

in various forms, as the winds, waves and rivers simply execute the powers committed to them originally by the sun. Herbert Spencer would apply this theory to mind, but the law of conservation of energy has meaning only where there is motion, and thought is not motion. Here at the end of the century we are still as far as ever from bridging the chasm which separates the realm of matter from the realm of spirit.

The law of evolution was then discussed as the law that living things have passed through stages and were not first created as we find them now. This was the Hellenic thought and was held as true midway through the Middle Ages, when it gave place to a crude Biblical interpretation of the creative act. With the scientific advance of our own century, this thought was grasped again and by many, Darwin being not the author of the theory of evolution, but the expounder of its process or *modus operandi*, that process being the process of natural selection or the survival of the fittest. But the question whether man descended from a fallen angel or a climbing monkey is to our day obsolete. For us the question stands not: What has man been? but rather: What may man become? For evolution, as we apprehend it, is no longer retrogression to the ape, but progression to the truly human till it merges in the divine.

The orator then referred to the utilitarian aspect of modern science, to the nervous system of railroads, telegraphs and cables with which she has endowed the hitherto unfeeling earth, and claimed that thus, by means of these scientific appliances, the brotherhood of the race, long advocated in theory, is felt to-day in practical earnest. For man in literal deed has "meted out heaven with a span and comprehended the dust of the earth with a balance," he has analyzed the matter of the sun and the planets and turned darkness into solar brilliancy. The gains of our century in practical power are marvellous. We flash from land to land in minutes the message whose transmission a hundred years ago would have taken as many weeks. Slowly, step by step, by the flint and the lucifer match, the race climbed to mastery over fire. Now we command electricity itself. In this century, too, the science of medicine has been put upon a new basis. Up to our era it stood substantially where the Greeks had left it. But by the advance along the lines of Chemistry and Physiology, by the germ theory of disease and by the antiseptic method, medicine is growing into the proportions of a true science, with ever increasing ability to prevent and to alleviate human suffering. Nor can the progress in modern industries and in agriculture be overlooked.

But, after all, in the universe there is nothing great but man. In man there is nothing great but mind. This is the characteristic note of the thought of our century. And the peculiar gain of our era consists not in our scientific discoveries nor in our practical arts and appliances, but in our new conception of human civilization. Heirs of all the ages, we begin to trace the development of society through the long reaches of the past, and thus for the first time men are enabled to enter sympathetically into politics, culture and religion different from their own. For this conception of evolution, however, we are indebted not to Darwin, but to the Germanic mind. Each in turn the great nations contribute their quota to human thought. Italy has given us humanism. Spain, in reaction from the "sweetness and light" and license of the Italian Renaissance, gave dogmatism. France gave rationalism and England empiricism. English thinkers are more conservative, appealing as they do to experience, but the fearless audacity and the remorseless logic of France, in her appeal to pure thought, almost entitle her to the name she proudly assumes, "saviour of nations." Assuredly the close of the eighteenth century witnessed a convulsion in France which seemed to promise the destruction of all shams and the elevation of reason. But France fell into a double error,—she broke with the past history of the race and left men a mere collection of individual atoms, each proclaiming with Coriolanus:

Be such a gosling to obey instinct, but stand,
As if a man were author of his word,
And knew no other kin."

To cope with this suppression of sentiment, this new law of individual caprice, Germany brought to the rescue of mankind the conception of society as an organism—of art, literature and science as organic growths. This conception of a slow and gradual development of man through the ages was absolutely unknown prior to the last third of the eighteenth century. It was first hinted by Herder, the manna of genius, who flashed out the thought that nothing was made, but all things came by spontaneous evolution. It is to Germany, first and last, we owe this unique conception of the past, this creation of sympathy, this essentially characteristic feature of our modern times. In this new light history and philosophy have been rewritten, and the new sciences of comparative philology, comparative mythology and comparative religion have come into being.

But this new attitude involves us in new problems. Bacon discriminated between science and theology, deriving the one from inductive reasoning, but the other from authority. In our day, however, the Germanic influence is nowhere more strongly felt than on Biblical theology. In America the breach thus made in traditional methods of thought is not yet completely healed. The much-talked-of conflict between science and religion is only imaginary. The true warfare is between science and ignorance. Religious faith is mangled by the discoveries of physical science. How can these touch the soul's hidden life with God? But the historical documents of Christianity should be freely submitted to critical examination in the light of modern knowledge. We must change our views of the Bible; we have. A religion based on history must change with the interpretation of history. Man is hurled from change to change unceasingly. But let the soul entrench itself, against the attacks on traditional theology, in that faith grounded on eternal verities, independent of time and place,—the faith of the mystics in all ages. With such a faith modern philosophy joins hands. The speculative thought of the day conceives of God as an infinite spirit, whose revelation culminates in man, who exists and is conscious of existence,—union with whom is

"A consummation
Devoutly to be wished."

The address, which was received with close attention and warm appreciation, was followed, after a chorus from the Beethoven Society, by the reading of an "Ode to Wellesley" by Anna Robertson Brown, M. A., (Wellesley, '83). As Miss Brown was absent in Oxford, the poem, given in full, was gracefully and sympathetically rendered by Mrs. Marion Pelton Guild (Wellesley '80). The choruses, with their loyal ring of "Wellesley! Wellesley! Wellesley!" were sung by the Beethoven Society, the music having been composed and adapted by Professor Hill.

ODE TO WELLESLEY.
ANNA ROBERTSON BROWN, '83.

Awake, O solemn lyre of gold,
Whose vibrant strings are life and death;
Thy music is the poet's breath
Ere thought hath fled, or love is cold!
Awake, and let thy song be blown
By wing of wind, by bird or bee,
'Through all the far immensity
Of ether-flame and nebulae,
Until it cross a calmer zone,
Until it echo at God's throne,
And melt above the Jasper sea!
Sing to the Ancient of our Days
A strong, rejoicing hymn of praise,
Wherein desire and hope and truth,
The cravings of our eager youth,
Our College halls, and joy and ruth
May pass and meet, may meet and pass
Like shadows on a clearer glass,
Reflecting all that we approve;
Fulfill the dream of Wellesley's birth,
And bind the earth,
Sky, sea, and all our human worth
In one enduring strain of love,
To One above
In Whom we daily live and move!

O world, what progress in thy years
Since first thy scintillating spheres
Were hurled from the hand of God!
Thy stars were set in fiery rings,
Thy waves were parted from the sod,
Thy moon was led above the cloud,
And all thy myriad living things
Awoke to cry aloud!
But one fair star was set below:
It shone in the deep, silent eyes
Of that majestic primal man

Who walked in Paradise.
The human soul! From age to age
It lives; our vital heritage
Is this: to think, act, feel, and be
Not less, but ever eternally—
Our souls expand!
The kiss of love, the tears of pain,
Once touched this circle of the brain,
And bound us in;
But now the largess of the sun
A broader girth for man hath won,
We grow more grand!
For nature leaves each outworn past,
Each era widens from the last.
Is better planned;
In new domains our lives are cast,
And newer we may win.
Old time rolls on, and heart and thought
Are ever closer linked, and brought
To higher aims, to nobler deeds,
To braver lives, to broader creeds;
May aspiration ever be
At one with thee, O Wellesley!

CHORUS:

Wellesley! Wellesley! Wellesley!
Old time rolls on, and heart and thought
Are ever closer linked, and brought
To higher aims, to nobler deeds,
To braver lives, to broader creeds;
May aspiration ever be
At one with thee, O Wellesley!

III

Wellesley, on thy storm-swept hills,
Thy walls how dear, thy towers how fair!
The blessing of thy love distills
Like dew of Hermon on the air.
Softer than rustled blossoms blow
Thy murmuring waters flow,
Thy seasons come and go!
The willow whiten in the glen,
The cinquefoil and the violet
By briar-bloom and sedge are set,
And mallows glimmer in the fen.
The daisy tops the dappled grass,
The buttercup's rich chalice holds
Thy sunny wine, or swings and folds
The drowsy midges ere they pass.
Anemones and columbine
Bloom shyly in thy leafy dale,
And clematis and ivy trail
In tangled sweetness, flower and vine;
While later in the changing year
The aster and the gentian blue
Twinkle the bosky dingles through,
And rushes darken by the mere.
Joy is the gladness of thy morn;
When mists of gold
Are upward rolled,
As incense thy full heart doth hold:
And on the distant slopes awake
The quivering purples of the break
Of day, and tinge the sky
Where rosy-sandalled clouds troop by
To preen themselves above the lake.
Hope is the sunshine of thy noon;
When mellow warmth hath closed thee round;
The sweet light trembles to the eye,—
Far hidden in the wooded bound
The birds with sleepy twitters croon
A broken lullaby.
Peace is the silence of thy hills
When all the fluttered brood have rest,
And every oft-winded-troubled nest
The waveless tender twilight stills.
And joy and hope and peace are thine
Through all the watches of the night,
Until the day-star darts bright
Above the fringes of the pine.
Our thoughts are girt about thy walls,
Our souls are mingled with thy sky;
Within thine amber-glowing halls
We meet our own Past flitting by!
Our hope-lured Past, alight with dreams,
How near, how close it seems!
With level glances, clear and wide,
An opal whiteness on its wings,
The wraith of all the former things
We thought to finish ere we died.

IV

White is the color of God's saints;
In white they walk, in white they stand,
A flame-uncompassed, wise-eyed band
They wait the waving of God's hand,
Their lutes are tuned to dewy plaints;
Their pale hands press the harp and psalm.
Their bows are arrowed with calm,
By rainbows they are overspanned,
And there is glory in their land.
On earth they walked with busy feet,
They knew our meadows, lake and wood;
They brushed our flowers, they passed and stood
Where we to-day may smile and meet.
But that far watcher, throned in space,
Above the planets, whorl in whorl,
The angel by the gate of pearl,—
Looked down from his high, silent place;
His eyes were deep with dew and sun,
As many marvels he had known:
He marked the myriad worlds that spun
Like notes that God had breathed upon;
He also kept within his ken
The doings of the sons of men,
And saw the light-winged angel, Death,
What time he quenched some strong soul's breath.
He blessed each spirit, as it came
Before his portal, clad in flame,
And granted each, with tender grace,
A kiss of peace, a crown of fire,
And lifed the heart's desire.
One soul he blessed, and heaven is clear
Because his whiteness shineth there,
Who left his glory in our air,
Whose memory ever lingers here.
Noblest of Founders, gentlest friend,
His fame shall reach the wide world's end!
We praise him, honor, love and laud;
To-day, although he dwells with God,
Perchance his angel, unawares,
Is softly passing on our stairs,
Perchance hath harkened to our prayers!

REFRAIN:

Softly, softly, softly flow,
River of death and sleep!
Silver shallops float and go
Into the silent deep.
Kisses for youth; ah me, ah me!
But the souls that sail on the far, far sea,
Are followed by eyes that weep, that weep,
Until eternity!

V

Of old, the vestal virgins came
And watched a point of sacred fire;
Fair-robed, and with pure desire
To guard the immemorial flame,
Upon thine altar, Wellesley, glows

A living spark, that ever burns
Fanned by each longing heart that yearns
For all the gifts that Learning shows.
And what to thee may then remain,
Except to gather, day by day
Fresh fruits of progress, while thy sway
Begins a Golden Age again!
Go, breathe in unconfin'd Space,
Go, bask in unhorizon'd Sun,
Go, pant with each quick note, and place
Within thy heart its benison.
Go, smile upon the northern dawn,
Where red auroras flash and run,
Go, touch the middy Amazon,
Into the ocean's vastness drawn;
Go, wander by the quiet grave,
Or lay thy gentle hand to save
Upon the rolling of the wave!
Drink in the hugeness of the sky;
The vigor of the fire-veined storm,
The subtle grace of perfect form,
The calm of ages passing by;
Then mould each daughter strong and fair,
With supple sinew, nerve, and power,—
With beauty as her rightful dower,
But pure as God's own thought of her.
Grant her the comprehensive mind
That moves as planets in their arc,
Whose all-embracing circles mark
The furthest ripple of the wind;
Yet leave her humble, gracious, kind,
And artless as the wayside flower,
This is thy grand ideal of good:
A truer heart, a clearer eye,—
A proud, deep-hosomed race and high,
With less of passion in the blood,
And more and more of motherhood!

VI

Spirit of Wellesley, speed thy way!
This weary, burdened world hath need
Of strong ones, as thou, to lead!
Loosen the leashes, let thought like a steed
Leap through the dark into God's great dawn!
The past at thy back with its wailing breath,
The future before, in a pathless night,
And only the soul for light!
On, yet on,
For beyond the bars
Of the close horizon and waning stars
Is the golden, glorious, God-lit day!
Still thy questionings, Insh thy fears,
Throttle thy doubts, and forget thy tears,
Give thy great, grand soul full sway!
Crush out in thy haughty, superb disdain
The weakness of self and the murmur of pain
With the blow of the hammer of Thor!
Let Mjölnir swing
Wider than ever before!
Look off unto God's yet far-off spring:
Hath God a beginning? Will God have end?
Nay, verily; up to His work, and bring
Thy best to the contest, as friend for friend.
Face to the future, and shoulder to God!
Thine is the path that the prophets have trod,
Warriors and martyrs and world-wise seers
Through the old, uncounted years!
Out in the vasty deeps of space
Where speech is the music of coursing spheres,
Make for the Truth a place!
Over the wilds of eternity,
Flash light, as the lamps at sea.
The age is blinded with unbelief:
Men reel and stagger to and fro,
Full-filled and drunk with doubt, they know
No balm of Gilead, or relief;
Ring out thy rolling peal of hope!
Lead back the world to faith, and dare
To let thy stalwart patience cope
With all the phantoms of despair!
Give strength and wisdom perfect scope,
While blessings crown thy daughters fair.
Wellesley! Wellesley! Wellesley!
Fulfill the promise of thy birth,
And bind the golden, smit earth,
Sky, sea, and all our human worth,
By one enduring chain of love
To Him omnipotent above,
In Whom we daily live and move!

CHORUS:

Wellesley! Wellesley! Wellesley!
Ring out thy rolling peal of hope,
Lead back the world to faith, and dare
To let thy stalwart patience cope
With all the phantoms of despair.
Give strength and wisdom perfect scope,
While blessings crown thy daughters fair.

FULL CHORUS:

Wellesley! Wellesley! Wellesley!
Fulfill the promise of thy birth,
And bind the golden smit earth,
Sky, sea, and all our human worth,
By one enduring chain of love
To Him omnipotent above
In Whom we daily live and move!

Oxford, Eng., June 8, 1889.

After a chorus, "The Four Winds" arranged by Prof. Hill for ladies' voices and sung by the Beethoven society with delightful spirit and harmony, degrees were conferred by President Shafer upon the following graduates:

Table listing graduates with their names, degrees (Master of Arts, Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Science, Bachelor of Music, Bachelor of Education), and locations (e.g., Chicago, Ill., New York, N.Y., etc.).

that those already there might be suitably accommodated; lastly of the removal of dish-washing from domestic work, made necessary by the increased numbers and the consequent complexity of college life.

Mention was made of Miss Howard and Mrs. Palmer and a letter from the former was read by the corresponding secretary.

Mrs. Guild spoke next of one among the Alumnae who, while in College, represented to the undergraduates of her own time all that was most hoped for by themselves; when she first left College it hardly seemed that the college-world could move on without her help. It was the pleasantest of duties, Mrs. Guild said, to welcome to the Alumnae gathering after ten years of absence, Miss Gertrude Chandler. Miss Chandler spoke humorously of the inappropriateness of calling upon her, since this was her first Alumnae dinner and her seat should be at the table with '89 rather than among the elders. Her message, however, was a serious one. Referring to the statement of Miss Jones that pauperism was caused by ignorance, she said that she believed the poverty of Missionary Boards was caused by the same cause, public ignorance in regard to the work. She begged her sister Alumnae to educate themselves in this particular, to put themselves in the way of learning what was being done; to have some part in the work, if possible; to say not: "We will go, if the Lord opens the way," but: "We will go, unless the Lord shuts the way"; if they could not be foreign missionaries to be home missionaries and, at least, to help by their intelligent interest.

Very appropriately the speaker following Miss Chandler of '79 was Miss Beane of '80. She referred to the remarkable transition which twenty-four hours had caused in the career of the class, yesterday the oldest of Wellesley's daughters in College, to-day the youngest of the Alumnae. She gave various interesting statistics, that '89 was the largest class ever graduated; that her crew had the best record of weight and muscle; that she had carried the tennis championship; that she graduated in better physical condition than any class for four years past; that true to her motto she was still striving for more light.

Mrs. Guild next introduced to the attention of the Alumnae, not a fresh speaker, but a series of questions. Why is it that the Alumnae know more of the College this year than ever before? Why are they more familiar with the present generation of students than former ones? How is it that our students have been able to cancel the distance between their own and other Colleges? How is it that the undergraduate soul, smothered for many a year, has at last found expression? Because of a renegade in the ranks, these questions found no audible reply.

Miss Montague was then called upon to express the congratulations of the old society members to the new upon the revival of the Phi Sigma and Zeta Alpha. She spoke of the benefits hoped for from them in fostering a love for independent work and study, in bringing their members into touch with the vital questions of the day, in giving a training in impromptu speaking not otherwise to be obtained. She touched lightly upon possible dangers, which were believed after all to be no dangers, owing to the perfect confidence and trust felt by the elder graduates in their younger sisters.

Miss Palen presented with her well-known humor the side of the graduates whose plans are indefinite, whose work was nothing in particular, and the last subject was the most important one, the babies, who were spoken for by Mrs. Maria Blodgett Bean of '81. She brought the encouraging information, obtained by a wide acquaintance with the Wellesley babies, that they all take after their mothers—as soon as they learn to walk.

The Alumnae left the dining room somewhat reluctantly, as if sorry to bring to an end a meeting which had been made by the President of the day one of the pleasantest on record.

"Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot?"

Miss Anna V. La Rose, B. A. '81, has been elected Superintendent of Schools in Logansport, Ind.

Married.

McCALMONT-SIMPSON—In Wheeling, West Virginia, June 20, Virginia Simpson student at Wellesley in '82-'84, to John Osborn McCalmont of Franklin, Pa.

For many at Wellesley the wedding of Miss Edith Hall was the beginning of Commencement festivities. A large number of Wellesley friends found their way to No. 1 Batavia St., Boston, where they witnessed the beautiful ceremony, the sweet bride's Second Commencement. Dr. Philip Brooks joined the hands of bride and groom and was very happy in his promise to perform the marriage rites for every '89 girl who would send for him. Miss Hall was married to one whom even her classmates deem worthy of her, Dr. Luffkin of St. Paul.

In Memoriam.

EMILY MARTHA EVANS.

A meeting of the class of '87 was held Tuesday, June 25, 1889, to receive the announcement of the death of their classmate, Emily M. Evans. The class voted to give formal expression to the grief which overshadowed the joy of their reunion, and their heartfelt sympathy with the family of her whom all joined in loving. They felt that the breaking of the circle of classmates among whom she stood so bright, so lovable, so truly loved, makes them shakers in the loss which comes so heavily to those who stood to her in yet closer relation.

We, who were so glad to count her among our number, and whose reunions are forever incomplete without her, make this attempt to express our love and appreciation of the character of her who, living, had such an influence in our lives, dying, has left the purest memories in our hearts.

For the Class of '87, LAURA LYON, Pres.

Autographs for the Norumbega Fund.

The Autograph Collection which is to be sold for the benefit of the Norumbega Fund, has been growing steadily, and now numbers one hundred and twenty specimens, including duplicates. These are mostly letters. Several valuable additions have come from the alumnae and special students, who have thus generously responded to the call of the Committee, and it is hoped that there are still others who will be able and willing to assist in the work. Autographs of Presidents of the United States, foreign celebrities, Emerson and Walt Whitman would be especially welcome.

Contributions not yet acknowledged in these columns have been received from the following persons, to whom hearty thanks are hereby returned: Mrs. Durant, Dr. Phillips Brooks, Mr. W. J. Rolfe, Col. J. H. Stewart, Rev. W. Dewees Roberts, Mrs. A. Howes, Prof. Morgan, Miss E. H. Denio, and the Misses Josephine A. Cass, '80, Alice H. Luce, '83, Louise Langford, '83, Lillian Burlingame, '85, Ellen S. Davison, '87, S. P. Breckinridge, '88, Helen Rogers, '91, and G. Isabel Pelton, '92.

Among the above contributions are autographs of Charles Dickens, Robert Browning, Lord Tennyson, Dean Stanley, George Macdonald, Max Muller, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Bayard Taylor, Mark Twain, Ellen Terry, Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, Mrs. Cleveland, Gen. Sherman, and many others; also an autograph poem of James Hogg, which, if its authorship by the "Etrick Shepherd" can be proved, may be one of the most valuable articles in the collection.

All communications should be addressed to one of the undersigned Committee. Helen J. Sanborn, '81, South Auburn, Maine. (Until September.) Marion P. Guild, '80, West Roxbury, Mass. (Until September.)

'89's Tricycle.

The late Senior class has had a handsome present in the last few days. They are indebted for a magnificent three hundred dollar tandem tricycle to the generosity of a recent visitor to the College, Col. Pope, well-known throughout the country by his prominent connection with the Columbia bicycle. This tricycle is to become the property of each succeeding Senior class in turn—a tandem, thus, in more senses than one. Next year the fifth year representatives of '89 will share its use with '90, the Seniors in power. All the classes therefore owe a debt of thanks to Col. Pope, nor do they forget the kindness of Miss Hill in introducing him to the College.

Dulce Est Desipere In Loco.

Examinations were nearly over. Commencement day was at hand. The students more or less worn by these last days of hurry and excitement were seated in chapel waiting for the morning hymn. "Number 680" the leader said, but she was understood to say, "Number 608;" so instead of "Nearer, My God, to Thee," the students sang what seemed to them to embody many Commencement feelings which are not usually publicly expressed.

A WILL RESIGNED.

I ask not now for gold to gild
With mocking shine, an aching frame,
The yearning of the mind is stilled
I ask not now for fame.

But, bowed in lowliness of mind,
I make my humble wishes known,
I only ask a will resigned
O Father, to thine own.

In vain I task my aching brain,
In vain the Sage's thoughts I scan,
I only feel how weak I am,
How poor and blind is man.

And now my spirit sighs for home
And longs for light whereby to see,
And like a weary child would come
O Father, unto thee.

One of the most amusing occurrences in connection with this Commencement is the blunder of a Boston reporter, whose classical education appears to have been neglected. This is the same reporter who called the alumnae of Wellesley *alumni* and who waxed poetic over the "little willow stand in the foreground of the platform, upon which rested the piles of

precious degrees, tied with dark blue ribbons which were to be the reward of the "sweet girl graduate," the same reporter who devoted scarcely a dozen lines to the subject-matter of Prof. Schurman's address, but yet found space for the valuable comment:

"Professor Schurman's rather young and bright face attracted the young ladies from the start, and although the matter of the address, which was upon "The Centenary Movement of Thought," promised to be decidedly technical, intensely scholarly and rather dry, yet they listened attentively, and, in the latter stages of the philosophical lecture, broke into frequent and heartfelt applause."

But this promising representative of the daily press reached his climax in his interpretation of Dr. Robinson's share in the opening devotional exercises. It has ever been the custom of the College to have read on Commencement a passage of Scripture from a Latin Bible once in possession of Melancthon and now counted among the treasures of the Wellesley library. Dr. Robinson, in complying with the request of the Trustees and reading a psalm in the language of the Vulgate from this venerable book, sorely puzzled the reporters, one of whom impressively recorded that the reading was from the "ancient Hebrew text." But the reporter in question is responsible for the following startling information: "Dr. Robinson of New York offered prayer in Latin, and he in turn was followed by Rev. Alexander Mackenzie of Cambridge, who prayed in English." And now it seems that the Boston critics are in full cry upon innocent Dr. Robinson, claiming not only that his "Latin prayer" was showy and in bad taste as a performance, but that it was *poor Latin* as well!

Extra Copies of the Courant

Containing a full account of the Commencement Exercises of 1889, can be obtained of Chas. D. Howard, Publisher, Natick, Mass.

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From Jan. 1, 1889, can be obtained of Chas. D. Howard, Publisher, Natick, Mass.

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VOL. 7.

Wellesley, Mass.

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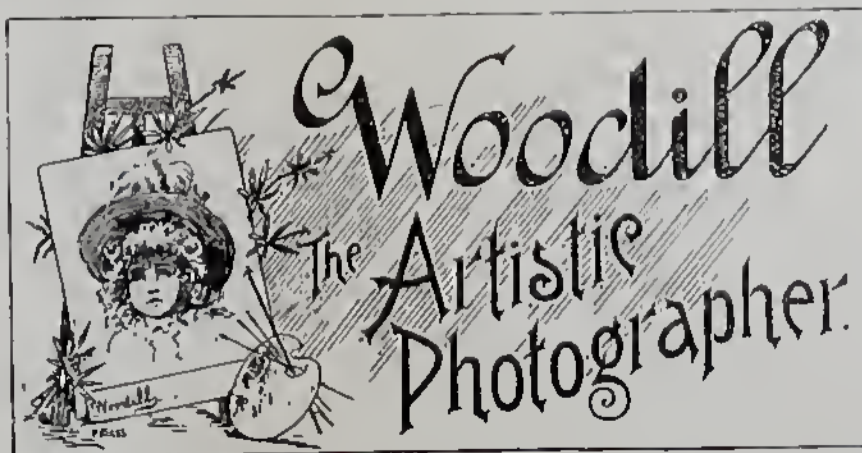
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