

There are better places in the world than Revere Beach to gather specimens, but there at least was the glorious blue sea, coming higher on the sands with each wave that was little more than a ripple it came so softly and broke along the shore so gently. There were not many on the beach as the gay season will not begin for several weeks, so like a band of merry children we made the most of our liberty. No luncheon ever tasted so well as that we unpacked from those tin botany boxes, no rooms ever seemed half so nice as ours when we came back to Stone Hall so tired and sun-browned that evening and no 95 cts. ever went more gladly than that we each paid for the day's instruction and pleasure.

There has been much hard, constant work this term, but the shadows have only been cast by summer clouds, and the most delightful things have followed close the hardest hours. This week and last have been especially full.

Tuesday evening Miss Emily Winant, the famous contralto singer of New York City, gave a song recital, singing twelve selections, no one of which could be sweeter than "The Better Land." The chapel seemed too small for her voice which at times was low and sweet, then full and grand as organ tones. She is a very large woman with the carriage of an empress, and makes no exertion in using her voice, while Mrs. Heuschel who gave a concert here with her husband sometime ago is like a little fluttering bird that bends and turns and trembles with every change in the quavers and trills. Horace E. Scudder of Cambridge, famous among other things for the Bodley books, which are sent out so beautiful from the Riverside Press, has given us four lectures on Childhood in Literature and Art of all Ages, finishing with a talk about how to write for children and how to select books for them. He is not a pleasant reader and one is better content to know

him only through his books. We have also been permitted to hear Dr. John Hall of New York City on the Inspiration of the Bible. He towered above everybody so as he came up the aisle that we instinctively were reminded of the Vikings of the North from whom he is descended or of king Saul who stood so tall and majestic that the people did him reverence at once. Dr. Hall is one of the great-

est men in the Presbyterian church and a thorough Scotchman though he comes from Ireland here. Prof. Raymond, President of the Boston school of oratory read Twelfth Night one Saturday evening and the next morning Rev. Noah Porter, President of Yale College, preached in the chapel. Both are old men but as different as mortals could well be. It seemed impossible to get the lamps and everything just right for Prof. Raymond, but the reading was magnificent when he once began. Mr. Porter is tall and spare and looks so stern that we at once drifted back to the Puritan fathers whose hearts were perhaps tenderly human under a mask of flint. Decoration Day, those who were out of recitation attended the ceremonies in the village church. The Lotus Glee Club of Boston and a quartette from the college furnished the music, but the chief attraction was a poem by Julia Ward Howe; not so much the poem either, as the dear old lady herself who will never again stir the hearts of the people as she did when she gave them the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." She was presented with a beautiful basket of wild blue violets when she took her seat over which she seemed much pleased. There were perhaps twenty or more old soldiers present and a number of graves were decorated in the cemetery back of the church. We wandered about them after the lengthy address by Col. Albert Clarke and plucked some wild pink phlox from an unknown grave, to take a place in our herbariums as a souvenir of the 30th of May in a Massachusetts town. And now we have come back to this perfect June day, Tree day at Wellesley College. Recitations were closed at 12 M. and the afternoon was occupied with exercises by the college classes upon the college campus. The seniors taking leave of their tree planted when they were freshmen four years ago and the freshmen planting theirs. There was an oration, poem, and address to the undergraduates by the senior class, these exercises taking the place of a regular commencement program. It was a beautiful sight, the freshmen especially attracting attention by the quaintness of their costume. The juniors came first in white crowned by oak and ivy leaves, each carrying a black spade marked "84," then came the sophomores in white also, with blue trimmings

and large fans, after them the large class of freshmen representing daisies. They wore short white dresses hanging loose from the shoulders, a bunch of daisies at the throat and white parasols with yellow centers above and green below to simulate the calyx. The seniors looked sober in black and red. Visitors are not expected on Tree day and only few guests were present. You will be interested in hearing that among the few were Dr. Duryea, Dr. McKenzie, Prof. Harsford and Oliver Wendell Holmes. Dr. Holmes has been expected several times before, but this is the first time he has really been present. The senior crew took him boating after the ceremonies. The crews were all out with their banners and in full uniform after dinner. The sophomors have a blue boat decorated with yellow stars and a uniform of the same colors. Dr. McKenzie was in their boat and appeared especially pleased when they shipped their oars and sang their class boat song.

But now the beautiful day is done and the summer darkness hedges us in while with you it is not evening yet, but then we have the morning first which equalizes the hours of sunshine as they fly.

MARY STUMP.

### Central America.

THE PANAMA MISSION.

THE VOYAGE.

O, how terrible to me  
Is that sickness of the sea!  
How I ache, and groan, and shudder  
As I lean above the rudder,  
Casting bread upon the waters  
Where the skulking sea-gull loiters.  
O, the heaving and the bile,  
And the headache all the while!  
What a straining for so little,  
What a nasty sort of spittle,  
What a stupid sort of dizziness,  
What a losing sort of business!  
All you've eat for weeks before,  
All the captain has in store,  
All is lost, despised, forsaken,  
And your very hopes are shaken  
As to eating any more—  
Ever eating any more.

IN COLON.

Here I am, on the narrow strip of earth which connects North and South America, the Isthmus of Panama. On reaching it from the West Indies, one feels a little as Mark Twain felt when he came to the grave of Adam, "the grave of a relative in a foreign land." I said, with mixed emotions, "True, it is a distant shore, but still my native shore."

As I sit here, perched upon a

Spanish piazza, musing over the confusion of tongues and of trade below, it occurs to me that I ought to give somebody an account of myself and my surroundings. Colon was formerly a small coral island very near the isthmus on the Atlantic side. It has been connected with the mainland by the railway company, and is now, to give a brief description, a railway station in a swamp. If you take a stroll from the north-east end around the sea front, you will pass the hospitals, the dormitories or club-houses belonging to the railway company, a handsome little stone chapel, built by the same company; then their shops, depot, and other buildings; after these the wharves of the various steamship companies, and finally the shops, wharves, store-houses and dormitories and other buildings of the canal company. Back of all these are the shops, stores, hotels and lodging-houses of the eight or ten thousand inhabitants. What a variety show! The sight and sounds and smells are multitudinous. A mongrel mass, rough men, slovenly women, naked children, profane parrots, runty rooting pigs, and filthy streets and commons; hammers, engines, bells, whistles, bands, organs, songs, onths, curses, cries, quarrels, winds and waves; tar, rum, tobacco, salt-fish, cess-pools and morasses—such a conglomeration of slum is Colon or Aspinwall. Can any good come out of it? We shall see.

But why am I here? I will arise and explain. A tide of emigration from the West Indies, especially from Jamaica, has flowed into this place for a long time, and of late years there has been a flood in the stream. To say that this flood has brought down a quantity of trash is to state a fact which concerns us more here than in Jamaica. But there is too much of intrinsic value in the great mass of fifteen thousand souls to be neglected or abandoned as worthless. Tradesmen and laborers of average honesty and frugality by the score have come down with their wives and children, and have come to stay. Like the rest of the world, they are ostensibly laboring for a fairly good living, and not unlike others they are ready enough, possibly too ready, to take whatever advantages their opportunities offer; but for all that, they are none the less fit subjects of human sympathy and as worthy as the common run of philanthropic aid. They