

To H. D. M., aged twelve.

HELEN DOUGLAS SCOTT.

Dear little maid, thy face so pure,
Brings thoughts of God's own love secure,
For, while we ponder on thy grace,
Brought from some far and mystic place,
Our minds turn ever to the time
When to that sunny Eastern clime,
A little maid, just twelve years old,
Back flitted from the gates of gold.

Past the sweet stars her way she took,
And all that wondrous land forsook,
To answer to a voice supreme
That called her spirit from its dream,
And so we pray that thou may'st hear
A voice that calls thee, sweet and clear,
"Maiden, arise! My love will be
More than thy wistful dreams to thee."

Northfield.

AMONG my brightest memories and experiences, I know I shall always number my first visit to Northfield.

Before the June closing it was decided that Miss Margaret Betts and I should go to Northfield to represent the Theo Dora Society of this school, at the Women's Conference held in July.

Northfield is one of the most charming towns in New England; spread out in the beautiful Connecticut Valley, it lies on the banks of that river which divides New England. Arriving at the depot we are still some distance from the Northfield Seminary, founded by Mr. Moody. As we proceed along the main street, where four rows of stately maples and elms afford continuous shade, we pass Mr. Moody's home. The seminary campus, which is very beautiful, next comes into view. Among the principal buildings are Marquand Hall, the Skinner Gymnasium, the Auditorium, Talcott Library, Stone Hall, Weston and East Halls, which are all beautiful buildings of brick and stone. The Gymnasium is especially interesting, and while there we had the pleasure of seeing a game of basket ball between the girls of Smith, Vassar and Mount Holyoke. The Auditorium, which is a