

Correspondence.

New England Letters.

WELLESLEY, MASS.,
Sept 25, 1882.

Dear Friends at Home:

The opening week at Wellesley College for 1882 is a thing of the past, and now with door and transom closed to shut out the after-dinner noise, I draw my table near the open window, that when I look up from my message to you my eyes may rest upon the beautiful lake, glimmering through the open grove of young oaks upon the slope that reaches to the water's edge. It has been raining almost constantly for a week or more and is cloudy still to-day which has made the walk to the college unpleasant enough, but it has freshened the grass and foliage till it looks like June rather than the last of September. I take it for granted that you have some interest in hearing how 475 dear girls anywhere between twenty and forty years old were settled in their individual college rooms with their trunks, bundles and etceteras. For three or four days they were coming on almost every train by ones and twos and barge-loads, morning, noon and night, and as every one had to speak with the President you may know there was some confusion and impatience. They say about three-fourths are New Englanders, most of the others from the south and west, with a few from foreign countries, one from Japan, one from Siam, one from the Sandwich Islands, two from Chili, and five from Oregon, which might as well be designated foreign. There are a very few esthetic ones, like you see caricatured in the magazines exactly, but as everyone dresses just as she pleases no notice is taken of nondescript costume, though I did hear one lady remark "Where do you suppose some of these girls get their horrid clothes." The college itself was made beautiful as fairyland to receive the students, and presented a far different appearance than when I first entered it. Fresh flowers decorated the court, the pictures were uncovered, the statues unshrouded, the floors oiled with carpet stretched through the center of the halls, the officials in lovely dresses were hurrying hither and thither, and there was a stir even in the air that made one's blood rush faster in the veins. The first Sunday was flower

Sunday, and the text, as the founder of the college requested should always be on the first Sunday in the session was "God is Love." The sermon was delivered by a Rev. Mr. D'Ogee of Ann Arbor. The music seemed somewhat one sided to me as the organ had to supply all the bass for so many feminine voices, but as it is the same every morning I do not notice it now. We are expected to be in our places for service Sunday morning or have an excuse for our absence from the doctor, so it is about as easy to go to church as to go through all the red tape of being excused. Miss Freeman's morning prayers in chapel are beautiful, she is the President, as I suppose you know, and if you could be near her you would not wonder at the adoration given her, for she is sweet and womanly as well as shrewd and wise. The regular classes were set to work first and the specials are hardly in the harness yet, some are becoming disaffected and say they would like to leave, but by the end of another week everything may be moving smoothly. I shall wait a little longer before I detail to you any of the disagreeable or comical features of Wellesley, for it suits itself to any and every mood of the mind, and I do not want you to believe from my letters that this is a student's paradise without any trials or discomfitures. One very nice arrangement, however, is that every girl in college is obliged to be in her division of the Bible class every Tuesday and Friday at 2:5 P. M. The recitation lasts one period of fifty minutes. The teachers special, about seventy, I think, are all in one class, and have begun the year's lessons with the departure of Israel from Mt. Sinai. Having been used to my own books and doing what I pleased with them for so long it seems impossible to fall in with library ways and get a clear understanding of the books and their places. The catalogueing has been going on all summer, and part of the books are still in a transitory state, so that neither teachers nor old students can always find what they want. The arranging will soon be completed and the books more easily found, but when found they may be in some one else's hands and the hour be lost. If one wishes to be comfortable concerning the books she wishes, she should have the book-case in her own room filled with books on the studies she means to pursue. One can come

without and manage pretty well as some do, but it is well to have a few reference books at any rate.

There goes the bell, do you know, at least I do very well, that everytime it rings I have to put my head out of my door and ask the Nebraska girl, who lives next door but one from me on the opposite side of the corridor, and whose domestic work it is to ring the bell, What is that bell for? There are so many bells and they are changed so often, that I get the rising bell, the silent bells, the study bells, the double breakfast bells, the bells to go to the college, and the prayer meeting bells, all mixed up. We are expected to be in our own rooms alone twenty minutes morning and evening, which will explain the silent bells, if you could hear the racket sometimes, you would appreciate the quiet that all at once falls over Stone Hall and its one hundred inmates. If it had been silent time all the while I have been trying to write you this letter, as it is now, I could, perhaps, have entertained you better, and put in one letter more of the thousand things I should like to say which must be left unsaid.

I shall want to tell you of our domestic life in Stone Hall one of these days; it is a mingling of home and hotel life which is both pleasant and unpleasant, and as new to me as the unique household at Norton.

There have been fall dress receptions given by the Sophomores to the new students, a microscopical exhibition, which was said to be fine.

John B. Gough lectures to-morrow night and Lyman Abbott preaches next Sunday; so what we don't learn in one way we may in another.

MARY STUMP.

From Bro. T. F. Campbell.

LIBERTY, Mo, Sept. 27, 1882.

Evidences of temporal prosperity are everywhere around me. The graneries are full from an exuberant and harvest; live stock is abundant and commanding what seems to me exorbitant prices; health is good, no epidemic, plague or pestilence felt or feared. Never were any people more highly favored nor under more pleasant and imperative obligations to recognize and honor the Bountiful Giver than are these of the Western States. Opening markets and improving facilities for

transportation are keeping pace with their increasing acreage and enlarged productions from better methods of husbandry. It is pleasant to note the changes wrought in the past score of years, all tending to minister to the physical man; nor are there wanting evidences of progress in matters pertaining to the intellectual and the spiritual. I notice better school-houses, more substantial church edifices, and more teachers and preachers to occupy them than were here twenty years ago. Altogether the outlook is hopeful and the prospect encouraging.

I did not succeed last week in securing a hall in Kansas City in which to deliver lectures. I came to this place Saturday evening; and by the courtesy of my old friend and brother, A. B. Jones, with whom, in former days, I participated in many good meetings, I preached morning and evening to his congregation. I am now engaged in a series of lectures here. Their building is to undergo repairs costing \$4,000, which repairs are to be undertaken in a few days, so the only chance to get a hearing at this place was to commence immediately under circumstances most unfavorable. Nevertheless, I have had good hearings thus far. I shall close my lectures here this evening and return to the city, where I shall make another effort to have a hearing. With what success remains to be seen. The fair is now in progress there, and the public mind is concentrated on it. How to turn a penny for gain, or spend it for amusement, is the dominant thought with every one. I am already growing weary of this nomadic life and sighing for "Home, sweet home" Love to all the brethren

Yours in Christ,
T. F. CAMPBELL.

California Letter.

DOWNEY CITY, CAL.,

Sept. 29, 1882.

Bro. Stanley:

I sent you a letter describing our meeting, and telling what was done. The Evangelizing Committee met once, but deferred formal organization till next monthly meeting. Efforts are being made to raise funds, and at our next meeting we may be able to speak more confidently.

I have no word from the Tent Committee, and think the Tract Committee are trying to decide