KISSEL HILL.

A CITY that is set on a hill cannot be hid.” Kissel Hill though not a city, but only a small village lying along the Lancaster and Lititz turnpike, about seven miles from Lancaster and one mile from Lititz, certainly is not hid. It looks down on the valley in which Lititz is situated, and from it you have one of the finest views in this vicinity, the eye traversing the rolling country with its rich farms and patches of woodland as far as the Furniture Hills, which bound the horizon on the north. The population of the village is about three hundred.

As you approach Kissel Hill, from the south you go up a steep hill, likewise if you approach from the north and west sides. It gets its name from the German “Kissel,” which means flint or gravel, or from a family which means flint or gravel, or from a family named Kissel. It looks down on the valley in which Lititz lies. Kissel Hill is a more enterprising place than Lititz, having a machine-shop that is in steady operation. Lititz has no machine-shop and must come here when its machines need repairing. A quite famous churning machine is manufactured here. There is also a cigar shop, a coach shop, a blacksmith shop, a store, a hotel, and a postoffice, as the L. H. S. girls may see whenever they take a walk in this direction. There is also a church which belongs to the united Lutherans and Reformed.

Before Kissel Hill had a postoffice the village was known as New Haven, and it seems a pity that that name was not given to the office, as it is more euphonious, though the former name is historically more interesting. The walk out the pike as far as the water trough (what a fine supply of water this spring would furnish to Lititz!), then across to the school-house, and down the hill to the mill, is a favorite walk for the Linden Hall girls. That takes you past the house where your humble servant lives, and whence she can look down on the roofs and spire of the school. A bee-line across would be only a short distance, but she manages to get a good deal of enjoyment out of the longer walk around by the pike.

E. B. M.
Linden Hall Echo.

Harriet Van Bibber, Editor.

Assistant Editors: Jessie Neilson, Ida Landis.

Senior Class, Linden Hall Seminary, Lititz, Pa.

It seems to us at times quite difficult to cultivate the "dignity" which belongs to Seniors. The time when we were jolly juniors is still very fresh in our memories. To many of us this is our last year of school, so into it must be crowded all the work we are capable and the pleasure consistent with our duties, for "we are the girls for work and fun." Both ought to be combined in making the Echo enjoyable and helpful to its readers. Instead of "viximus, floruitus," as Cicero said of himself in the letter we had to translate the other day, let us take as the Echo's motto and inspiration the old college cry, "Vivat, crescat, floreat."

As juniors we had supposed that when we reached the dignity of Seniors, the Echo would become an echo, indeed, some whisperings to effect being having been heard about these halls; and we looked with mingled awe and pity, unmixed with apprehension, at the "go's" as they raked their brains over editorial and other essays for the paper. Alas for us! the Echo still lives and we have had the (doubtful) honor of editorship thrust upon us. Nevertheless, as all our predecessors have said when placed in the same position, we too say, we shall endeavor to do our best, and shall try to make the Echo more popular and stir up interest in it.

We must also live up to our motto, "Leta Sorte Mea," even as editors, a perhaps more difficult thing to do in that matter than in any other. This is our first appearance, and we are not a little concerned about our success.

Happily the Editors of this paper are not also its publishers. We are spared that anxiety. We understand the paper does not "pay," which, we imagine, is not an unusual experience with school papers, and in this case, it is largely to be attributed to the fact that no effort is made either to extend its circulation or collect subscription dues. Just why this state of things exists, we do not know, and our opinion is that somebody ought to take the matter in hand. Of course a school paper has a use which cannot be measured by the dollar and cent standard, but there is no reason why a paper like this, which has so large and wide a constituency that ought to sustain it, cannot be made self-sustaining.

Moral: If the copy of the paper you receive has this paragraph marked with a blue pencil, please understand that you are in arrears; or, if not a subscriber already, that you are invited to become one.

—Our predecessors in the editorial chair of the Echo were honored by receiving the communication given below, from the Hon. W. T. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education.

Department of the Interior, Bureau of Education. Washington, D. C., September 9, 1890.

Miss Jean Smith, Editor "Linden Hall Echo," Lititz, Pa.

Dear Madam:

Your copy of the Linden Hall Echo is just received at the Bureau and is filed in our library. I hope that you will favor us with a copy of it regularly. I note with great interest your post graduate course in Aesthetics; it is quite valuable.

I send you some papers on psychology, which may interest yourself or Miss French, who I see writes on that subject in your paper.

Respectfully yours,

W. T. Harris, Commissioner.

A MINERAL IDEAL

For the Echo.

The cabinet of minerals at Linden Hall has lately been enriched by a beautiful specimen of native copper, through the kindness of Mr. Boyd, of the Cornwall Iron Ore Mines.

This specimen takes the form of the foliage of the sea grass found on ocean beaches, and at first glance would be taken to belong to the vegetable world. What mysterious force, operating in the deep and dark crefts of the ancient rocks, wrought these copper molecules into shapes and forms, known only to the upper air, and belonging to another kingdom, far higher in the scale of development and creation?

The term "ideal," the striving for something better and more beautiful, is usually limited in its application, and reserved for human beings alone. Certain it is that man there has a conscious ideal. To him alone has God given conscious life, and the power to mould this life according to free will. We also know, as a fact, that all human beings have some standard of effort, of which they are more or less conscious, and that their happiness is much concerned in this standard being high not low, true not false.

But the term ideal may also be applied to the lower and unconscious realms of nature. Christ's Sermon on the Mount tells us to "consider the lilies how they grow," and attentive consideration of this process in plant life reveals the elements that go to make up an ideal and teaches much more than merely scientific facts.

So also philosophy, which deals with things below the surface, attributes ideals to the unconscious natural world. Thus W. T. Harris, in his "Educational Psychology," says, "Nature is in every particle of it governed by ideals. All things have their explanation in a blind attempt on the part of nature to look at itself. A blind tendency in nature to develop some ideal implies, as its logical condition, a completely realized ideal in the absolute first principles in which nature is given its being."

Every realm in nature finds its ideal in being of use to something higher than itself. Thus all things are interdependent and play a necessary part in the great history or drama, which binds the lower world to man, and man to God. Minerals find a normal use in giving substance and nourishment to the plant world, which is next above them in the scale of existence. The causative energy that gives existence to any particular individual mineral is mainly plantward, and an allowable poetical license permit us to say that the mineral rejoices in this its use.

The copper specimen in the cabinet seems to be entitled to claim possession of an ideal, nay even an aspiration in its foliage forms and delicate vegetable tracery.

In its far away and lowly mode it tells the story of its own place in the great process, which some have called an evolution. This evolution Dr. Harris tells us, rightly comprehended, is the movement of all things in time and space towards the development of individuality—that is to say, towards a more perfect manifestation or reflection of the Creator, who is above time and space.

HALLOWE'EN.

Hallowe'en is the name popularly given to the eve or vigil before the festival of "All Saints," which being on the first of November, Hallowe'en is the evening of the thirty-first of October. It has of late years been customary for Linden Hall girls to have games and some other amusements on this evening, and this year after some debating the Seniors arranged a little pantomime from Mother Goose's Melodies, "The Bachelor who lived by himself," Miss V. B. completely filled this character, and in the first scene was supposed to soliloquize after the following manner:

"When I was a bachelor I lived by myself, And all the bread and cheese I had, I put upon myself. The rats and the mice they led me a run a life, And I was forced to go to London to buy myself a wife."

The second scene is described in the following stanzas which were written by a friend of one of the Seniors:
I went to buy my wife of a London auctioneer,  
The horrid ones were cheap, but the nice ones  
very dear.  
I could not quite decide all my money how to  
spend,  
For pretty girls, and ugly too, were there with-  
out an end  
I thought I'd like a little maid in Dolly Varden  
But she turned up her little nose at me, I must  
confess.  
And then I thought I'd buy me a little wife in  
Until I saw that country maid who stole my  
heart away.  
Arranged on chairs were the maidens at  
auction, with huge placards of prices pinned to  
each. Miss B., who played the part of  
auctioneer, rapidly enumerated their virtues  
and valuations to the eager and distracted  
and the charming and lovely maiden who  
illustrated the following stanza;  
And then I thought I'd buy me a little wife in  
I thought I'd like a little maid in Polly Varden  
but I lies in examining the architecture of the diffe-  
rent buildings.  
"The only objection a Middle Class girl has  
Don't you think he writes in too small print?"  
"And one of the girls was asked her opin-  
on a disputed subject she said that she  
wasn't going to give up science."  
"One of the Juniors thinks Clarlemagne  
was "just splendid!" Another remarked, "He  
was quite tall, being seven feet in height."  
"We are all very busy looking for solecisms,  
and they are not at all hard to find."  
"Bob is quite a favorite with the Second  
room girls, whom he favors with his presence  
frequently.  
"The first and Second Room girls enjoy the  
long tramps of the Walking Club immensely,  
and find themselves benefited by them.  
"Are you not going to be a finisher of the  
weather? I want to know whether it is going  
to rain."  
"Our Class Room.  
This room is a bright, cheerful room  
situated in the north west corner of the  
first floor of Linden Castle. It is very  
cosy, having one large double window, the  
looked to the upper third of stained glass, which looks to  
the northwest, and two others looking north,  
from which you have a view of the re-  
maining of the school buildings, the drive  
and square in front of the school and church,  
and of the Memorial Chapel.  
Before entering, you see, on the opposite side  
of the room, the large window with its  
to the cushioned seat, a much desired piece of  
room are the black-board and the large tables,  
many more pictures and pieces of bric-a-brac,  
which add greatly to the attractiveness of  
the bust of the goddess of wisdom, Pallas-  
Linden Hall girls.  
Spring; Alice Ann, Autumn; Alina Koch,  
Student; Louise Spangler, Lord Fanniettroy;  
Jennie Hopewell, Rebecca; Julia Borden,  
Topsy; Mabel Bradley, Princess; Martha  
McCandless, Polly; Clara McCandless, Kate  
Maud McCandless, Little Boy Blue; Beulah  
McCandless, Fairy; Stella Baker, Prince;  
Elizabeth Reeves, Fairy; Agnes Mornch,  
Red-Riding Hood; Eva Kavanagh, Mary Keller,  
Amie Loms, Iris; Lucie Brickenstein, Hebe;  
Sue Shiebler, Psyche; Leslie Thompson,  
Nydia; Mary Scheberle, Gossip. The wall  
flowers were as charming as ever. They  
should learn the art of dancing; it is an  
healthy and invigorating exercise.  
"The Juniors are very much pleased with  
their Class Room in the Castle.  
"Did you ever see deep mountains? That is  
what one of the girls called them.  
"Astronomy is one of our favorite studies,  
and star-gazing nights are eagerly looked for-  
ward to.  
"We were told in Geography class that "Mt.  
Blanc is the highest peak of the Andes."  
"The chief amusement of our morning walks  
lies in examining the architecture of the diffe-  
rent buildings.  
"The only objection a Middle Class girl has  
..."
THE Juniors and Seniors of this year are much interested in their walking club, which consists of about eighteen members. This club sets out every favorable Monday and Thursday at four o'clock promptly, under the leadership of our Principal. The average distance is five or six miles, which is traveled in about an hour and three-quarters, enabling us to return at about half-past seven. Membership implies a small weekly payment, and when our dues amount to a sufficient sum we shall have a club supper. To that we are looking forward with pleasure.

My special object is to tell of a certain occasion in which it was our misfortune to lose the way and consequently we did not reach Lititz until long after noon. We started in the hope of returning a little earlier than usual, for on that evening was to be a public wedding which we had hoped to attend. Alas! for our hopes! Turning our footsteps to the west, at Lime Rock station we turned to the north. The road and houses were quite unfamiliar. We at first supposed the people who went towards the wedding, but we were proceeding in the right direction, we thought. We met a carriage with some one inside driving in the wrong direction, but we kept on. It had become quite too dark to see the sign posts, and we pushed on in faith and at a pretty rapid pace. At last we came to a cross-roads. We were called to make way, and by taking the road to the right we would come to a cross-roads and find the wedding. We had gone quite too much to the north, and the wedding was to be at seven. Some of us remained at school. They played tennis, took long rides on the tricycle, practised piano and drawing, and went to the church which consists of about eighteen members set out every favorable evening and returns at a pretty rapid pace. At last we arrived in the darkness, and by taking the road to the right we would come to the cross-roads and the wedding. We had gone quite too much to the north, and in the darkness, through mud and over ruts and stones, at a greater speed than we had ever traveled, we found that it was already six o'clock. We came to a cross-roads. We were called to make way, and by taking the road to the right we would come to a cross-roads and find the wedding. We had gone quite too much to the north, and the wedding was to be at seven. Some of us remained at school. They played tennis, took long rides on the tricycle, practised piano and drawing, and went to the church which consists of about eighteen members set out every favorable evening and returns at a pretty rapid pace. At last we arrived in the darkness, and by taking the road to the right we would come to the cross-roads and the wedding. We had gone quite too much to the north, and in the darkness, through mud and over ruts and stones, at a greater speed than we had ever traveled, we found that it was already six o'clock. We were called to make way, and by taking the road to the right we would come to a cross-roads and find the wedding. We had gone quite too much to the north, and in the darkness, through mud and over ruts and stones, at a greater speed than we had ever traveled, we found that it was already six o'clock.}

A WALKING ADVENTURE.

PROGRAMMES.

MUSICAL SOIREE—NOVEMBER 1, 1890.

"Hearts feel that love Thee." (Athalia) Mendelssohn
Singing Class.
"Spzet am Dach." — Ries.
Misses Rottes, Wharton and Koch.
Misses Yates.
"In Old Madrid." — Strauss. Miss C. Hager.
"Pavan." — Baxtor.
Miss B. Turner.
"Gavotte from Mignon." — A. Thomas.
Misses Allen, Stull, Rutters, Diller.
"A Fable." — Miss Bradley.
"Robin Adair." — Major and Minor Glee Club.
"Mother's Love." — G. Lange.
"Pastoral." — Hile.
"De Quincey's Ded." — Homer Green.
"Polonaise Brilliante." — Karl." — Miss Vander.
Misses Louis and Brickenstein.
"Novelleten." — Novello.
"Oberon Overture." — Weber.
"Lullaby." — Junior Choir.

AN EVENING IN A PICTURE GALLERY.

Japanese Girls. — [ANNA STROM, ETHEL HAZARD, BISSEK RUTTER, Ophelia. — [MAY STEVENS, THISTLEHOUSET. — [ELLEN CULLIS, JENNIE SHUKELY,
[On "St. Bartholomew's Night," a white handkerchief, chief tied on the arm was to be the mark of a good Catholic.] Jean d'Arc. — LENA VAN HEBBER.
"The Pink of Perfection." — BLANCHE TURNER.
"Beggar Girl." — HALLIE DILLER.
Pantomime — Auld Robin Gray.
"Lone Justice." — BLANCHE TURNER, JENNIE SHEELY.
"Father's ARMS." — MOTHER, LILLIAN MORISON.
"Auld Robin Gray." — ELIZABETH CUMMINS, MATTIE BURSON.
Scene I. — To make the crown a pound, my Jamie gave his arm. Scene II. — A white handkerchief, chief tied on the arm was to be the mark of a good Catholic.
Jean d'Arc. — LENA VAN HEBBER.
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PERSONAL.

Weddings.
—January 1, 1891, at Womelsdorf, Pa., Rebecca Filbert ('83) to A. Bond Warner. At home Minersville, Pa.
—January 8, Maria E. Schrever ('81) to William Kremer, at Milton, Pa.
—February 12, Estelle Borhek ('84) to Archibald Johnston; at Bethlehem, Pa.
—April 9, at Exeter, Pa., Sue B. Shidel to Charles T. Evans. At home at Tacouy, Pa.

Amongst the visitors this term were Mary and Bertha Lines, Anna and Kate Brustcar, Kathleen Luckench, Louise Shidel, Maria Kinzer, Laura Keller, Mary Torbert, Daisy Hensel, Margaret Potts, Mrs. Rebekah (Newell) Collins, Mrs. Mary Daniel Dr. Schwenitz, Mrs. Cordelia (Rhensnyder) Dunkley, Josephine Van Zandt. We are always very happy to welcome our "old girls," and to think that they remember us kindly enough to come back and see us.

Miss Ilting, who had taught here for several years, was compelled to resign her position, on account of her mother's illness.

A woman in Philadelphia was very poor, and having a taste for making a certain walnut confection, she turned her knowledge into profit by making great baskets of it and selling it in the street. After $60,000 had been made she retired from the business, selling her right and recipe to advantage.

Nous also have a great deal to study, recite and practice on the piano, very serious work. We all take music lessons except one. Then we mend our clothes when not too badly torn and are learning to sew nicely. Sometimes we are very good children, sometimes very naughty, and alas! sometimes we quarrel, forgetting Dr. Watt's rhyme about the creatures that delight to bark and bite. We shall be happier still when the long, wet winter is over and we can enjoy our lovely pleasure-ground, but we have the gymnasium all the time, where we skate, bowl and ride.

THE SOAP BUBBLE PARTY.

ONE Friday evening the Second Room girls were agreeably surprised by an invitation to a Soap Bubble Party given by three of their companions. At 8 o'clock the girls arrived in twos and threes and were cordially received by the hostesses. Each girl was presented with a pretty little clay pipe, which many kept as souvenirs of the pleasant little event.

The water had been previously prepared in two large china bowls, and after the girls had practised blowing bubbles for a little while, the contest commenced. It cannot be said that any of the bubbles were very large, but many of them were made so as to resemble the "Cupid's Messages." The guests came in hats and gloves, the refreshments were served, and the annual tea was given by three of their companions. At 8 o'clock the girls arrived in twos and threes and were cordially received by the hostesses.

FOURTH ROOM SKETCHES.

The Fourth Room is located in the northwest wing of our buildings, having a bay window facing the chapel and main street. From here we have a view of the front grounds, and are able to see some distance down the street. There are eight little girls in this company, Julia, Mabel, Clara, Elizabeth, Eva, Martha, Maud and Beulah, and we have very pleasant times here playing games and dressing our dolls.

Our favorite games seem to be Parcheesi and Tiddley Winks. One of the favorite pastimes of the younger children is the making of little beds out of paste-board boxes and then draping them round with pretty shades of light material. But we do not only play, but have a great deal to study, recite and
suggestions, the considering as dear and precious to us what ever relates to others, their moral, spiritual, bodily needs; and just this application, it seems to us, is not covered so fully by the word love, unless its meaning is explained, and as it is ordinarily understood. As so taken, Charity is the regard we feel for others, although we may not be closely connected with them.

It is, therefore, an unselfish feeling, and selfishness is the bane and destruction of all true nobility of character. Thinking continually of oneself, caring for oneself only, that is the very opposite of true charity. The term love covers all this, no doubt, when its meaning is expounded, but the meaning does not seem to be on the surface and be so clear as in the use of the word charity.

Of course, I am not a theologian and the view is not intended for theological essays. What I started out to say was, that for the exercise of this divine spirit of charity there are so many opportunities at school. Be charitable to others; consider them dear to you, even if they are not your special friends. Remember their rights, be kind to their faults, put yourself in their place. Harsh, unkind words leap to the lips, bitter thoughts so quickly arise in the heart, if we are not on our guard against them, and fail to remember in what light we should regard the persons with whom we are thrown into contact. The truly polite and courteous spirit and manner have their rise in charity. The generosity which gives to each her due is not jealous of hers success, or does not feel secretly glad when she does not succeed, or which refuses to take advantage of another’s thoughtlessness, or quick temper, or failure, has its rise in this same spirit, and is so admirable a quality in itself. The truly charitable person makes for others the allowance which we so often need for ourselves; it does not judge people by the amount of money they have to spend, or the clothes they wear, or the social circles in which they move, or any other external advantage or quality; but it seeks to find what is intrinsically good or valuable in each one, and to value them accordingly. If we do not find anything we do value, we need not judge such people severely, nor scold about them, nor say disagreeable things about them. True Charity will help us to hold our tongues and control our envious, fault-finding dispositions. Charity sums up the whole of moral duty, it is the fulfilling of the law, because it opens our eyes to see what is good and true and lovely, and urges us to practice it.

—A new tennis court has been laid out in our back yard. At present, we believe, it is for the special use of the Second Room Club.

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The word charity comes to us through the Latin caritas,” which is derived from “carus,” dear, precious. There is something very significant in this derivation. Charity is the feeling with which we regard any object which is dear or precious to us. In the revised version of the Bible the word “charity,” with which we are so familiar from St. Paul’s exegesis of it, is translated “love,” as Tyndale had already rendered it.

In some senses, this is, of course, a better rendering, because it covers a wider field of meaning and motive, and because, in our day, “charity” has acquired the narrow meaning of only one manifestation of love,—the relief of the bodily needs of others. But it must be clear in our mind that this new translation is an altogether happy one. Charity, in its original etymology, is wonderfully suggestive, the considering as dear and precious to us what ever relates to others, their moral, spiritual, bodily needs; and just this application, it seems to us, is not covered so fully by the word love, unless its meaning is explained, and as it is ordinarily understood. As so taken, Charity is the regard we feel for others, although we may not be closely connected with them.

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But, dear me, what a digression! I believe I started about the drives. Another beautiful drive is to Arlington Cemetery, where one sees rows upon rows of soldiers' graves, and the fine old Lee mansion with its stately pillars and solid air of comfort, reminding one of the good old "days of yore," when ancient southern hospitality was something more than a name. There is one monument erected over the graves of over two thousand soldiers, whose names are unknown. Gladly we turned away from the peaceful scenes that called up so vividly the horrors and sufferings of our great conflict.

Another very enjoyable drive is the Soldiers' Home. There you can ride for miles along winding roads, through beautiful deep ravines and under numberless pines, with their endless murmuring, and sobbing, plaintive music.

Apropos of music: Entertainments of that sort were rather scarce during my stay, the Boston Symphony Concert, which was very fine, being the only one I heard. However, that was not all. A kind friend brought a very good cello player to see me, whose playing I enjoyed extremely. This same gentleman was the means of introducing me to a charming pianist, who is a wonderful performer. Through her kindness I attended a very pleasant musical, which together with the lady's playing, will always be one of the brightest spots of thorough enjoyment in my memory.

The last I saw of Washington, as I sped along in the train, was the great dome of the Capitol, and that night again I saw it hovering, like some fair mirage, on the horizon of my dreams.

And now, dear friends, I hope I have not wearied you. I felt it a honor to be asked to contribute to your paper, and have done my best to show my appreciation. Though it is not yet a year since I last left dear Linden Hall it seems years, and so all girl troubles seem small and insignificant when compared to the larger troubles of the larger life. Like all else, it has its compensations, and the larger life is balanced by the larger griefs.

Wishing you all success (and especially the grave and reverend Seniors) at the June examinations I remain,

Very sincerely,

Pauline Cooper.

March 20, 1891.

—We have had many pleasant evenings during the term. Three Musicals (see programmes), a delightful Shakespearean Recital ("The Taming of the Shrew") by the well-known Hannibal Williams, a Shakespeare lecture by Dr. Hark, the Posta' Tea, the Soap-Bubble Party, the Profile Party, etc. These each deserve separate mention. The different symphonies and overtures rendered by the L. H. Symphony Club, deserve especial praise, as also the delightful singing of the Major and Minor Glee Club. Our Musicals are amongst the most interesting as well as instructive of the musical course.

MADAME DE STAËL.

For the Echo.

THE English historian W. E. H. Lecky, in the April Forum, reviews Lady Blennerhasset's "Life and Times of Madame de Staël," and below we give some compilations drawn from the article.

Anna Louise Germaine Necker was born in Paris, on April 22, 1766. Her father was at that time known only as a Swiss banker of high character and reputation, who had amassed a vast fortune and had come to Paris for his private affairs. When her father was ten years old he was appointed to a leading place in the ministry of France. Her mother was the Mademoiselle Curched whose accomplishments and charms had captivated Gibbon when he was a young man at Lansanne. When, however, his father opposed the match, he "sighed as a lover but obeyed as a son," as he himself writes, and Mademoiselle Curched found in Necker a husband who realized her fondest wishes. Although Madame Necker became the center of a brilliant salon at Paris, neither her strong domestic tastes, nor the vein of Puritanism that ran through her opinions, harmonized with the lax and skeptical society around her, and it was no sacrifice to her to exchange the splendors and gayeties of Paris for her peaceful retreat on the Lake of Geneva.

In this, as in most respects, her daughter was very different. She was not beautiful, though her dark and eminently lustrous eyes, beaming with intelligence, and her rich brown tint, gave some charm to her large and rather coarse features. She threw herself eagerly into social and literary enthusiasm. Her gifts of conversation were very wonderful, and she had a wide range of sympathies, keen insight into character, and great power of describing it by a few vivid words.

Unlike most great talkers, she possessed to a very eminent degree the gift of learning from others, and grasping the characteristic features of their teaching. Few women combined so remarkably a sound and moderate judgment with extreme vividness and impetuosity of emotion, and one of those who knew her best pronounced her to be "absolutely incapable of hatred."

In 1786 a marriage was negotiated for her with the Swedish Ambassador, the Baron de Staël. It was a marriage into which but little affection entered, and was not happy.

In the troubles of the French Revolution Madame de Staël became active in assisting the constitutional party by her social influence, her wealth, and her pen. In 1792 she was compelled to flee to Switzerland. She returned to Paris during the time of the Directory.

The star of Bonaparte was now rapidly rising, and it profoundly affected the last years of her life. She was at first dazzled; she was at all times profoundly impressed by Bonaparte's genius, but she soon detected his real nature. She had seen, she said, men worthy of all respect, and she had seen men noted for their ferocity; but the impression produced on her by Bonaparte was generally different from that produced by either of these classes. She found that such epithets as "good," "violent," "gentle," and "cruel," could not be applied to him in his ordinary senses. He was a being who stood apart, habitually regarding men not as fellow creatures, but as counters in a game. It was impossible, she found, to exaggerate his disbelief in human virtue. A perfectly honest man was the only kind of man he never could understand. Such a man perplexed and baffled his calculations, acting on them as the sign of the cross acts on the machinations of a demon.

Napoleon drove Madame de Staël into renewed exile, where she wrote the works that have made her celebrated. The most famous are "Corinne" (1807), which embodies her impressions of England and Italy; "L'Allemagne," which revealed Germany to France; and "Consideration on the French Revolution," which is still a standard.

Like others, Madame de Staël has suffered from the laxity of belief and social and domestic life of the time, but the vague deism of her youth deepened finally into a positive, definite, and earnest Christianity, yet without mysticism and without intolerance. The spirit of her belief is beautifully expressed in these lines:

"Il faut avoir soin, si l'on veut, que le deuil de cette vie soit la jeunesse de l'autre. Se désinteresser de soi, sans cesser de s'intéresser aux autres, met quelque chose de divin dans l'âme."

She died in July, 1817.

THE GRADUATE AND HER SHORTCOMINGS.

"She was a little graduate, she'd read her essay sage, And told men how to govern, in a bright, enlightened age. She'd settled many a question, evolved conclusions new; And now her "education," as they call the thing, was through."

But though so much of learning had been crammed into her head, She couldn't for the life of her compound a loaf of bread, She attended on plain doughnuts, and admitted with a sigh That she couldn't make a piecrust that would not absorb the pie. Now, we've volumes full of sagacity, from the living and the dead, But things we're really needing most are better pie and bread. Economic ideas may be proper in their place, But good cooking; little maison, is much better for the race."
THE GIRL THAT STAYS.

"Familiarity with work like the sunrise or the filling and emptying of the tide. And the beauty of it is that Bridget or Frederika or Gretchen or Betsy has had love and foresight, and the daughter had a very pleasant time. The leader stood process of nature, and the dainty meal, the so easily that you feel as if it were all a daughter of the house is always there. It was a great success. We indeed may come or she may go, but this young girl of the house is always there. She is always at hand to repair their wrong; she is the bright, willing, loving, strong, and happy staff to lean on. In every home where the mother has had love and foresight, and the daughter has had obedience and ambition, there is perfect composure on the subject of the servant-girl question. No matter what the other girls may do, there is always—Heaven be blessed for it!—(and unless some lucky lover find her out) a girl that stays.—Harriet Prescott Spofford.

A PROFILE PARTY.

**Did you ever attend a profile party? I never did until I attended one which was gotten up by the Third Room girls. It was a great success. We indeed had a very pleasant time. The leader stood by the black-board drawing on paper with crayon. The paper was so pinned upon the blackboard as to throw the shadow of our profiles upon it, which made it quite easy to draw. Some of the likenesses were pretty good, but others afforded a great deal of amusement for the girls. One of the pictures looked exactly like a Japanese. After the party we had numerous games, which were thoroughly enjoyed by all.** But perhaps the greatest feature of the evening (in the estimation of the girls), was the refreshments, for school-girls do love good things, and the one stitch dropped pulled the next stitch out, and the one small stitch that was dropped that day.

**Under any circumstances be polite to the people you live with. Reserve your crossness for the people you seldom see. Grumble only before the most distinguished person you know. If you feel angry or sulky, depressed or discontented, get into a loose dress and take some free gymnastics.**

**As early as February, 15th snow-drops and crocuses were blooming in our borders. Poor things, they have had sad, wintery experiences since then.**

LINDEN HALL ECHO.

PROGRAMMES.

**MUSICAL—JANUARY 31.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>The Programme</th>
<th>Miss Koch.</th>
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<tr>
<td>&quot;Forget-me-not.&quot;</td>
<td>J. S. Bach (1685-1750)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Miss Landis. (&quot;Pensacola,&quot;&quot;)</td>
<td>Handel (1685-1759)</td>
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<td>Miss SL Benneken.</td>
<td>Haydn (1732-1809)</td>
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<td>Miss Hager.</td>
<td>Haydn (1732-1809)</td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot;Sonata (E Flat) 1st Movement.&quot;</td>
<td>Haydn (1732-1809)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Miss Vandever. (&quot;I know that my Redeemer liveth.&quot;</td>
<td>Handel (1685-1759)</td>
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<td>&quot;Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah.&quot;</td>
<td>Mozart (1756-1791)</td>
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<td>Miss Louis.</td>
<td>Mozart (1756-1791)</td>
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<td>Miss Retreat.</td>
<td>Mozart (1756-1791)</td>
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<td>&quot;Sweet Zephyr.&quot;</td>
<td>Mozart (1756-1791)</td>
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<td>Misses Shibley and Brickensten.</td>
<td>Mozart (1756-1791)</td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot;Symphony.&quot; (C Major)—&quot;Jupiter.&quot;</td>
<td>Mozart (1756-1791)</td>
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<td>Miss Welch.</td>
<td>Mozart (1756-1791)</td>
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<td>Misses Laws and Johnson.</td>
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<td>Misses Louis.</td>
<td>Mozart (1756-1791)</td>
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<td>Misses Ritter and Scholl.</td>
<td>Mozart (1756-1791)</td>
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<td>Misses Sider and Thompson.</td>
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**MUSICAL—FEBRUARY 1.**

| "Adelaide." | Beethoven (1770-1827) |
| "Overture." | Beethoven (1770-1827) |
| Misses Brown and Jones. | Beethoven (1770-1827) |
| Misses Hopkins and Van Bier. | Beethoven (1770-1827) |
| Misses Stull and Thompson. | Beethoven (1770-1827) |
| Misses Kemper and Brickensten. | Beethoven (1770-1827) |
| Misses Stemmler and Twombly. | Beethoven (1770-1827) |
| Misses Kreiger and Albert. | Beethoven (1770-1827) |
| Misses Sider and Thompson. | Beethoven (1770-1827) |
| Misses Stull and Thompson. | Beethoven (1770-1827) |
| Misses Brown and Jones. | Beethoven (1770-1827) |
| Misses Hopkins and Van Bier. | Beethoven (1770-1827) |
| Misses Stull and Thompson. | Beethoven (1770-1827) |
| Misses Kemper and Brickensten. | Beethoven (1770-1827) |
| Misses Stemmler and Twombly. | Beethoven (1770-1827) |
| Misses Kreiger and Albert. | Beethoven (1770-1827) |
| Misses Sider and Thompson. | Beethoven (1770-1827) |

**MUSICAL—APRIL 15.**

| "Ah, 'tis a Dream." | J. S. Bach (1685-1750) |
| "The Rose's Complaint." | J. S. Bach (1685-1750) |
| Misses Landis. | J. S. Bach (1685-1750) |
| "Pastorale." | J. S. Bach (1685-1750) |
| Misses Brown and Jones. | J. S. Bach (1685-1750) |
| Misses Hopkins and Van Bier. | J. S. Bach (1685-1750) |
| Misses Stull and Thompson. | J. S. Bach (1685-1750) |
| Misses Kemper and Brickensten. | J. S. Bach (1685-1750) |
| Misses Stemmler and Twombly. | J. S. Bach (1685-1750) |
| Misses Kreiger and Albert. | J. S. Bach (1685-1750) |
| Misses Sider and Thompson. | J. S. Bach (1685-1750) |

**A SINGLE STITCH.**

BY SUSAN COODGE.

One stitch dropped as the weaver drove
His nimble shuttle to and fro,
In and out, beneath, above,
Till the pattern seemed to bud and grow,
As if the fairies had helping been. And the one stitch dropped pulled the next stitch out, and the one place grew in the fabric stout; And the perfect pattern was marred for ye And the one small stitch that was dropped that day.

**One small life in God's great plan,**
How futile it seems as the ages roll,
**To alter the sweep of the infinite whole!**
To alter the sweep of the infinite whole! A single stitch in an endless web, A single stitch in an endless web, A drop in the ocean's flow and oob! But the pattern is rent where the stitch is lost, Or marred where the tangled threads have crossed; And such life that fails of the true intent Mars the perfect plan that its Master meant.
The sermon to the Graduates was preached by the Rev. G. W. Meminger, pastor of St. Paul's Reformed Church, Lancaster, on Thursday evening. A large audience was present, who took for his text Mark 9:23, "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth," his subject being the receptivity of the truth as an essential element in a successful life. The Rev. I. W. Bobst, of St. Paul's Lutheran Church, Lititz, made the opening prayer.

In the evening there was a really terrible thunder-storm, which lasted until after midnight. On Wednesday the weather was showery, but Thursday passed off without rain, though the ground was soaked so that outdoor walks and recreation were impossible.

The Major and Minor Glee Club Musicale on Wednesday evening was delightful, only too short for the listeners. It was an evening to be long remembered. The M. and M. G. Chubbists were, First Sophomores, Misses Louis, Hager and Thornton; Second, Misses Shibley and Thompson; Third, Misses Kemper and Brickenstein. The club deserves to perpetuate itself. We hope it will.

The Commencement, on Thursday morning, June 18th, the following young ladies were graduated: Mary E. Bachman, Louise Forney, Amelia E. Hager, Ida A. Forney, Lillie Lohman,Msg. Martin, Bessie K. Nelson, Effie Thornton, Harriet Van Bebb, in the Post Graduate Course, Susie Shibley and Amy Louis received the B. A. degree. The program of the exercises will be found elsewhere.

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Harriet Van Biber, Editor

Assistant Editors

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LARGENESS.

Salutatory, By Miss Van Biber.

When we wish to sum up the high merits of man, to reflect upon how man has created directions in life, we say of him that he is a large man. We judge men by their characters, for character and not bodily strength makes the man. The measure of soul is the true measure.

Napoleon Bonaparte, compared in size to Peter the Great, was a mere pugil, but they both equally lead. But Napoleon, as a leader himself. So we see that be as large in the eyes of God by making and the rest? Which of our names will live in society shall once be vacant? Will God watch in after years how many of the men who now fill so large a place in the news and posterity. It will be a curious thing to do. The physical strength or beauty has only the value which belongs to the outer covering in which the soul is seen. The to-day dies. The soul lives on forever. What does it matter if five or thirty years after a man's death whether he was tall or short, handsome or deformed, for the shell decays; his soul and affections live on to eternity and are remembered in the after years by his contemporaries and posterity. It will be a curious thing to watch in after years how many of the men who now fill so large a place in the newspaper, will live in our memories and their names even be recognized. Will we remember about McKinley Bill? and Mr. Quay? and John Spoon? and the rest? Which of our names will live honorably in the annals of this school? How many people will remember us pleasantly or gratefully when our places in the family or in society shall once be vacant? Will God look kindly on anything we have been or done in this world? We it is true, can not be Napoleons, Washingtons, or Mozarts, who were wonderful men and filled so large a place in the world. But what any human being can be as large in the eyes of God by making the best use of the abilities which He has given us. If recognition and renown follow well and good: and if they do not follow, well and good, too. Our aim must not be to win favor with men, but to do the very best that is within our reach, because that is right. What good have done without his common soldiers? All can not lead, some must follow; and Napoleon's soldiers as really contributed to the great victory as did those of their great leader himself. So we see that.

A healthy body is a help to health and vigor and mind. So often the body is put first and the soul becomes a slave. Through the carnal passions the mind and soul are often seriously impaired and in fact frequently ruined.

According to the adoption of unfit books, the adoption of low ideas, caring over much for pleasure or the getting of money, are also injurious to the growth and expansion of the mind, and a man's being as a man is dwarfed. It seemed incomprehensible that the part of us that lives forever should for a few moments of purely external gain or pleasure be neglected, or, far worse, polluted. To-day flies and tomorrow may be explained, that is mortals are very shortsighted and forget the higher things of life, and that the world and sin are so strong; yet it seems so plain that we should remember why we were created and why we can look for a life beyond this.

I find I have drifted into serious moralizing, but I must order to finish my thought, go on to say, that in order that our lives may fulfill the Creator's intention, we must rise above all evil thought, word or deed. And the bravest thing is to leave the past and live daintlessly in the present.

Deem not the Irrevocable past
As wholly wasted; wholly vain,
If rising on its waves at last,
We feel that we have entered life not as a thing that has been prepared for our selfish or sensuous enjoyment, but a life that has been marked and colored by the probabilities of death that lie hidden in it.

There is not one in the Class of '91 who has not passed through days when the soul was low and the body too. Nothing solid under our feet; duty was drudgery; our friends were uninteresting. no book opened at a pleasing chapter, no music sounded sweet in our ears, and school life was so dull and mechanical. But stop a moment and consider what our future life might have been without our school life here.

The American girls we are slow to believe the truth of the words of our Saviour, that the value of a man's life is not in the abundance of the things which he possesses. I am quite sure that we have too often felt that our course at school, a diploma or a degree, a little reading or some accomplishments were sufficient to make us a woman.

We are not to say, that in order that our lives may fulfill the Creator's intention, we must rise above all evil thought, word or deed. And the bravest thing is to leave the past and live daintlessly in the present.

Then learn this truth, the base of all, that our earthly life is but a forerunner of a life beyond this.

Of education ends only with life.

Valedictory, By Miss Forney.

To-day, my friends, finishes our school life, the last task has been written, the last test taken, and in the mind, and sometimes become a weariness of the flesh, are put away, perhaps never again to be opened. With some the time may be one of unalloyed happiness; but for the true hearted, ambitious girl, while it is a day of triumphal pleasure, it is also a thoughtfully serious day as she stands at the real Commencement of a new era in life, with unreasonable and new opportunities. She remembers that her education is not finished, but can end only with her life; she feels she is just entering a new world of thought and feeling, and shall exhibit her true character, and this surely, is a serious consideration.

It may be that some of us thought, when we entered this school a few years ago that we were coldly greeted; but every school does as Mr. Kingsley said to the young men of Oxford: "I will give you but my greeting and a start; I cannot patronize you, nor can anyone." This is what Linden Hall has done for us and hundreds of girls before us. She has started the work which we are expected to complete. She has taught us that our education will end only when, at the close of a useful life, we enter upon the Commencement of the life immortal.

We are glad for the occasion has really done for us, I think, if I may return to say, that in order that our lives may fulfill the Creator's intention, we must rise above all evil thought, word or deed. And the bravest thing is to leave the past and live daintlessly in the present.

"Then learn this truth, the base of all, that in order that our lives may fulfill the Creator's intention, we must rise above all evil thought, word or deed. And the bravest thing is to leave the past and live daintlessly in the present."
the information of the past without feeling the largeness, wealth and growing value of life. As we read, we learn, and in our occupations that take the time that can be redeemed to blessed use for ourselves and others.

If we want to become citizens of the world we must know what we caniver the present, what the past has to teach us and what we may anticipate in the future. But our own American life is the most important, for we always have the pictures of the beautiful world, to which her eyes have been opened, and her mind is a representation of that Divine life which they envision. When we enter the new life upon which we enter to-day, we pledge ourselves to be true to the spirit of our school, by adding to our knowledge and understanding of the world and its ways, and by seeking, not greatness, but goodness.

CLASS REUNIONS.

'83. — The Class meeting of '83, was very delightful, was something of a disappointment as the number present was not as large as was expected. Elsie Mauer Livingood, Florence Hollinger Meminger, Pamela Silver, Maggie Bomberger, Mable Beck and Georgie Griffing were present at the meeting, and Emma Hoch came later. In the absence of our president, Margaret Sheasley Janion, Elsie M. Livingood presented at the meeting; Miss Griffith, Secretary not being present, the minutes could not be read. The Historian read a very interesting history of the Class for the past three years, and also letters from several members of the class. As some of the girls were unable to remain over until Friday, we decided to omit our usual Class supper for this year. The husbands of those girls who had married since our last reunion, were made honorary members of the class, and after electing our officers for the next meeting, three years hence, we adjourned in order to attend the meeting which was called to form the Alumnae Association.

The officers elected to serve at our next reunion are: FLORENCE HOLLINGER MEMINGER, President; GEORGIIE GRIFFING, Secretary, and PAMPEI SILVER, Treasurer.

'85. — Four members of the Class of '85 were present at our second reunion, Ella Hacker, Bessie (Mayer) Wissler, Edith Ryan and Helen H. Stuck. We had a most interesting meeting in the gymnasium. We elected new Class officers for our next reunion which is to be in 1894. A letter from Annie Zook was read, and then we listened to our history. This account "Of the facts late fashioned by Fate of the class since the year '85," was highly entertaining—a class poem and class history combined from the pen of our Class Historian, Edith Ryan. We then adjourned to the "Castle," and wrote a letter to Mr. Borden, Philadelphia; Mr. John, Pittsburg; Wissler, New York; Miss Cooper, Pittsburg; Mrs. Borden, Philadelphia; Miss Ruton, Philadelphia; Miss Dickey, Lancaster; Mrs. Don, Boston; Miss Davis, Lancaster; Miss Edgar, Mrs. Dr. Cooper, Point Pleasant, N. J.; Mrs. Dr. Richards, Fallington; Dr. Hark, Miss Hoch, Lancaster; Rev. and Mrs. Gerdson, Lebanon; Dr. Harding, Rev. B. Latrobe, London, Eng.—At Commencement, the following former scholars were present: Misses G. Griffing, P. Silver, B. and E. Grittinger, G. Hershey, K. Luckenbach, K. French, M. Smith, E. Dunlap, E. Lehman, A. Feener, A. Grace, L. Baer, M. and E. Lines, G. Taylor, L. Tieze, A. and E. Nichols, A. Brust, J. Smith, M. Robbins, S. Mulford, M. Kepler, C. Coblen, N. Yost, H. Feener, A. Green, L. Baer, and J. W. Meminger, Mrs. Koons and daughter Barbara, Mrs. G. Ryan.

Married: May 6th, 1891, at Willow Street, ADA HOLLINGER (83) to John McAllister.

April 30, 1891, at Exeter, Sur B. SEIDEL to Charles T. Evans. At home at Tacony.

—Decoration Day and our Principal's birthday brought us a holiday which was spent in the Chautauqua course.

—Tennis was very popular and the courts were constantly used.

—You would not think that a girl could jump across the water from coping to coping at the Springs, or that she would be able to do it, and safely, in a flash. Also, she climbed to the top of the corn-cob.

—Pansy growing was quite the rage and the balconies were lined with box-gardens of them. This year there was a success.

—The grading at the new Infirmary has made quite a good hill for coaching.

—The Class Ivy was planted at the west end of our House, beside the large window, and is growing finely.

—The Third and Fourth Class Reading Classes invited the School to a very pleasing entertainment one Saturday evening. Everything was admirable except the shortness of the programme.

—Miss Clara held a strawberry festival on the third-story balconies, which attracted every body. With Chinese lanterns and other decorations the balconies looked very pretty.

—The new infirmary will be in the next term in use. The present rooms will be devoted to various uses, one of which may be a laboratory.

—The Glee Club Concert in April was a delightful occasion. The present rooms were filled, and each person was in her proper place.

—The grading at the new Infirmary has taken place. The new rooms were well-furnished, and had given reason to be satisfied with the success of her labors.

—Much to our surprise, Miss Lucy Tietze ('90) dropped in upon us the week before Commencement. She is now teaching in North Carolina and finds herself at the first opportunity.

—A small Junior proposes to issue a new Geography, with Walla-Walla as the capital of Washington.

—The use of feather trimmings for Winter dresses has been decreed by the magnates of fashion. It is gratifying, says The Christian, to know in connection with this matter that the Princess of Wales has given orders that nothing need be submitted for her inspection, or that of her daughters, in which birds are used as trimming. The Princess Christian is credited with having set this example, which should be widely followed by those who have it in their power to put a stop to a fashion which is the cause of untold cruelty to the innocent lower creation.
THE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION.

At the recent Commencement, June 18th, of Linden Hall Seminary, the plan for many years entertained of forming an association of its Alumnae, was carried into effect. Sixty Alumnae were present and united in the organization. Mrs. GEORGE RYAN, of Philadelphia, was chosen President; Miss GEORGIA GRIFFING, Philadelphia, Vice President; Miss M. E. SMITH, Intercourse, Lancaster County, Pa., Secretary; Miss LUCY BRICKENSTEIN, Lititz, Pa., Treasurer. The following was the Constitution that was adopted:

I.—NAME.

The name of this Association shall be: "THE ALUMNA ASSOCIATION OF LINDEN HALL SEMINARY.

II.—OBJECTS.

The objects of this Association shall be:—1. To promote the interests of Linden Hall Seminary. 2. To work together in encouraging and maintaining sisterly fellowship among the Alumnae.

III.—MEMBERSHIP.

The membership shall consist of Active Members and Honorary Members.

1. Active Members: All former pupils who have been of good standing in this Seminary for one year or more, in the years previous to 1811, may, by signing these articles of the Alumnae Association and contributing fifty cents annually to the Association, become Active Members. After 1844, the centenary of the School, membership will be limited to Graduates.

2. Honorary Members: After the payment of an admission fee of five dollars, present and former teachers and professors of Linden Hall Seminary, who were not also pupils, shall be constituted Honorary Members.

IV.—OFFICERS.

The Officers of this Association shall consist of a President, two or more Vice Presidents, a Treasurer, and a Secretary, who shall be elected at each general meeting of the Association. These Officers shall constitute an Executive Committee, to carry out such measures as may be resolved upon by the Association for the furtherance of its objects and the transaction of such business as may be assigned to it by the Association.

MEETINGS.

A stated meeting of this Association shall be held on the Annual Commencement Day of Linden Hall at Lititz, Pa. At this meeting all Officers for the ensuing year shall be elected, and only active Members not in arrears for dues shall be allowed to vote.

VI.—FUNDS.

The funds of the Association shall be used to defray current expenses, any surplus to be held by the Treasurer at the disposal of the Association.

VII.—CHANGE OF ARTICLES.

Changes in these Articles of Association can only be made by vote of a majority of the Active Members present and voting, and after such measures have been discussed at a general meeting.

—The Seniors' drive to the hills, the week before Commencement, was in every way delightful. The weather was perfect, the laurel a sight to behold, the azaleas delightful. On the way home we passed through a great crowd of people and carriages at a Dunkard lotefest.

—The ivy and ampelopsis on the Chapel have grown luxuriously this year, having nearly reached the top of the bell tower and curling amongst the pillars of the door and over the entrance. The north sides are almost entirely covered.

—The student hunt this year was a success, the flowers being abundant, and the violets in the pleasure-ground were numberless.

PROGRAMMES.

MUSICAL, GIVEN BY THE MAJOR AND MINOR GLEE CLUB, WEDNESDAY EVENING, JUNE 17.

(a.) "I would that my Love." Mendelssohn

(b.) "Fidelio." Brahms

(c.) "Waiting." M. and M. G. C.

(d.) "Leit mel de." Millard

(e.) "Nocturne." Miss Thornton.

(f.) "Wedding March." Soderman

(g.) "Flower Greeting." Grechanik

(h.) "Sweet Daisy." Ogren

(i.) "Ein Weinkoch." Benecke

(j.) "Aragonaise" from the Ballet "Cid." Curnon

(k.) "Poetische Tonbilder." No. 3. "The Bay is at Last Departing." E. O'ricq

(l.) "Nobil Signora." (Hupfeld) Meyerbeer

(m.) "Tell it Her." Miss Louis.

(n.) "Day is at Last Departing." Miss Louis, Beckenstein and Kemper.

(o.) "Lost Chord." M. and M. G. C.

(p.) "Magic Song." Miss Hagner.

(q.) "Rohin Adair." Louis, Beckenstein, Fabian.

(r.) "She was but Seven." Hanley

COMMENCEMENT, THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 18.


"The Largeness." — Miss Van Bibbbr.

"Heavenly Love." — Gounod.

What goes into the Rag Bag and what comes out," — Miss Royer and Hamaker.


"Heavenly Love." — Gounod.

"Hungarian Dance." — Brahms.

"Bridal Chorus." — Rossini.

"Whabton and Mimmich." — Miss Rbbvbs.

"Gavotte." — F. Behr.

"Souvenir d' Irlande." — Moscheles.

"Common Law." — Miss Koch.

"Marche Triumphale." — Myer.

"What ailed the Pudding." — J. Fallard.

"What goes into the Rag Bag and what comes out," — Miss Royer and Hamaker.

"Mr. Bawzer Among the Dressmakers." — Miss Louis, Beckenstein, Fabian, Bradby, M. McCawbss.

"Hungarian March" — Miss Louis.

"Shadow Song." — Miss Louis.

"Overture Freischutz." — H. S. Symphony Club.

"A Dutch Lullaby." — Eugen Fried.

"Wynken, Blynken and Nod." — McCandless.


"WOMEN BEFORE THE LAW.

THESIS: BY MISS SHEIBLER.

The subject of this essay was defined to be, not woman's personal status, but a historical review of the changes that have occurred in married women's property rights and their power to contract.

Not long ago a married woman's property rights might be defined as nil, and such an essay as this might be as brief, terse and to the point as was the chapter on snakes in a work on the natural history of Ireland, which stated: "There are no snakes in Ireland."

At the present day, however, the books and law on the subject are very extensive and interesting.

To realize the change it was necessary to state the position of a femme covert under the Common Law as to her real estate, in which she had no power over, nor enjoyment of, the rents or other usufruct; as to her choses in action, which might be absorbed by the husband, if he desired, and as to her personalty, which became his absolutely on marriage. Her right to contract was also defined.

The noble and brilliant record of the English Chancery or Equity courts in recognizing married women from this system of bondage and tutelage, securing to her own, if certain conditions are fulfilled, the duties and powers of trustees in this regard; and the doctrine of Married Women's Jointure was defined.

Finally the recent married women's acts were referred to, and the effort was made to place married women on an absolute equality with men as to property and contractual capacity with a preference for the former—efforts which are still in their forerunner stage—discussed.

With the constructive stage—discussed, the effects, both positive and negative, of the change in the system of "Sale and merits of the system of the law of Women's Jointure was discussed.

NOTES.

Four graduated cum laude, or "with distinction," that is, with more than an average of 90 in final examinations.

Both Mrs. Menninger and Prof. Hamilton chose for themselves as wives L. H. S. students. Misses Louis and McCalndesses, as wives. Misses Louis, Beckenstein, Fabian, Bradby, M. McCawbss. The Committee who made the presents were numerous.

Graduates were plain.

The students of the sewing prizes were also specially fitting them, and they were thus able to assist in a Commencement.

We refer to, with a preference for the form, referred to, for the protection of a married woman's property rights.
WOMEN'S LITERARY CLUBS
AND THE WOMEN OF THE FRENCH SALONS.

ABSTRACT OF THESIS, BY MISS LOUIS
The recent rise and extensive spread of
women's literary clubs, especially in our
large cities, was pointed out, and an
explanation attempted of the social form
which literary activity amongst women
apt to take.
The historical development of this literary
activity carries us back to the beautiful and
celebrated salon of Rambouillet in the seven-
teenth century, originated and presided over
by Catharine de Vivonne, Marquise de
Rambouillet.

No more lovely, more refined, or more in-
spiring figure greets us on the pages of
history, none which has left a more lasting
impress on the language, the social life and
form, and the literary civilization of France,
and thence, indirectly, upon refined society
generally.
It is not too much to say that she broke up
the grossness of rough and military court life,
elevated the author, musician and artist to
an equal social position with the courtier
and soldier, taught the art of polite conver-
sation, and substituted a refined home, with
artistic architectural graces, for the old rude
castle dwelling, and all by the influence of a
pure, gentle, but energetic, loving, intelli-
gent, and disinterested personal character.
The other French Salons that followed, but
never equalled Rambouillet, were then re-
ferred to in their order, and their most dis-
tinguished personages described. The
woman's club is thus seen to be not only a
private amusement but capable of becoming
a great public benefit.

SENIOR-CLASS BOTANIZINGS.
Below is given a list of some of the wild
spring flowers gathered and analyzed by
the Senior class. The dates may serve for a
comparative reference as to the appearance of
shrubs and cultivated plants, being omitted).
The spring procession of flowers in other
years. It will be noticed that the season
apt to take.

—Geometry is not so hard as we expected.
—The Junior's "call" should be, "Will I
pass?"
—Is Caesar dead? Indeed, we sometimes
fear not.
—Have you studied Wat Tyler's "Resurrec-
tion?"
—The Second Room girls enjoyed a goodly
number of boxes.
—Have you lost your book? "No man's,
but I can't find it."
—We find after getting at the stars for some
time that Orion isn't in it.
—The fashion is now not to wear hearts on
the sleeve, but on the neck.
—We are very fond of visitors, but when it
comes to meeting them, we draw the line.
—As times go on, we notice that our infants
are learning to speak more plainly.
—At last the Juniors have found something
much worse than day keeping—book keeping.
—The "Racket League" enjoy their court
immensely, and, until lately, practised all their
free time.

Some young ladies would like to put their
hair up, but upon trial they find that the hair
pins will not stay in place.

A poet I dare not be;
A songster I cannot:
Oh! think then, Miss Wolfe,
What very great folly,
My efforts would seem to thee.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be
clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day
long;
And so make life, death, and the vast forever
One grand sweet song.

—Carlos Wilcox.
—Mrs. Whiton.
—Santa Teresa's Bookmark
—Linden Hall ECHO.

THE PRETTY LOCUST TREE JUST OUTSIDE THE
SECOND ROOM WINDOW WAS QUITE IN DEMAND,
WHEN IT WAS IN BLOOM, ALTHOUGH THE MOST
PERFECT BLOOMS WERE OF COURSE JUST OUT OF
REACH.

—The Third Room girls spent a very profit-
able afternoon in gathering water-cress, which
they enjoyed very much, and, thanks to them,
some of the girls of the other rooms did so also.

—We have been wakened many times that there
is nothing new under the sun, but when I learn
that this earth contains some "treeless forests,
I beg leave to say that everything is not a
"chestnut."

—We hear the time before the close of school
counted in two ways, "So long before we shall
have home," and, "So short a while to study for
examinations!" and we wistfully wish they could
be reversed.

—On Saturday, June 6th, the Strawberry
Festival was held, but on account of bad
weather it had to be given in the Sunday-scholl
Hall instead of out in the square. The Linden
Hall girls went and had a "lively time." They
thought the flower-stand a great institution.

—The teacher of the Rhetoric Class tried
very hard to make poets of her pupils, but
we shall not say how well she succeeded. The
following is a really good specimen:
A rhythmian I am not,
A singer I cannot.
A poet I dare not be;
On this then, Miss Wolfe,
What very great folly,
My efforts would seem to thee.

JUNIOR JOTTINGS.

DICENTRA CUCULLARIA (Dutchman's
Breeches) Millway, 27th April.
ARISAEMA TRIPLIUMM (Indian turnip)
Huber's Woods, 30th April.
VIOLA CUCULLATA (Blue violet) 6th May.
VIOLA WALDSTEINIA (Yellow violet)
6th May, Millway.
RANUNCULUS BULBOUS (Buttercup)
Lititz Creek, 11th May, 1891.
CARDAMINE ROTUNDIFOLIA (American
AZALEA NUDIFLORA (Pinster-flower)
Owl Hill, 11th May.
VIOLA PEDAPTA (Bird-foot violet)
Near Brunnerville, 11th May, 1891.
PADOPHYLLUM PELTATUM (Mandrake)
Kissel Hill, 11th May.
ORNITHOGALUM (Star of Bethlehem)
17th May.
AQEGILIA CANADENSIS (Wild Columbine)
17th May, Botany Dell.
SILENE PENNSYLVANICA (Wild Pink)
14th May, Kissel Hill.
GERANIUM MACULUM (Wild Cranesbill)
14th May, Kissel Hill.
UVULARIA PERSOLOIA (Bellwort)
Near Lititz Turnpike, 20th May.
ANGELICA ATROFLOREAE (Great Angeli-
calica) Lititz Creek, June 1st.

JUNIOR JOTTINGS.

—The pretty locust-tree just outside the
Second Room window was quite in demand,
when it was in bloom, although the most per-
fect blossoms were of course just out of reach.

—The Third Room girls spent a very profit-
able afternoon in gathering water-cress, which
they enjoyed very much, and, thanks to them,
some of the girls of the other rooms did so also.

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is nothing new under the sun, but when I learn
that this earth contains some "treeless forests,
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My efforts would seem to thee.

—Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be
clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day
long;
And so make life, death, and the vast forever
One grand sweet song.

—Mrs. Watton.
—Charles Wilcox.
Let nothing disturb thee,
Nothing afflict thee;
All things are passing;
God never changeth;
With freshness on its brow.

Then do thy work, while lingers youth
With freshness on its brow,
Still mindful of life's greatest truth,
The best of time is Now.

—Charles Wilcox.
—Santa Teresa's Bookmark
—Linden Hall ECHO.