

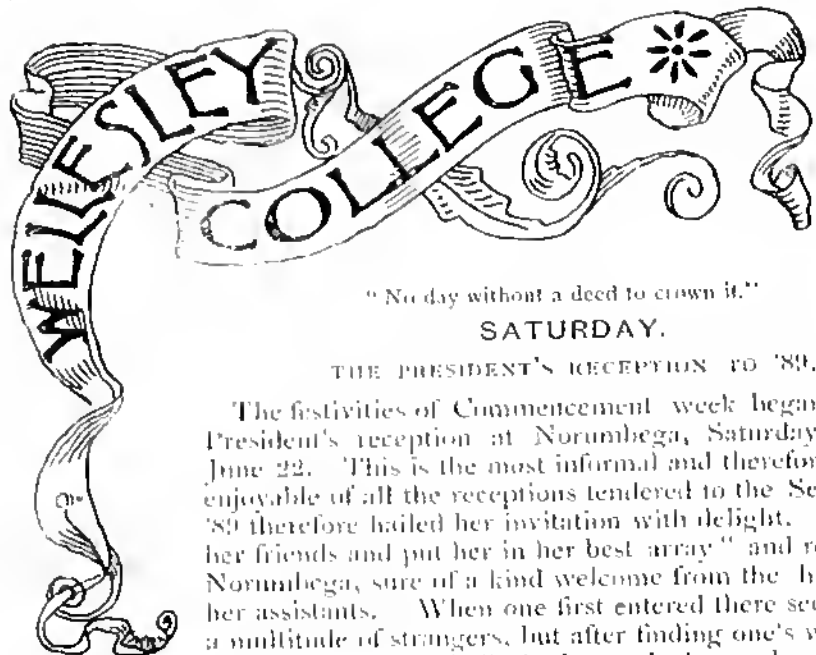
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WELLESLEY COLLEGE

SATURDAY.
THE PRESIDENT'S RECEPTION TO '89.

The festivities of Commencement week began with the President's reception at Northmead, Saturday evening, June 22. This is the most informal and therefore the most enjoyable of all the receptions tendered to the Senior class. '89 therefore hailed her invitation with delight. She "bade her friends and put her in her best array" and repaired to Northmead, sure of a kind welcome from the hostess and her assistants. When one first entered there seemed to be a multitude of strangers, but after finding one's way to the President and being greeted so cordially by her and those about her, one began to distinguish many familiar faces among the crowd. Old friends of '86, '87 and '88 turned up most unexpectedly. Class reunions, regardless of the "reunion scheme," took place in cosy corners, seniors felt themselves to be freshmen once again as they shook hands with alumnae of '86, or sophomores as they recognized '88 girls, while last year's seniors were too numerous to be remarkable. But not only did we meet acquaintances of "and lang syne," but we had the great pleasure of meeting many good guests of the college, who are reserved to do special honor to the seniors by being present at their reception. Among those present were Mrs. Duran, and Governor and Mrs. Chaffin.

For those who could refrain from talking long enough to enter the dining hall, there were delicious refreshments served. It is hardly necessary to say that Northmead looked as lovely as usual, and amiably stretched her elastic self so as to accommodate, beside many College guests, innumerable happy mothers and fathers, and cousins, brothers and aunts of '89.

SUNDAY.

At eleven o'clock Sunday morning a general prayer meeting, led by the President of the Senior class, was held in the chapel. The subject for the hour was *Completeness in Christ*, the reading being from the fifteenth chapter of the gospel of John. The afternoon service was held at four o'clock, the chapel being filled to its utmost capacity by the many guests, and a vesper service took place at seven.

The Baccalaureate sermon was preached in the afternoon by the Rev. Frank W. Gunsaulus of Chicago. He took for his text two passages of Scripture, the first being: "And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof." Rev. 21: 23; and the second: "If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine." John 7: 17.

The preacher's theme was the duty of the educated men and women of to-day to society and to the world. He said the tendency of society and Christian culture has been to avoid the questions pertaining to the material welfare of the individual. The socialist, although looking from his naturally narrowed standpoint of vision, yet sees that the affairs of the individual have been neglected, and presents his claims and threats. The time may come when even Christian culture must be thrown overboard as the recreant Jonah of the ship of life, but it hardly seems possible, for the practice of the Golden Rule must right the ship and carry her safely to her haven. It is a question of statecraft and religion. Whether we will or no, the air is on fire with the socialistic spirit and it will consume to the very skin anything that has not the power of truth within its anatomy. And so it is with the scholasticism of to-day. The earth is filled with it, but the truths of Christianity, with their silver shields flashing with the light of authority, clear the way for the faithful believer and execute the will of God. To the Christian scholar, religious life must always appear as a vision and a duty. The vision elevates the duty. The duty makes the vision practical. We have first the new Heaven, then the new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness. Nothing can change this order. The scholar is the one who should be the deliverer of men, for he sees the reality and it is his duty to present it to others, as he finds it. There has been too much timidity in presenting the truth. Culture too often loses its courage.

In closing, Mr. Gunsaulus addressed his remarks especially to the graduating class, urging them to bear in mind the social reforms of the future and their connection with them, saying that the true solution of all such problems is found in a higher ideal of civilization, and the practice of the Golden Rule in each individual life.

"So high is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When duty whispers: 'Lo, thou must!'
The youth replies: 'I can!'"

The music rendered on Baccalaureate Sunday was as follows:

MUSIC RENDERED ON BACCALAUREATE SUNDAY WAS AS FOLLOWS:			
PRELUDE—Rhapsodie			
Antonia	"Blessed are the pure in heart"	Lucy	Patience
VENIERS.			
Prelude—Pastoral symphony in G major	Andante (from the unfinished symphony)	Handel	Schubert
Quartette, "Peace, trouble I send"	Song, Calvary	Miss Middlekauff	Antonia
MISSIE PRINCE, HUBBINGER, APLI, MURDO	Song, "Guide me with thy heavenly light"	Miss Massie	
Song, Hymn to the angels	SANCUS (by request)	Miss Morse	Gunnard
MISS PLEASANT			
Song, Our King		Miss Middlekauff	
MISS MARCH			

MONDAY.

SOCIETY BREAKFAST.—DINNER REPRESENTATION OF "AS YOU LIKE IT."

The members of the Zeta Alpha and Phi Sigma societies under the new constitutions united on Monday in receiving at a unique breakfast, whose dishes were highly flavored by poetry and puns, their honorary members,—those who had belonged to the early societies before the unhappy period of suspended animation. President Shafer lent her presence to the occasion, and Miss Gertrude Chandler of the Phi Sigma, with Mrs. Beau and Miss Ayer of the Zeta Alpha, reinforced the ranks of society members from the Faculty. Prof. Roberts, Miss Soule, Miss Hall and Miss Tuttle rendering homage to the Lamp, while Miss Montague, Miss Metcalf, Mrs. Paul and Miss Bates exchanged blinks with their tutelary Owl. Miss Curtis and Miss Sherwin received their guests in the Art Gallery, but breakfast was served across the way in the old Society Hall, so long abandoned to lectures on history and literature, but now restored to more than its former beauty. The hall was tastefully trimmed with green and flowers, the shield and triangle being conspicuous among the decorations. After the banquet, whose mysteries may not be divulged to the profane,

toasts were given to Our College President, The Honorary Members, The Lamp and the Owl.

"As You Like It."

[Some time ago the COURANT gave its opinion of the representation of "As You Like It" as it took place in the Gymnasium, but now that its success has been enhanced by the beauty of natural surroundings, it modestly lets others praise rather than itself, and so quotes the following from the Boston Journal of Tuesday morning:]

"In Shakespeare's time, 'As You Like It,' if traditions are correct, was played by companies of men and boys, custom excluding women from the stage; it has happened that the nineteenth century, the 'woman's century,' as it has been called, has produced a performance of the play entirely by women. The Shakespeare Society of Wellesley College is the first to bring forward the novelty of an open-air performance of 'As You Like It,' in which both male and female parts were cast to the sex dominant in Wellesley College halls; and who can say that the Orlando, the Jacques, and Touchstone of the popular comedy as it was rendered yesterday afternoon were not quite as well acted as the Celia, the Rosalind of Shakespeare's day?"

This dramatic novelty of the Commencement season showed the Shakespeare Society's understanding of the great dramatist. Probably there is not a more earnest literary society in the country. It is a branch of the London Shakespeare Society, and carries on enthusiastic study by essays, orations, debates and other methods. Its members are limited to forty students from the Senior and Junior classes, and its list is always full. A short time ago it produced "As You Like It" with dramatic action in the Gymnasium, and such was the success of the experiment that an open-air performance was considered worth trying.

Clear air and a slightly obscured sun made yesterday afternoon just "as you like it" for enjoyment of an out-of-door play. All the visitors of Commencement week, the former members of the Shakespeare Society, such scholars of literature as Prof. Rolfe, Miss Heloise Hersey and Prof. Hodgkins, members of the Board of Trustees and others were invited to witness this interpretation of the play, and at 3 o'clock were seated in the grove between the College building and the Music Hall. The fancy of the dramatist could not have pictured a more charming and appropriate stage nor a more convenient and picturesque auditorium. The scenic arrangement was perfect in its natural beauty, without the need of painted scenes, palms or evergreens, or any of the aids which even in the few out-of-door representations of "As You Like It" have been necessary. The slopes of the Longfellow Fountain were chosen for the theatre. At one end of the pond a green, sloping bank was the stage. Tall oaks, rising from a smooth turf, made a "forest of Arden," and the only stage properties were a green "bank," which only a prosaic person would call a garden settee, and two logs thrown down with convenient carelessness. There was no curtain. A vine-covered lodge of screens made the "wings" from which the players made their entrances, and formed a place for scenery exit. Never had a stage a more pleasing background. A fresh, green grove, as quiet as painted trees upon canvas, covered the ground to Lake Waban, which gleamed a line of silver in the near distance. A sail of a small boat occasionally passed on the line of water beyond the hill, and far in the rear could be seen the thick, dark-green of the Hunnewell Garden. Beyond the rope which marked out the stage was the green-room concealed behind trees.

On an opposite slope was the auditorium, separated from the stage by a natural hollow. Every one had a free view of the stage, for the grounds made a natural circus. Rugs, shawls and bright colored pillows covered the ground of the orchestra, and when the students in their light costumes took their seats the space became a brilliant parterre. Chairs and settees occupied the rest of the slope, reserved for guests. There was no musical orchestra, but the audience was so much absorbed in conversation that it forgot the modern fashion of music before the play.

At the tinkle of a bell the President of the Shakespeare Society walked down the slope and delivered a pleasant prologue of welcome. "It is with hearty pleasure and sincere feeling," she said, "that the Shakespeare Society of to-day extends welcome to the Shakespeare Society of the past." The honorary members were commended because they were present, and the other friends were also gracefully received. The speaker closed hoping that the forests of Arden at Wellesley would prove as pleasant as the other forest of Arden.

After the prologue the first scene introduced Orlando, Oliver and old Adam. Orlando was a comely youth in a brown tunic reaching high, leather boots and a brown cape lined with white, and brown cap upon his yellow curls. Oliver wore a similar costume in black and blue, with the addition of a lilac ruff; old Adam, very weak and tremulous, wore a black tunic, with a broad-brim, black hat over his scanty white hair. The altercation between the brothers was given with a great deal of spirit.

Celia and Rosalind made a very pretty picture as they came in front of the audience with arms lovingly around one another. They might have been the real maids of Shakespeare, in blue and cream and rose and white satin. Lively Touchstone, in parti-color of red and yellow petticoat, with bells and bangle, gave a racy interpretation to the words of her part. Her jokes were given with a real relish that stage players do not always have. Indeed, all the players rendered their parts like students, rather than actors, giving the text with reverent faithfulness.

The wrestling was carried on at a distant part of the stage out of the observation of the audience. The Duke, in black and gold, with cape lined with ermine, Rosalind, Celia and Touchstone stood by applauding, and no one would doubt the gallantry of the wrestling. The scenes in the forest of Arden had such a touch of nature that we might wish to say with the Duke:

"Hath not old nature made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp?"

The Duke wore a gray cloak and scarlet waistcoat, with scudlet velvet cap, and his retainers were in picturesque combination of green, white and black. The melancholy Jacques was very fittingly dressed in a suit of inky black. An attractive scene was that in which Amiens, leaning against a genuine oak, sang to the accompaniment of the guitar the sweet songs of the play until there was no one in the audience who was not quite willing to "come hither."

It must be confessed that in the love-making there was not enough variety to create much attention, but in this part, as in the whole play, the lover of the text might be well satisfied with its intelligent interpretation by clear young voices that could be heard through the whole space. The characters were assumed by the following young ladies: Miss Katharine Pedrick, Miss Emily Leonard, Miss Mary Winston, Miss Sallie Reed, Miss Rena Webster, Miss Gertrude Nye, Miss Mary Stinson, Miss Sadie Boeh, Miss Bertha Palmer, Miss Louise Swift, Miss Mary Orton, Miss Alice Hamlin, Miss Louise Maguire, Miss Kent Dunlap, Miss Grace Brackett, Miss Abbie Goodloe, Miss Ethel Glover, Miss Mary Walker, Miss Bessie Macky, Miss Alice Libby.

Commencement Concert.

The concert was given on Monday evening by Mr. Peabody, pianist; Mr. Bernhard Listemann and Mr. Fritz Listemann, violinist; and Mr. Fries, cellist, assisted by Miss Gertrude Franklin, soprano. The program was as follows:

SIX SOLOS FROM BEETHOVEN.
QUARTETTE, Op. 133, for piano, violin, viola, and cello.
a. Grave. Allegro, ma non troppo.

b. Andante cantabile.
c. Rondo allegro, ma non troppo.
SIX SOLOS.
"An die ferne Geliebte."

a. Auf dem Hügel.
b. Wo die Berge so thau.
c. Leichte Seiger.
d. Diese Wolken.
e. Es kehret der Maien.
f. Nimm sie hin denn.

TRIO, in B flat, Opus 97, for piano, violin and cello.

a. Allegro moderato.
b. Scherzo, Allegro.
c. Andante cantabile ma poco con moto.
d. Allegro moderato.

Seldom does Beethoven receive so sympathetic and at the same time so technically perfect a rendering. The simplicity, artistic repose and energy with which the Quartette give all compositions, were never more apparent than in this program which requires these qualities pre-eminently. The second movement of the Quartette, the third of the Trio, and Miss Franklin's third song, were especially enjoyed by the audience. Few who listened to this exquisite music suspected the sad circumstances under which some of the artists appeared at the College. Miss Franklin's mother and Mr. Fries' wife were lying seriously ill at the time, and nothing but the great disappointment which their failure would occasion, induced them to come.

To Professor Hill the appreciative thanks of all members of the College are due, for this crowning pleasure to a series of unusually fine musical entertainments arranged by him during the year.

TUESDAY.

Commencement.

The weather, which had been so favorable from the outset of Commencement week, did not fail Wellesley on her greatest academic day of the year. The air was cool and pleasant, and the unusually large number of Alumnae, who had returned for the occasion, devoted the morning to looking up old friends, while the Seniors showed their guests the beauties of Wellesley's "wealth of woods and waters." At eleven o'clock a meeting of the Trustees was held at Stone Hall. At three o'clock the chapel was filled to overflowing with the invited guests, the undergraduates pressing wistfully and all in vain about the doors. Shortly after three the academic procession, led by Dr. N. G. Clark, President of the Trustees, with Miss Shafer, President of the Faculty, and consisting of Trustees, Faculty, Graduates and Alumnae in order of classes, passed up the aisle to the reserved seats on the platform and in the front of the chapel. After the organ prelude, the Fantasia and Cantilene Nuptiale of Dubois, played by Professor Hill, Dr. Clark, the presiding officer of the day, announced that Dr. Robinson of New York would open the exercises by the reading of a psalm from Melancthon's Latin Bible. After the reading of the psalm, prayer was offered by Dr. McFossitt of Cambridge, and Mendelssohn's "Praise to the Lord" was sung by the Beethoven Society, who sat, as usual, on the rear of the platform.

Dr. Clark then introduced Dr. Jacob Gould Schurman, Professor of Philosophy at Cornell University, who gave a thoughtful and inspiring address upon the "Centenary Movement of Thought," passing in swift but masterly review the mental advance of the last one hundred years. The speaker claimed that man is a rational as well as political animal and that the progress of culture, no less than of national life, may be definitely traced. A marked difference exists between the culture of to-day and that of the beginning of our republic. In the sixteenth century culture was determined by classic influences; but the seventeenth century, one of the most memorable known to mankind, saw the downfall of the old Ptolemaic astronomy and with it the theory that man is the center of the creation. This century also witnessed a distinct advance in mathematics and in the experimental sciences, yet notwithstanding this wide extension of knowledge it was still possible for a single mind to grasp it all. But Leibnitz and Kant were the last to achieve this universality of knowledge. Such achievement, however, was still, at the beginning of the present century, the ideal of our American scholars. Thomas Jefferson surveyed, with an air of omniscience, the full field of the sciences, and pronounced them all very good—except metaphysics. Yet the science of metaphysics is but an attempt to focus the scattered rays of human knowledge. The year of the Declaration of Independence was the year, too, which gave to the world Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations," the book which ushered in a new age of democracy, a new age of industry. The world of letters had always been a republic, but now the scientific and industrial spirit entered to enlarge this world. Hence began the specialization of work, the significant feature of our present century. By the co-operation of the various workers, the mind of humanity as a whole gains, but the mind of the individual is perhaps restricted, is certainly in danger of being

To what it works for, like the dyer's hand."

Compare Humboldt, at the beginning of the century, ranging over all the physical sciences, with Asa Gray of our own era, giving his life to the pursuit of one branch of a single science. In view of this necessity for specialization in mature life, students should be on their guard not to specialize too early nor too soon abandon the general courses of study for the particular.

Having thus contrasted the spirit of past culture with present, Dr. Schurman announced that the three divisions of his main theme would be, first, the great scientific generalizations of our century; second, the change of view in historical and philosophical sciences; third, the bearing of the new culture on theology.

Considering the important discoveries of the century in the realm of physical science, the speaker instanced the modern theory of the molecular constitution of matter, the law of the conservation of energy, and the law of evolution. In regard to the constitution of matter, the nineteenth century, said Dr. Schurman, presented the molecular theory as its answer to the old question: "What are things made of?" "Some concrete substance," was the response of antiquity. Then came in, two or three centuries before Christ, the atomistic theory. But modern Chemistry drifts to the idea that matter is continuous, alive, that there is no empty space,—that there is an ether, diffused, with vortices or vortices in it,—that these vortices are the chemical elements or centers of motion, and that the properties of these various elements may be deduced from the various kinds of motion. This theory, as a consequence, may be traced to Aristotle, but the present century is establishing it through experiments leading up to law; chemists have learned to apply mathematics to the elements and thus discern the very architecture of that world of inappreciable reality, which eye hath not seen nor ear heard.

Concerning the Law of the conservation of energy, Professor Schurman said that change was stamped upon the universe so clearly that it was observed by even the primitive man, who originated, as a solution of these continual changes, the mythological interpretation of nature, which has lasted even into our own century. But now the attitude of thought toward nature is widely different. We assign no causes to natural phenomena except well-known physical causes; we believe that the universe is rational, and are certain that there is a mathematical formula, could human wit but find it out, by which the movements of matter could be absolutely determined. In 1843 the law of the conservation of energy was enunciated, to the effect that no force is ever lost, that eternal energy is ever redistributed

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 is 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 blast 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:

"I'll never
Be such a gosling to obey instinct, but stand,
As if a man were author of his act,
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 madman 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 unaffected 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!" were sung by the Beethoven Society, the music having been composed and adapted by Professor Hill.

ODE TO WELLESLEY, ANNA ROBERTSON BROWN, M. A.

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 truth
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 suns 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 more 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.
Oat 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 whitens 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 smoky wine, or swings and folds
The drowsy milgews 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-trod-trampled 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 his light
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-hued 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-encircled, 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 palm.
Their brows are aureoled with calm,
By rainbows they are overspanned,
And there is glory in their land.
On earth they walked with luscious 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 lilies of the heart's desire.
One soul he blessed, and heaven is dear
Because his whiteness shined 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 unconfined Space,
Go, bask in unhorizoned Sun,
Go, part with each quick mate, and pierce
Within thy heart its benison.
Go, smile upon the northern dawn,
Where red auroras flash and run,
Go, touch the ruddy 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 bigness 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 laughter 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-bosomed 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 steel
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, rash 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,
Fall-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, sunlit 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, sunlit 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 Slater upon the following graduates:

MASTER OF ARTS.		
Mary Evelyn Ames (Wellesley, '84), Boston, Mass.	First	Democracy in Rome
Sarah Lillian Huntington (Wellesley, '85), New York, Eng.	Second	The Life of a Study of Aristotle's Poetics and the Art of Poetics of Horace
Kate Darling Miller (Wellesley, '85), Warren, Pa.	Third	The Freedom of Elizabethan Poetry contrasted with the Liberty and Analysis of the Victorian
BACHELOR OF ARTS.		
Mary Estelle Cook, Clark Park, Ill.	Hattie Stone, New York, N. Y.	Chilopods III
Marion Angellie Ely, Chicago, Ill.	Mary Lydie Wheeler, New York, N. Y.	Coronilla, Pa.
Mary Leslie Jones, Newport, N. H.		
BACHELOR OF SCIENCE.		
Carrie Linn Emerson, Canaan, N. H.		
BACHELOR OF ARTS.		
Clara Freshway Barber, Philadelphia, Pa.	Miss Mary Laby, Richmond, Me.	
Mary Taylor Bovey, Lowell, N. Y.	Bessie Bradford Mackay, Middlebury, Vt.	
Phoebe Alfred Boyd, Philadelphia, Pa.	Sarah Louise Maguire, Oyster Bay, N. Y.	
Mary Langdon Brewster, Portsmouth, N. H.	Jessie Ellen Morgan, Ellington, Ill.	
Miss Lucy Child, East Windsor, Vt.	Helena Lucy Sear, Albion, Me.	
Hazel Louise Eastman, New York, N. Y.	Mary Louise Pearson, Fort Bridge, Iowa.	
Mary Adelaide Edwards, Erie, N. Y.	Minnie Rebecca Freeman, Pittsford, Conn.	
Julia Dayton Ferris, East Sagadahoc, Me.	Clara Frances Freeman, Wolcott, Me.	
Carrie Isabel Finch, Millbury, Mass.	Emilie Southern Robinson, Portsmouth, N. H.	
Mary Margaret Fox, Princeton, N. J.	Annie Sawyer, Cambridge, Mass.	
Bernice Marion Fishwick, Ware, Mass.	Deer Ann (S) Gibson, New Hampton, N. H.	
Caroline Rebecca Fletcher, Cambridge, Mass.	Edwina Sherman, Plainfield, N. J.	
Sylvia Foster, Rochester, N. Y.	Mildred Jeanette Smith, Westford, Mass.	
Edwina Adeline MacCollish Crandall, Cambridge, Mass.	Mary Lou Slocum, Cambridge, Mass.	
Plattburgh, N. Y.	Mary Grace Stone, Fort of Barrington, Mass.	
Rebecca Anna Gates, St. Johnsbury, Vt.	Henrietta Taylor Tilly, Westford, Me.	
Louisa Brewster Gentry, Burlington, N. Y.	Esther Charlotte Hays, Middlebury, Me.	
Susan Gertrude Hawkes, New Haven, Conn.	Mary Ellen Traverso, Middlebury, Me.	
Emma Kate Hicks, Longsborough, N. Y.	Mary Abby Walker, Langdon, N. H.	
Harrington Wilder Howe, Hampton, Va.	Josephine Cora Welch, Westford, Me.	
Mary O'Brien Hoyt, Reswick, Iowa.	Wendy Waldron, Fort Coville, N. Y.	
Caroline Alice James, Omaha, Neb.	Caroline Louella Williamson, Boston, Mass.	
Laura Dodge Lillingwell, Montclair, N. J.	Mary Asbury Whitton, Chester, Me.	
Annie Sophia Wessham, Haverhill, Mass.		
BACHELOR OF SCIENCE.		
Mary Banta, Hartford, N. Y.	Clara Winnie Day, Washington, D. C.	
Mary Louise Bean, Northtown, Pa.	Caroline Frances Deibel, Lawrence, Mass.	
Annie Ladd Douglas, Auburn, Me.	Leonia Pomeroy, Los Angeles, Cal.	
Dorothy Ezer Dule, Winchester, Mass.	Constance Sarah Robinson, Wrentham, Minn.	
Caroline Elsie Ely, New York, N. Y.	Mary Emily Sisson, North town, N. Y.	
Louisa Elizabeth Fendley, Southbury, Conn.	Bertha Strickell, Cambridge, Mass.	
Abbie Cora Goodell, Louisville, Ky.	Mary Abby Tilly, Richmond, Va.	
Ella Louisa Hatfield, Hudson, Wisc.	Emma Amelia Keller, Central City, Col.	
Mary Ellen Jones, Hartford, Conn.	Hattie Brockway Wrentham, New London, Ct.	
Leona LeRoy, Cincinnati, Ky.	Charlotte Anna Wrentham, Oxford, Me.	
Clara Bell May, Holliston, Mass.	Susan Rhina Wilcox, Springfield, Ill.	

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 that all-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. '84, 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. Philipps 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 sharers in the loss which comes so heavily to those who stand 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, '84, 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 wherely 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.

Back Numbers of the Courant

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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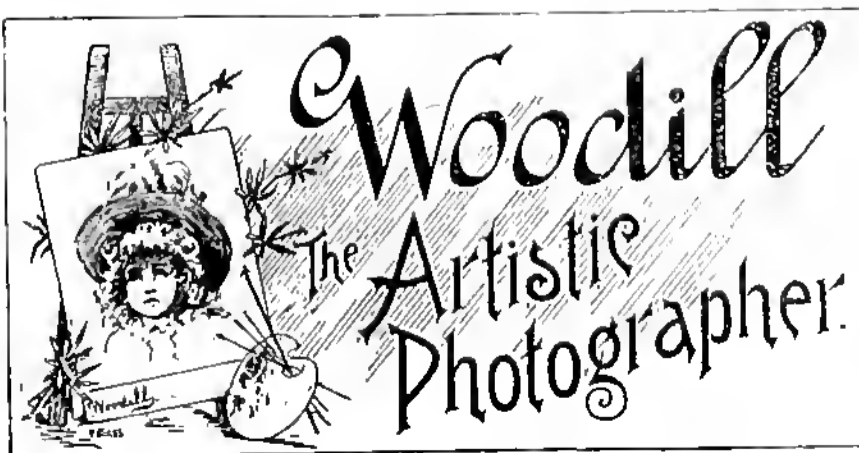
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