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# THE NORMAL STUDENT

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AT PROVIDENCE, R. I.  
BY THE STUDENTS OF THE  
RHODE ISLAND NORMAL SCHOOL.

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# The Normal Student.

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## Literary Societies

### RHODE ISLAND NORMAL SCHOOL.

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Our readers doubtless remember the announcement made in the last number of the *S. I. D. Q.* that in the future that paper would give place to one, the joint publication of the two literary societies, known to us and to former members of the school, as the *E. B. B.* and the *S. I. D. Q.* This month we issue the first number of the paper under the name of *THE NORMAL STUDENT.*

The *S. I. D. Q.* existed one year, and as it passed successfully through that period, which may be considered the most trying, with the support of one society; this year, with double that support, the outlook seems very promising. An additional advantage will be the contributions by the faculty.

"How broad, how deep, how calm, how sweet,  
These dear October days!  
The sky bends low the hills to greet,  
And through the dreamy haze,  
If heaven or earth I cannot see,  
Nor solve the pleasing mystery,  
'Tis wonderful! October's sun  
Makes paradise of noon,  
And night, with all her stars as one,  
Pays homage to the moon,  
The sun by day, the moon by night,  
Stir every sense of sweet delight."

Once more Autumn pauses, in the march of seasons, to greet us. October has come, ready to romp with the wind, to scatter the beautiful leaves, and to open the chestnut burrs for the waiting squirrel.

This glorious month will spend her last three days at the Rhode Island Institute, and on Friday, October thirtieth, will be present at the Alumni Meeting in Normal Hall, there to hold "an hour's converse, so short, so sweet."

Then, taking with her the golden-rod, asters, and gentians, away she will speed, on lonely paths, to meet us no more.

What a volume the simple phrase "returning to school" may express, judging from the many interesting faces that were seen approaching the Normal School on September second, after a delightful vacation!

The bubble that greeted one at almost every step was proof of the universal pleasure felt at the beginning of another term. The older students, particularly the class of '97, have looked forward to this year as a binding link between the happy days of their school life and that broader life for which they are preparing, and which is so soon to come—the life in which "we'll oft look behind us with grateful affection" for the teachers who so kindly help us through our difficulties now. As is usual with new-comers the entering students at first felt a little strange, but after the establishment of social unity, arose expectations of a bright and happy year for all.

Thanks are due to Harper & Brothers for the illustrations accompanying the article on W. Hamilton Gibson, which appears in this number of the paper.

## TO TEACH OR NOT TO TEACH.

The choice of an occupation, which has always been one of the most important decisions of life for men, has come to be a privilege and even a necessity for women as well. So many callings are now calling to women that it is hardly possible any longer for a young woman to passively wait for the opportunity to accept or decline a position as some man's helpmate without first deciding whether or not to enter for a longer or shorter period of time some occupation of her own.

Before adopting an occupation a large proportion of men and, in this country, a much larger proportion of women are sure to consider the advantages of teaching. The business of teaching stands in such relation to the career of almost all who have in view any of the higher callings requiring talent and training, that it is rather easy to stumble into the position of the teacher without even considering its claims as one's true calling. It is not surprising, therefore, that many persons are seeking admission to the teaching fraternity who have never considered, either, whether there may not be other occupations better suited to their tastes and talents, or whether they possess the essential requisites for success in this.

This is unfortunate. It ought not to be assumed that any one is suited to become a teacher, or an artist, or a merchant, or a physician, as he may choose. The evidence of



talent for the business should be sought for and found before an occupation is adopted. No one who is not born to become a teacher can hope to become in a high degree a successful teacher.

But there are other questions to be considered while the decision is pending. Is teaching a profitable business? Is there room in the teaching profession? A person entering the Normal School recently asked: "Is it not very hard to get a position to teach?"

These questions must all be answered in view of circumstances. Teaching is profitable, but perhaps not to the majority of those who teach. There is large demand for teachers, but not for all who are seeking positions as teachers. It is not difficult to get a position to teach, provided the person seeking it possesses certain qualifications. It is much easier to find a desirable position for a thoroughly qualified teacher than it is to find teachers qualified to fill the most attractive positions which are constantly becoming vacant or being created.

Teaching is just now advancing toward the rank of a profession more rapidly than any other calling, and to young men and women who possess health and character and teaching talent of a high order, there is no more inviting occupation open, and none in which opportunities are more ample or varied. But success in teaching depends upon ample, patient, thorough preparation as well as upon adaptation and devotion, as it does in all the higher callings.

W. E. WILSON.

#### A PLEA.

At no other time in the world's history has so universal attention been given to the theory and practice of education as there is to-day. Investigators are at work on all sides, and, in consequence, wise and bright people are constantly trying to show the superiority of some new theory over another which has been holding sway.

There is no greater teacher than experience. Having shown us that ignorance is responsible for much of the world's suffering, she bids us place ourselves in the way of more knowledge and more light, if we hope ever to relieve it. Hence, teachers, hearken to the plea which comes from all points of the compass, "Study the child."

Teaching implies much more than school-keeping. The author of "Ben Hur" beautifully expresses our relation to the little ones: "Youth is but the painted shell within which hides that wondrous thing—the spirit of a man. They to whom a boy comes asking, 'Who am I, and what am I to be?' have need of ever so much care. Each word in answer may prove to the after-life what each finger-touch of the artist is to the clay he is modeling."

Brilliant may be your boy's intellect and wide the extent of his knowledge, yet he may grow to be a useless or even a dangerous man. If his life is to be a useful one here and a happy one hereafter, his intellectual and moral activities must be led into harmony with each other.

If it is our appointment, then, to care for these lambs of the flock, we may not let pass a single hint for their betterment. We must understand and appreciate them.

It requires not much to render these little ones happy in this "great, wide, wonderful, beautiful world," yet who is not haunted by the memory of sad and sorrowful, yet baby faces? The pen-pictures of Charles Dickens are good likenesses of children near home.

The result will well repay the labor of seeking out the avenue of approach to these immortal souls. Let us, then, study our boys and girls, heart to heart, basing all our inquiries upon respect for whatever nature the Creator has hidden within those walls of clay. Mere kindly interest will not do. It must be intelligent and investigating, ever looking for a knowledge of temperament and all that goes to make an individual distinct from his associates and one by himself.

In the child-world as in the grown-up, are to be found all shades of character.

"Men are but boys grown tall,

Hearts don't change much after all."

Stupid or smart, stubborn or yielding, restless or quiet, each little one is near and dear to the God who created him and whose providence intrusts him to your care.

Each calls for his own individual training. Give him not a stone when his cry is for bread. The die will be cast: able not alone to him and to humanity, but to God.

CHARA E. CRAIG.

#### SUMMER SCHOOL OF METHODS.

The American Institute of Normal Methods held the session of its Eastern Branch at Brown University during the past summer, from July fourteenth to July thirty-first. The school was organized in eighteen ninety-one as a school of methods of teaching vocal music in public schools; since that date it has grown rapidly and now offers the same advantages in the departments of piano-forte, drawing, penmanship, and physical culture. Two sessions of the school are held each summer, the Eastern and the Western. Every year there is a greater demand for special teachers and supervisors of such work as the average grade teacher cannot undertake alone. Many come to the school to fit themselves for such positions; others, to enable them to do their regular work in a better manner. A certificate is given for the satisfactory completion of the work of any one session; and a student is graduated on the completion of the full course in any department, which covers a period of three sessions. Post-graduate work is also offered. At the last session, the members of this class competed for a gold medal awarded to the one writing the best thesis on "The Correlation of Music with other Branches in the School Curriculum." Over one hundred and fifty pupils attended the Eastern Session alone in eighteen ninety-six.

The president of the school is Mr. Edgar O. Silver, of Boston, and the superintendent of the Eastern Branch is Mr. Emory P. Russell, Director of Music in the Providence public schools.

One delightful feature of the school is the social life. One comes in contact with people whom it is a pleasure and an advantage to know, ambitious men and women from other sections of the country whose aims are the same as one's own. Clashes made up of such minds bring an enthusiasm into the work which is very stimulating. Much is gained outside of classrooms which, in a way, is quite as valuable. One learns in this way what is being done in other localities along the lines in which one is most interested. Concerts, lectures, and excursions add much to the attractiveness of this institution.

EMMA E. BROWN.

#### SCHOOL NOTICES.

Hattie E. Hunt, M.D., a graduate of the Oswego Training School, and of the Department of Pedagogy of the University of the City of New York, was this year elected assistant teacher of psychology and pedagogy in the Normal School. Previous to her appointment here, Miss Hunt was Principal of the primary department of the West Middle School, Hartford, Connecticut.

Miss Alice E. Reynolds, lately from the Training School connected with the Free Academy of Norwich, Connecticut, is now training teacher in the primary department of the Benefit Street Training School. Her assistants are Miss Mary A. Hovey of Connecticut, and Miss Ada B. Bragg of Braggville, Massachusetts. Miss Hovey was a pupil of Miss Reynolds at Norwich; and Miss Bragg was a member of the class of '96 of the Rhode Island Normal School.

The Senior class has already organized, and the following is the list of officers: President, S. Louise Baker, Hordenville, Mass.; Vice-President, Emma L. Ray, East Providence, R. I.; Secretary, Phoebe A. Barber, Lakeside, R. I.; Treasurer, Mary E. Johnson, Centerville, R. I.

Saturday, October third, the Senior class gave an informal reception, in "Room 9," to the high school graduates who have, this year, entered for the advanced course. Ice cream and cake were served and a very interesting program presented, including two delightful readings by Miss Bragg. "Room 9" was prettily decorated with wild flowers and several beautiful paintings in water color, kindly loaned by Mr. Seaverns.

On Saturday afternoon, September twenty-sixth, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia College, New York, gave a highly interesting and interesting lecture on "The Study of the Science of Education."

Although the Glee Club has not as yet fully started on its term's work, an important step has been taken toward that end in the election of Mr. Alexander Bevan as leader. By far the pleasantest event in the history of the school, this term, was the excursion made to the "Land of the Pilgrims," on the tenth of October. Although each one fully appreciated the day of rest following, none would have foregone the pleasure of treading the soil which our forefathers made historic.

On Friday evening, October the thirtieth, the Alumni will hold their annual reunion in the Study Hall of the Rhode Island Normal School on Benefit Street.

#### E. B. B. NOTES.

The membership of the Elizabeth Barrett Browning Club has been increased by the addition of forty-three members this term.

The Elizabeth Barrett Browning Club gave its first public meeting Saturday afternoon, October third. The program proved very interesting and profitable.

The regular business meetings of the Club will occur on each alternate Saturday, beginning September twelfth.

#### GEORGE A. LITTLEFIELD.

In two of the issues of the *S. I. D. Q.* of last year there appeared biographical sketches of former principals. A few of the present students have a distinct recollection of Mr. Littlefield as Principal of the Normal School.

George A. Littlefield was born in Chelsea, Massachusetts, February eleventh, eighteen hundred fifty-one. His father was James Littlefield, of Maine. His mother, Frances Blair, of Plymouth, New Hampshire, was aunt to Senator Henry W. Blair, and cousin to the late Commissioner of Education in New Hampshire, James W. Patterson.

After a thorough preparatory course Mr. Littlefield entered Harvard College (in the same class with the late W. E. Russell, Ex-Governor of Massachusetts, and Lieutenant-Governor of that State), where he was graduated with the class of eighteen hundred twenty-eight. He was prepared for admission to the bar under the tutelage of Professor William of the Boston Law School, and he passed successfully the examination for the Boston bar, to which he would have been admitted had he not previously become a citizen of Rhode Island. In eighteen hundred ninety-one he was admitted to the bar of this state, and began practicing law in Providence, with the firm of Thompson, Ripley and Company. Mr. Littlefield is a very able lawyer, and has entered upon a prominent and promising career of usefulness.

For seven years previous to entering upon the practice of law, Mr. Littlefield was Superintendent of Schools in Newport, Rhode Island; and previous to this he was one of the Board of Supervisors of Schools in Boston. In September, eighteen hundred eighty-nine, he became Principal of the Rhode Island Normal School; this responsible position he held until July first, eighteen hundred ninety-two, when he resigned to enter fully upon the practice of law, but still held the position of teacher of psychology and arithmetic.

Mr. Littlefield has been President of the Rhode Island Institute of Instruction, of the New England Association of School Superintendents, of the New England Normal Council, and of the American Institute of Instruction. He is a member of the General Assembly of Rhode Island, being second Representative from Providence, and this is his second year. He is chairman of the Committee on Special Legislation in the House. He is a Republican and a sound money man. He is taking an active part in the present campaign, having been called upon to speak in Providence, Pawtucket, Westerly, Bristol, and many other towns of the state. He is secretary of the Rhode Island Business Men's Association.

In eighteen hundred twenty-nine Mr. Littlefield married Miss Emma Warren Bancroft, of Malden, Massachusetts. Mrs. Littlefield is a distant relative of George Bancroft, the historian. They have five children, Katherine, James, Harry, Ivory, and Barbara.

FANNY L. SHEDDEN, '97.

The term childhood will admit of a great variety of definition. The poet sees an angel in the face and form of a sleeping child, and the whole world delights in the sentiment that the poet so often puts into words.

SOFT, C. F. CARROLL.

## WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON.



From "Harper's Young People," Copyright, 1886, by Harper &amp; Bros.

His early education was received at the famous "Gunnery" at Washington, Connecticut, where his life was influenced by the character of the head master of that school, whose impression upon his pupils may well be compared to that of Arnold of Rugby. In a charming article containing reminiscences of his school days, Mr. Gibson pays tribute to the sterling qualities of his teacher and acknowledges his own obligation.

After leaving the "Gunnery" he entered the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, upon leaving which he devoted himself to the study of art.

As a boy he was a lover of flowers, birds, and insects, and with the growth of his appreciation and faculty of observation came the power to express by pen and pencil the wonders revealed to him.

His earliest published drawings were botanical subjects executed with scientific exactitude. Quite early in his career he began to illustrate his own writings, and in an article on "Birds and Plumage," which introduced him to the readers of *Harper's Magazine*, he showed that with his scientific exactness there was a distinctive artistic quality. This contribution was followed by a series of delightful articles, beautifully illustrated, which were afterwards published in book form under the title "Pastoral Days." In them may be found some of the most exquisite bits of botanical drawing—combining the accuracy of the scientist with the poetic feeling of the artist—have ever been published. In the pages of *Harper's Young People* were published a series of articles which have since been collected in the book entitled "Sharp Eyes." These articles term with informa-

tion and illustrations that are simply invaluable to the student and teacher of Nature Study.

It was his delight to lie for hours on the grass, face downward, watching with keen amusement the pranks and antics of the grasshoppers, ants and other inhabitants of the greenward, studying carefully their characteristics, and making mental notes for the articles which have delighted both young and old. While it was his practice to make numerous careful studies from nature, his illustrations were mainly drawn from memory, thus giving to them the charm of his poetic fancy. His work entitles him to be ranked with those naturalists who have the skill to impart in words their enthusiasm.

Who but Gibson could have found the material for an article in so unpromising a place as a city back-yard? Read his "Backyard Studies" and marvel at the discernment and appreciation shown therein.

Not only by day did he study nature but by night as well; "A Midnight Ramble" and "Night Witchery" are fascinating chapters in his "Strolls by Starlight and Sunshine."

His studies for "Bird Notes" and "Birds' Cradles" were made by visiting and observing the birds in their homes, not by tearing them away from their families and drawing from the dead birds or those small strange surroundings. His was the proper way; to study the bird in its true relation to nature.

Besides illustrating his own writings he made drawings for those of other authors. During the latter part of his life he delivered a series of popular lectures on natural history, illustrated by blackboard sketches and mechanical apparatus designed by himself, and they proved as entertaining as instructive.

His death removes from the world of art and letters one whose articles and illustrations occupied a distinctive place.

A. H. SEEVERS.

## S. I. D. Q. NOTES.

The first public meeting of the S. I. D. Q. Literary Society was held Saturday, October seventeenth, one week later than the usual time, the postponement being due to the excursion the school made to Plymouth. The program was a very instructive one, its special feature being a Symposium on the silver question: "The History of Coinage in Our Country," "Coins—Free and Unlimited Coinage," "Arguments for Silver," and "Against Silver." The remainder of the program was on historical subjects—"The Old Olympic Games," "Li Hang Chang," and "A Tried and Honored Hero." Vocal music was interspersed, thus adding much to the enjoyment of the listeners.

## A HISTORICAL PILGRIMAGE.

Surely there never was a fairer October morning than the tenth, the day we had set apart for a trip to the historic town where the feet of our illustrious forefathers first touched soil. The party was divided into five groups, each group being provided with a guide. As the train drew near the station we came in full view of the beautiful panorama of Plymouth Harbor.

Immediately on leaving the station, our division visited the National Monument, which is built entirely of granite, with a total height of eighty-one feet. The plan of the principal pedestal is octagonal and from it project four smaller pedestals. On the main pedestal stands the large figure of Faith, which is thirty-six feet high. In her left hand she holds a Bible, and with her right hand uplifted she points to heaven; looking downward, as to those she is addressing, she seems to call them to trust in a Higher Power. On each of the four small pedestals is a seated figure; they are emblematic of the principles upon which the Pilgrims proposed to found their commonwealth—Morality, Education, Law, and Freedom. On the faces of the projecting pedestals are panels representing scenes from the history of the Pilgrims: "The Departure from Drift Haven"; "The Signing of the Social Compact"; "The Landing at Plymouth"; and "The First Treaty with the Indians." On each of the four faces of the main pedestal is a large panel for records; that in front contains the general inscription of the monument; the right and left panels contain the names of those who came over in the Mayflower; the rear panel is plain. From this monument we had an excellent view of Captain's Hill, so called from its being the home of Captain Miles Standish, and on it is a monument in honor of the Pilgrim warrior.

Next we visited Burial Hill, where we saw some very peculiar stones and interesting inscriptions, such as:—

"As young as beautiful! and soft as young."

And gay as soft and innocent as gay. The next place was Pilgrim Hall. This building is of granite, with six Doric columns in front, and contains many relics of the Pilgrims and of the early colonial times, also many pictures. Among the largest paintings exhibited are "The Landing," by Henry Sargent; "The Embarkation," by Edgar Parker, from the painting by Weir in the capital at Washington; and "The Departure," by Charles Ley. Some of the most interesting relics are the chairs of Elder Brewster and Governor Carver, and Peregrine White's cradle. Space will not permit a long description of many other interesting objects, which we hope all may sometime see.

From thence we went to the Court House, where we saw the signatures of Bradford, Brewster, and Standish. We passed on from there to Plymouth Rock, which is covered by a granite canopy, supported by four columns. It has been raised from its bed on the shore, to prevent its being covered by the filling in of the wharf.

Just above the Rock is Cole's Hill, where, during the first winter, were buried one-half the number who landed from the Mayflower. We then went up Leyden Street, the oldest street in the town, and drank from the memorable spring, which Massasoit, with twenty others, crossed on a visit to the Pilgrims.

Boarding an electric, we took a delightful ride to Pilgrim Hotel. The scenery on both land and sea was beautiful. At four o'clock in the afternoon we left Plymouth all feeling, as I think I may safely say, well paid for our day's journey.

FLORENCE C. JAMES, '97.

## A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR.

October the fifteenth, eighteen hundred ninety-six, will be an ever memorable occasion to the students of the Normal School; for on that day occurred the laying of the corner stone of the new State House, and the address by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, first to the crowd assembled in the Study Hall, and afterwards to the Senators who were invited to meet her in "Room 9."

Mrs. Howe is a charming lady, seventy-seven years old, she told us,—with a sweet, benign face and a pair of wonderfully bright eyes. After we had shaken hands with her she told us of the circumstances under which the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" was written. She was staying in Washington at the time, with her husband, Dr. Howe, and while riding in a carriage through a "river of soldiers" she heard them singing "John Brown's Body." Her pastor, Dr. James Freeman Clarke, said, "Mrs. Howe, why don't you write some words to that tune?" She went home and went to bed "as usual," and in the "gray dawn of the morning" she seemed to see the words of the hymn writing themselves on her mind. She said, "I'll don't get right up this minute, I shall forget those words." She got up with a "miserable stump of a pen" and a sheet of paper wrote the words. "I didn't have a light, for I was quite used to writing without looking at the paper. For at the time when I was a happy young mother my fan for writing came at the most inconvenient time, when I was holding the baby, or in the night when there was no light and the baby was asleep; and I wouldn't have wakened the baby for any poem." In the morning she copied the poem and later took it to Mr. James T. Fields, who was then editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*. He liked it and suggested that it be called the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." It was published in *The Atlantic Monthly*. There was not much talk about it; people did not think much of it, or, in fact, about any poem when much and news was coming of the death of fathers and brothers.

Chaplain McCabe was in Libby Prison; and one night there was much sadness among the prisoners, for news of a Union defeat had been received. A darkey, however, informed them that it was not the Unionists but the South-erners who were defeated. Chaplain McCabe had a copy of *The Atlantic Monthly*, or a newspaper copy of the poem, and in his magnificent voice he began to sing it; soon they all took it up and sang it with a good will.

Mrs. Howe then said, "That's all there is to it. Someone asked me how much I got for it. I have quite forgotten, I believe it was five dollars, surely it was no more than ten. I've never had more since. I've never asked for it." In reply to a question as to where she got the original copy of it, she said, "It is in the possession of a friend of mine, I shall beg her to give it to my children. I read the poem to my dear minister, Dr. Freeman Clarke, whose name is no doubt familiar. There is one verse that was not published. If any of you have the bad habit of writing verses you know there is always an overflow of the brain and you have much verse too many, a sort of anti-climax. Actors always know enough not to put two strong passages together." When Mrs. Howe's carriage was announced she said, "Well, I must finish my little story." And when she rose, she said, in her kind way, "I feel as if I'd shaken hands with all of you, and I hope you'll all make good teachers." '97.



## BOOK NOTES.

The genial author of "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush" and "The Days of Auld Lang Syne" is in America on a lecturing tour. Perhaps our readers know Rev. John Watson better by the name of Ian MacLaren. While in this country he is to lecture in many cities; he will be in Providence on November twenty-third. His last story "Kate Carnegie" first appeared in the *Outlook*.

Admirers of Kate Douglas Wiggin watch eagerly for her new story "Marn Lisa," the first number of which appeared in the September *Atlantic*. Mrs. Riggs is a kindergarten, and this story portrays the mental condition of a defective child. The name wonderful knowledge of child-character which displayed itself in "The Bird's Christmas Carol," and "The Story of Patsy," is further shown in this story; indeed, her own family consider it her best work.

"Scenery in Switzerland," by Sir John Lubbock, has been recently published. The book is purely scientific in character, but his old readers know how interestingly he presents such subjects. The titles of the following chapters foretell a treat for his readers: "The Geology of Switzerland," "The Origin of Mountains," "Snow and Ice Glaciers," "Influence of Strata upon Scenery," "Valleys," "Lakes," "Action of Rivers," "The Verias, Jura, and Bernese Oberland."

## PLYMOUTH UP TO DATE.

Myles Standish was no more disappointed over Priscilla's refusal than were the Normal students when it was decided that our visit to Plymouth would be postponed indefinitely; but we gained hope, as did John Alden when Priscilla said, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" when it was announced to us that we would go, all things being favorable, October tenth.

This blustery day, it is needless to say, at last arrived, and from all points of the city, near and far, came the maidens

"As young as beautiful! and as soft as young."

"And gay as soft! and innocent as gay."

wending their way toward the station, equipped, as these students generally are, with good-sized lunchboxes, umbrellas, machinestones and cameras.

On reaching the station only a very few minutes elapsed before the conductor shouted, "All aboard!" and every one rushed for the train. We were soon on our way to Plymouth, with much lighter hearts than the Pilgrims who landed there over two hundred years ago.

A general hilarity presided over our car—not hysterically, but in a cheery manner; and when we had partaken of our lunchboxes and consulted our guide books sufficiently concerning the places we were to visit, it was time for us to gather together our possessions and alight at the famous town of Plymouth.

It did not take the different sections long to find their leaders, and all were soon on their way sightseeing. The senior section went to the National Monument first; and although there were any number and all kinds of conversations thither, these maidens would have none of them, intending to economize on this trip and put what they had

remaining into the Penny Provident Fund, the Senior Bank. The "O's" and "A's" were very expressive as one after another the figures were explained; and while the leaders of the party were planning when and where we would go next, some lotus-eaters gathered Fall dandelions and asters, while the romantic ones called some rose hips because they made them think of dear Rose Standish, Myles's wife. Several more collected grasshoppers for their work at training school, and having forgotten their insect bottles they put them into their pocket-books, so their purses were not quite empty on returning home.

Burial Hill was next, and when the party reached there, although no word had been sent for a guide to meet us, we were agreeably surprised by a little lady volunteering to take us through the "old" City, Acme in New England. Whether this boy, in this and pale, was the wandering spirit of some witch or whether he was one of the first arrivals came back to correct some mis-statements concerning the Pilgrims, troubled us, and so we asked him his name, almost fearing his answer; but when he smiled him, said, "Jorgen Petersen," we felt more comfortable and listened and listened as he recited the different inscriptions to us beside each tombstone. Allow me to quote, although Jorgen is absent, some of the inscriptions. On a stone to a child one month old, we read:

"He glanced into our world to see

A sample of our misery."

On another, to a boy one year, seven days old:

"Heaven knows what man

He might have made. But we,

He died a most rare boy."

Of course we saw Governor Bradford's monument, and Jorgen read most easily the Latin inscription and the untranslatable Hebrew text. When we came to Dr. Francis LeBaran's stone the guide called our attention to the doctor's wife's stone, "who," he said, "made her wedding gown out of her mother's window curtains." After reading a somewhat lengthy inscription on one stone our guide called our attention to the words "She is the widow of him," with a hand pointing to the stone beyond, and said Jorgen, "This is him, and when this is blown down the next will be him." We then went to the grave of a woman who died of leprosy, and on inquiring what kind of a disease that was, we were told it was "simply dying of a broken heart." After this we said good-bye to Jorgen, telling him when he came to Providence we would take him through the Normal School, a treat he would enjoy.

We went to Pilgrim Hall and studied all the curios which came over in the Mayflower, and tried to read the writing of the different prominent men of those early times, King Phillip included, but it made us dizzy and uncomfortable—simply because it was not vertical, I suppose. We then registered and started for Plymouth Rock.

We twentieth-century maidens mounted the rock and some child called out to its playmates, "Look! look! there are the Pilgrims." Evidently history is not very well taught in Plymouth if the children are made to think that the Pilgrims were to land October tenth, eighteen hundred ninety-six,

instead of having landed in December, sixteen hundred twenty. Be careful, you who train the young idea, that you do not tell the children falsely concerning this important fact. When we alighted from our high position we climbed some very high steps and started up Leyden street to "the spring," where we quenched our thirst, and proceeded to take the electric for Hotel Pilgrim. Of course, we all wanted to purchase a souvenir of our trip, and we went to get them before our car started. Two young ladies very nearly missed the car and upon our asking why it was, they passed us a bag of candy. We each took a piece and found that they all bore the date 1620. We were about to comment upon this when one of the young ladies said: "So sorry, girls, we couldn't get more; but the car was so nearly going without us that we thought you would be satisfied with one piece of candy if we were with you."

Of course, we all said in chorus, and then proceeded to eat the 1620 Plymouth candy.

Someone ventured the remark that the candy was so fresh and palatable that it must have been brought over by the Pilgrims in 1620, and we all agreed with her, and were very glad the car started so soon and allowed no more time for our friends to invent further. This ride was very enjoyable from the fact that we stocked our long walk for a week, and consequently we can devote more time to our studies, as we shall not have to look out for our supply of that highly necessary gas.

"The breaking waves" certainly did "dash high" and we, in the open cars, sympathized with the forefathers and foremothers who landed on that cold December day so long ago.

When we arrived at the station we waited some twenty minutes for our train, and when it came, boarded it with eagerness, as we had left our lunchboxes there and we were ready for them.

At twenty minutes after four we scanned out of Plymouth, homeward bound, very well satisfied with our trip.

ANNE E. C. DENNEY.

## IMPRESSIONS OF THE C. E. CONVENTION AT WASHINGTON, EIGHTEEN HUNDRED NINETY-SIX.

On the evening of July seventh the New York boat was crowded—crowded, too, was the wharf. All were in the highest spirits in spite of the rain which was beginning to fall. Looking down from the boat, what was a moment before a sea of faces was now a canopy of umbrellas. But at the moment of starting the rain stopped, down came the umbrellas, and amid handkerchiefs waving and cheers from the crowd, the boat moved off.

While passing down the Bay, many lingered on deck. The lights on the shore shone dim through the mist; but in spite of the rain illuminations began to appear. Sky-rockets disappeared in the clouds and then reappeared as they broke far above where they were last seen. After while the merry throng inside attracted those still lingering on the decks. Soon echoes of "Boston '95" filled the air; but gradually mirth was silenced and quiet reign.

Early in the morning many were astir, eager for the first glimpse of Brooklyn Bridge. The sun was struggling through the clouds giving promise of a pleasant day.

At New York a special boat transferred the Washington passengers to Jersey City, where a special train awaited the Rhode Island and New Hampshire delegations, which were there united. The train rolled rapidly through the Bat New Jersey country, and with but two stops—Philadelphia and Baltimore—we reached Washington after four and a half

hours of peripatetic motion. The spirits of the tired travelers were considerably dampened by finding that it still rained, but the effect was counter-balanced by the greetings of the Reception Committee.

Throughout the whole convention the preparation for the reception and entertainment of the delegates not only by the Reception Committee but by the whole city was very evident. Three large tents were erected on the White Lot which is between the White House and the Monument. These were filled to overflowing at every meeting; and yet wherever one went, one would wonder if the tents could be full when there were so many night-airs. But the spirit of the convention was carried on by the singing. The singing was a prominent feature throughout; the convention songs were heard everywhere. One could not help being impressed when, on Sunday morning at the First Congregational Church, a few minutes before time for the service someone in the gallery started "Scatter Sunshine," just then the blind organist took his seat at the organ, and, after a moment the organs welled in joy—and then to lead, that audience of three thousand people through the song, and then softly glided into the valley.

The vastness of the convention was more fully realized at the Saturday afternoon meeting than at any other time. It was a union meeting on the steps of the Capitol. The main entrance was occupied by the chorus of four thousand voices assisted by the United States Marine Band. This was the only meeting in which the whole choir was united. The view from the steps of the Senate—of the vast throng around and below was one never to be forgotten. It gave one a good impression of what an inauguration is like.

The day following the close of the convention the White Lot was deserted; and in a few days the city itself seemed deserted to one who had been only during the convention. Not only were the Christian Endeavorers leaving but also the residents who had remained in the city to help entertain the delegates in their own homes.

We lingered in the beautiful city enjoying its many privileges until the morning of the twenty-second. On arriving in New York, we took passage on the Connecticut as far to Providence.

In the middle of the night we were awakened by a crash, followed by a second. We were too sleepy to be much frightened, but we dressed hastily and went to see what was raining furiously. For awhile we found no one who knew the cause of the disturbance, but we soon learned that "the cylinder had burst." We found the Stonington boat by the side of the Connecticut and were told that the passengers were to be transferred, but after a time the Captain assured us that we might return to our state rooms as we were to be towed into Stonington. We were very glad to seek more rest as there was no danger. However we had a sleep long when we were again awakened by heavy thunder and sharp lightning; but the morning was beautiful. When we first went out on deck we thought we were not moving at all; but looking ahead we saw the foam of the "New Hampshire" and knew we must be moving. During the morning we found much to compensate for the delay and anxiety of the previous night. The morning of the twenty-third was beautiful. We were still on the Sound, and as the air was clear we could see the southern Connecticut very distinctly. New London we could see in the distance, and nearer the shore we were in sight of Stonington that any tugs arrived to the signals from the "Connecticut" but they responded in time to perform the difficult task of towing her to the wharf. It was half-past eleven when we reached Stonington. We were very glad to Providence, and as the train was running there a little after one o'clock instead of at five o'clock in the morning.

EDITH M. WOOD, '97.





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