

Correspondence.

New England Letters.

NUMBER VI.

STONE HALL, Oct. 2, 1882.

Dear Friends at Home:

September is gone, and I am not sorry, for it has been a dismal and very unusual month for the time of year; there have been few clear days; but this morning the sun came out gloriously, shedding a new luster over Stone Hall turrets and the floating lilies upon the surface of lake Waban. A happy chance has made me the possessor of some blue fringed gentians, which lie at this moment among the folds of lace at my throat. Miss Comans, the teacher who presides at our table, found them in her ramble yesterday, and was so kind as to divide with me. Thus one by one the little pleasures I hoped for in New England come to me; and you can scarcely realize how much these little things mean, for along with the golden-red and sweet fern, the blue gentian has always lured me on, till I have met them on their native, rocky soil. The gentian is rare in this neighborhood and very shy in its haunts so finding even a few flowers is something to be proud of.

Yesterday afternoon we had our third freshman literature lecture on Sir Walter Scott. It was the story of the latter part of Scott's life told in a charming way by a beautiful woman, with extracts which she read from Lockhart's life of Scott, and the scene from Kenelworth, where the Queen drags Amy Robsart before Leicester. The lectures appear to be attended by two-thirds of the students, for the chapel looked to be more than half filled. In speaking of Ivanhoe she called for those who had read it and as the majority of hands went quickly up, she left it without saying more, which I regretted, for I wanted to hear her opinion. I lost all account of my own notes watching the performance of taking notes in general, for every girl at a lecture has a scratch block or note-book of some kind with a pencil or stylographic pen. If each were not so dreadfully in earnest, it would be very funny. It looks very funny to me sometimes as it is. The earnest faces are bent down, one ear turned slightly toward the lecturer with pencils ready to jot down the points, which in my case are sometimes points and sometimes not. Each

has a short-hand of her own devising and I hope all are more easily read than mine, for it is one of the most aggravating things imaginable, to work hard for an hour and not be able to read one word except as the memory aids you. The stylographic pens got contrary and you would laugh to see the way they are shaken and pounded to make the ink do its duty; one writes faster than another, and her neighbors try to catch her notes, but in doing so she loses something else and seldom gets the idea she wishes. There are those, too, who write rapidly, put their hands over their notes or turn their scratch blocks over, looking about in a way which says plainer than words, "You can't see it." We have had one lecture in Sophomore Literature by Miss Hodgkins, the Professor, and have recited in room B, by divisions, to Miss Petton, on "The Ancestry of the Greeks." Sounds easy doesn't it, well it wasn't very easy for me, nor for anyone who doesn't know much and is not certain of what she does know. I wasn't called on, however, my turn will come next time, but I am very certain if I had have been I couldn't have told whether Helen was a Trojan or a Greek, or whether Achilles quarreled with Agamemnon before the walls of Troy or upon Parnassus. I don't mind telling you, for you can sympathize with me, how my heart goes down like lead when called upon to tell what I know, and am expected to talk from three to ten minutes. The teacher has a most crushing way of smiling at one, (she has a beautiful mouth, and she knows how to smile), and saying, "You don't know it, let some one else tell it." It is comical, too, to hear a girl with a glib tongue get up and proceed to talk all around and never hit the subject. The history is worse than the literature, the lectures and lessons already have extended from the end of the Panic wars through the Augustan Age. If you knew how all manner of unexpected questions are hurled at one, you would not be amazed at the disheartened set that sometimes leaves the recitation room. There is one great redeeming feature, and that is that the most stupid could not help learning if she wished.

Lyman Abbott preached yesterday from Rom. 1: 15, 16. His voice has not enough volume to fill the chapel, and I lost much of

the sermon on account of the indistinctness. There was no such trouble about hearing John B. Gough. He is a grand old man and his most subdued tones are as audible as the loudest. He told several familiar stories and, of course, came out strong for temperance. Lyman Abbott, at 5 p. m. Sunday led in prayers in Stone Hall chapel, and afterward, with Mrs. Abbott, took tea in our dining room at the Superintendent's table.

Dr. Abbott is not a regular pastor but a member of Mr. Beecher's church. It is as editor of the *Christian Union* that he is looked up to and adored. Later in the evening, after silent time, we wended our way by twos over to the college chapel to hear Miss Stone tell of her work among Bulgarian girls. The school in which she works hopes to be to Bulgaria what Wellesley is to America. Their school home, she said, was one of the outposts of which American missions are the center, and it is only about three weeks favoring wind and tide from here; think of it, our home is with the sunset nearly as far away, while theirs is with the sunrise among the gardens where "attar of roses" is an article of commerce. The Bulgarians, she said, were in personal appearance very much like Americans, were often taken for such rather than English. I cannot tell you all she said, but it was like a revelation to hear one who is a real worker talk of those things. One gets a much more definite idea of the work than from reading the missionary magazines.

Prince entered college at Cambridge last week, and it is an item of some congratulation to his friends that instead of being obliged to enter as a freshman, he enters as a sophomore, with a chance of getting into the junior during the year; so his stay at Harvard may not be more than two and at most three years.

I have promised never to write you more than six pages at a time so I am crowding this page very close. I have the promise, too, of a telephone communication when I write too often, that makes me think of our telephone here which is a nuisance sometimes, but I can't stop to tell you of it now, can I? You know that I love you, good night.

MARY STUMP.

We cannot expect perfection in any one; but we may demand consistency of every one.

Woman and the World's Redemption.

Is it, after all, to be through Woman's work and influence that the heathen world is to be brought to Christ? It certainly looks very much like it. It is not to be doubted that the key to hearts of the women of many of the heathen nations is in the hands of the women of Christian lands. What an exalted honor! What a tremendous responsibility! Dr. Christlieb, quoting the enormous high death rate among the women and children of India, points out the need of a female medical mission in the centre of every populated district in that country. Dr. Valentine says: "I believe the female medical missionary will relieve an amount of human suffering that lies beyond the reach of any medical man, and bring to knowledge of the truth those shut out from any other form of mission agency." Dr. Duff says: "No ordinary missionary finds access to women of the better classes. If a female missionary knew something of medical science and practice, she would readily be admitted, and thus find precious opportunities of applying also the balm of spiritual healing to the worse diseases of the soul." Everywhere we find woman's work steadily advancing, especially in Japan, China and India. In Siam, almost wholly through her influence, the King has ordered that every one shall be permitted to worship as he desires. He has also established a college, and called a Protestant missionary to conduct it. In Syria and Persia, the great strongholds of Moslem faith, and long oppressed by its misrule, woman's power for good is felt. The Presbyterian Girl's Schools of Syria are so popular that the Mohammedans have opened an institution copying their methods. A Turkish ruler said: "When a girl comes home from the seminary it is not one girl but a whole school has come." On the dark continent, until recently unexplored, many of the missionaries employed are females. It is a noble work for woman, and nobly is she going about its accomplishment. God bless her! as she goes forward to bless the world and lead it to the feet of Christ.—*Ex.*

The life that has in it no Gethsemane and no Calvary, can have but little of Christ. The fellowship of his sufferings prepares us for the richest share of his joy.