

Transplanted.

(Concluded.)

Most of the old committees (in connection with the Alumnæ Kindergarten) have resumed their work in the new field; but there is plenty of room for more work and more workers.

I. There is a library at the Alumnæ House, consisting of about 325 volumes. An average of twenty-five children, boys and girls, from 8 to 16 years of age, attend each Thursday afternoon. Books are loaned for home reading. The library has need of books, and books, and yet more books—fairy tales, magazines, simple works on science and history.

II. The "Little Housekeepers" have renewed their pleasant work. Cooking and sewing are being taught. Many are the appetizing (?) dishes brought up to Miss Wells and Miss Nolen at the hands of beaming little cooks, not the least recommendation as to the excellence of said concoctions being the proudly announced fact, "I made 'em myself, Miss Wells."

III. The Girls' Club. This is still in the formative stage, and capable of developing, as we sincerely hope it will, from a Friday evening meeting for games and entertainment into an every-night meeting—a week of girls' clubs, with a variety of interests; classes in dress-making and millinery, literature and history, book-keeping; in fact, classes in anything and everything that the needs of the girls of the neighborhood demand. A vast field is here opened for the work of trained Alumnæ—personal work for personal need—when this club shall have been thoroughly organized.

IV. There will be unlimited opportunity for the Entertainment Committee to furnish pleasure evenings for the girls of the club and their parents when the club is in running order.

Well may the Alumnæ cherish this tree of their own planting. "In the children is the seed corn of the nation." Deeper than this we may not strike. In these little ones lie the possibilities of the great future, and it behooves us rightly to appreciate the fact. We must remember what Lowell says of the trees :

"'Tis good to set them early, for our faith
Pines as we age, and after wrinkles come
Few plants, but water dead ones with their tears."

No theorists we, sprinkling in vain conceit of our deeds the arid deserts of social evil with a few drops of water. We are tending a tiny plant, a veritable rose of the desert, in the full assurance that in its upward growth it will appeal unto high heaven for nourishment and support, until the running sands be changed to corn. It shall be one

"Whom the rain and the wind purgeth,
Whom the dawn and the daystar urgeth."

Gracious influence shall go forth from it, as gracious influence shall be drawn to it from sun and sky and cloud.

"In the wide thaw and ooze of wrong
Adhere to this foundation strong,
The insanity of towns to stem,
With simpleness for stratagem."

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