MISCELLANEOUS.

WONDERLAND.

Have you ever tried to understand
The beautiful laws of Wonderland?
Enchanted realm of the sun-set hours,
The paradise of all the flowers,
Where your dearest wishes all come true
And happiness follows all you do,
Where you meet the ones you love the best.
Where weariness disappears in rest,
Where real and ideal are just the same,
Where everything’s known by just one name?
All that you need is to understand,
Then everywhere becomes Wonderland.

DONALD FULLER.

MISS MARY DE MORGAN.

Miss Mary Augusta De Morgan, the gifted daughter of the celebrated English mathematician, died a few months ago at Cairo, Egypt. She inherited great literary ability and much of her father’s readiness of thought and facility of expression. She has written some charming volumes of fairy tales,—The Wind Fairies as lately as 1900, but is best known by The Necklace of the Princess Florimonde and On a Pin Cushion, published in the later seventies. She was greatly interested in her father’s work and edited some of his posthumous publications. She wrote a life of her mother, who was also an unusually gifted and strong character. She was one of William Morris’s closest friends and cared for him in his last illness. For many years she was an earnest worker in the social settlements of East London. Upon this labor for the uplift of the unfortunate she expended much of her time, money, enthusiasm and strength, and finally, even when in 1905 her London work proved too great a draught upon her physical resources and she felt obliged to seek the milder atmosphere of the Mediterranean climate, she took charge of a reformatory for Arab girls in Egypt until her death.

Miss De Morgan’s father, Augustus De Morgan, was a brilliant and versatile man, and in the field of the philosophy of mathematics was a generation or more in advance of his time. From his Elements of Arithmetic to his most abstruse contributions to Logic, his works not only bear the stamp of his own creative thought but enlist the same enjoyment on the part of his