club at 2101 Spruce Street, Saturday afternoon, Nov. 18. As chairman of the club's College Endowment Committee, Miss Anna Robertson Brown reported that the circular prepared by the World's Fair Committee, setting forth the needs of the college, could be procured for distribution if desired. Owing to pressure of other work, Miss Brown resigned the chairmanship of this committee; her resignation was regretfully accepted by the club. A newspaper extract description of the reunion of the Wellesley Association of Western New York, held at Rochester, Nov. 4, was then read, followed by an interesting letter from Miss Merrill, giving a delightful picture of college work and college sports by Waban water. It was decided that the secretary should request Miss Minnie Miller and Mrs. Sarah Woodman Paul to send letters to be read at the next regular meeting. After refreshments and social converse the club adjourned, to hold its January meeting at the home of Dr. Jamieson (R. D. Howe), 767 North 40th Street.

The first meeting of the Boston Wellesley College Club for the year of '93-'94 was held in the faculty parlor, Oct. 28. The club was so fortunate to have as its guest Miss Shafer, who gave a very pleasant talk about the college problems and plans.

Edith E. Metcalf, '80, engaged in city mission work in Chicago, has just published sketches relating to her work under the title of "Letters to Dorothy."
Miss Helen J. Sanborn, '84, may justly feel proud of the fact that both the Republicans and the Democrats of Ward 3, in caucuses assembled, have commended the faithful and efficient manner in which she has fulfilled the duties of a member of the school committee. The resolutions adopted were a deserved tribute to one of the most valuable members of the school board that Somerville has ever had.

Miss Florence Homer, '86, is teaching in one of the grammar schools of Evanston, Ill.

Rose Howe, '87, now Dr. Howe-Jamieson, her husband, Dr. Jamieson, and her friend, Dr. Jeannie Adams, '87, are all living together in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Harriet Farnsworth Gulick's ('87) address is Laurenceville, N. J. Her husband is master of English in the boys' school of that place.

Mrs. Mabel Wing Castle, '87, is spending the winter at Ann Arbor.

Miss Harriet Rice, M. D., '87, is assistant physician at Hull House, Chicago.

Miss Mary A. Winston, '87, is now in the office of the Sherman Society (Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals) in the mornings, and has her afternoons for general journalistic and literary work.

Miss Katharine Horton, '89, spent two months in England this summer.

Miss Emma Shaw Pleasants, '89, is spending the winter in southern California.

"What Shall We Have to Eat? The Question Answered" is the title of a book, now being published, written by Mrs. Clarence T. Burr, Wellesley, '89.

Miss Carol Dresser, '90, will work in the New York College Settlement on Rivington Street this winter.

Miss Sadie McNary, '90, has taken her M. A. from the University of the City of New York, and is planning for her Ph. D.

The address of Mrs. Jane Cory Lindsay, '90, is 109 Walnut Street, Boston Highlands, Mass.

The address of Miss Evarts Ewing, '87-90, is 1602 Q St., Northwest, Washington, D. C.

Miss Fanny T. Pendleton, '91, is teaching in the high school, Greenport, New York. She received the degree of M. A. at Cornell University last June.

Miss Inez L. Gay, Sp., '89-91, is teaching Latin and mathematics in the high school at Thompsonville, Conn.
The address of Miss Mabel Stanley Glover, '92, is 812 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

Miss Mary Stevens Ayres, formerly of '92, is instructor in physical training at Leland Stanford, Jr., University, Cal.

Miss Helena M. Corey, '92, is first assistant in the Spencer High School, Mass.

Ermina Ferris, '92, is teaching English in the high school in San Bernardino, Cal.

Miss Carrie Frost, '92, has the same position which she held last year as teacher of English in the high school in Leavenworth, Kansas.

Edith Thomson, '92, is at home in New York City. She is studying music and teaching history in the Society for the Promotion of Study at Home.

Miss Anna M. Locke, '92, is teaching in the high school, Nashua, N. H.

Miss Calla Osgood, '89-'92, is teacher in private school in San Francisco.

Miss Carrie A. Mann, '93, is teaching in Wayland Seminary, Washington, D. C.

Miss Clelia D. Mosher, formerly of '93, is assistant in hygiene at Leland Stanford, Jr., University California.

Miss Frances Ewing, Wellesley '92-'93, daughter of United States Minister James S. Ewing of Bloomington, Ill., will be married to B. B. Beecher of Memphis, Tenn., Christmas Day. The wedding will take place in Baltimore at St. Peter's Episcopal Church.

Miss Scudder is giving a course of six lectures on Ruskin, to the Emerson Society, a society of young working people, at Andover House.

Miss Caroline Williamson, '89, and Mrs. Prince, Wellesley, '91-'93, are having a class in literature at the settlement.

Good books for children and young people are solicited for the settlement. Fiction, poetry, travel, science, biography are what is needed. Books of a strongly Protestant-religious character are unavailable.
Society Notes.

On the evening of November 18 Zeta Alpha held its regular programme meeting.

Studies in Contemporary American Life.

III.
The Literary American.

I. Associations of Concord . . . . Martha Hale Shackford.
II. At the Authors’ Club in New York . . Agnes Louise Caldwell.
III. Literary Tastes of the Average American . . Alice Welch Kellogg.
IV. Music . . . . . . Pearl Livingston Underwood.
V. Oration: James Russell Lowell, the Typical
   Literary American . . . . Julia Stevens Buffington.
VI. Conversation: Will There be an Elizabethan
   Age in American Literature; . . Led by \{ Adah May Hasbrook.
   \} Mary Emily Field.

The following of the society’s alumnae members were present: Miss Mary Hazard, Grace Grenell, Gertrude Bigelow, ’93; Grace Webber and Cora Stewart.

The subject of the third meeting in Phi Sigma’s study of the Russian novelists was Dostoyevski. The following programme was given:

II. Life as Seen through the Writings of Dostoyevski . . Caroline Jacobus.
III. Representation from “Crime and Punishment”
IV. Dostoyevski’s Men and Women . . . . Mary Holmes.
V. The Art and Teaching of Dostoyevski . . . . Margaret Dudley.

Five of the alumnae members of the fraternity were present at this meeting: Miss Caroline Dresser, ’90; Miss H. St. Barbe Brooks, ’91; Miss Frances Lance, ’92; Miss Mary B. Hill and Miss Helen Eager, ’93.

A regular meeting of the Art Society was held in the art gallery on November 18. Miss Edith Sawyer, Special, was received into the society.

Programme.

Age of Louis XV.

I. Historical Sketch of the Period . . . . Alice Wood.
II. Literary Aspects of the Period . . . . Edna Pressey.
III. Chief Artists of the Period . . . . Annette Finnegan.
IV. Tableaux.
   "Reading Aloud," by Tragenat.
   "Tinette," by Watteau.

V. Music.
At the regular meeting of the Shakespeare Society, November 18, the following programme was presented:

Richard II.

I. Shakespeare News . . . . . . Elizabeth S. Adams
II. Richard II. Shakespeare's First Historical Play . . . . . . Grace Cromwell Weymouth.

III. Dramatic Representation. Marlowe's Edward II.
   Act I. Scene I.

IV. The Place of the Historical Play in the Life of the Time . . . . . . Elizabeth Bailey Hardee.


VI. Dramatic Representation. Richard II. Act V., Scene I.

VII. Discussion.

   Does the Character of Richard II. Show any Development During the Play?

Miss Jewett was received into the society.

The regular meeting of the Classical Society was held November 18.

Roman Architecture and Sculpture.


Christian Art.

2. The Catacombs . . . . . . . Grace Albee.
3. The Basilica Churches . . . . . . Florence Davis.

The regular meeting of Zeta Alpha was held on the evening of December 9.
Programme.

Studies in Contemporary American Life.

IV.

The Philanthropic American.
I. The Æsthetic in Modern Philanthropy . . . Mary Louise Boswell.
II. Our Country as a Philanthropist . . . . Mary Millard.
III. Song . . . . . . . . Mary Williams Montgomery.
IV. Phases of Philanthropy Along the "Black Belt" Mary Josephine Sailer.
V. Music . . . . . . . . Mary Keyt Isham.
VI. A Study of Phillips Brooks . . . . Lucy Jane Freeman.

Miss Martha McCaulley, '92, was present.

A regular meeting of the Art Society was held in the Art Gallery on December 9. Miss Blanche Arter, '95, Miss May Kellogg and Miss Lydia Wilkins, '96, were initiated into the society.

Programme.

Classicism in French Art.
II. Nature and Sources of Classicism . . . . Maude Keller.
III. Literature of the Period . . . . . . . Jane Williams.
IV. Sculpture and Music of the Period . . . Waller I. Bullock.
V. Music.

On Sunday evening, November 19, Zeta Alpha held a vesper service in Society Hall, with music by Misses Hazard, Isham, Forbes, Nelson and Montgomery.

Miss Williams gave a reception on December 2, at the Freeman to the members of the Art Society.

Friday evening, December 8, Zeta Alpha enjoyed a sleighride. The Society was entertained at the home of Miss Cora Stewart, Auburndale.

At the regular meeting of the Agora, held November 18, Miss Cora Stoddard was initiated.

Programme.

Theory of Laissez Faire . . . . . . Miss Coman.
Position of the United States in Regard to Questions of Trade . . . . . . Miss Julia Burgess.
Relation of the Tariff to Commerce . Miss Caroline W. Field.
Indirect Effects of the Tariff . . . . Miss Grace Caldwell.

The programme was followed by an informal discussion.
College Bulletin.

Jan. 4. College opens.
Jan. 7. President William DeWitt Hyde of Bowdoin College preaches in the chapel.
Jan. 15. Concert.
Marriages.


Births.

Nov. 17, 1893, a son to Mrs. Harriet Cooke Nelson, '83.
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