THE

RUSH LIGHT

"A Rush Light flickering and small,
Is better than no light at all." ----

--- June 1881 ---

EDITED BY

--- Mabel F. Hardon, ---- Caroline W. Bailey ----

---- Eleanor D. Head. ----

(The above portion of the text is the typewritten edition only.)
The Rushlight
June 1881
Vol. 26, No. 3, mss.

Edited by
Mabel F. Hardon — Caroline W. Bailey
Eleanor D. Head

Contents

The Fairies' Gift (Story) by Julia R. White p. 1
Fire Worshippers (Essay) by Amey A. Potter p. 4
Antigone and Cordelia (Essay) by Mary B. Knight p. 6
"His Wee Bit Ingle Blinkin Bonnily" (Story) by Mary B. Mowry p. 8
Anniversaries (Essay) by Caroline P. Smith p. 11
Our Norton Walks (Essay) by Caroline W. Bailey p. 13
From Prose to Poetry (Essay) by Eleanor D. Head p. 16
Items (Seminary Life and Interests) p. 19
Editorial by Eleanor D. Head p. 27
Index p. 30

(The above pagination refers to the typewritten copies only.)
The Fairies' Gift.

A long dreamy summer afternoon was drawing to its close. The red sun gathered in his last beams from the hills and tree tops, and sank from sight in the depths beyond.

The shadows began to creep out and lengthen as the gathering gloom deepened and shimmered into a bright moonlight.

The faint sounds, in the country fields and lowlands, grew fainter and finally died away as the evening passed into the night; yet the distant city had but just grown peaceful and quiet, when the great clock sent out its mid-night echoes upon the soft air.

Then they floated down the streets, past the city limits over the pastures and penetrated the dense shades of the distant forest. At the sound every flower and moss-cup suddenly quivered and straightened as its petals were thrown open, and a fairy form leaped from each to make one in a glittering train that issued from a dark recess and moved through the aisles of the trees. The beautiful Queen of the fairies, borne in her chariot by a span of fire-flies, led the procession, and the will o' the-wisps flashed their bright rays as they guided the way to the place of council. As they advanced the narrow arch of the trees grew broader, and soon they swept into a lovely glade. The moon shed her clearest light through the loosely twined branches of the overhanging boughs, and bathed the moss-covered rocks and green sward with her silver flood.

Here the fairies rested and held council. At length above the murmur of the many tiny voices arose the clear high pitched
tone of a crooked old dwarf and instantly all other voices were hushed and every face was turned toward his kindly little visage.

Great excitement arose among the little creatures as he proceeded, for he told of deeds of pity and love that were needed from their fairie-lands. And when his words ceased, a troop of bright forms separated themselves from the assembly and started forth on their mid-night work.

Back they flew over the track of the cathedral strokes, and fluttered in through the narrow window of a dark, dingy house. There on a low bed lay a little dying child. The tiny creatures lifted her gently and bore her through the air to their distant companions. But neither had these been idle in the meanwhile, for from far and near they had collected the dewy cobwebs that sparkled in the grass, and with their delicate fingers had draped the green-arched roof and curved walls of the glade with the exquisite tapestry.

The rocks also had been cushioned into couches of crimson satin with the stolen petals of the bright wood flowers; and now the graceful forms flitted back and forth, laying a carpet woven with the slender sprays of maiden-hair ferns. In the centre of this beautiful place, sat the Queen, on a throne of green moss, when the returning subjects entered, bearing their mortal burden.

As the dying form was laid before her, the Queen lifted her wand and instantly every fairy drew near her throne.

Again her wand was waved, and the child's still figure
seemed to receive new life, and the closed eyes opened. "My children" then said the Queen, "Receive your mortal sister, and teach her your games and charms," and as the child sprang up and joined the sprites in their games, the Queen turned to the old dwarf whose words had first been heard in the assembly, and for an hour they held council together.

Meanwhile the new comer was dancing over the moonbeams with her strange acquaintances, and learning wonderful tales about Fairy-land. Just as she was about to be decked with a garment of lily-leaves, she was summoned once more before the throne. There such visions of delight as were set before her! The Queen promised her beauty and wealth and joy if she would forsake the cold, hungry home in the far away tower and live with her in Fairy-land. Tenderly did the Queen speak of the death that was waiting in the low, dark room, and then told gaily of the long, happy life of the fairies. Yet still the child longed for one kiss that would be denied her if she went to the land where death could not enter. Suddenly as she hesitated a faint, low sound was heard, and the tiny creatures gathered close together in terror "Haste" exclaimed the Queen "Decide quickly! Death is approaching." but before the child could answer the sound was heard close at hand, and rising in the air, the Queen waved her wand, and the fairies disappeared, leaving the glade stripped of its gleaming ornaments. And the little child lay dead in the dark, still room.

***************
Five or six centuries before Christ, there lived in ancient Persia, a people who worshipped the Eternal Being through the Sun. I say through the Sun, for although they were known as Fire-worshippers, and although they considered fire sacred because of its close relation to sunlight and heat, the Sun itself as the representation of the Divine Being, was the real object of their worship.

Of these followers of Zoroaster, there probably was not a single one outside the class of priests who could give a clear statement of his creed; and many of the priests even, could assign no reason for their religious belief more valid than "We believe such and such things because Zoroaster said that they are so." We cannot wonder at this ignorance of doctrine, for the Zendaveste, or religious book of these Fire-worshippers, was written in a dialect almost entirely forgotten.

We learn, however, that Zoroaster here teaches, among other things, the existence of a supreme eternal Being, who created light and darkness, and from them all things else. These are now in a state of conflict, and will so continue until the end of all things, when the angel of light will be taken to everlasting happiness, and the angel of darkness to corresponding misery: then peace will prevail. Here we have represented the old, old struggle between the powers of good and the powers of evil; for physical light and darkness to these old Fire-worshippers, were just as truly the fountain-heads of all good and evil, as spiritual light and darkness are to us. Yes, and more
truly; for we look beyond the light and the darkness, to the great Creator, and to the one who brought sin into existence; while these followers of Zoroaster often went no further than the light or the darkness itself. Perhaps in the mind of Zoroaster himself, there was a feeling — undefined it may be, yet still there — that light and darkness were fitting symbols of the conflicting powers of moral purity and wickedness; for the warfare was waging then, no less terrible than now.

Besides these doctrines, the Zendavesta enjoins, as essential parts of religion, various rites and ceremonies; as set prayers, ablutions, giving of tithes, and the maintenance of sacred fires.

Let us station ourselves at the base of this mountain just outside the gates of Susa, and watch the people as they perform their morning worship.

At the first hint of daybreak, every house-door in the city is swung wide open, and forth issues the family. From the white-haired grandsire down to the tiny babe in its mother's arms, no one, unless positively ill or infirm, remains behind. Passing us, the assembly of worshippers climbs quite to the summit of the mountain, and as they reach it, turns directly towards the east, and bows three times to the ground, waiting in reverence and awe for the coming of the God of Day. Suddenly music greets our ears. The worshippers are offering their morning sacrifice of song. At first low but clear, the voices rise to a wild but exulting strain, as the sun bursts forth in full glory above the horizon. Then falling prostrate to the earth, the people
murmur something quite unintelligible to us, and their worship is for the time concluded. Concluded for the time but only for that; for during the course of the day every person must offer to his deity at least sixteen prayers.

There is something inexpressibly beautiful in the reverence of these Fire-worshippers for their god: in the humble devotion with which they greet the rising sun — the sun, which to them is verily the source of all good.

What if the Sun of Righteousness were looked for as earnestly and greeted as devotedly in our hearts! Could it fail to increase the power of that Sun to impart strength and warmth and beauty to the lives of His followers?

Antigone and Cordelia.

Among all the old Greek Tragedists Sophocles has given us the loveliest conception of female beauty and power. The immortal Antigone will reveal to all ages his ideal of woman. She does him all the more honor, because we know that, both at the time of which he wrote and during his own life women were treated as brainless, purposeless, powerless creatures, of whom their husbands were ashamed and kept in the seclusion of their own homes. Antigone's story is familiar to all, her character is of the highest rank among the dramatic heroines. Many criticize the OEdipus for the severity of its tone and think it unnatural that a young girl should be willing to sacrifice her own life,
that she might give her brothers body the rights of burial.
When we consider the customs and superstitions of the age in
which she lived we do not think it unnatural, because she
believed that until the ceremonies were performed her brothers
soul was wandering a mournful ghost in the gloom of Hades and
would be compelled to thus wander through eternity. All the
praise my poor pen would write would make her no more immortal
than she is already. Referring to Shakespeare's Cordelia
Schlegel has said, "Of the heavenly beauty of the soul of Cor-
delia I will not venture to speak" and it seems presumption in
a mere school-girl to attempt to write anything about her; but
it is of her that Antigone most strongly reminds us. Cordelia's
love like that of Antigone can not be measured by the lips alone,
her "love is more richer than her tongue" A great deal has been
written about all the characters in "King Lear" but I have
never seen anything written about the King of France. Isn't he
worthy of notice? What suitor of these modern times would have
said like him when he found Cordelia dowerless "She is herself
a dowry" Fairest Cordelia that art most rich, being poor; most
choice, forsaken; and most lov'd, despised" How many of them
like Burgundy would have turned from her! What husband of these
days would give his wife control over his kingdom and army that
she might aid her father? How much better can any famous writer
describe Cordelia's character than Shakespeare has in those few
lines which describe her as reading the letter telling her of
her father's misery and her sister's cruelty.
"And now and then an ample
torn stole down. Her delicate cheek
It seemed she was a queen
Over her passions; who, most rebel-like
Sought to be king over her."

"Then away she started to deal with grief alone"
The end of this tragedy as given by the historians bestows earthly reward and happiness on the sufferers. How much more harmonious if we may call it so, is Lear's agony of Cordelia's death. "Howl, howl howl! O! you are men of stones."

"Vex not his ghost; O let him pass! he hates him, that would upon the rack of this tough world stretch him out longer."

**************

"His Wee Bit Ingle Blinkin Bonnily."

How quickly these words bring to mind bonny Scotland, with its many banks and braes, but above all the little mud cabin in which Burns first sang those songs, whose sweetness lingers in every home.

In imagination let us take a short trip to the highlands of Scotland, and there visit a home similar to that one in which Burns was born. The home is that of a poor cotter who is obliged to toil for his daily bread.

Before we introduce ourselves to the family who are waiting for the father's return, we will go to his field of labor, and thence accompany him along his solitary way.
The declining sun of an Autumn day is fast fading out of sight, when the ploughman, for such he is, leaves his plough, and gathering up his tools, shoulders his hoe and spade, and starts homeward.

He wearily plods over the bleak moor, while the cold November winds blow chill around him. But soon we see him quickening his steps, his face becomes more and more animated, and he begins to hum a very happy little tune. Why is this sudden change? It is because he has nearly reached home, and the little thatched cottage with its low roof and narrow window-panes has at last come in sight. As he passes through the gate, and up the gravel walk, he catches a glimpse of the sparkling fire-blinkin' so bonnily on the hearth-stone, and his gude wife as she sits near by it in her large arm chair, who wishing to make the best use of her spare moments, is busying herself with some knitting, which she is shaping into nice warm hose for her little lads.

Not far away is the old house cat who monopolizes a warm corner by the fire, and is quietly watching the movements of a young girl, who is flitting to and fro preparing the evening meal.

Three or four little lads and lasses have gathered together in a distant part of the room and seem to be very much absorbed in working out a new puzzle. At this very cheerful picture presented to the cotter, his heart is filled anew with love and gratitude. He does not wish to exchange his cot for a palace, neither does he aspire to honor and riches, for though his home
happens to be poor, and lowly, still, it is blessed with loving and honest hearts, and what more could he wish? As he lifts the latch of the door and enters, he is quickly embraced by the little ones, who welcome their father's return with much tumult and joy.

The reason for this is — that he has long promised them a story, and this being Saturday night, and his weekly toil all at an end, this is the evening decided upon for the fulfillment of the promise! After having eaten their supper of bread and butter, porridge and cheese, they all gather at the ingle side eager for the tale. When they are all seated in their places, the father pushes up his spectacles, thus withdrawing his eyes from the things about him, and the better recalling to his mental vision, the days when Wallace fought so bravely for his country; — the hero whose name was dear to so many of his country-men. — Wallace, then was the subject of his story, and very interesting it was too, for the old clock in the corner struck the hour of nine, just as he finished telling them of the cruel death which Wallace suffered.

It is now the hour for their evening devotions, and as they once more gather about the "ingle", which is still bright, it is with a quiet and sober mien.

The old Bible is taken down from its accustomed place on the shelf, the favorite chapter is read, and then all kneeling, they offer their supplications to their Heavenly Father, then rising from their knees, they unite their voices in singing a psalm of praise. The good-nights are spoken, the little ones
are soon tucked carefully away in their beds, and quiet reigns throughout the whole house. In this home we find their "Contentment is their best having."

Such modest homes as this which we have visited in fancy have given to Scotland her sturdy independence and her influence in the world's history.

Is Young America to be taught that the constituents of an Independence Day are processions and torpedoes? Is this noisy, trouble-making show, involving as it does a vast expense yearly were the day not apart for Thanksgiving, a compensating stimulus to patriotism? Anniversaries.

Cui Bono?
The very sound of the words "July 4th" suggests processions, pyrotechnic, displays, dust, accidents and other weariness. How many who enter with such vigor into the celebration of the "Glorious Fourth" know why it is glorious? The children think only of the processions and the fire works. They hail the day with joy and save their pennies from summer to summer to spend for toys which make this day above all other days to them. The older people think of it with horror, and wish that it might be struck out of the calendar. There are some, indeed, whose love of country brings into their hearts a certain gratitude to the God who has given peace and prosperity to the nation. I doubt if there have been more than fifteen anniversaries of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. Now we celebrate the anniversary of the last anniversary, trying to make each, more magnificent than the last. There are speeches and sermons regularly every year when the occasion comes around — because
it is customary. In 1876, the whole world lent its aid to make
the 4th more glorious than it had ever been before. Today, when
the "Centennial" is mentioned, is it the picture of the brave
men who prayed for "Liberty or death" that comes to our minds
or is it a picture of the unrivaled display of the world's
industries?

Is Young America to be taught that the constituents of
an Independence day are fire-crackers and torpedoes? If this
noisy, trouble-making show, involving as it is does a vast
expense yearly were done away with and the day set apart for
Thanksgiving, our country might thereby receive a new stimulus
in its work. It is especially necessary that Young Americans
should know and appreciate the benefits derived from that noble
act of our ancestors. They should be made to feel how great is
their responsibility and how necessary the preparation in order
to fulfil it. It is for them to make, or at least to advance it
far, that glorious nation of which our fathers dreamed and for
which they died.

This ignorance or forgetfulness, which ever it may be, in
regard to the origin of anniversaries is not confined to the
Fourth of July. The New England Thanksgiving is fast going out
of fashion. Even Christmas is losing its sanctity. It has become
a time for gifts and remembrances, a time for merriment and
feasting. There is room for Christ only in the churches, and
in those humble hearts that make every day a Christmas — that
every hour celebrate the birth of their Lord and Saviour. If
some of the days which are given up to the celebration of past
achievements were devoted to new ones there would be a wonder­
ful advancement in the growth and prosperity of our nation. And
it is better that they should all be given up than that they
should have a new and deteriorated signification.

***************

Our Norton Walks.

One bright September morning the sun mischievously woke us as
he was rising, and tempted us out of doors to take an early
walk. The posts and fences were still damp from the night dews,
and the concrete walks showed many shades of gray. The little
blades of grass bent beneath our tread and each shook a diamond
before us as we crossed the lawn. The pine trees waved their
sturdy branches at us, and the wind softly whispered a greeting
through the fires and maples as they swayed gracefully in the
morning wind. Around the store were a few early risers, the
shutters were thrown back, and the doors were open, but the
interior looked damp and gloomy. About the hotel were no signs
of life except a tree toad who croaked in the branches of the elm
before the door.

Sprightly crows and sedate biddies were marching back and
forth in front of the first house we passed, perhaps searching
for a breakfast, but certainly having the appearance of a night­
guard not yet off duty.

As we walk slowly along this country street under the lo­
cust, walnut and chestnut trees, the single road separates into
two in the distance, and a wide prospect opens before us. On one side of us are two rustic gates and a dim path through a grove of wide spreading pine and apple trees, invite the romantic to linger and the curious to penetrate the gloom. Two magnificent oaks acknowledge our presence as we pass with a stately bow; golden-rod and blackberry vines make natural bouquets on each side and just above them mossy stone walls covered with wild shrubbery separate the fields from the road. In front of us where the roads separate is a group of pine and maple trees, over which clambers a wild grape vine embracing with its tendrils the little trees and so shading the ground beneath, that it has become an instrument of destruction and all the shaded parts are dead. One winding road is deserted; only the sun beams glimmering through the trees relieve its solitude. but the long, brown wheel-tracked path is inviting for the birds are carolling in the treetops, the crickets are singing in the grass and even the little baby toads are out taking a breath of the morning air. As we take our way down the left-hand road, just ahead a little squirrel runs across from the fields to the woods and we hear the rustle of the branches and catch a glimpse of him as he scurries out of harm's way. The trees form a magnificent arch as they meet over our heads and the golden sunlight shimmers through the glistening pine needles and russet walnut leaves. The grape vine still creeps beside us along the wall, ferns growing over and among the rocks bend gracefully to salute us; the birds of the woods and those of the barnyard exchange greetings. The poison ivy waves beautiful beckoning hands to
the incautious passer by. A tall decaying nut tree and a handsome maple stand side by side with a miniture pine growing between them. The vine springing up from their roots then running over the wall, and along the nut tree might form a graceful canopy for the fairy folk at night. A cow bell behind reminds us that we are on a public road and a gray haired farmer with his trousers tucked into his boots and birch stick in hand passes us, driving cows to pasture. Along the road a little farther, we stop to take a view of the situation. Looking over across the green fields and dark pine woods the shaded green is relieved only by a single fire-red maple. A large farm house is in the foreground; the barnyard filled with old wagons and cart bodies around which are gathered cackling hens, crowing cocks and cooing doves, and a view of the heads of several oxen under the well-filled hay-mow of the barn give life and animation to the scene. But above all rises in the distance, with its soft browns harmonizing with the beautiful greens the cupola of Seminary tower and invites us back to its portals. As we retrace our steps, we find signs of life in the sleepy houses and the birds as well as the busy housekeepers in the cottages are getting breakfast for the little ones.

***************
That mathematics lie at the base of all beauty seems at first to many of us to be a statement of utter falseness; the word mathematics means to us nothing but numbers, signs, and lines; we surely find no beauty in partial payments, or in equations of four unknown quantities. What beauty is there in a square bisected by several straight lines, or even in a circle though it has been confidently said; "The curved line is the line of beauty."? In a problem placed on a blackboard for demonstration or explanation, surely there is nothing to charm us. We hear them explained, study, work and explain them in our turn, and leave them without a thought that we have left behind us, beauty, hidden in some angle or Algebraic formula. Those who make mathematics their life-long study doubtless find beauty, but many of us discover nothing but dry, hard work, and only long for the time to come when we shall have finished our mathematical educations. In reducing Algebraic equations, do you see how each step leads to another until your example is completed? If at the foundation there was one flaw, though ever so slight, your answer is wrong; you must find the flaw, correct, and work to the end, once more, before your solution is perfect. In Arithmetic, Algebra, or Geometry, each part has its own place, change that place, and your example in Arithmetic or Algebra or your Geometrical figure is wrong.

We, living in the 19th Century, should surely see something of the beauty, in mathematics, which Pythagoras saw twenty-four centuries ago. Study the branches of the trees after the
leaves have fallen to see how each angle is in proportion to the succeeding angle and how all these innumerable and even infinitesimal angles form one perfect and beautiful branching tree; in winter we find beauty in the bare and naked branches, for then we study their perfect proportion and symmetry. Architecture claims mathematics as the high priest of all her mysteries. The foundation of a building is laid out by precise calculations and the rest of the structure, shaped with line and plummet, squared and continually measured, must be exactly proportioned to the foundation before it stands a masterpiece of architecture; but if all mathematical thought had been thrown aside should we still find the cathedral or the palace such a marvel of beauty? Would a painting be so beautiful to us if it had not perfect symmetry? What would that piece of Sculpture be if the sculptor's chisel had slipped, or if one hand was larger than the other? Should we wish to study it if all its proportions were not in harmony? Not only do we trace this mathematical beauty in human works but in those that are divine. Turn to the human body, the most wonderful of all structures, see how every organ fills the place for which it was intended, how by proportionate up building of parts the whole is perfected. Suppose all order to have been left out, our bodies constructed at random, would there be any beauty in such chaos? Horace in his Ars Poetica paints to us in telling words the simple absurdity of a painting without perfect proportions and like parts. He depicts the incongruity of a beautiful head placed on a horse's neck combined with other members of a body clothed with feathers.
So he shows to us the same necessity of perfect unity in all literary work. He points out the need of law in the arrangement of our thoughts and words. And we find that the most beautiful Poems and Essays must be governed by our stern mathematical principles. Mathematics not only allows us to work with most infinitesimal quantities and to attain exactness in the most minute calculations but it enables us to grasp extents of space and time so great as to be absolutely inconceivable. We would know but little of the vast heaven above us and its many systems, did not Mathematics span the fathomless heights and help us to find God's perfect system working everywhere.

In all nature we find the one and many, the odd and even, straight and curved lines, the finite and the Infinite; all of these standing in their right places and true proportions, make our world so beautiful and we say with the old Greek philosopher; "Number and order are the essence or first principle of all things."

***************
The Greek play which has been performed at Sander's theatre, Cambridge, has not failed to interest Wheatonians. We listened with pleasure to the account Miss Clifford read to us of the excellent acting of all the performers and the rhythmic action of the chorus; and we looked with a feeling of respect on the photographs of OEdipus and Tiresias. We have almost envied two of our teachers, who were present, their opportunities of seeing the beautiful costumes, of listening to the musical though rather peculiar pronunciation of the Greek, and their delight in hearing the music composed by Prof. Payne, especially for the occasion. We can only quote the newspapers in saying that we congratulate Harvard on the success of the great undertaking.

During this term, the Revised Version of the New Testament, the result of ten or eleven years study by the finest scholars in both Continents, has been given to the world. Upon looking at the new version perhaps the greatest change appears on the lack of division into chapter and verse. Upon closer examination we notice a change in the form of many verbs, and also see that great care has been taken in regard to the place of the pronoun. There are many small changes, which though sometimes making the English less pleasant to the ear, yet have rendered the meaning much clearer. In other cases the alteration has produced a much more pleasing effect in every way. The book as a whole, has
suffered no change, but for the better. Although some of our most prominent men have declared against it, yet we cannot help liking it, and we accept with gratitude this step of advancement in our knowledge of the truth.

The only fact or beauty — or fact and beauty, for it was both, which we have this term gathered with our "celestial drag-net" — was the lunar eclipse of June twelfth. A large number of the Astronomy classes of '80 and '61 accompanied our Astronomical pilot to the observatory at the dread hour of midnight. The first appearance of the shadow on the face of the moon was eagerly awaited. Slowly and steadily the shadow crept across the lunar disc. Everywhere, where at least the eclipse had reached its totality, the light had a dusky appearance and the color of the moon itself was bronze. Everything looked ghastly and would have been unbearable had not the silence been broken by the voices of the midnight marauders, who found it gay fun to break into their routine with this adventure.

It has been our pleasure this term to listen to two lectures upon the subject of Acoustics, by Prof. C. R. Cross of the Institute of Technology, in Boston. He treats the subject after the manner of Helmholtz, his experiments being even more scientific than those of Prof. Tyndale. The first lecture treated of Acoustics in general, the second was devoted almost entirely to
the human voice. In the first lecture the subject was considered under two general heads - internal impression and external action - then the different methods of producing sound by vibration in the air were illustrated analytically and synthetically. Prof. Crosse then defined the three leading characteristics of sound - Intensity, due to the amplitude of vibration; Pitch, to the number of vibrations; and Quality, proving in regard to the former that it is characteristic of non-musical as well as musical sounds. A non-musical sound was defined as a sound in which the overtones were dissonant. The subject of co-vibration which lies at the bottom of resonance was finely illustrated in the second lecture by means of the two German tuning-forks, which were pitched exactly alike. Prof. Crosse then took up the subject of the human voice, explaining the mechanism of the vocal chords, and the manner in which they worked, illustrating by means of an artificial glottis. He showed how the mouth cavity acted as a resonance box, and how changes in the aperture affected the pitch. The resonators of Helmholtz by which sounds have been analyzed were explained, and by means of them the building up of tones was illustrated in an original and interesting experiment. With this subject the lecture closed, much to the regret of all present, and especially of those interested in the subject of Acoustics.

Through the untiring efforts of Miss Mabel Hardon we had the pleasure of listening to a fine concert given in Seminary Hall
on the evening of June first. Mr. Sumner, a Boston artist, presided at the piano, while Miss Pearson rendered two or three beautiful songs and was heartily encored. Miss Conant, a young violinist, showed a very superior musical talent. A male quartette from Mansfield received a hearty welcome, and their songs contributed greatly to the success of the entertainment. The evening was supplemented by a social gathering in the parlor.

The "miserable Arab" is a being often heard of even within our own walls, and the opportunity which some of us had of seeing a party of real Palestine Arabs in Mansfield, under the charge of Prof. Rosedale, has been a source of great delight. Among the many interests of the exhibition, these were perhaps the most striking — the methods of greeting among the natives, the marriage negotiations, including the eating together and the tell-tale cup of coffee, the strange music, the graceful Arab dance, some of the religious ceremonies of the Mohammedans, including the whirling dervish, and best of all the marvelous sword dance executed with wonderful skill and grace by one of the company. The entertainment, instructive as well as amusing, was well worth seeing.

Alas! the festive bang has fled! No more shall be seen as in the happy days gone by, shading the expansive brows of the members of the class of "81". Popular opinion, expressed through
the medium of a well-known citizen, has left us bereaved, and
robbed us of the sole remaining relic of our girlhood.

Senior Middle Class.

Hy - o - was surely!
Strange the class should put their
trust in a Towne instead of a city -
Not La-di-da but Lida.
Sorry they have to label the only White
one in the class.
With one at least it is always Knight.

It is said that the class of '61 is conceited.
If this is true, it is not to be wondered at since we have
been flattered with so much attention.
The delightful evening at Mrs. Wheaton's; the hours spent with
Dr. Blake, sight-seeing in Europe, ending in a never to be for­
gotten ride; the afternoon made happy by our kind friend Mr.
Gregory; the tea party which it is unnecessary to qualify with
epithets; these have added much to the pleasure of our last days.

On Wednesday eve, May 25th, we were favored with the representa­
tion of Longfellow's, Masque of Pandora, by Miss Clifford's
pupils in elocution, the private pupils taking the principal
parts, while the choruses of the waters, winds and forests were rendered by the other pupils. The silence of the room attested the interest felt by the audience throughout the whole evening.

On the evening of June 24th Rev. Mr. Burnham, of Fall River, delivered the Baccalaureate sermon, before the class of '81 in Seminary Hall. An unusually large audience assembled. At the centre of the platform a large bank of ferns furnished a background, for the figures "'81" formed of daisies. Other floral trimmings otherwise adorned the room. After the speaker and the larger part of the hearers were seated, the senior class, numbering ten, entered and seated themselves at the left of the broad aisle.

The sermon was full of Christian counsel, and the address to the class, which marked its close, was earnest and soul stirring, inspiring each member with new courage in taking up the life work which lies before her.

The first missionary meeting of this school year was held in Oct. The question arose as to whether this society should be an auxiliary of the Woman's Board, or entirely independent. The decision was made in favor of the latter plan, and that the society should bear the name of Wheaton Seminary Society. Regular meetings have been held the first Sunday of every month, the services consisting of readings by the young ladies of...
letters, reports, and missionary items.

The farewell meeting given to Miss Susan P. Blake who sailed in March for Sivas, Turkey, was a real inspiration to missionary work. In Dec. we sent $6.00 to the Consumptive's Home to furnish useful articles for the "Chamber of Peace" a room which is specially under the supervision of the Seminary. On the 22nd of Feb. we held a fair to raise money for missionary purposes. Owing to the great kindness and liberality of friends outside, we were able to take $200.00. The first Friday in March Mrs. Gulick gave us a pleasant account of her work in Spain. We were glad to give her $125.00 the first contribution she had received for a young ladies boarding school in San Sebastian. To Mrs. Snow, a missionary to Micronesia who was here in March, we gave $45.00. This term we have sent $45.00 to the Indian school at Hampton, to furnish a room. Last Sunday $25.00 was voted to make Miss Susie Aikin a life member of the Woman's Board, and $24.00 for the Library. $20.00 was appropriated for a sailor's Library, at Hampton, making a total for the year of $327.38.

Dr. N. G. Clarke sent the class of '31 a motto for their life after leaving school. We recognized it as his favorite text. "Looking unto Jesus the author and Perfecter of our faith."

During the quiet evening study hour of April 20th we were all much surprised and saddened to hear of the death of Mr. Rogerson
Treas. of the board of Trustees,

First it could hardly be believed, as some of us had seen and talked to him during the day.

He was a sincere and valuable friend to all connected with our Seminary, and had labored earnestly for the welfare of the school. For twenty years he had its interests at heart.

All who looked on his face that beautiful April day, when he was carried out from his home, felt that a good and true man had gone to his rest, and that it was fitting that such a life should have ended so peacefully.

We are sorry to report through these pages, the death of two members of Wheaton Alumnae. One of these, Miss Helen Phillips of the class of '62, died last winter of a peculiar form of insanity. She was the valedictorian of her class, and was highly esteemed by its members. Mrs. Florence Weld Ollis of the class of '72 died in Bloomington, Illinois of consumption. She left one little girl to fight life's hard battle without a mother's care.

******************
Long ago three travellers crossing the sea of Reggio, were horrified at seeing suddenly appear directly in their boat's path, huge boulders and ledges of rocks. They did not doubt but that their boat would be ground to pieces the next moment upon the ledge. As they stood motionless — waiting — instead of the expected crash to their amazement their boat sailed directly through the danger. Fata Morgana was supposed to produce this weird phenomenon, a fairy, who inhabited a splendid residence at the bottom of the ocean. One day the sight was so strange, that the sailors and fishermen all crowded down to the beach, and stood gazing upon it, in mute wonder. At length they began to recognize several of the places they were accustomed to visit, the French fishing boats were seen at anchor, and they found to their surprise, that it was their own homes, and the surrounding neighborhood, which had caused them so much terror. How often children at night approach with fear and trembling some dark object looming up before them, only to find the cause of their fright, is but a shadow or at most a stone or some other familiar object? Superstitious people gaze with horror at the sight of a moon's eclipse, or a beautiful comet sweeping through the air, among myriads of stars. They imagine their destruction is certain, but soon the eclipse is over — the comet glides peacefully by, and all is well. Not many years ago certain of us stood at the doors of Wheaton waiting anxiously for them to open and let us in. What conflicting anticipations rent our minds, what did we not imagine a
boarding school to be – from a place of torment to a fairy land. Our first trying ordeal was supper. What misery is connected with the first supper, only a new scholar can know. The girls seemed like some before unknown beings composed entirely of eyes, Passing over the many hours of trial and tears, over Latin "exceptions to the general rule", over the horrors of fractions, over our fear of teachers, and dread of being summoned to the office, terrors, which vanished away like a mist before the sun, as we came to them, we find ourselves arrived at the responsibilities, and dignity of the Senior Middle Class. This introduction into a new world was attended by its terrors, at first consisting in an invitation into the mysteries of Clytie society. Various imposing ceremonials were here endured terrifying to the stoutest heart, which out of consideration for future Clyties, I will not enumerate, but will simply warn them to be entirely submissive. Our Senior Middle year was one of experiment, and although we were an extremely enthusiastic class, yet we often came with fear and trembling to our experiments in chemistry and philosophy, which in our ignorance we imagined to be extremely dangerous. We even supposed we were hazarding the safety of our laboratory. How ever the most alarming result was the demolishing of certain flasks etc. in which the chemicals as soon as they were united, proclaimed their independence, scattering the fragments far and wide across the room. We were in despair at the very suggestion of the Atomic theory, steam engine and the rainbow, but found after a time that only a little "conservation of energies" was needed, to be able to comprehend each of these subjects. Like
the long night vigils, and severe ordeals endured by the candidates for knighthood, in olden times, was the trial to which we were subjected before we were allowed to enter Psyche. A watchful vigilance committee took care that we ate oatmeal at breakfast, wore white aprons, and carried umbrellas wherever we went. That initiation being yet fresh in my mind, I "dare not speak of it," but will simply advise those of future classes who aspire to that honor of being members of Psyche, "to fast" a few days as a necessary preparation. Now at last we arrived at the dignity of seniority. Astronomy, Civilization and Butler's analogy, were the lions in our way. Yet we have found as we drew near the end of our course that all these fearful bug bears, are like Archimago, in Fairy Queen, who as occasion demands, approaches, in the guise of a weary hermit, or a dashing knight. Yet he was the same though in different forms, and so have we found concerning our fears, that they are "imaginary presumptions arising from early and lasting prejudices," and having sailed fearlessly onward, our little fleet finds itself unharmed just ready to cast anchor in the harbor. When Bunyan's Christian in his journey towards the Celestial city reaches the lions which stood terrifyingly in his path, he found their mouths were shut, and thus shall we find that the dangers which seem to threaten us, in the unknown life opening before us, will also disappear, and if we keep steadily onward, unswerving, we shall reach the realization of our hopes — "The Hightest Point."
Index.

| The Fairies' Gift               | Julia R. White. |
| Fire Worshipers                | Amey A. Potter. |
| Antigone and Cordelia          | Mary B. Knight. |
| "His Wee Bit Ingle Blinkin Bonnily" | Mary B. Mowry. |
| Anniversaries                  | Caroline P. Smith. |
| Our Norton Walks               | Caroline W. Bailey. |
| From Prose to Poetry           | Eleanor D. Head. |

Items.

| Greek Play                  | Revision of New Testament |
| Scientific                  | Entertainments             |
| Senior and Senior Middle Classes |                         |
| Missionary Work             | Obituaries.               |

Editorial: Mabel F. Hardon.

(The page references above refer to the original manuscripts.)