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"An admirable sermon, this morning from our minister! How can one go home, and repine and rebel, after such an exhortation to submit to the divine decrees?"

"Yes, Aunt Mary, but I sometimes think people are mightily mistaken as to what are the divine decrees."

"Why, Esther Child, what do you mean?"

"I mean there is a great deal that is all awry in this world, to which people ought not to submit. I don't believe the Lord means we shall bow our heads and clasp our hands in devout ecstasy, when the very weapons we need to fight our battles are mercilessly wrested from us."

"Don't you believe Trials are meant for blessings, and the Lord is good to all His children?"

"Yes, I do believe that all this selfishness and tyranny is to be overruled by His wisdom - and I don't believe these people in our church doubt that - at least, intellectually."

"But doesn't it need reëmpowerment? Must not these intellectual beliefs be changed into living, vital truths?"

"Undoubtedly. But it does seem to me an undue share of our minister's force and eloquence is spent in showing the beauty of loss and sorrow and dis-

appointment—the grandeur of defeat and failure.”

“But you are young and light-hearted—do not know the deep waters with which so many of his audience have wrestled, and the solace and support he brings them”

“Perhaps not. But I have thought a great deal, and wondered if a Father, so much beyond our best human fathers in might and tenderness, could place us here for a term of years, thwarting our best and purest endeavors, schooling us to look beyond for the realization of all our best and purest hopes. Why isn't this mortal life, too, something in the scheme? It is surely a part and province of His divine purpose.”

“And does our minister imply that it is not? I think you emphasize one aspect of his sermons, while you quite overlook the other. He believes, quite as much as you do, in success and joy and happy fellowship on this planet of ours. But he wants you to see there is a joy born of grief and seeming failure, a perfecting and rounding of character which come from the waves that seem to dash and fret so mercilessly when they strike.” “I know the fret but refine and purifies the gold—the angry wave

wears the rough and rugged rocks to smooth and lovely forms. I can realize, too, that great ecstasy may come to prophetic souls, privileged to see in their own martyrdom the seed of mighty growths in the ages yet to come.”

“Then, why not see victory in all defeat that comes to honest, illumined souls? You seem to discern the central truth. I think, after all, our minister has not talked in vain, even to you—Esther.”

“Well, Aunt Mary, I'll tell you, as nearly as I can, though it isn't easy to express my thought so clearly as I wish. I know so many good, brave people leading such meagre, struggling lives. They seem fettered by circumstances they can only bend or alter by evading what seem plain, downright duties; and that way, of course, they cannot go. Now, I know a great many selfish, exacting, stupid people who hold these same lives in bondage. And when I hear the preacher pleading so well for patience and submission, an eye to see, and a heart to feel the grace and kindness that holds this first class in a path so barren or thorny, I sometimes feel like rising in the pew to plead with him to emphasize a little more that other side of Jesus' preaching.

to arraign with strong, persuasive words the hypocrisy, self-seeking or thoughtless indifference to which those other lives owe the absence of that peace and joy which are their rightful inheritance." "Then you would like denunciatory preaching, such as old Parson M. G.'s sends so vigorously a mighty hue and cry, waking sinners to a sense of the awful gulf into which they are about to plunge."

"No, I would rather remind them of the awfully stained, and deadly, and muddy water in which they are floundering now. As they sit listening so serenely to the value and discipline of all this earthly suffering and privation so much of which they have managed to escape - I would have them feel to the very centre of their selfish souls how much of it comes from their own recreancy to those unwritten laws which claim the fidelity and homage of noble natures.

"Thou shalt not kill", "Thou shalt not steal" with other commands of the written decalogue - they can understand and keep at least the letter of them - but killing and stealing and Sabbath-breaking are not the besetting sins of our church-going people. Over-bearing

tempers in those whose position in the household make them an ever-present, pervasive element of discord - a pinched economy or greed, on the part of some husband whose family hunger for all that beautifies and feeds the best life of a home - a reckless extravagance that knows no law but its own indulgence, making meagre and dependant lives that ought to share an equal and adequate income - exacting landlords who ignore all misfortune or disability on the part of stricken tenants - wives who have manoeuvred themselves by meanest arts into the place that ought to be so sacred and who are training daughters to reenact the tragedy. I have seen all these sitting in our church with such a satisfied expression when the preacher was showing so earnestly the necessity of suffering and its uplifting, sanctifying power on hearts that endured nobly to the end - I wanted to tell him there were some things not to be endured patiently, and one great duty was to make those people realize what they were, until their satisfied, pious look was changed for one of conscious guilt and meanness."

"Well, Esther, you do seem very conscious of your neighbors' sins, and very anxious about their awakening. I begin to fear our minister has indeed been a little recreant in warning and rebuke, when you can sit and criticize so easily, while he is exhorting his people to recognize "God's Angels clothed in black" as truly as when they come clothed in shining white."

"O, Aunt, I may seem egotistic and uncharitable - perhaps, I am. But I do feel deeply what our minister says of the heavenly messages which come to us in sorrow and bereavement. Even in my young life, I have lived long enough to know something of the "strength born of suffering". But I confess, I do not recognize so clearly "God's angels" in men and women, who, "from want of heart" or "want of thought" make misery and leanness where joy and abundance ought to be. And when I think too much emphasis is sometimes placed on the duty of bearing and forbearing and too little on that of turning and repenting and making restitution to the wronged and defrauded, I am not forgetful of the beam in my own eye. When a consciousness

of recreancy in thought or deed has dimly dawned within me, I have sometimes felt how the word of power he knows so well how to speak would have quickened and cleared my duller sense, groping for light and strength. Perhaps the more flinty way I was doomed to tread, with weary, almost bleeding feet may have wrought out for me a stronger virtue. But there seems some mistake when my virtue must be strengthened at the cost of another's misery. It is from my own felt needs that I venture to speak of those of my fellow sinners."

"Esther, you seem so frank and earnest in your criticism, I am sufficiently impressed to invite our minister to talk over this subject with us when he calls. He has a hospitable and gracious soul, and would rather know, if he is preaching too exclusively to one class of hearts - one class of needs. The cry of hungry, overburdened souls, fearing, lest God has forgotten his children, may well fill the heart of God's true minister to men. No wonder that he dwells on the love, the pity and the grace that shine through all and in all - abiding ever in darkest night and sorest agony - there is so much danger of forget-

ting this even when one believes it. But you are right in seeing great opportunity, too, to awaken the consciences of men to their true relations to each other their responsibility for each other's growth and well-being. I have known many goodly growths of of sturdy and lovely virtues, whose seeds were quickened and nurtured and coated by the inspired preacher's timely, saving word, not his sword of logic arguing that goodness paid better than wickedness, not his word of awful warning from the fires of a future hell, not his clear, patient showing of some pet dogma's truth - but that which kindles a zeal born of insight, for the freedom and joy and purity of all God's children. As it comes glowing from the heart all aflame with His love and truth, men feel the "Contagion that is better than logic." - They see how inescapable as well as beneficent are all His laws. Good pity the preacher who is unequal to this opportunity, or being equal, fails to use it.

Boston, July 1877.

A recent anecdote in Harper has proved one of those good suggestive things that travel far and rapidly. The facetious, but philosophic travel-er reminds a loud fellow passenger who is thrusting her discomforts on the company of the say-ings of the early Christians. The blatant sufferer represents to well a class we all know, that we enjoy the rebuke administered with such a happy mixture of sarcasm and sympathy. At this travelling season, how they rise here and there to the surface, suppling the calm of that summer sea on which so many have launched, hoping to leave the world of worry and fret behind them for a season. How they seethe into unwilling, uninterested ears the small affairs of their clique or neighborhood! How freely and vociferously discuss some innocent, unconscious fellow travellers! I once rode to Boston from another N. England city directly before one of this interesting class of people. I infused from several remarks that the husband of the leading conversationalist kept a restaurant. "Nothing," she said, "made John so swearing mad, as to have

Mr. Hamerton writes of the amenity of a landscape or a landscape lacking amenity. His word amenity stands for a very pleasant smelling, more readily felt, perhaps when inspired, a sort, than brought within bounds of strict definition. It occurs to me sometimes in connection with conversation: there is an admirable person, in qualities which pass as the essentials of character - prompt and faithful in the performance of generous promise, charitable and helpful in the hour of need. And yet there are few even among the faithless and selfish, with greater capacity for producing disagreement and irritation. In most trivial and menial matters, he always questions statement and challenges. I never till now feels himself in an ecclesiastical spirit to another for some bold and wicked heresy of speech. State some incident which suggests a contrary fact, which seems to render you at least very improbable. Refer to a friend whom you value with some enthusiasm, and he hints at such an unsuspected catalogue of weaknesses and defects, you are almost alarmed for the moment, at the Company you have kept. His ear seems to have opened to the width of some Deny Classroom to admit all the dark sayings abroad, his eye becomes more widely keen to detect any lack of symmetry in the human world about him. He is apt to deprecate the veriest hearings, as well as notice his supercilious and distasteful observations, until you find a common atmosphere in his presence. Is his auditor unmanicured? Then he speaks patronizingly or pityingly of a lot he assumes to be a parlour job and subjects officiously his crumb of comfort. Is she married? Then he suggests the weakness or inferiority of women who marry, duly gives a sharp thrust at the tyranny or impudence of husbands. You are quite sure he has no special ill will towards you or your friends, and is not really the human creature he often seems. But this habit of always taking the other side - of relating things unearny did unwholesome, because of the touch of bitterness he discards in them, has become so fixed, it does not seem to him what a discord and misplot he is in all attempts at sweet and profitable discourse. There is no amenity in his talk, and so he inevitably makes your personality and more presents that of your friends. When he is throwing his positive assertions at you with bombshell vigor, in matters in which he is exceedingly ill-informed, your calmest statement to the contrary is often met with such energetic repetition.

The clans are gathering for a ~~meeting~~
~~of some kind~~ ~~the meeting~~
by the mountains at the standard taking a last
ceremonial look; y mts a seasonal - like bright
shades in a joy - or ~~ending~~ ~~of~~
beast of yellow ~~in~~ ~~from~~ ~~being~~ ~~of~~ ~~home~~
out The wheels of time roll rapidly
when the night spot is reached - at top of
is among the very early animals - not always
welcomed as a generous great hospitable
spirit. How far away it looks when the
carter rolls off - at the Eger or the many
steps to summit the keener Charial ~~valley~~
that is to be seen the
away for the first
advent of the old machine. It may be best
to ~~stay~~ ~~learn~~. The way is well marked by hand
like the transgressions - or it may lead through
strongly means a pre- ~~pastures~~ - but the
well chosen road is for the time a narrow
of rest and peace - or a den of many
lights. At least we have one such ideal
as this. The earlier returns are generally
the workers - workers for necessity - or
those whose self-imposed tasks bring them
back to the city - ~~where they~~ where their gear
is scarcely large enough for their plans for
purposes, or helpers in the good work of bring-
ing in the kingdom. It is interesting to
see the machine that ~~grows~~ the ~~selected~~ ~~choices~~
of Sujana - ~~so the table~~ An ~~inner~~ who has
is do ~~garden~~ - with the ~~general~~ that she
takes it at its true value breaks away
for ~~wondered~~ ~~points~~ ~~best~~ ~~fortunate~~ ~~years~~
- seeks the handmills of ~~best~~ ~~something~~
river - ~~reverses~~ the hills at valleys of ~~ed~~
primitive region - ~~best~~ of the ~~study~~ ~~and~~
on - ~~of~~ ~~some~~ ~~time~~ - needs the study ~~and~~
pleasant ~~names~~ - is ~~repeated~~ by ~~their~~ ~~years~~
sense of ~~rightness~~ as ~~originality~~. The ~~trades~~
or ~~higher~~ ~~element~~ or the ~~crafts~~ ~~hand~~ ~~workers~~
their needs - ~~recognizes~~ their ~~value~~

that you shrink from battling for any truth not immediately and immediately vital, where this lack of amenity seems to reduce your role to that of the upholder of one end of a pretty and ridiculous quarrel. Your landscape without amenity may have valuable features - rugged trees that stand for strength and suggest great names - hills to climb and ancientⁱⁿ where sturdy conquerors may have found holy retreats, as I sang their songs of trust and devotion - more talk toments that suggest martial and inspiring music. Would they last their strength as suggestions, as if sweet homes were scattered here and there among them? Of bright evergreens were planted where the sands were drearest? Of grass and flowers were made to grow in rifts and crannies that look inhospitable and dreary. None? And this talk without amenity - it may be vigorous, it may be spicy, it may do honor of individual freedom and independence of thought, as to seem a long and slope to move from a "mush of eclecticism". But might it necessarily be less alive and vigorous and free, when a courteous regard for the thought and opinion of another, takes the place of positive and overbearing assertion in matters too feebly pondered and too immediately weighed? Instead of lingering in the balmy and oppressive shadows of war, hence, if we saw the lights more readily, giving to them all the prominence and firmness that truth would justify, would not the whole social atmosphere be more bracing and sweet and wholesome? "Speech is silver", says the oft-quoted proverb. Is it not too often brassy and harsh, even in circles where politeness and gentle speech is reasonably expected? Amenity by speech goes for manners? Are there not many lives than landscapes, to trouble the true artist's eye, seeking the gracious soul of beauty?

and weavers or inventors by whom
those who have some practical agencies are
implied in that region. The Gines have been
evidently a wider, more comprehensive piece
of humanity - consisting of an element
and growth of the people of the states, which the
Gines had that were quite free in some of the
conditions generally deemed desirable to their
growth. She says that the growth of the hills
is a result of skinning skins - as if you had
legions of big game hunters - as if you had
marked and selected women - who would be
her privileges - that one of the women - who
was being punished - she has been selected
of her own - herself - life - that she is
view - who is found by you - success - she does
not take the least account of the Catholic where
of Gines. She is a creature to you - engaged
- and named - your clothes - she had
- but they interchange of thought on tapestry
- which she is interested in. She says that
need to be done at our cheap hotel -
to purchase. She sees very kind of birding
adventures - but she is a kind of birding
good people, as you would expect to see
she can no risk - as you see it upon
well know your quarters - where the very well
do most enjoy myself. It may be necessary
to pick a little for her return - but her
return must be somewhat elegant, as well as
restful. She returns a little courage. She
finds that very commonplace and ordinary
will have money enough to pay most
reputable people - she seemed very much
in the old days. There was no possibility
or possible to match the into at the time
ers - and indeed nature herself lost something
of her best and charm - the appearance and
unappreciated

things come short when an order was given". Calling the attention of her companion to a lady in the distance, a very intelligent, refined looking person, she at once pronounced her an old maid - said "last year she boarded next house to two of these creatures who lived together - no relation - only happened to come together" repeating all these assertions for emphasis. "She used to see them out with their hens - in their rubbers" I suppose she meant the old maids and not the hens - and she used to ask herself what account were they - what were they good for and what had they to live for - and what had old maids to live for - any way? And yet they were just as tenacious of life as anybody - just as tenacious." Would not the unconscious suggestion of all this have felt very superfluous and "umble by this emphatically expressed opinion of one whose life had been rounded and meliorated by matrimony? Taking for granted my neighbor was a true seer, and she really belonged to the despised class. Akin to these by no means identical - as the gossipping ignominious is often a very good-natured boarder, is another class

who add much to the discomfort of hotels and boarding houses. They discard scornfully the dishes - exact undue attendance - mar the beauty of quiet landscapes by vulgarly inappropriate costumes, and tones and speech quite out of tune with Nature's finer harmonies. One would suppose that many people left their city homes to find a model soup or more exquisite salad, by the energies devoted to adverse criticism of the table. "I can not stay here - the soup is so thin," exclaimed a dawdling, annoyed boarder, in a wholesome, well appointed house, whose attractions added to those of neighborhood and scenery were filling with a sweet and large content a score of healthy souled people. If it be true that the English love so much of their freshness and bloom to this prominent item of diet, I doubt if this faded, complaining woman had made much account of soup in her own home. Why will people inflict so much discomfort on themselves and others, in pursuit of some petty gratification, regardless of all the glory and gladness lurking in these fleeting Summer hours? Why do they travel at all? we sometimes ask. Is it simply to

annoy that portion of their fellow men who go
with quite different aims and longings, and
whose holiday they do their best to spoil?

One would suppose to hear them talk, that the
things for which they care the most could be ea-
siest found in their own stuffed parlors and
bedizened parlors. Why do they roam? Is it
simply because it is the thing to do? Or is it af-
ter all, a healthy longing for something better than
their fetted, self-indulgent natives have yet
tasted - something to which they have not yet
learned the way. Let us believe the more
hopeful reason. And let us also believe that
the company of large, sweet, charitable souls, who
help to make all regions where they sojourn
memorable and holy ground, will be so nu-
merous as to leaven this coarser lump of
humanity, that it may be shaped and refined
into something gentler and comelier. "Contagion
is better than logic", and as good is mightier
than evil, will not the reign of sweeter man-
ners and worthier motives be advanced by
travel - when essays and sermons might
fail?

Dorchester July 18. 77.

Afterthoughts of Centennial
One could not help thinking, as he stood
amazed and delighted before such triumphs
of art and industry, how it was with the man-
hood and womanhood, exhibited, perhaps un-
consciously as the product of our national life.
Was that an improvement on the ruder, rougher
times of the opening Century? I wonder if a
manlier man than Sam Adams walked a-
mong the illustrious in that gathered multi-
tude! How was it, with that clear-brained sci-
entist who explained his work in language clear
and terse? Was he much improvement on our
ancient Benjamin who blessed that same
city with his sense and beneficence one
hundred years ago? That silver-tongued ora-
tor, ever ready to lift his voice whenever he
deems the people recreant to highest prin-
ciple - does he stand far ahead of James
Otis and Patrick Henry who thundered against
the wrongs of their day? I wonder if our pres-
ident, as he sat upon that platform the center
of so much observation and enthusiasm -
was a very much loftier, wiser, braver
man than George Washington, who did

some goodly service thereabouts one hundred years before. And the men who surrounded him, his advisers and helpers - how do they compare with the sturdy, faithful men, whose portraits one may see by stepping into Independence Hall? Do they indeed exhibit in their lives and characters the century's advance in civilization? And the women who crowded the place. As they moved gracefully, or flaunted showily about, studying curiously with bright intelligence that marvellous, beautiful lesson, or gazing with stolid wonder at so much beauty and variety, are they more refined, more magnanimous, than the women of that earlier time? The women who succeeded that forlorn army at Valley Forge, whose bleeding feet were treading out the pathway to this completed temple? The observation and study of people at Centennial, most, of course, have been superficial, but as one looked around, hoping to see in the average of that multitude, the chain which could fitly represent those who had contributed such grace and splendor, was it not a little disappointing? Remembering the graces and qualities ascribed to Revolutionary times -

one could not leap to the Darwinian theory of the rising and perfecting man. As I heard that schoolboy sneer at his mother's mispronunciation of a foreign state with the impatience of a roshie youth who has quite outstripped his elders, or see those giggling girls, whose dress and general aspect bespoke leisure and means for culture, commenting so senselessly on some statue or picture, whose story should have been familiar and suggestive, did it not impress one that material things had quite absorbed their share in the country's doings? But if one saw the people's weaknesses and short-comings unveiled before the public - saw not only the lack of culture - but the lack of those fine perceptions that crave and assimilate what is best - however late in life they find it - must we necessarily conclude the people have not grown? We must remember how loving biographers have brought out in grand relief the qualities of the men and women of that earlier day - how Time has mellowed and adorned the picture. And with the new time, have there not come new opportunities, that being into ugly prominence

the infirmities of the age? Nevertheless, the opportunities are blessings, and will bear fruit which shall surely be for the uplifting and healing of the coming century. The historic How many whose sense of beauty and fitness had never before found a feast so royal, will walk even to a broader, braver, truer world! Coming from remote, secluded neighborhoods, where artistic treasures seldom find their way, will they not get glimpses of life's possibilities and resources which had never dawned before? What an educational force it must have been! "Do I mistake the name of the Artist?" asks a gentleman of his lady companion as they stand before the world renowned Madonna. And the lady explains the matter modestly and intelligently. He looked like a man to appreciate the sweet and holy picture, and if he did not know its origin in history, very likely he had been doing some brave, manly work in the world to make it easier for those who did. But would not such men acquire a new interest in subjects that enlarge and illumine their mental horizon? The historic men and

women are those whom we know of the by-gone century, and who stand to us for the people. We are familiar with George and Mary Washington - embodying the dignity and grace of highest manhood and womanhood, as they received their guests. We know Thomas Jefferson at home to farmers and philosophers, prominent in gracious speech and social courtesy among the knightly spirits of his own and other lands. But do we suppose there were no pretentious, silly, or vulgar people in those days, and that they did not sometimes even find their way to Mt Vernon or Monticello? They most assuredly would have afforded a trip to Centennial in our day.

But the grander, kingly spirits of all time, seem to stand together in the light of an "eternal Now". It is idle to question which are greater among those who have aimed directly, and with singleness of heart, at the accomplishment of God's high purposes with men. The growing centuries but emphasize their likeness to the Father. But may we not believe that whatever awakens a sense of beauty and wonder

revealing the possibilities of human faculties and the higher aims to which they may be consecrated, will smother and uplift the center, earlier life so often found among those moving in these boasted, unrestrained freedom. Surely the Centennial must prove a mighty civilizer and refiner.

A New Danger

A pure Centennial is agitating our English sisters. Do we not read with bated breath, both argument and facts? It is no longer a question of rights and privileges, justice with her scales stands no longer the threatened goddess, Love itself - "the spirit and spring of the universe", "our highest word and synonym of God", "is to perish when woman wins the ballot! Even the power to love is to become extinct! Was ever night so hideous, foretold in England, as the outcome of a movement, in which great hearted Englishwomen have been so prompt and serviceable? Will not Mrs. Livermore, Mrs. Hoar, and Mrs. Stanton and all their bright, earnest coworkers pause to contemplate the awful blackness to which their work is tending? We had been duly warned that houses would be neglected, children deprived of sweet motherly care, manhood weakened in woman, while

man was to fall from his high estate in senate and council chamber to the general chore work of the humble domestic sphere. We had deplored all these as necessary, though dreadful concomitants of woman suffrage. We had trusted that some plan of adjustment would be evolved after the new order was fairly launched and that this terrible satire on the fitness of things would be only a brief episode, incident to the earlier stages succeeding wholesome revolution. But this new danger should indeed arrest the onward march of our reforming host, what will avail all the possessions of the fairest ideal kingdom, with Love the great conservator "the life of life" left out? And a woman of high social position and influence, supposed to stand on the heights of English privilege and culture, where the view is broad, and the atmosphere free from illusion, sees this gulf of perdition. Men and women standing on lower ground, and of feebler vision, had fancied they saw Love lifted to its native heights, when woman was freed from bondage to the coarser motives which had kept her from paths of ministrations and service to which her nature called her. That Love might sway and permeate more truly lives grown meagre in rugged, unequal conflict, has certainly been an inspiring motive to many a worker in this cause!

To be sure, we have on the other hand, a champion who has done worthy service among our English sisters. She gravely assures us, that self-supporting, independent women do not lose their emotional characteristics, and that "many professional women have become loving wives and tender mothers". This testimony coming from another Englishwoman, also of "high social position and influence", does seem rather too preposterous to be true, while our minds are imbued with Mrs. D's reflections. Is there not some third Englishwoman, of good social position and influence, that can settle this question by stubborn, indisputable facts? There are several very eminent examples of independent, self-supporting women in England - not a few in America. Why not send interviewers with powers of ^{emotional} mental analysis, and let them learn something of their capacity for loving as compared with other women? Could interviewers be found, possessing the delicate tact and wisdom of those who invade the homes of our statesmen and politicians, would not Florence Nightingale, Emily Faithful, Louise Meatt, or Elizabeth Stuart Phelps submit to the vexation for the sake of woman's salvation? Is there is really growing up among us a class of loveless Antagons, fearing money simply to spend on cold, costly splendor. For to

selfishly hoard, while the needy perish around them - evading sweet, humanities, because they have no love to hold them, while other motives long so exigent have lost their force, should we not know it at once, and arrest all movements that are to make the world "Heart-bare, heart-hungry, very poor"? The views of one party in this English discussion remind me of a little incident in my own experience - where she speaks of single women as superfluous, having a mutilated existence. I was riding to Boston from another N. England city in a seat before two of those very interesting people, who screech into unwilling, uninterested ears, the small affairs of their clique and neighborhood, one, a well dressed, well-to-do sort of woman, who expressed her opinions with much more force than elegance. Calling the attention of her companion to a lady in the distance, a refined, intelligent looking person, she at once pronounced her an old maid, and said, "Last year, I boarded next house to two of those creatures, who lived together - no relation - only happened to come together", repeating all these assertions with requisite emphasis. "I used to see them out with their hens in their rubbers (I think she meant the old maids and not the hens), and I used to ask myself, what account were they - what were they good for -

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and what had old maids to live for, any way? and yet they were just as tenacious of life - just as tenacious as anybody". That this woman's own life had been sound and mellowed by matrimony, I was assured by her frequent quotations from John, and her frank confession to her friend, shared by so many fellow-passengers, that some delinquencies of hers made him "more living mad" than some others. It may flatter some ambitious Americans to see that all profound thought does not originate on the other side of the Atlantic, or find its most logical, forceful expression there. Her English sister has no doubt a wider range of culture and privilege - but - if I could only give the tone and emphasis, as no written transcript could give them, I think she would not refuse to acknowledge in our American obscurer effects pertaining to the Entrocussy a distinct and worthy place
Sept. 1878, Portlan T

Katy Rice was glad to go back to school, but she rather dreaded that first morning. All the girls in her class had been out of town she knew, and would find time in the midst of their own gleaming recitals, to ask her where she had been, and express a sort of petting surprise, when they found she had

remained in the city through all the heat and dust of the Summer. Katy had not found her life so very bad, as she knew the girls would regard it. But she knew it would look prissy enough to the Woburns, who had been at fine hotels among the mountains and the Reynolds who usually went to Thralge and then on Springs. Even the Sampsons, who only boarded at a country farmhouse, would have lively stories of charming drives, and gay picnics, and romantic strolls through green and quiet places. And to tell the truth, Katy did feel a little envious, as she thought of the Sampsons, and the story of their vacation days last year. Although Kitty's home was one of intelligence and refinement, trouble and sickness had clouded it for a long time, and there had been no plans for "Summer pleasuring" ~~script~~ she could remember. She could recall the old homestead where she passed some bright days while her grandparents lived, vividly enough, to long for green fields and a free country life, when Summer came. But the highly wrought pictures some of her schoolmates brought of their vacation days, seemed to her visions of a Wonderland she no more thought of possessing. Then the gorgeous palaces of her fairy tales.

O. Katy, where have you spent your vacation, said your Woburn, as they stood in the hall. At home, said she quietly. ... You don't mean, you have been in Grand East St. ever since school closed!

Annie and I were saying, as we sat on the Glen House piazza, how we should pity any one obliged to mope or suffocate in the city. But we decided we needn't waste our pity, for of course all the girls had gone somewhere. Hattie Raymond then joined them. "O, girls, I wish you could have been at Saratoga with us! We were at Congress Hall, and such a crowd of nice people! There was a Duke there, too, and two counts and three countesses, and such elegant dresses as two of these countesses wore, I never saw. And their diamonds were enough to make one's mouth water". Fred Sampson had come in. "Mouth water for diamonds! and was that a real duke, Hattie? Was it Wellington? Was the pluckiest duke I ever knew, and about the only one I'd care to see. I know, most of the boys think him slow, and only happened to be in luck at Waterloo, but he's my hero, for all that. And who were your countesses? Well, but that third one was the scalliest countess of the three, and didn't need so much advertising as the rest." "O, Fred," said Hattie, "I don't know anything about your duke of Wellington, but that wasn't his name. I'm quite sure. I heard one of the countesses telling Mrs. Fosdick all about her ancestors and her castles, and how she did like to watch these plain, untitled people, they seemed so respectable, and so happy. And I was so glad she liked us."

"A perty countess, she was!" said Fred, bragging in one of our American hotel parlors, about titles and ancestry, and lordly castles, and amused to see respectable American citizens there! "I don't believe in her, and I'm not glad she liked us, if you are, Hattie." And Fred, stalked off, leaving Hattie quite crestfallen. But Katy had a little respect, and I'm not sure that wasn't Fred's kindly motive in his intrusion. But Hattie R. went on quizzing the other girls as to their whereabouts in vacation. All had been away but Katy. "O, why didn't you go somewhere, if it was only over to Seapeport. I should think you'd feel as though you hadn't had a vacation, or could come back to school." Katy found many of the questions needed no answers, as they were thrown in at random among ejaculations or bits of non-sensicality about their own charmed Summer life. But she did feel that she appeared to great disadvantage, and would have liked to escape until the wonder and pity had subsided. At length Mally Sampson came in ruddy with health, bubbling with good nature and fine intelligence, and dressed very plain and sensible, yet tasteful. "O, Mally, where have you been. You look as though you had been drinking at that Fountain of Health, we read about last term. At what famous watering place, or on what grand mountain summit, did you gather such roses?" said the elegant Blanche Raymond.

I never went to a fashionable watering place - or grand mountain Summit in my life. Said honest Molly - and I shall ^{surely} ~~surely~~ expect to find a rose garden on a mountain Summit, if I ever do go. All the roses I've gathered for checks or vases, grew on Farmer Mason's land or its neighborhood. I've helped drive cows to pasture, gathered eggs in the barn, ridden in hay carts, picked berries, shelled peas, and picnicked in Quinc Fulson's pleasant woods. I've eaten bread and milk and berries, gone to bed pretty early, tramped over the hills in the morning before its sparkle had vanished, and lived what I call a pretty jolly life. Blanche looked quite disgusted. But Katy, for the first time though all the morning's talk, felt a little envious, and when Molly asked in her friendly way what she had been doing, was inclined to talk a little of herself.

"Why, you see Molly, there was no way for me to go. Father has been sick a great while, and mother is quite worn out. The younger children were at home and needed me. And then I know we can't afford to go away. Mother seemed to feel so badly when she saw the neighbors start off with their children when school closed, I know she ^{began} ~~continued~~ some way to send me off for a few weeks. I don't know but I felted a little, when I declared I didn't want to go, and said there was fun enough at

home with the children; and I did feel as I looked at her kind, pale face I'd rather stay with her than go to the loveliest fairy land I ever dreamed of." "O, Katy, I do wish you could have been with us. But, I can see that under the circumstances you'd be happier at home. And I, for one, don't believe home is changed into such a dreary place simply because vacation has come, and people about us go away. I've staid at home a good many vacations, and had a good time too. Father and Mother hadn't gone, we children felt free and jolly, and I really don't think changing places makes so much difference." Katy felt quite relieved to hear Molly talk so. "I think", she said "if my home was in that dark, miserable alley where the Moores live, and my father was as rough and tyrannical as theirs, and my mother cross and slatternly like Mrs. Moore, I'd be crazy to get off in vacation. Indeed, I don't think I'd want till vacation for the feeling. But my home is always sweet and pleasant, for all the sickness and anxiety in it. I don't think I should care to see all those fine people, the Reynolds talk so much about, and I didn't care much when Fred took Hattie down a little this morning." "Care! I'm out of patience with the grand airs and silly talk of some of our girls. They go to the Mts. and I know how I ground they are

just for what I read about them, and you wouldn't know they had seen a mountain or a waterfall, or any of those lovely clouds that gather there. They only talk of the fine people, who, I do believe, are most of them are sillier than they themselves are. Little Susie Raymond spent a good half hour the other day telling me everything she had to eat at the International hotel at Niagara so many kinds of pie, so many of pudding - and so many niches, whose foreign names she had managed to retain even with that bad memory she complains of at school. Her older sister Blanche, never spoke of the Falls or the Rapids, but with eyes all brimming with wonder and enthusiasm, asked me to guess how many steps she counted at different localities in her tour! At places too, which I knew so full of beauty and sublimity and grand associations, as to absorb all the time of a true seeker for what was worth the seeing."

"There, Molly, you've said just what I've thought, but didn't quite dare to say, and didn't know how as well as you do. Of course, it's natural enough to look at new people with interest and curiosity, and they most often say and do things to enjoy and remember; and there must be very nice dishes served in novel ways at large hotels. But it does seem strange to me how girls who meet so many nice people at home, and have such beautiful, well served

tables, can make so much fuss about them on their return, and seem to know so little about the lovely places they have visited. If I didn't know any more about these places than the girls tell me, I'm sure I should never long to go, as I sometimes do."

"Yes, Kittie, and when Blanche was pitying you so much because you couldn't go to Soratiga, I wanted to tell her you'd see more worth seeing on a morning jaunt out to Pleasant Hill, or at Lake Park fountain, than she would find on a European tour."

"O. Molly, your friendship for me, runs away with you and leads you into extravagant comparisons."

"No, I actually believe it. Father read out of one of his favorite books the other day - that people found what they carried with them. It sounded funny at first, and I thought "what's the use of going"? But when I heard some of the girls talk about their travels, I began to understand it. Everything they brought back seemed a reflection of what I knew filled their silly minds before they left, and I do believe, Katy Rice, you have now a better idea of those lovely N. H. hills and valleys, than half the fine mountain travelers who weary listeners with their twaddle. Of course I don't mean, that you would find no new delight in such a trip". I only hope I shall sometime see father and mother and the children able to go with me on such a vacation as yours, Molly. I should like to wake up in the pleasant country, here

a good early morning there, as I think some of that fresh, outdoor life would be good for us all. Father and Mother need it. But, as Mother says, "we must wait till times are better."

"It does seem too bad, Katy, that so many people who have no real love of the country or grand scenery, and who don't feel any need of change, as they are neither young or ill, should jaunt about so expensively and fatiguingly, while real, hungry, worn people, to whom Nature would bring delight and healing, must remain behind." "Mother always checks me, when I begin to make comparisons that way. She says 'tis a most, unsatisfactory, irritating way of getting comfort. Do all you can to remedy conditions but don't scold or whine over them. The real things," she says, "the things we always take with us, are not capriciously distributed. I know you don't get indignant on your own account, Molly, but from a generous desire to see my lot improved, and I don't forget, how hard you tried to carry me away with you last year." "Yes, and it well do no harm now, to tell you how we tried to plan this year - our Mother's advising together - found it was impossible with the decided stand quakers." "O, Molly I shall never forget that. I hated to come to school this morning, you know why. But I was so silly. What do I care now for all that howling sympathy, when I know there was such a real sympathy and friendliness

to welcome me? I'll go into school now, and take hold with as much zest, as though I had taken in the whole strength of those N. H. hills, the Osborne's patronized so condescendingly, or had drunk all the health bubbling at Sockeye Springs, where the Reynolds drank such wisdom from the lips of Coats and Countesses. Mother felt anxious and pained for me when I started this morning. I tried, but I couldn't keep up my spirits, with all my efforts. But I'll stop her a glad heart and smiling face at noon." "That's right Katy, and Fred and I have planned a good many pleasant trips for the fine autumn days. Father has given us the use of old Whitefoot, and that of the places ^{which} he can take us, or Schindler's. Gathering Autumn leaves, nutting, picnicking, shall be among our pastimes." "Fred had heard this last communication." "Yes, girls, and if we don't meet dakes, there are lovely and very valuable ducks on Morston's pond and if there are no Countesses, we shouldn't be obliged to pause in the midst of our romantic rides to count all the steps we see." "That's too bad Fred" said his sister, "you've overheard what we meant to be confidential." "Confidential! I didn't Blanche Reynolds keep me from baseball 25 minutes by the clock the other day to tell me how many steps there were at Niagara? I worked - well! I know you girls won't think me a true knight - but I could - almost -

here patch.) her Dean a short flight. Will
Borden's would have stood a month. I don't
say to have her touching recitals of life in
Saragoza parlors, but the trouble to me is,
there don't seem to be any real, natural life a-
bout them." "O Fred, you are a daisy fellow!"
"You don't seem to have any respect for the eleganc-
ies of life, and are always getting over simple, ru-
ral sports and ordinary sort of people." "What
do you call elegancies, Katy? Tawdler, and
diamonds, and patronizing talk for people who
aren't half so good as the people they talk to?"
I guess I know what's elegant when I see it.
When Doreas Ashton took those three sickly little
Moodies out to her handsome country home, when I
spent a week there with Tom last Summer, and
spent most of her time in helping and amusing them,
didn't I know she was elegant? When Deek
Rushford took the money his father gave him
for an Adirondack trip, and spent it for those
unfortunate Lydstons, who, he said had the same
grandfather he did, and then spent most of his
time in helping the Lydston boys through with
their vacation, which he knew would be foolom
enough - didn't I know what an elegant fellow
he was? When I saw Dora Macy smile a
second in the horse car - near which Rose Blen-

chard the seamstress stood looking down and weeping,
didn't I know which was the elegant and which
the inelegant specimen? And when Doreas gave
just the shiftest coldest nod of recognition, secured
by a nod at all, when I knew Rose had been there
at work the last month, didn't I want to give her
some ideas of elegant treatment of our fellow mor-
tals. Blanche Reynard and I don't exactly agree
as to what is elegant, but I like my kind as
well as she does hers, and will fight us hard
to see it grow." "To think of the elegant Blanche
fighting, even metaphorically, for anything," responded
Molly. "Well, I also believe she'd fight for an
introduction to a British Duke or French Count or
Essex Baron, though they might be the most
degenerate inheritors of most doubtfully pur-
chased titles." When Katy took time she was
indeed a bright contrast to the Katy of the morn-
ing. She told her mother all that had happened,
and especially what the Pumpkins had said.
When she repeated Harry's last remark about
Blanche, her mother said Fred must not be
too hard upon Blanche. Her father and mother
stepped into task and fortune late in life, which
might have been no calamity, had they only stepped
into a sense of its responsibility and use at the
same time. But as they did not seem to, it is not strange
they overcast some things that look very small

to Fred. The Simpsons have been an honorable
high middle class leading family for generations.
Through they have never been very wealthy,
good feelings, good sense, good taste, and I
may say good education, have become hereditary
on both sides of the family, and Fred is to be con-
gratulated on his inheritance. There was always
that atmosphere of fine taste, and bright, untainted
honor, that make more wealth seem a very tri-
vial and inferior possession. Fred has the ex-
cellent family traits in generous measure, and
all pretence and vulgare shew are specially annoy-
ing to him. When he gets older he won't express
himself quite so vehemently or bluntly, though I
don't think he'll ever be any more in line with
them. "But what has really cheered you up and
sent you home so gay, Katy?" "I'll tell you
Mother. Because, I heard from Molly what I ought to
have known before, that I had such good friends planning
and thinking for me. I could have cried outright when
she told me about it this morning. I felt ashamed
to think how much I had thought of those other girls
who would affect so much pity for me, when there
was one such girl as Molly, with her heart full
of real love and sympathy, waiting to greet me
so warmly." But your school days were only roughness, Katy, not
much, that the boys were as well as Molly's, for I know you
were very good, they would have been more delicate, though
I'm sure you were a good girl, and I'm sure you were
not. In the way of satisfaction over these and good lines,
sent in the next

"Fred," said the Nurse. "I'm not now appearing
about hard times, but a lot of people in your line, in
the week, I have articulated, ever since I was 17,
and these I have been hit pretty hard by the time,
I have collected in the Union, I mean to support the new
one for Lyphard. "What of the other 30, 40?"
"Most of them unjoined and moaned over their
inability, and then gave their unconquerable minds, with
a sort of base-crying protest, as though I were some hard-
briand, who had stolen into town to rob them. I mean
that at least 25 of these people were none so rich
in their times before." "How did you learn so
much of the pecuniary affairs of your neighbors?"
"I said that they." "I've observed and listened as I
never did before, since my last sojourn among the crooked.
I have too much courage and irritation about my expedi-
tions, to feel indifference to the facts of the case. There are
the Harraes, who have lost their house, because the father's
business strunk, and he couldn't pay the interest on the
mortgage - a mortgage that left him a large margin of net re-
ue, too when he gave it. I know what economy and self-de-
nial they practise. Mrs. M. said nothing about that,
but I could see how things were worn and redies replacing,
and were only kept presentable by much skill, and
industry and care. But she didn't hesitate, said

INTENTIONAL DUPE

to Fred. The Simpsons have been an honorable high minded leading family for generations. Through they have never been very wealthy, good feelings, good sense, good taste, and I may say good education, have become hereditary on both sides of the family, and Fred is to be congratulated on his inheritance. There was always that atmosphere of fine taste, and bright, unobtrusive honor, that makes mere wealth seem a very trivial and inferior possession. Fred has the excellent family traits in generous measure, and all pretence and vulgare show are specially owing to him. When he gets older he won't express himself quite so reverently or blankly, though I don't think he'll ever be any more in love with them." But what has really cheered you up and sent you home so gay, Katy?" "I'll tell you another. Because, I learned from Molly what I ought to have known before, that I had such good friends planning and thinking for me. I could have cried outright when she told me about it this morning. I felt ashamed to think how much I had thought of these other girls who would affect so much pity for me, when there was one such girl as Molly, with her heart full of real love and sympathy, waiting to greet me so warmly." But your school boys were only Douglas, Katy, not Quill, and they know you expect as Molly has, for whom you know she'll be a girl, as you know she delivered, though I know Molly can't be a girl of your size, and I'm sure you'll be in the house of instruction over there and good times.

"Well," said Sister Palmer, "I'm not sorry of hearing about hard times. Out of 50 people in whom we called this week, 20 have contributed pecuniarily, and I know 17 out of these 20 have been hit pretty hard by the times. I then collected for the Union, and to support the new one for a year. What of the other 30, Esther?" "What most of them whined and moaned over their inability, and then gave their uncheerful mite, with a sort of beseeching protest, as though I were some bold forger and who had stolen into town to rob them. I knew that at least 25 of those people were none so rich in all their lives before." "How did you learn so much of the pecuniary affairs of your neighbors?" said Aunt Mary. "I've observed and listened as I never did before, since my last sojourn among the croakers. I suffer too much through and irritation of these expeditions to feel indifference to the facts of the case. There are the Murraes, who have lost their house, because the father's business shrank, and he couldn't pay the interest on the mortgage - a mortgage that left him a large margin of value, too, when he gave it. I know what economy and self-denial they practise. Mrs. M. said nothing about that, but I could see how things were worn and needed replacing and were only kept presentable by much skill and industry and care. But she didn't hesitate, said

These destitute children must be cared for, and the
man who has put the words in my mouth as though I were
blessing her virtues grows popular. I want you
to be the judge. Mrs. F. comes in looking very happy,
in the latest of morning robes, a large black hat and
mantle to have been purchased before these dreadful times
overlaid her. The material was exquisite, fine and soft,
the trimmings exquisite. Her children were a picture
their hair, dressed with great care, of iron plume like
of whose face dishevelled. I think the carpet has some
softness by this time. The parlour has just been newly
furnished. Mrs. F. says she wishes she could do some-
thing for the mission. But time is scarce so change. Mr. F.
shall had two houses come back on his hands, as the
profits of his business had greatly fallen off. The coal spe-
culation he had and it was a trap he gave me. I was ob-
liged to have to take it from a woman dressed and un-
manned as she was. Now, I know for certain that Mr.
Fitz took the Mansons house the first month. Mr. A. failed
to pay interest on his mortgage, and the bank is to be
is worth for more than the mortgage to one who is able to keep
it, as Mr. A. is - and I don't think I am very unreliable in
supposing it was some safe property, and by no means unseem-
ing where now, with his sheep, business oversight. "Well, Bro-
ther, I hope you saw no more ugly pieces of human nature.
I see your mingled criticism and philanthropy, is quite ra-
tional proposition." Yes, I want, then to the Harmons.

I know Mr. H. was one of the best men of the day. He
stopped into a large store through the window. He had
after standing for some years. His paper jacket of blue
on the face came to follow left hand. Mr. H. was a
philanthropist, and these hard times, and the way in which
he had been abandoned - Mrs. H. is not a woman to be left to
be miserable or isolated. Mrs. H. had a son and
used to keep up a severe. She did not feel for the
one anything so. Left her in about as many, but she gave
assistance to poor as I did in my hands with a heart.
She had not slightly diminished the funds that would, but
did not further deplete the Harmon mansion. "I have
there, some regret, as the aesthetic time don't stimulate your
disappointment in that of the true humanity." "We have
made the conclusion that the good works, and simple
virtues, are closely, if not inseparably, connected. I
don't see any aspect too many exceptions, but I am
sure I don't want to that apply to Mr. H. He
has been leaving the Harmons. Mrs. H. said she had
been quite unfortunate. She had lost an important business
the other. You know, last May, about that time, she
gave a portion of the property his father had so justly
to his widow and sister. And you know, too, that he
sold and invested, safely and profitably, all his land before the
crisis came. As I do believe these hard times, and I know
they are really hard, to some of the best people in town
and make the capital and plea of mean people who wish
to shirk their duties. I am just disgusted and heartless.

best houses - and who told her she would select
her own chamber, and did not wish to see those
the "made her feel like an actual beggar for a few
minutes, but she soon rallied her senses, and for cour-
age, and resolve if she could do anything towards
helping the rising generation from such low life as
that, she would bear a great deal." "I have thought
in Sarah! That woman will, no doubt, be quite equal
to the selection of all the charities she will ever endow.
Some people who have been annoyed by travelling agents,
of various kinds, hold in supreme contempt all who
call to see the forwarding of any work that seems to
promise no direct personal benefit. But every lady
will be courteous to the poor as she well intentioned. Call-
er, especially so if she be in the service of the suffering,
and needy." "Mar! Mary, I don't know but Dan
a dreamer. But I believe in a day when there will
be no need to solicit for such a work as ours. There
are the sheltered and strong - there are the waifs
and the weak. The cry of these is pitiful - their
need is urgent. Should not their case have the ear
of mercy, and give greatly and heartily of their able-
ness and their strength. God did not mean that
men should pamper their vanity and greed
regardless of the needs of children who lack
bread, and of "heavy laden, worn, half spent
soldiers of the bitter battle" who seek to

on the field. It is all wrong, but you have their own
ways of managing, and I will not talk in anger."
The woman will, no doubt, be quite equal
to the selection of all the charities she will ever endow.
Some people who have been annoyed by travelling agents,
of various kinds, hold in supreme contempt all who
call to see the forwarding of any work that seems to
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In winter, poplar, or cypress bark,
Dressed or rippings;
with some be dark;
Up! mind eye gun air, and
"and speed the mark."

Estlin Palma's exercise on the shores of the Casco.
Ellen will recall this:

Estlin went down to the shore one day for the pleasure
of seeing the water dash over the rocks, or ripple on the
pebbly beach, and watch the white sails that dotted the great
blue sea. It was a rare summer day, and it seemed
to her she had never seen so much of the sea before. Out on
the sharp edges of the rocks several crows were perched,
taking a solemn survey of the same scene. Occasionally
they changed their position, going farther out, or retreat-
ing inland, evidently seeking the best point to take
in "effects". A graceful yacht danced over the blue sea
face - a comely steamer swept rapidly by, small boats
moved so fleetly with sunny sails, that "in their very
motion they take rest." On the island yonder, a
spacious hotel crowned the summit of a hill on whose
slope a pleasant wood redeemed the place from a bar-
ren, conventional aspect, to which it inclines more than
its sister islands - on one of which the white gleam
of its homes contrasts pleasantly with the verdure
and freshness of its fields and pastures. There is
"the fort" which assumes the phase of a "castle

of "Indolence" amid these quiet, peaceful scenes.
The country lying "flooded in sunny distance" and
beauty beyond is a fitting background to the lovely pic-
ture. The occasional advent of the human into the
scene gives rather a tendency to dreaming. "Is that
a father with his little son in that tiny boat? Was
it simply love of pleasure, or a demand for dish, that launch-
ed them? Does the boy enjoy being alone there with the bar-
ly fellows, or is he shrinking sensitively from his sorry,
unfatherly ways? They laugh, stiff and uncompari-
able, as though the joy so abundant on sea and land
had not yet engulfed them. Maybe 'tis the deeper
joy and ecstasy that makes no outward sign. No
kiss? There goes another boat with two boys and
a man. They are surely drinking joy from this glad
summer day. They splash the water playfully in their
hands, toss it with laughter into each other's faces,
are evidently travelling in good, healthy, holiday spirits.
What boarding, unfettered souls, must be living their
summer day in that shining yacht! Such grace and
motion could scarcely be produced in a craft freight-
ed with care-burdened souls. She seems, indeed, to
have a heart in her, panting for her home", as "the
waves part gracefully before her". And that crowd
sitting on the steamer's deck, or leaning over the rail.
They have almost reached their port. What posture
shall they find there, 'tis bright, glowing day?

How many are borne to gracious leisure - how many more to ungracious toil - or to ungracious leisure and gracious toil? Are some bound to retention, more painful than separation, and some to severances to be deepened and emphasized by return to the old, familiar places? Are some all "hid with expectation" of promised delights that have kindled the imagination for long weeks, doomed to find them "flat, stale, and unprofitable"; if not a thorny memory in the days to come? Are some looking forward with dread and shrinking to new environments and people, who shall be mingled with their most tender, grateful recollections before another summer breaks? Let us hope the majority are to fall into pleasant paths of duty and cheerfulness - into lives that are fetty, symbolized by the beauty and brightness of the sky that bends so benignly over them - of the shore that greets them with tender greetings for sunny fields and gleaming cottages. "Esther spied one sail in the far horizon, just ready to drop into the underworld, or just risen, perhaps, into this upperworld, and this gave a new direction to her imaginings." "It looks the same to us, but what a difference to them! what a difference to anxious watchers on the shore! We are but idle gazers, idly musing on the scene with no special hopes or fears centered in those white-winged messengers; but may be, earnest eyes are strained, bathed

with joyful or bitter tears, as it sinks with all they love below the surge" or brings their spirits "up from the underworld." Here mountains, not deemed to pass the bound on the horizon! as though it were indeed the boundary between two worlds and it would be "a brief" with the glory of both before it made the inevitable choice - the old world beckons. Mont Blanc with her shining head - Mt. Pelée's dome rises in awful beauty - Mt. St. Barnis to symbolize the Eternal Beauty. The "Sphinx of the Castle walls", the wine-clad Graine, sparkling and sings her legends with a sweet, religious voice. "Blessed which the blue Aegean waves" lie "entranced in thy silence." "Desaria's wish, born" was with all the fascination of danger - "Michael's miracles on Stone" Raphael's on Canvas, speak through Memory to the soul that fair world lost again on such marvels of power and sweetness. Old England's homes, her valleys hazy with age, fragrant with memories - Scotland's hills and heather, all "aglow with signals" of the genius and brow of her children, appeal to hearts strong with a sense of kinship and common memories. Will she sail eastward, where "In Cathedrals grand and solemn
The moonlight of marble glams
And the Seal that stood by the masters
In chivalry and picture streams?" But the New World has her voices, too. Sail westward, O wandering ship! My mountains also rest

their reverend heads. Poets have not sung them
grandly yet. A few sweet, poetic legends haunt
our eastern ranges, and a romance, sweet and po-
etic as any old world chronicler has invested them
with charm and interest. Our rivers roll in majes-
ty, or leap with sparkle and music. The castles that
grace their shores, tell no legends of knight and noble
in the sense of old World Kings; but gracious fames
ride in beauty along their banks - their waters
have crimsoned with the blood of freemen, fighting
bravely that Old World battle ever waged between
true Knight and Crenel. Our cathedrals are not
revered with Mass and incense, and the history of
Centuries of worship within their walls; but are they
not reverend with that older faith, whose deeds
and prophets are as truly enshrined there, as in
the hairy pile, reared long centuries ago? Is the
strong, yearning pulse of a people called to
great material tasks, towards art and beauty,
the reaching out of eager hands and yearning souls
towards the Ideal, no compensation for the treasures
of those divine artists, whose souls soared and
strengthened in an atmosphere of Beauty? "And as
Esther dreamily gazes to, towards the great
ship hastens. A pace mightier than storied
river, or haughty castle, or pictured saint, or vir-
gin sheen, or aspiring art impulse - has turned

her face towards the sunset. That way, lies home,
where centres for the power all that is best in wit
and story. As she sat there by the shore, she gazed
the figures about, with which the recitative ship
"came to herself", after listening to the voice of the sea.
Her leave the horizon and make such progress tow-
ards her haven, she began to think it time to hasten home
again. As she explored the grassy lane leading from the
shore, she met her friend, Ellen Hammond. She had come
from a cottage (Esther had often noticed), looking trim and
bright amid the peaceful landscape. Her quiet seemed
not disturbed, though groups of people were standing
near, or walking slowly and thoughtfully from the dock.
Then she saw a funeral procession moving towards the
village church yard. It was an old, familiar story - a
widowed mother's only child, a bright, winsome, idol-
ized little girl, a few days before dancing amid the sum-
mer flowers, now borne slowly and reverently to rest
within the bosom of mother earth. Esther knew how
tenderly they would lay the little form beneath the
flowering Summer sod, while tears agonizing and hot
enough to scorch and wither its greenness, would flow.
But she also knew that the morning and evening dew
would fall gently and lovingly upon the little mound -
flowers would exhale their fragrance to be as healing to
the stricken hearts that prompted the weeping - and the
bitter sense of loss and agony would not abide

fruitless, and lodging in the Mother's heart.
But the world had been suddenly darkened to
Ester. She had been indulging some dusty
dreamings, but there was a vital warmth and bright-
ness in the world about her - a glow and radiance
on sea and sky and land, that did not permit a very
realizing sense of human agony and loss as she
sat there by the shore. Now it was borne in upon her
nightly, and she felt a jar and discord - she, soaring
in pleasant fancies over sea and land, questioning
idly the joys and sorrows of some dim and distant
view, and here, and now, she saw, distant ships
and laughing landscape, are shrouded with a pall
of agony to eyes and hearts so near hers. "But I
will not again to the shore, some bright day," said Ester,
"it is not wrong, I know, to dream, and pass, occa-
sionally, for an hour or two, while one feels ^{himself} ~~it~~
enfolded by the beauty and mystery of Nature. And if
the sense of pain and discord, must have its awaken-
ing and its season - if the stern realities must
have our allegiance, I know I shall be stronger,
readier, for these "ministrations with which Na-
ture heals her wandering and distempere'd children".

Mad Remusat's Napoleon. Published
in ^{London} ~~Geneva~~ ^{Geneva}

Napoleon beheld the centuries looking down upon him in
Egypt, and sought their inspiration for the Soldiers of France.
The pyramids spoke eloquently of brave Kings and their deeds,
and his imagination well might kindle, as he felt the mystery
of that old land, "traced by Caesar and Pompey". He was so that
he believed the glory of great deeds shone down through the ages
to illumine the pathway of all heroic spirits, among these mighty
monuments of the Ramses. He did not shrink from the secu-
ring of those 40 centuries of the past. He did not picture
the advancing century, gazing backward through the eyes of a
small, bright woman who had met him at St. Cloud - sym-
pathizing too, with her meaningful glances, as his early illusions
wanished. Like her, we had felt the spell of his greatness,
and like her we sought to see it eclipsed in such a night of
selfishness and tyranny. Where is the hero? We ask, as we
rise from Mad. Remusat's domain. We have Austelitz, to
be sure. But there followed low intrigues enough to soil the
lamels of a hundred successful battles. We see him dispensing
crosses on the field of Marengo, amid the enthusiasms of his
military heroes; but we soon see the same hand smashing
the furniture in his wife's apartment, in a fit of most
ignoble rage. We hear some lofty sentiments about the ver-
dict of posterity, as that ideal world in which human
pride finds its desire; but then he exclaims in another

frustrating and torturing in the mother's heart.
But the thought had been suddenly dashed to
Ester. She had been in the night some, but in
evenings, but there was a mental warmth and bright-
ness in the world about her, a glow and radiance
on sea and sky and land, that did not permit a very
realizing sense of human agony and loss as she
sat there by the shore. Now it was borne in upon her
night. And she felt a jar and discord. She, roving
in pleasant fancies over sea and land, questioning
idly the joys and sorrows of some dim and distant
crew, and here, and now, sea, sky, distant ships
and laughing landscape, are shrouded with a pall
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dict of posterity, as that ideal world in which human
pride finds its desire; but then he exclaims in another

breath - a cowardly act! I should not fail to commend one, if it were useful to me!" "Clemency is a poor, pitiful little virtue when it is not founded upon policy." We see him bending under the weight of his mantle, with the laurel wreath on his brow; but alas! we see him also in his chamber, throwing his garments in petulant rage upon the floor or into the fire. "Whom shall I pay for your tears", he writes to Josephine in a mood of tender excitement as he snuffs the battle afar - and then how he made the tears to flow and the gentle woman to tremble with the mastery of a tyrant, claiming rights as herent to the heart of genuine manhood. He like to bestow glory only on those who knew not how to sustain it, and grudge the slightest recognition of merit to his brave soldiers who fought so manfully at Trafalgar, where Nelson carried off the prize of victory - and the Eng. despatches alone commended their bravery! Napoleon did not care for Comedy. Did he realize how much credit in the great Drama in which he was the chief actor? Amid all the splendid pageantry of that Coronation scene, as his attention was called from its solemnities to rebuke sharply those aspiring sisters, lest his Empress should come to an untimely fall between the altar and the throne, because of their petty spite upon the occasion - could not his quick eye discern some Comedy mingled with the tragedy? He believed in Alexander's policy of making himself out to be the descendant

of a god; but the godlike ancestor of war hero, must seem very remote to the readers of Mad. Renasol, unless we take some of the grossest and most literal interpretations of the old myths. He banished Mad. de Staël, "because she taught men to think." O. Man of Destiny! did you not know there were other women who thought in France - and one very near you thane taking notes for that purpose, you were to dazzle by a great reason? It did not require the masculine vigor, the insight of a Mad. de Staël to read the motive and the measure of your manhood. Your own contempt for the intellect of women - your own defiant candor in the expression of your sentiments, have furnished the testimony that will perpetuate more bitterness than gratitude with your name. Well might you declare good taste a classical word you did not adopt - and pronounce some other words as poetic, and without meaning to you, which yet express sentiments very dear to all true men and women. Has Mad. Renasol then given us only a petty tyrant? That might, force of will that firmness and quickness of thought that could leap at once to the heart of a subject, that power so indefinable, which could rule masses and dispose armies and win battles at great odds and feel that the battlefield has no dangers, and the cannon's roar is only the sound that will carry a brave man's deeds to the ears of his descendants a thousand years hence.

cannot be pronounced altogether petty. Could he only have forgotten that eternal "Me" long enough to know what a brave man's deeds really were? "I knew early that what pleased me was to belong to me" and "I disclaimed all that was useless." With a high, pure purpose, and a single eye, what might not have belonged to him that would have consecrated his memory to the worshippers of the 40 centuries to come! The exultant "I have won!", with which he stepped from the bloody throne of Vincennes to a throne, but heralded the hour of decadence, and must have echoed meaningfully from his past as he mused at St. Helena. One is almost tempted to ask are we grateful to Mad Remusat? Is all this unweeding, whole some and helpful? Will the truth detailed so gracefully and vividly, so far help us to a just estimate of one of the world's great heroes, as to compensate for all this exposure of his meanest traits? Are these not some skeletons too ugly to be borne from their hiding places and paraded if not absolutely needed to give weight to testimony? Could Napoleon have seen the picture for which he unconsciously ^{must} have recalled from it, "War must never say 'I despise men' Madame, 'You must never say that' and I particularly esteem the French," he exclaims after expressing sentiments to justify such a report. But in a palace where women trembled as he approached, gasping either coarseness or silliness in his address, and men of letters and of worth: facts doubted, and questions

with the contempt and contempt of a banish soldier, how could he realize - he who could inscribe over the entrance of his apartment, "I am that I am" - that one of the Filipatians once about him was listening truthfully the features of that "policy" to which all else must be sacrificed (Could Napoleon himself have seen the picture for which he unconsciously sat, would he not have recalled from it? (One is almost tempted) to ask - Shall we be grateful?) But such a need may exist, for the worship of Force yet lingers - and the picture may not be too vivid to meet the illusions that have succeeded veiled the idol so long remaining in the temple of that worship. But do not these memories give a note of warning to the men of today, preeminent in Campaign Council, as loading the world with Napoleon's deeds, or commanding "the applause of listening senates"? The Macaulays and Bancrofts may see and measure wisely the deeds they do and the words they speak in that broad arena of which the historians take note. Already they may hear James trumpet sounding in the ear of Spotsville as it reads their record. But is there no Mad. Remusat sitting near, looking safe and insignificant, taking the measure of their market, and recording it with a pen so truthful so graceful, so keen that it shall almost blot out the graver historian's record? "Do not fail in princely worth and nobleness" writes the wise Stockman to Prince Albert; and well "not princely worth and nobleness" gain more loyal love and service; from the record which

shows how his heart and life responded to his mentor's word? From the time I first knew Channing as a little child when I crept among his books, till the hour when he spoke in my ear his last words, did I ever see an act, did I ever hear a word, did I ever behold a look that was not according to his ideal of the perfect life? "I call upon all who witnessed his perfect life in the exquisite sweetness of his home, and in every relationship of duty, was he not faultless, spotless, peerless?" Says a true man of one of the heroes who fought as bravely to emancipate men, as Napoleon did to enslave them. May such an ungracious task as Mrs. Remusat's, never again devolve upon a gracious woman! May such labors of love as Mrs. Peabody's, find ever increasing subjects and inspirations! If there be few men on whom all the gods seem to have set their seal" let us hope there are yet fewer among those who have won the world's admiration, from whom some of the most gracious and potent divinities seem to have with-held their gift - so faithless and selfish has been their use of it. Published in Commonwealth May 29. 1882

Woman's Bank - Oct. 1880

This institution is placed upon a pedestal just now, and a noble Lord in the British parliament lately assured Sir Robt. Peel, that a pedestal was not a convenient basis of operations; a sentiment, the Bank would, no doubt endorse. Much of the literature to which the subject has given rise is painfully suggestive, reflecting as it does upon the spirit and intelligence of the community. That many

ignorant, uneducated women have deposited in this bank, with faith in its claim to a charitable fund, which some eccentric founder has chosen to dispense in this fashion to a wealthy class, is not to be doubted. The fact that it had gained a footing in Boston for 3 years or more, had pursued its business and met all its claims, and worn the air of a legitimate business, was an assurance, one I find could not gain the confidence in the city of Boston, with a class so respectable it was thought. It was such a good seed, too, to a struggling wealthy class, it must merit the confidence I won. That women in very comfortable circumstances were taking advantage of this fund, unquestioned, did seem to suggest a rather loose method of dispensing a charity, to some whose interest in the subject was awakened. But the one glaring aspect of the matter just now, is the strain which so many women have taken. A very feeble intellect could scarcely get puzzled over the arithmetical problem that one could deposit \$200, receive it again, and continue to gather the eggs for this prolific goose, after the generous banker has surrendered to the depositor the bird herself, would indeed be marvellous - but we may possibly conceive such easy faith fed by the wish to have it so. But I do not believe many of the depositors were of this class. They did believe Mrs. H. was the wealthy almoner of a fabulous fund; and fabulous it must have been, they did not stop to calculate. But there seems to be sufficient evidence in to dispose of this claim, and only one remains, unless we believe that Mrs. H. has encountered the Youth sent by Juan Christino for her laboratory at Rome over the Alps, where he had come to find the herb necessary to make his gold, and never re-

turned to enrich his royal patron. Is it possible that after
2 centuries of ~~treach~~ and fraud he has ~~unwittingly~~ reached
the Brooklyn Mansion ~~and laid~~ at the feet of Mrs.
H. the magic plant. ~~substituted~~ for the legal talisman in oc-
cult sciences, so vainly expostant? That the investments of
new depositors is retained in the form of interest to the old, and
that the day of reckoning which always comes soon or late in fi-
nance as in morals, is to reveal a company of degraded, destitute
women - is not a pleasant side of the picture. It will be little
consolation to the recipients of \$60 a year, that they have dreamt up
on a company of equally credulous and worthy women, who have
deposited their last cent, to help keep them afloat, almost larva-
rily. The most painful aspect is the spirit in which women
respond to the efforts of a honest press to expose a fraud of
which they are the victims. What avails all this angry, sus-
castic retort upon men who have mismanaged and degraded?
Because Bank presidents have stolen funds, did tempt ranches
or households with them, is it less the duty of conservers of pub-
lic morals, to guard women against the sharpers of their vor-
acity? One would suppose that all this investigation had arisen
from a race of women-haters banded, to "mouset" the affairs
which women lead, resolved to show that they are an incapable,
credulous, and inebriate race. Is it more important to the good
women of Boston, that a fraudulent bank, professing to be working
in their interest should continue, than that all pretenses that are
weakening the moral life of the community should be attacked
and exposed. Is it more of the business of the press, that
women are willing to take their chances - ^{as one of the} ~~expresses~~ it

the city of
if through her audacious spirit, a web of verbiage and dissim-
ulation is woven - in which those of feeble mind are caught
and the suffering and shame that each one of perished may
must follow? Can it possibly be true, as Esail Hamilton
says, whether it be a fraud, a business, or a charity, it has been
production of good, and only of good? O, Esail, you have
spoken many wise, strong words for us women, but the ap-
ostolic and wise teacher to whom your tender mercies were so
cruel, could easily show you what fallacious and godless
doctrine that is. Should not an earnest woman like you
be ashamed of such doctrine as this? "Might it not even
be pleasant, by way of variety, to be cheated by a smart woman
and lose by one of our number, if lose we must? To me
we not see that male cashiers, always of highest standing in
Church and State society, with a little more than the average intel-
lect or availed, can hoodwink a whole body of directors whose
solemn and sworn duty it is to see to the matter, and see them star-
ving stupidly at an empty treasury? Is it simply a question of
loss of money? Because men have engineered dishonest enter-
prises, shall women cherish those of their own sex, and resent
their exposure, as an attack on woman's aims and methods?
Surely such reasoning may well convince men, that the average
masculine intellect, has failed to comprehend woman, in her
her shallowest faith and fancy, as Depositor expresses it in the
Advertiser. A woman, whether herself ensnared in a
scheme, ^{or} ~~conscience~~ cannot approve, when exposed, or only
sympathizers with those who are disappointed in the project.

of a competence so much needed, do not forget that Nature herself sets dreadful limits to the powers of desecration - and do not strike or cry mainly against them. Call the newspapers "old grandees" if you will, or besate the clear headed men, who insist upon calling a fraud a fraud - whether perpetrated by men or women (but don't forget that "Nature herself be") Indeed some wise old grand old lady seems needed by the present generation of women, even though it come through the press. - Published in Boston News Nov. 30, 1851

There is pleasant talk in the horse car this morning. Neighbors and friends greet each other cheerily. They seem refreshed in body and spirit - the air is crisp - the sky is bright, and no wonder they interpret hopefully the sentence: "We know not what a day may bring forth." We are quite sure as they return, some of the tones will be less cheery, most of the faces will have lost their morning glow, and bear traces of weariness, if not disappointment. Even those to whom the day has brought forth something better, than a sober survey of its possibilities, had promised, are nearing the sanctuary where good news must have its first, most joyous telling; so there will be more silent musing than buoyant greeting on the return trip. But I am not most interested in the lively gossippers who talk of stocks or lectures, the minister's last sermon, the baby's first tooth, the novelist's new book, or Budget's latest impertinence. It is mostly pleasant surface talk as begets the place, promoting good feeling and fellowship, and not infrequently giving a useful hint or idea to the silent passenger who sits aloof.

But I find myself musing over the coarse, dressed, intelligent looking boy in the corner, so absorbed as to be oblivious of all his varied talk in the little world about him. His tin pail is placed in position - he turns the leaves without lifting his eyes, and I doubt if the favored scholar in some airy loft tower, or monk in his secluded cell is more free from intrusion. I cannot help speculating as to the world in which he is living, for I have seen him morning after morning, thus absorbed and isolated. I am quite sure it is as far removed as that he will enter at the end of the hour's ride, as such men are for neither pines. He seems surprised when the car stops, and grasps his dinner pail. The enchantment ends - the real world begins. But does it wholly end? Is not the aspect of his work day world changed by the vision of that ideal world in which he has lived during his morning's ride? Its atmosphere lingers. If it be healthy and bracing, it will sweeten and glorify the actual. It was a large, respectable looking back - I fancied it might be Scott or Cooper - those enchanters of healthy minded boys - or possibly Dickens or Greenleaf. I or Mrs. Stone - of the reader looked quite capable of relishing their humor and wooden pathos. How the characters will mingle with his fellow laborers, perhaps find their counterparts under new conditions. Perhaps the contrasts - to them may strike him with a force that will prove educating. Will he find any pleasant likeness in his employer to the dear old Cheeryble brothers - or is he more like Ralph Wickfield? As Tom Thirkley has the

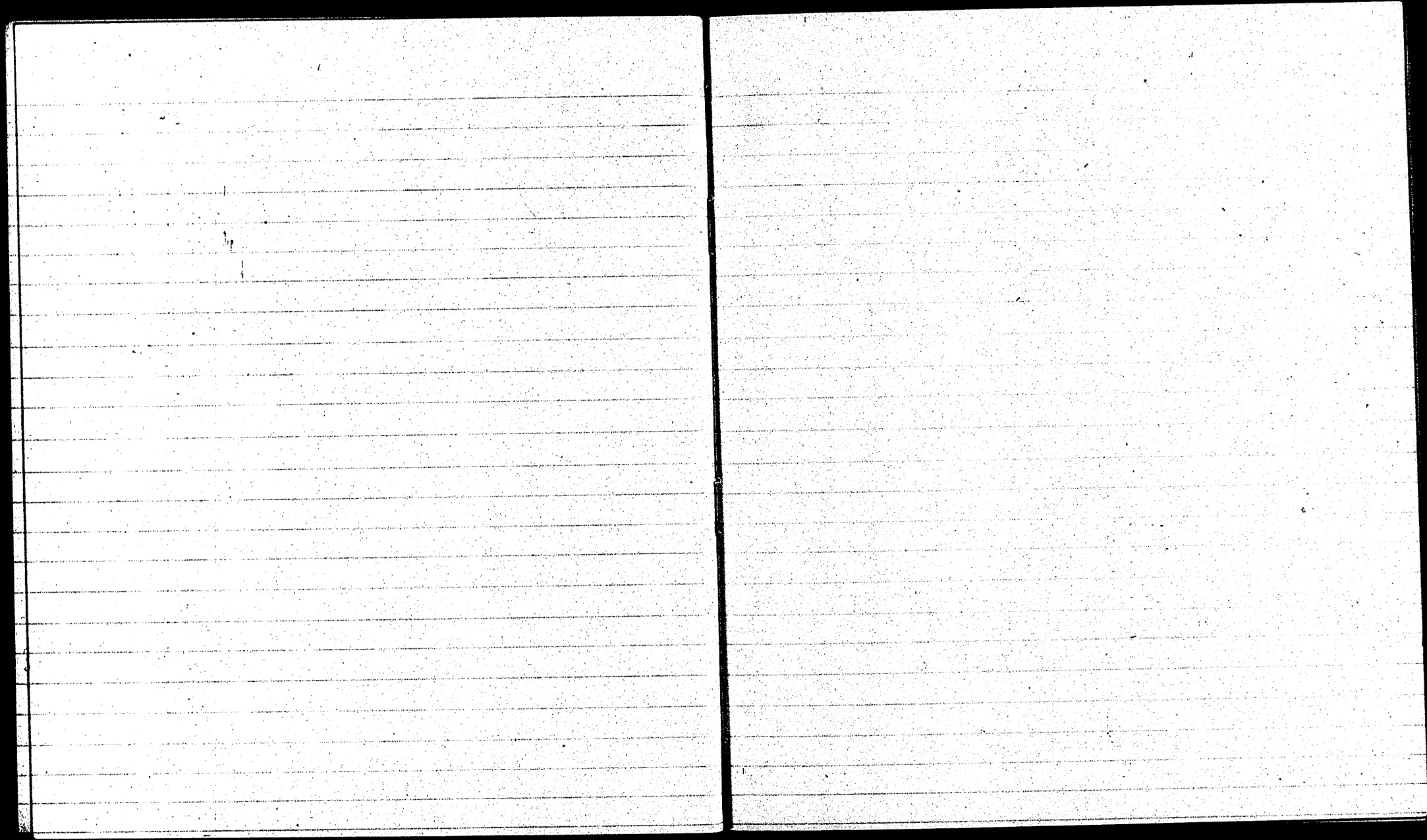
through his last with an eye only to a little extra time for himself
will, or, by seeing Adam Bede times beside him, his eye flashing
seem at sight, flimsy work? Won't he feel his own conscience
quicken, as some temptation to just fell the band, and nothing more
assault him? Perhaps, James Deans or Little Nell or Erith Row.
Combs will float through his mind, as he deals out queries to the maid-
ens before the Countess. But will such visions be likely to render her
less servicable or less cautious? — May be he was travelling
through tropic jungles with Sumner, or sailing Arctic seas with
Kane — or breathlessly mingling with the hosts at Inkermann or
Schlesberg. As he leaves the room of course or masketry to handle
type, or flannel or scrubbing brush, will he not carry unconsciously
the salutary lesson taught by heroism and self-sacrifice, rather than
rebel against his own tamer duties? Much is said in these days
of the sort of books given out ^{from} our libraries, and the great need of
supervision. And it surely a vital question whether they be
healthy or sickly. Not only the day, but the year and the life are
to be shaped and colored by the book that accompanies the ^{earnest} board dinner
pail. The low and lean meals, the brilliant and sensational costume
in which the unhealthily are clothed ^{catch on} to hold the hungry boy left to his
own guidance, shall these find a place in our libraries? What a
power for good or evil is the book that will blot out for the
time the water world and all its noises! Can we be too grateful to
the men and women ^{who are devoting} of rare powers to the literature of the young? Walk.

interest in the great and good by pictures — their homes and genius do
much of their daily lives as a child may comprehend and enjoy? Giving
the most salient and suggestive points in history and biography, fitted
to awaken a keen interest in what is to supplement it. "Hereafter?"
Making fiction sweet and wholesome, true to nature and life? Giving
the gems of science in a vocabulary they can understand, with illus-
trations to emphasize and vitalize the latter? Can we deem too
heartily the work of those other men and women, who are furnishing
ing baleful, sensational matter regardless of all but their own im-
mediate success and popularity? They make vice alluring and vice
the insipid — cunning and smugness greater forces than patient,
steadfast and high-hearted devotion to common duties. The unsober and
unquiet children are offered this food when they are hungry, and the
enslaved appetite gnaws with what it gets on, till the life gets
lean and colorless — too often snickered and reckless. Can the pur-
veyors of books in our libraries overestimate their responsi-
bilities?

Another chapter has closed at the White House. Criticisms of
the president have been free and various. He is not pronounced
altogether wise any more than his predecessors have been.
None claim for him special brilliancy or genius — his polit-
ical enemies still speak of him as a fraud, and pronounce his
policy in some important points a mistake. To a large
and thoughtful portion of his countrymen, he stands an able

form, clear figure, dealing honestly and fearlessly with
people's questions, a character to justify the belief that none
will sorrow more than himself, if he should find he had not read
aright the motto of isolation. Some members of the Cabinet have
won admiration or rebuke, as their critics have seen in their
brilliant achievement or cruel mistake. But there are names
among them that will stand out in bold relief, and challenge com-
parison with the most honored and useful of past adminis-
trations. But there is one figure connected with the past to yearn
at Washington, over whom the critics do not wrangle. There seems
but one verdict, as to the gracious lady of the White House. Good
and gracious women have lived there before, we know. But who has
recognized so supreme, without assuming any role of sovereignty?
Does her advent to her farewell, what a halo has she shed about
the place, making the central home of the nation as a pattern
on the mount, of what a home should be in its essentials. Un-
affected, hearty goodness, not so much perhaps a desire to create
happiness, for the humblest caller - as the spontaneous outflow
of a nature, that could not find its own blessedness in any other
way. As her husband has discharged his grave responsibil-
ities, how nobly has she stood beside him, illustrating the
"fair humanities" so essential to a nation's true life - emphasiz-
ing purest principles by unyielding adherence in face of temptation
and evil. Such a woman would not "fail" to soothe
and heal and bless" in a narrower and less conspicuous

world; but as there was cause to congratulate a people - that
for four years she has presided, the mistress of its central
managing - the fair lady of the land - in person? Not only
guests who have been favored as visitors to Washington have
felt the charm of her presence - but its aroma has been wafted
over prairie and river and mountain to distant lands. It is
well to know such this highest, most unselfish womanhood
dedicating so high a place and ex-
ercising the privilege of her surroundings into gracious service to
bless so many. Surely the haughty and exclusive who "wrap the
drapery of wealth and privilege" about their "most excel-
lent" something of the more excellent way, find their pretensions
unwomanly, so true and sweet a life among them.
May her successor win as warm a place in the nation's heart.
It was a pleasant feature in that inauguration ceremony - the wife
and mother so near - the first to receive the greeting after that sol-
emn vow to execute the will and law of a great people. When the
aged mother bore testimony to James' goodness as a son, was not
assurance of his fidelity and worth made "doubtless sure"? As
true mother and faithful, cultured, sympathetic wife stand near
in those hours of perplexity and uncertainty that will so surely come,
may we not believe, that their true feminine insight and wisdom
may illumine through a stronger light upon the true path
when the perplexed reason may ponder at "the parting of the
ways."



The marriage ceremony was performed. The minister's word had been very solemn and tender. He had known Kate from childhood, and the occasion recalled another in the years gone by when her mother had stood before him in her bridal robes, so soon exchanged for the funeral shroud. He knew how much that mother's loss had hindered the growth of some of her child's finest traits, for she had fallen into worldly and superstitious, though indulgent hands. The trembling farewell words were spoken, the time had faded from her sight, and she was fairly embarked on the wedding journey. Recovering from the whirl and glamour of the last few hours, Kate looked into her husband's face. Her husband! This morning he was merely her lover - a name he had shared with many, almost forgotten now. He looked very kind, very thoughtful, a little anxious. Did he look content and grateful? Did he look happy as one who had crowned his youth with a coveted blessing? It was a strange, untimely questioning, but it came unbidden to the young wife's mind. And after all, was he more to her than those half-forgotten lovers had been. This questioning had quivered for the first time, since he declared his love.

while the rest were dallying from indecision or faintheartedness. He had come into her life of sunshine and freedom, and seemed a part of it, just as the rest had done, and with his amiable, courteous character, his known business position, and his avowed regard for her, why should she not marry him? She must of course marry somebody. But something in her pastor's prayer for the securing ties - the homely farewells touched the deeper soul that she so slumbered while the superficial, pleasure-loving nature which had ruled her life. James Stanton, too, was asking strange questions for a wedding journey. He, too, was reading his companion's face. In the household of his father - bereaved of his wife in early youth - the shadow of whose loss had brooded over it ever since - the thoughtful boy had found a diligent and jingling home. Becoming an honorable and successful business man - he did not lose the relying, efficient character, fostered by his ^{young} bereavement. Meeting Kate at a relative's house, he became at once entranced and fettered by the gay, handsome girl, whose sunny face brightened at his coming, oblique by the fact that it brightened for all who brought her pleasure and homage. Their courtship had been very brief. The gay world in which she moved, flattered and buzzed around her - leaving

little leisure for mutual acquaintance. She was always bright and cheery when he came, she always ready to join in any scheme of pleasure she had planned. It was a new refreshing world to which he was ushered by a presence that glauced all things for him - coming from an atmosphere of such profound calm and soberness. She was the first bright maiden that had really come into his life. At the first youth that equipped for the sea of matrimony, who had really asked her to embark on the inevitable voyage, and they had both decided the hour had come to launch upon its heaving waters. Were they the first, will they be the last, to launch with a little knowledge of the needed outfit?
"We will go to L. George, first," said James, "I remember your earnest wish to go there, when some of your friends returned, and as you said you had no special choice, when I consulted you about our journey, I decided this would be a pleasant surprise." "O. No, James, the Newells and Coopers left there some weeks ago - and said it was getting out of season there - and it would be wretchedly dull here." "But dear Kate, you are not going on a wedding journey with me to see the Newells and Coopers, I trust." "O. No, James, of course

not, but we don't want to get dumpy and homesick the first week of our marriage, as we should surely be in a great hotel, by a lonely shore, the season past for such missions as one likes to meet."

James thought "are we not to be enough for each other for one week at least - could we not enjoy to gether that lovely lake and shore and heaven?" but he only said "I am very sorry, dear Kate, as I have telegraphed for trunks - checked our trunks, and do not see how we can change our course without much trouble to others. I did wrong, perhaps, not to ask you again - but felt so sure I was doing what would please you." Kate looked disappointed, and rebellious, a moment - but some word in her pastor's address as she stood before him that morning, still echoed in her ear, some word about mutual sacrifice and sacrifice, of which she had not thought before. "Then we will go on - but Long Branch would be much livelier, I know." The journey ended as all journeys do. The beautiful lake lay tranquil, reflecting the glory of the parting day. The mountains in that

distance lifted their solemn heads, as if to hold communion with the evening sky. The sky seemed brooding with a sense of love and protection over all beneath it. It touched the hearts of those young travellers, who had always dwelt in the city, quite remote from mountain regions. Kate seemed to have a new sense born within her for the moment, and forget her disappointment about people. The next day, she could not resist the sparkle and splendor of the world about her. But when the novelty was over, her thoughts began to wander regretfully towards that other world of pleasure and fashion, in which she had played so brilliant a part. James would have asked no other world, had not the haunting sense of a mistake leading to misery, begun to take possession of him. I did not know, Kate, I fear, she did not know me. He had heard the voice whisper before, it almost thundered now. What shall he do? Life stretches before him a dizzy expanse, for he has promised to love, honor and cherish forever, a woman who cannot exchange for one week the crowd of gay triflers, she has left - for his society, with a regret. Does he leave her? Yes, he believes he has discerned the life beneath the life - it was that beating beneath the airy surface

whose breath he felt, whose possibilities he saw. But is he strong enough, is he true enough to bring forth the treasure for beneath "its horde of petty ~~maxims~~ ^{maxims} with which ^{the} false culture and ^{of} influences have so long oppressed it? He is so wedded to her idols of fashion and pleasure - shall he not waken too much disgust and opposition by trying to draw her to the service of the true? He had not realized how strong were these shallower claimants to her loyalty. Must he stand aloof therefore - let her revel in her chosen delights, as he forego, all the deeper, sweeter sympathies he had hoped to win. I should have made sure of these things, he said, before we embarked. We have run a fearful risk, but we will not join the sad procession of wrecked, dismembered lives, if any word, or prayer or deed of mine, can avert the doom."

During the second day at the lake Kate discovered a party of friends from the city - Mr. and Mrs. Milburn, with two gentleman friends in their party. The two latter were of the betterly genus, men of leisure, money, and what are called fine manners. They had become so familiar with fashionable watering places, that they gaily yawned over the most attractive features of the best de-

claring "Nature had been so stared at and a part wrapped by her, rabid, poetic admirers, her charm of freshness and novelty was all gone for them." Jessie Milburn, the young wife, was responsible for this trip - having exercised the power given to vivacious, handsome women, over young men who have a keen eye for the vivacity and beauty that play freely upon the surface, during the last winter's Campaign of fashion. James had never forgiven these people, as he had seen them in society. Mr. Milburn always seemed to him a disappointed man, who was trying with a heavy heart to play his part in the gay pageant to which his wife had doomed him. Jessie always talked a great deal about "dear husband" - quoted his opinions and often endorsed his tastes in some of those smaller matters about which she made much ado; but even the casual observer thought she smiled more graciously upon the younger men, and usually preferred their escort in her promenades. Kate was delighted to see these delegates of her familiar circle, and they were equally enthusiastic in their greetings. "Who would have thought, dear Kate, that here in this wilderness which we feared was

dearled by all the nice people, we should find you" It really brings back the splendor of the winter - the parties - the perfume - the music - those lovely ~~with~~ dresses - those charming dances. The Summer has been rather stupid - we have managed to miss everybody, as find quiet houses - quiet people of the class who not only wish to escape the heat and the dust, but fine dressing, and gay times, generally - the sort of people who ought to take Boston's Souths' visit, hire a fine apple tree in some sweet, secluded orchard - spread their Bay State on the grass - to keep off colds, and read their good books without intrusion or hindrance. Such poky people to meet on a pleasure hunt!" But you take such a lively party with you, dear Jessie, how can you feel lonely?" "O yes, but Will and Harry are getting engaged too. They miss the music of many voices, which you know we all love better than the music of many waters - and I don't find them half so entertaining when taken out of their "environment", as Tom's proxy friend, Professor H. would call it. And, as for Tom Milburn, I find him in such queer places - in such reflective atti-

tudes here on the shore, I sometimes think he is contemplating a fatal plunge into the peaceful waters. I snaked me almost blue". "But now you and Will and Harry have risen on our sight, said Mr. Carter, will they and enjoy the new day that has dawned". He gave a gasp, admiringly looking at the young bride, whose fresh beauty he had noticed during the winter, but thought he had never before realized how handsome she was. Was James Stanton jealous of this empty trislex? Not exactly, but a slight pang shot through his heart, as he remembered he did ^{not} feel sure of the first and dearest place in that of his young wife. Must she yet yield it to some demig, unscrupulous claimant? Should he ever play Tom Milburn's part - stand aloof - merely clothe and feed and house the woman he had wed, while she bestowed her smiles and liveliest interest on some gay trislex who quaffed from any sparkling stream, no matter how it stirred and ryled its waters for those who had a right to its purest, sweetest draughts. Don Milburn? No wonder he strolled aimlessly and pensively about. He loved his sprightly wife - he would die for her. But his tastes were quiet - he loved his home - loved to mingle with men and women who had a understandingness of the needs and duties, as well as the joys of

and conventionalities. He had clear glimpses at high purposes - but thus far she had led him in her favourite paths of dalliance, which he soon discerned held many rank and poisonous weeds. James shuddered at the possibility of such a life. But he would not make his wedding journey a lecturing tour - she should be free and joyous though he might sunder at the sources of her joy. Pleasure trips into the neighborhood were planned in which he gained for her sake, though he would greatly have preferred to stroll with her alone, as the tone of the young men jured with the lovely influences shed so lavishly around them. In the morning glory, when the mountain tops blazed with incense fires, they gossiped so glibly and unceremoniously of their "set"; and the pettiest details of their city life, it was enough to vex and madden a true worshipper. When evening came, and "all the babble of Liza's angry voices died in hushed silence by that perilous shore - they shouted unmeaning rhymes, exploded over stale and pointless jokes, while the ladies caught the glow of animal spirits and laughed in responsive strains. J. was quite more for habit engendered by circumstance - than by nature - had a vein of humor that was neither coarse or and pleasant - liked the wit

that is neither coarse or bitter. But there was so much that seemed mere noise and bluster - so much that to his finer sense was innoxious and ill-natured; he would gladly have withdrawn from the speed-boat party. One day a sail upon the lake was proposed. Clouds were scudding rather ominously across the sky, soon after the morning hour when it was planned, and at 12 o'clock faint mutterings were heard among the mts. James and Mr. M. protested, declaring it was exacting danger. But there were brightenings now and then that dispelled the fears of those who were so eager - and they insisted the storm was passing over to another quarter. Everything was so ready; they said, it was a shame to lose the fun, now their minds were made up for it. Lunch was in the basket, they would land at a lovely spot they knew where they would have such an Arcadian meal, as would compensate for all previous rural discomforts. J. yielded, though with many misgivings - but seemed unaccountably busy to the rest, before they started. Tom Nelson remained firm. It had been unusually stirred the last few days by his young wife's abandonment to the Society of her admirers - and her easy plunge into all the reckless expeditions they proposed.

They had sailed on gayly for 15 or 20 minutes when a fearful gust struck the boat, almost upsetting it, just as the gay revellers were rallying ^{upon} ^{the ladies} ^{beside} ^{the} ^{young} ^{men} ^{best} ^{propped} ^{up} ^{and} ^{unperceiving} ^{of} ^{the} ^{danger} ^{spring} ^{to} ^{the} ^{sail} ^{and} ^{frank} ^{it}, when a lightning flash gave a lurid and unearthly light to the scene. The thunder that had rolled so grand in the distance came nearer, then broke in one deafening crash above them. Slander grew the shrieks, deeper the pallor of the bleaching faces. I alone possessed any command of eye or hand in the wild disorder. "Be calm dear Kate," he said, "it is too violent to last, and with God's help, we will weather it." We think it a flimsy boat, not made for tempests, said Harry Dalton. We felt so sure of fair weather, we made no special inquiry for a stowch boat, and thought we could easily manage this in the calm water of the lake. "But, I did, said James, and was well assured before I started ^{with} ^a ^{freight} ^{so} ^{precious} ^{to} ^{me}. I also knew that my ^{own} ^{experience} ^{and} ⁱⁿ ^{boating} were more thorough, than in some better things, but it is useful, now. This was said in a lull, during which the young men's courage had revived a little. Can't we reach the place for which we launched, now? said Will Carter? just the wind and wave roared and tossed in wilder fury, the boat pitching and lurching furiously. De-

spair had seized all but James Stanton. When he could not act, and action seemed as useless as weeping, now, he tried to cheer his companions, speaking such words of tenderness and strength to Kate, in a voice so calm, that she looked up with wonder and trust quite new to her, when there was any subsidence of terror. Was he indeed the only man on board? Tom Milleen saw the boat go to the shore. He was in an agony of remorse for refusing to go out with them. Until lately, he had not felt himself quite superfluous in his wife's society. Although she was ever ready to follow the gay and thoughtless train who flattered and amused her, he had no reason to think she cared seriously for any of them, or really wished him away. But since their arrival at the lake, while Will Carter had devoted himself with impertinent assiduity to Kate, whenever he could seize an occasion, Jessie had shown an exclusive interest ⁱⁿ Harry, quite new to her. Her husband seemed touched with a sense of injury, and was wailing under the feeling when the boat went out. But now! How much he could have done to save her! Those two weaklings! They would be nothing in such an emergency, and, although James S. was made of sterner stuff, he had his own wife to care for. What should he do? He went off in the stowchest boat, the boldest sailer on the shore.

and brave the stormy billows. He could not stand on land and look on such a sight. He found the boat, the sailor, and soon, they too tossed upon the foaming waters. J. had put oars into the hands of his companions, but they were too nerveless and disheartened to do much service. Jessie and Kate tried hard to row, but their strength soon failed. J. seemed moved with Herculean strength, but our oars were gone away, and they could only toss hither and thither on the surging waves. They were borne shoreward where some rocks layed an angry funt, so near that a cry of agony rose from the boat, when they were dashed violently on a less fatal point of the shore, so violently that their senses were quite benumbed for the moment. Tom McLean had seen it all. His boat baffled bravely and successfully, and soon was able to command its course, as the tempest was subsiding. He reached the exhausted company, and lent his manly strength, throughly aroused when assured of his young wife's safety. "Well, this is a lovely place for an exhausted fellow to find himself in, after such a tussel," cried Harry D. when he recovered his senses and looked around. You may think yourself fortunate to land at all, after such an hour of peril, said James, with a look of contempt quite foreign to his face. "Lead's men-

ey alone has saved us!" O, cried Kate, not alone for you were his faithful instrument." "And you his faithful messenger," said Jessie to her husband; we saw you rowing us, beating against the waves, and we were sustained and strengthened by the vision. You and James Stanton have won the victory, under Lead's good guidance, and for one, shall henceforth know a true man when I see him." "And so shall I," echoed Kate. The young men seemed about to utter some word of bravado or apology, when J. said "but we are safe now, and should surely give this hour of rescue to gratitude. We have all been near enough to death, to see some things more clearly and vitally than before. One loses many years in such moments, and may get such lessons as it usually takes years to learn." H. looked proudly and tenderly at her husband. He was so calm, so modest, and he had been so brave and strong in the hour of peril. A pang of remorse and shame shot through her heart. How blind and deluded she had been! Tom M. said but little, but as he saw the expressive face of his young wife turned towards him, he knew the veil was rent between them, and a new day had dawned upon his life. They soon procured a team for a farmhouse, and returned to their hotel. Many days were needed to restore strength and nerve to Kate and Jessie. The two young men who urged the trip in face of threatened danger, and prodded

so cowardly when it came, seemed oppressed and
weakened by their fears while James and Tom had
become as alert and active as before. They began to
talk of returning to the City - inquiring each day polite-
ly for the ladies, but were evidently quite willing
to escape another interview. J. and T. had come to
know each other better, and James esteemed Tom more
and more, as he discovered the sincerity and strength
that had been hidden, by the false relations into which
his wife's frivolous career had brought him. Tom had
taken what he thought a wise and kindly course, fol-
lowed her where his own tastes did not lead him,
without remonstrance, treated with quiet civility her
favourites whom he disliked, believing she really loved
him, and so all was safe, if he was not as happy
as he had dreamed he should be. He was several years
older than Jessie, naturally more grave, and he
feared the selfishness of banning the society and
pleasure which her younger, healthier ^{affection} tastes craved.
Though the two husbands had many hopes and fears
in common, they forbore talking together on a sub-
ject so vital, as that which had so absorbed them,
during their brief sojourn together. On the third day
the ladies joined them in the drawing room. The two
young men had decided to leave that day. Their
countenances were pale and anxiously were wanting. Jessie,
feeling unusually grieved after her seclusion, could

not forbear. "O most gallant Knight, you were
rash to dare, but not so brave to do and suffer.
Tom has a boat I take up occasionally, to see what the
dear old boy is pining over so lovingly. It is called
Platach's Lines. I am so sorry you did not live ear-
ly enough to figure in its pages. William and Hen-
ry might not sound so grand and swelling to our
modern ears as Sicipro and Epaminondas, but the
heroism is the main thing you know." "Yes" said
Kate, "you were heroes without fear, if not with-
out reproach, on sunny days, and serene, starry
evenings, but do not stand so well the test of an-
gry waves and howling winds. You have always
talked so bravely - told us of such hair breadth
escapes wrought through your ready genius and doc-
ing, I should have remembered you as my deliair-
ers in the perilous hour." "The perilous hour re-
veals the true deliairers", said Malvern. "But
surely you need not reproach us, were you
not both frightened and unnerved." "Yes, but we
were poor, frail women. You know your senti-
ments expressed so often and so freely - I can-
fess I was getting rather disgusted with them - poor
man is lovely. He Malvern, should not undertake
the brave missions that belong to men - limpi-
ty and helplessness are their ^{Charm} ^{Deceit} - and
then we never pretended to manage a boat."

"But what could you expect us to do? The oars were useless in that hour's travail." "What did James Stando do?" said Jessie. "When you were bemoaning our helpless fate, he was feeling soil. You were too scared to think of oars, before he had proved their worthlessness. And you could have done what he did - it was more your duty than his as you undertook the arrangements, seen that we had a staunch, seaworthy boat. I should now be thinking what our fate might have been, had he been as thoughtless as you were. I was going to say, you might have shown the manly pluck and courage, we have heard you talk about so much as inseparable from the true knight, but that would not be true, for you did not have it to show." Well, said Harry Dalton, our attentions have seemed very welcome and you have certainly shown no great preference for those grave gentlemen who have blossomed into heroes so suddenly." "As suddenly" said Jessie angrily "as you have blossomed into mere braggarts." "I protest," said G. against these idle reproaches. We are all rescued from a common danger, and it is petty to recall the weakness and tremor of the hour. We shall all be stronger for the next emergency. "Times of terror are times of heroism!" said Ed

grant that such an hour as we achieved upon the lake may not come often to any of us." "But the day never thins," said Tom, taking up the quotation from his favorite author, "in which this element of heroism may not work." "I had occasion for some of it, before I embarked in that wild fury." This last seemed to slip out unconsciously, and he colored slightly at its close. The young men shrank that evening, if not wiser, better men, most alive to their need of bettering and wisdom, which is surely a progressive step. In spite of themselves, they took with them much respect and admiration for the gentlemen they had spoken of as such poor, pladding fellows. A man can scarcely be so weak and unworthy, as to scorn the truly heroic and generous man. They talked together no more, gladly and profanely, for the charming women they had appealed to pity for the "sombre lives they must finally lead with these fagg old chaps, and whose day of freedom and brightness they declared they were prolonging most benevolently, while it was deucedly agreeable to themselves." The Doctors and McManis remained another week, and what a new life it was for them all! Now Kate could answer frankly and joyfully the query that had beset her wedding journey - was

James indeed more to her than her former lovers had been? and they consecrated a newer, divin-er marriage. Every true woman loves genuine manliness, and if her perceptions are sometimes so dimmed that she needs great contrasts to reveal A, the revelation once made she will be loyal. And H. was at heart, a true woman. Everything in her education and surroundings had tended to awaken and foster the idea that life was a stream that must forever sparkle, but never be stirred or clouded. It was to flow for freedom and pastime merely, not to refresh the weary land upon its margin, or to deliver the grievous message from its source to that abounding sea to which it hastened. The faint whispers of the message had sometimes startled her, and since she had known J. she had caught more meaning than they had ever brought before. But when he came, she was surrounded by those who acted in this belief. There was a new sense of rest and trust, sometimes in his presence, which she did not analyze and she was flattered by his loyal devotion. But there were those who said more complimentary things to her, who entered more spontaneously and joyfully into the pleasures to which she had become so accustomed and she had sometimes felt she was giving up things of much value in marrying him. James was really the first good angel that had crossed

her path with both right and opportunity to guide her. When Harry D., one of the most popular habitue's of their dining room made his appearance at the lake, and was so winning and gracious in his attentions she did not suspect his unworthy purpose of proving of passing his attraction quite superior to her husband's. "He never did like the pious, priggish fellow, who eschewed wine, and flitted his youth handsome young wives always refused his invitation to a game and seemed to rather pride himself on the fact that he gained his fortune by business talent and industry, instead of inheriting it like a true gentleman," he said to Will Carter. "and to crown all, he has carried off the handsomest woman of our set." "Harry was so merry and musical, talked in such ^{gay} pleasant, spicy way, it did one's spirits good," said H. to James, when he expressed some surprise that she should go on a tramp over the hills with him, instead of waiting until he had written some necessary business letters, which he assured her would be finished in less than an hour. But the quiet, tender, watchful love of her husband was melting the delusive mist that had enveloped her. The contrast was striking enough to reveal the true lineaments of each. She grew each day more weary of the false, more enamored of the real. She would not have joined the boating party, after her husband's disapproval had not Jessie insisted, as a kind

ness to her, for Jessie had promised to go, and was bound to keep her promise. Though she felt real discomfort at her husband's attitude in the matter. That trip swept away the last atom of the blinding mist, and she saw clearly the man she had married, and recognized the power lately working so unconsciously to herself.

"It is 4 weeks to-day," said James, "since we left your home, do you remember it?" "O. James, I shall never forget that ride. You looked at me with such a look of pity, I thought, and I really felt as though I needed it, though, it by no means satisfied me."

"You can never know, dear Kate, how I pitied us both. I seemed to waken to a sense of wrong we had done each other. I knew that I loved you, but I saw that you regretted painfully your old friends and pleasures, and did not start joyfully on the pilgrimage we were to make together. And when I saw you so disappointed over my plans - in which you were the first and dearest consideration, I cannot tell you the pang I suffered." "O. James, let us forget it all, I had thought so little about it, until that very day. I had liked to have you come - you did seem different from the rest - but I saw you did not always like the people about me, and grew weary of their talk and doings. I had known them all ways, and some of them had been very kind to me,

and when I came to leave them, I thought I should be lonely and dull with you alone. And then our minister made it look such an awful, solemn step, I began to ask if all the world were at my disposal, should I indeed choose you, and I was puzzled, as I sometimes am in waking from a dream, and could not see what and where I was, and how we were related to each other. And then I found myself in the atmosphere of my old life again, when we met our city friends, but I soon found I did not breathe it with the old relish and preference." "Yes, Kate, I soon learned that your hold on some things hartful, was loosening, and I never lost my hope or courage after that new play began. The chief actors were not men of genius in their profession." "O. James I cannot bear to think of them. My first disgust was when they talked patronizingly of you and Tom, and I knew it was to lessen you in our regards. Jessie and I both flared, and they learned a lesson. I don't see now, how that bright Jessie could have endured them so long, with such a man as Tom for a husband, too." James smiled at her new appreciation of Tom, but knew it was in the right direction. "Had they only been as wise as they were merry, as brave as they were boastful, I don't know, James, how long my time of insanity might have lasted." "Then, indeed

I might have seen my own "life defaced and dis-
figured," as it had been "in my imagination" for a
mercifully brief term. But do you not know,
dear Kate, that wise, brave men do not flit idly
from one watering place to another through a long
season, selecting young wives whom they admire
as special dainties to share the walks and drives
to which their husbands claim the first right and
privilege? There are too many recalcitrant husbands,
I know, whose infidelity and neglect may some-
times strip even the true knight of gallant service
in behalf of a deserted wife - but the true knight
is quick to learn where no such service is needed,
and as quick to know the limit of its truth and
safety. Do you think that Tom and I have felt in-
different to the ^{impertinent} intrusion of these men, because we
chose to leave you free - I, at least, having learned
to know my wife's character well enough to trust she
would come out of all illusion before it was too
late." "O, James, it seems to me, I have lived a
great while on this lake shore - have found my
prince, and wish to roam no more." "Let us
seek our home, now, dear Kate, and we will ne-
er forget the spot where we found our better
self. Let us return to it each Summer if
only for a few brief days. It is the Cyprus
where our love was born - though we do not

too rashly the voyage whose beginning she should have
consecrated. Let us indeed be thankful for the pain
that has revealed to us so early our weakness and our
danger. Our return shall be indeed a wedding journey,
following a new and holier marriage. We shall not
look doubtfully in each other's troubled faces, ques-
tioning our own and the other's happiness, when we had
hoped for its consummation." "O, James, how dif-
ferent the whole world looks to me now! I could
travel the wide world over, or settle in some lone-
ly lighthouse with you alone, and I feel drawn to the
city by one strong magnet - our own home, waiting
to receive us." "And while this home is the centre
of our own happiness, said James, threatened with
wreck, before we reached it - let us make it also
a centre of those influences that shall save other lives,
endangered like ours. It is for want of higher ^{toned} prin-
ciples, that so many young men and women mis-
take themselves and each other. They are taught from
childhood to think so much of the outfit and the
furniture, that the man himself gets too small a
measure of observation to reveal the worth or weak-
ness there is in him. The claims of society are so
paramount - the lover has no chance to see the best
and fairest of the maiden's quality. There is
Jessie Miller - just the woman to appreciate
a man like Tom - and yet so surrounded, ever

since her marriage by that giddy thing which her shallow mamma has thought such an ornament to her saloon, that she has had no opportunity to get fairly acquainted with him. And Tom, moving in the same circle, has taken it all for granted, though something in his strong, manly nature would protest, to his great discomfort. Jessie's first introduction to the real Tom Milburn was on that raging lake. You and I, dear Kate, lived in a whirl, very unfavorable to our knowledge of each other. I thank your gracious courtesy for the preference I was too eager to see, knowing I was not richly gifted to express in words, what I felt so deeply. You had heard marriage talked of as a thing of course, a duty you owed the friends who had cared most for you. It was left for you to find through suffering, the deeper meaning and mystery of a true marriage - that perfect union of two souls which nothing can hinder or dissolve. I have heard my Aunt speak of the strong, beautiful character of your mother, who died so early. Had she lived the way would not doubt have been less thing and bewildering. Be thankful for the law that transmits the mother's quality to her child - and does not permit it to die wholly, under most adverse influences."

And are you not glad, James, to leave the Millburns so happy. They too, are impatient for their home - and I am sure they will at

ways be nearer to us, than the rest of our neighbors. Jessie seems so disgusted with the last few months of her married life, so eager and resolved for the a-toning future. I was astonished sometimes to find how much she had really read in those heavier books, she used to rally Tom so much about. I think they have done their part towards educating her to a taste for better, higher things." "No doubt, they have been good allies of Tom's strong, pure character so full of sincerity and nobleness." And now, James, think what a man you may grow, with such a wise, strong wife, as I am bound to be to you." "We will indeed be stronger for each other, dear Kate, and never regret that we chose L. George instead of Longbranch."

Needport Waifs.

The crowd does not come and ^{go} at Needport with the summer flowers and the falling leaves - but I sometimes think there is equal flutter and excitement, perhaps more real emotion to the corners and gears than in the Newport tide. I suppose we chronicle a few annals for the benefit of those who dwell more securely and permanently in more prosperous quarters. It may not be as romantic - certainly not as brilliant as that other pole of this cheerful world - but none will fail to see - I think, that it is quite as human.

Apr. 1. The first arrival in Cary Court, this Spring. Mary Matthews with her family of 7 children. Took possession of the three rooms vacated by the Paysons in March. - the two P's having removed to the two attics, after the father's death. These rooms here what would be called a fine location in Needport, overlooking the little cove, which rejoices in one ancient elm, a few lilac bushes - and a patch of green grass in summer. Mrs. Payson tried very hard to keep these rooms - did extra work found places where her two oldest boys could earn something out of school hours (and Mary thought she could do a little dressmaking at home after

her day in the shop. Old Mr. Ascott, the landlord, would not listen to the least reduction in rent - and was very exacting as to the day of payment. Mr. Payson had known it was very high in proportion to other rents in Needport - but had struggled hard for the sake of better air and light for wife and children. But the Paysons couldn't quite compass it - so moved into the two attics - which the Carfords, being unable to keep, had vacated for a smaller one in the rear. Mary Matthews comes of good Puritan stock - sister married into the rich Bancroft family, and removed to California in the Argonaut days, and it is told by some who have met them in the golden land that they prospered - but Mary has quite lost the run of them. They never did quite follow Frank Matthews' plodding way of earning money, and find way of spending it on people who couldn't earn at all - though he always did do his best to make Mary and the children comfortable. But Mrs. Matthews' band has died, after years of disease, which brought poverty in its train. All her nearer relatives in this region have died, one after another, and she is blessed now with these 7 good, dutiful children, in whom her hopes for the future are largely rested. Her own health is broken by ~~her~~ ^{her} tenderness on an equally husky husband - and by the rearing of her children under shag-

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and position, that she takes possession of her rooms in this new quarter, thinking less of the change from the ample accommodations in the neighborhood where she settled when her prospects were bright and assuring, than the ways and means of future support and independence. The 1st of May was a tumultuous day in Needport. Several families arrived from the various cities and larger villages round about. It has a reputation for cheaper houses and more equality and respectability among its people than other places, which makes it quite desirable to persons of decayed or decaying fortunes, while there are people and industries both in easy distance where employment may be had for the young people. Thursday, the Becketts took the small, one story house on Parley St. It was formerly owned by the Ransons. John Ranson paid \$2000 for a farm there a few years ago. He laid out several streets, speculated in the lots, the purchaser building some rather attractive looking houses, whose rent was pretty liberal. Though it paid most usurious interest on the capital invested for they were built in the flimsiest style of modern flimsiness - and these two men built elegant houses on the hill, two miles away towards Puckerton. The Becketts were formerly leaders in Puckerton Society.

John Ranson was an errand boy in the family and got there his first ideas of civilization and social ambition. Mr. Becketts' health and fortune went down in the crisis of '57. - the sons proved reckless and dissipated, the daughters made most unfortunate marriages; and now the old couple with several dependant grandchildren, too young to do much for themselves, with a most straitened income have taken the little house in N. where their boy John began housekeeping. On the 8th of June a rather distinguished looking man arrived in N. His clothes had evidently outlived the fashion that shaped them - but not their decent respectability. His face suggested gentleness and culture. He took possession of the south room of the 4th house on Willow Terrace. This has long been considered one of the most desirable rooms in Needport. It overlooks Church Creek, which has a few willows on its banks. Mr. Ascott, who built and owns most of these houses has always held the rent pretty high, as rents go in Needport. Old Miss Veague occupied this room for years. Here she might have been seen at her favorite window sketching - sketching - with a quiet, pensive face, and of which all bloom and hope had vanished. One day, the passers by missed her at the accustomed window. The in-

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males of the house had found out earlier why she did not sit there. She had taken her last stitch the night before, folded her work as usual, folded her meek hands, as was her wont, and gone to her last sleep, when she had thought to take up her task again on the morrow at her window, when the stream and the willows, were almost the only reminders of the freshness and sparkle that were once a part of her life. A few small memories that had received the baptism of many tears, and all the hollowing that vanished years and tenderest love could give them alone testified to the life that had ended when she came to Needport. And now this new tenant had come. He did not sit at the window as much as Miss Veary did, though he was often seen there, poring over his books, apparently quite indifferent to all outside. There was a disappointed look in his intelligent, thoughtful face. It lighted only when he walked the village streets, and met the children on his way. He had "the smile that children love" - the one gift, on which our poet author congratulated himself, especially. At other times, one saw the hungry, pining look of the Seeker who had never found his treasure. He had many goodly gifts - he deemed sweet dreams - he saw bright visions - but he

lacked the persistent will that was to conquer ⁱⁿ the realm either of the Ideal or Actual. He wanted the surroundings of a polished, affluent society. He could not maintain his place in it, and was not brave enough to do without it cheerfully. He was never quite ready to say, "I will obey the god - the sacrifice and the fire he will provide," and so he tried to put his horses of the sun to plough the tough world's furrow, and the tough world had its revenge." And so his face did not beam with the glow of the truly successful man, as he sat at his window overlooking Church Creek and the Willows - though the ideal still shed its halo around his life. Will he wish strangely some bright morning as his predecessor had done? If so, will it not be, like her to live out to jagged fullness and capture the life that seemed to lose its way and impulse here, straying among the shallows when it was not meant to wander? This lonely man, is an object of great interest to the dwellers in Needport. They recognize the gentleman and the scholar - imagine there has been much romance and sentiment linked with his disappointment. Some even go so far as to tell a maiden, secretly, story as his history - which the gossip's sledge

and retail as occasion prompts. In the early part of July there was a new stein in Needport. Three young girls - the oldest less than 10, engaged the two rooms behind the Church, where one had just a bird's eye glimpse of Church Creek, a long the joellinas. Mrs. Gordon and her two sons had lived there in decent poverty but with much content and happiness. The father had sunk a tolerable fortune in the wine cup - and after his death the older son strove manfully to share the weight that father had left upon the shoulders of his feeble wife. But he died only a few months after they had settled there with so much hope of security and comfort. Mrs. Gordon's Johnnie - a delicate boy of 7 years, had gone a bit the farther out into the suburbs, and taken an upper room, where poverty put on a skinner aspect, and where Grief still abode, both "morning and evening guest". The news comes brought little household stuff. It was a friendly, sympathetic interest which prompted the older dwellers in Needport, to take an observation when there were new arrivals. Most of them had parted with so much themselves, before taking up their abode there - that they sometimes wondered if one must lose the best of what had furnished their old homes in

order to settle in Needport. So there were some must eyes, as the three refined, but weary looking girls received the few articles, necessary for most meagre housekeeping from the browny expressman's hands. "It was such hot weather, too! Couldn't they have stayed in their old home, until September?" But then they remembered how many people had moved into N. during January's intensest heat, and December's fiercest cold. But there was something about these sad-eyed girls that kept alive their questioning mood. "Had they no father - no mother - no older relative? They were evidently very poor - they evidently had not always been so." Soon their life was settled in its daily course. The villagers learned so much as this. One journeyed every morning to the dress maker a mile and a half way - while the second staid to tend the invalid sister, and make the home comfortable. The bread winner liked her home so distant for her work, as the daily walk in the open air was a necessity when she served so many hours. The invalid was afflicted with so much nervousness and pain, that her care quite absorbed and exhausted even the sister who remained with her. Some of the neighbors called found them gentle and friendly, but quite reticent as to their history and relationships.

The village saw no new arrivals until Sept. when a man who had been tall and stately, now bowed more by grief or sin than years, walked with a bewildering, hesitating air through the main street. He made some inquiries at the Coives Store, then sought the house behind the Church. He pulled the bell timidly and nervously. The housekeeping sister came, and a passer by, saw the fainting girl caught in the bowed man's arms, and bore her within. They could see nothing beyond. But some Rumor soon came to the relief of those who were in such dire suspense. A happy family had lived in a town ten miles away. Without a note of preparation or warning, one summer day two years before, the father disappeared - and at the same hour, a gay, fascinating, reckless wife was missing from her home. The truth so loathsome, so full of use to two dishonored families, was not far to seek. The mother of our three girls bore bravely up for their sake for a season; but the stroke proved fatal to her life, as it had been to her peace - though she lingered, struggling to protect and help her children from the world that looked so like a yawning, hideous gulf to her now. After the mother's death the children struggled on in their old home un-

til the wolf began to glare, and then with the small est remnant of their household goods, and with a courage born of love for that father and each other, and a strong trust in the love of that other Father to whom the mother had commended them with her last breath, they came to need part to dwell - shrinking from the sympathy and aid of their old neighbors. The poor deluded pair found only remorse and misery - and she returned an humble penitent to her home and children - he shrinking under a heavier load of shame and self-torture - lingered hoping for some ray of strength and courage, when the news of his true wife's death reached him. He ^{thought} reached his children through detentions ^{caused by} of disaster and illness in the distant land to which he had withdrawn - It was a bitter hour to the sisters. Their mother's murderer - their unnatural, cruel father. But there was no feigning or insincerity, in the agonized, wretched penitent, who wept before them, pleading to become again their father and protector - only to give him one chance to show them how deep and thorough were his penitence and sorrow. Their mother had forgiven him on her dying bed - could not they, her children? And they did resolve to put away the memory of the old madness. He became again the father - with an atoning

love and tenderness. They were again his children - giving him the trust and confidence he labored and prayed to win. Of course the hour did not break into brilliant and laughing sunlight. The shadows had lost its blackness and its chill but it left the sober tint of an outlined scene, whose roots came from man's delusion and sin, not from God's gentler messenger of death. Did the lame Nicks go? Not yet. They have taken the house opposite the little common as they call it - a patch of greenness and are collecting things around them the old home comforts and refinements, and the invalid is improving under a good physician's care. I could write of Society doings in Needport for although so changed like its opposite - it does exist as there. Instead of excursions to Fort Adams, in gay or stately carolade or drive. I should cherish, perhaps a pleasant walk in Chaparral along the banks of Church Creek, and now and then a simple picnic under the willows. Instead of a run to Cannonal, the boys and girls who have leisure paddle over to Ascents little island and eat their simple lunch under the old apple trees - and get such pleasure as youth and health well find almost anywhere under God's blue heaven -

in a bright Summer day. There are no fairs in lands, except the huge teams which pass intent for the wharves to the factories some miles away. Polo has not yet reached, and probably will not for some years, as horses and active men of leisure are wanting. There are no prominent literary ladies who hold brilliant salons for the most cultivated and appreciative women in Needport, are those who have waged fearful battle with poverty and distress in multifarious forms, and the spirit that bubbles and sparkles at these salons of brilliant talkers has been subdued and toned into most unobtrusive almost unknown expression. No Needport mansion is ever left tenanted, while its owner takes a little run in Europe, ^{or stays} need not mention, and they seldom take a stroll so far as the Adirondicks or White Hills. I wish they might occasionally; for there are men and women among them, when the mountains would uplift into their native air of grandeur and nobleness, and to whom Europe would read such lessons as are often lost upon the gilded ^{travellers} who has never known the best in any region other than his own.

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Summer's Departure.

Summer has heard her Summas, and made haste to leave her realm for Autumn. Sometimes he has lingered, loath to yield her sceptre to her riper, soberer sister.

Has she heard that sister's chidings for some past ^{days} encroaching on her domain?

And so kept day and hour with quickened conscience?

Yesterday sitting content and calm upon her ^{throne} dais

Today a traveller to that bourn for which she will refuse some regal moons hence.

Her cooler sister takes her vacant seat, and breathes her chillier breath o'er treasures left.

As some cold stepdame comes into the Chamber yesterday all fragrant with a father's love.

Why did sweet Summer haste away so suddenly?

Loving so many children she had looked to life and blessed with such devoted tenderness?

Little harebells swinging from their slender stalks, forget-me-nots smiling in eyes of heaven's own blue,

Pansies so weedy clad, and some, lifting their ^{faces} sad, pathetic

As if to say, "I cannot spare another friend for sure." While others laugh in childish glee.

Dadlia's gown tall and stately, meath her gushing care, and rays in robes, cheery as bright as ^{pleas} ^{outness} ^{and} ^{golden} ^{rod} ^{nodding} ^{with} ^{sweet} ^{goodwill} ^{and}

These with a host of lovely sisters she has left not lingering long enough to say farewell.

Perhaps she loved so much, she does not falter on the knowing they must part, tans easier to go at once,

And speak no tender word of parting to them.

Why knows but this, her latest care of then hand woven sweeten, stranger links than ere before

Had bound them, and so it grieves her spirit

That she dared not linger, lest her heart give way, and she return no more. It may be, too,

A sadder reason, her smiles have been fitful and brief this year. She has wept more freely than her

And sometimes, her breath came angrily and quick more like her rarer sister's rude salutes.

So when the hour drew nigh to give her benediction ^{and} ^{deep} ^{dray}

Instead of going slowly and regressfully, turning oft to see and bless the children of her nurture

Making the transfer of her sceptre, gradual and ^{capitulate} imper

She turned her back remorsefully, thinking her ^{all} ^{time} ^{part} ⁱⁿ

And glad to leave the murmurous sighs, and lines of despair swelling from seaside tents and mountain travellers, who know whether the burden be of bliss or torment which she bears in her abrupt departure?

The Summer's Deed

Who knows whether the crowd of mortals hurrying to
To lay their burdens for a season down
And find a new, fresh world, Carry most of
The well done of the faithful or phantoms do
Of duties ill performed.

But now her sister reigns, gently at first,
She deals with business legacy.
The memory of her gentle ways and sunny ^{lamps} crosses
Comes to influence her ministrations in the ^{chapel} ^{of} the ^{dead}. She lately
She cherishes her flowers awhile - saps her ^{Corn} ^{and}
She spares the verdure of the trees and hills,
Then wakens to a sense of her own mission.
Summer has done her work. She says, and gone.
I must do mine and go.

Then she robs the purple ash of its bloom,
Scatters the leaves, gives to the grass its large or brown,
Chills the crystal brooks, which murmured ^{Summer's} ^{through} ^{the}
Lends the birds ^{Swallow} ^{to} ^a ^{warmer} ^{home}.

But ere she strips and desolates the scene
She puts a glory on, never seen on land or sea
Before her coming, a glory that all her ^{years} ^{later} ^{dear}
Her lover's richest ^{shininess} can ^{er} ^{efface}
From out the souls of any favored to be ^{fuld} ^{it}.

The power of its loveliness is so ^{intense} ^{and} ^{mas}
That even ^{abashed} ^{Summer} ^{turns} ^{for} ^a ^{brief} ^{space}
From her onward journey, to see the gorgeous pageant ^{of} ^{the} ^{sun}
For a few days the sisters dwell together ^{dear} ^{ly}. ^{bring}.

The farewell Summer left unspoken when she went
Seems now to linger in her sad, dreaming face,
Shining through the golden mist that veils and hallows it.
Her hill and dale is Adam's gorgeous beauty spread,
Her ripened fruits are heaped upon the wain,
The laughing harvests smell the farmer's store.
But Summer sheds her sweetest smile over all,
A smile that takes all chill from Adam's breath,
And bath their best enchantments lend the hour.
Then Summer bends herself in ^{loveliest} ^{benediction},
Takes calmer leave of all her lovely children,
Now faded from the brightness of their prime,
More schooled herself to bear the parting hour.

Summer of 1877

How strange it is to know the Summer here.
The glad, warm Summer, when we always met,
And know among its welcome voices, their is still.
They seemed a part of all its brightness.
We think of them beneath its broadening sky,
Under its trees with graceful foliage waving,
Beside the stream that mingled with their talk,
We walk with them in pleasant rural ways
And greet together evenings rising star
Talking of glad to-morrows yet to be.
They were so much of life - so large a part

Of all its joy and purpose, solving oft
Perplexing problems, opening vistas by their talk
Through which the light we could not find alone
Came streaming in to gladden all our day.
Where are they gone, while we still linger
Mid the scenes they loved with so much brightness?
The same fair sunrise floods the east at morn,
Benignant skies bend over us at noon,
And sunset wears the splendors that they loved.
The bobolink came as in the Summer gone
And bubbled forth as gaily his glad song,
The flowers they trained and tender wake to life,
Put on their gayest robes and jaunty airs.
The trees, bare bad and blossom, ripe well then for fruit,
Though hands that gathered them are cold and still.
We sometimes think Nature is hard and stern,
When her glad worshippers and lovers
Worship and love beneath the Sun no more,
Her children do not stop to grieve for them;
The flowers not droop in sadness, wearing ^{no longer} sombre,
While bird and insect hush their notes of joy,
And join in plaintive accents for the dead.
Our hearts are out of tune with all this glee,
The best ^{seems dead} we looked with it, last year. ^[Faintly]
But Summer renewed her bloom and kept her
Though our hearts were burdened with a ^{weight}
of loss and ^{of} ^{failure}.

And is it not a blind and selfish thought
That we would dress God's world in weeds of woe
Because he darkened over our pleasant day?
Would they, the lost ones, who have mourned higher
And dwell where light ineffable now reigns,
Would they rejoice to see the world they left,
All wracked in sadness, wrapped in ^{dark} gloom?
Would they not rather say "Look up!" ^{to us} ^{to cheer} ^{the} ^{guller}
The life for which our spirits ^{from} ^{the} ^{grave} ^{seek} ^{no} ^{lament} ^{at} ^{all} ^{more}
But the long, bright day grows briefer and more pale.
The bird sings more infrequent and less jubilant;
And some most drunk with rapture, sing no more.
The rose, setting so radiant in Summer's new day,
Ending her fragrance like sweet incense forth,
Has vanished, leaving none so peerless ^{in their} ^{beauty} ^{as} ^{she}
The cricket would has taken up a plaintive air,
That sometimes seems a sad refrain to songs ^{we} ^{are} ^{singing},
These come sore leaves among the shining ones
Reminders that the season's youth is past,
And even Summer's golden prime is waning.
A silver hair creep in 'mong raven locks,
And whisper of a day of lengthening shadows.
And then, it seems Nature does recognize our ^{ing} ^{human} ^{condition}
For some dear presence, that has joined with us ⁱⁿ ^{our} ^{homage}
At her shrine, ^{beckoning} "a voice of gladness for her gaze has"
When for our faintest children are translated
And her beneficence opens sweet fountains of sympathy

That could not freely flow till she herself had suffered.
And then we feel the tender, brooding, healing atmosphere
That soothes the wearied spirit, sense of pain.
"Death hath all seasons for his own"

Sing the sweet singer, dear to youthful hearts,
And Nature would never smile, did she reflect the griefs
Her children suffer. When her gleeful moods seem mastery
To bleeding hearts, and souls overburdened with a weight
How many, joy laden find in the glad response
In the Church's Calendar, a day was set apart, called
Then prayers ascended for the nameless things forgotten
Magnates in church and state had their splendid obsequies
With prayers and incense near cathedral domes and chapel
But this day was sacred to all, lowly and great,

An all embracing service. [young round
I sometimes think Nature holds such a service in her
When Summer of all things, spreads the tender mist
With which she veils her brightness, sending a hazy calm
That stops the hurrying feet of men, and ^{brushes} ^{the} ^{feet} ^{of} ^{the} ^{hurry} ^{of} ^{the} ^{men}
A sense seems rising from her tender heart to memory
Of loved ones resting peacefully beneath her grass
A dreamy sadness fills the quiet air, and lifts the soul
Above the things of sense, gentle and hallowing
Over the influences - not dark and grim and painful
As perfects the funeral obsequies of those hoping to rise
To larger, freer life, and greater service in the ^{Heaven}

Through the silvery haze we see the sun ^{glorified} and
The trees standing like sentinels in robes so rich and varied
That it would seem the gates they guard must lead to lands of beauty
Here it is better than? For us the Summer air
May be freighted with a sense of loss and sorrow
The cloud may veil its brightness, and we hear ^{of sadness} upland
In the gayer song of the joyous bird is singing
But Nature will run her course, and do her work
In the way best for all her children, ^{must expand}
Some ships sail west, some east, upon old oceans
And tempers not his wind, to waft above eastward
He reigns in love over all.

An evening during Harvest Moon Sept. 1871.

Red Mars is climbing up the evening sky
The "Star of strength" of which our poet sings.
Cynthia looks pale beside him, though her loveliness
Keels shine with power, tenderness, lustre.
As she floods the landscape with her magic light
Brightening the valleys with a silvery sheen,
She seems to smile benignly on the guests
Who mightily grace the region where she reigns.
In the zenith, Jupiter looks calmly down
As if he never had left his seat among the gods;
Still ruling high Olympus with his rod
Venus whose orb is ever glowing with the fire of love
Is westering, as though she feared lest Mars were on the track

While she can only weep her last Adonis,
Weep these tears to soon to spring up sweet anemones,
Teaching how present sorrow is transformed
Into eternal joy and loveliness.

Stars of lesser brilliance flout and shine
Making the roof of this our dwelling place
So rich and radiant with the heavenly beams
Our souls are warmed to reverence and delight.

What should the walls and pillars be
Worthy a home overarched by such a heaven?

"Jasper and gold, as transparent glass"
While precious stones of sapphire, emerald, chrysolite,
Garnish the broad foundations?

But the rapt seer has told us

"Such a city needs nor sun nor moon to shine on it
For Saint's seat and offspring is its bright morning star
Glowing indeed must be that city

Whose holy light is only symbolized
By the resplendent planets grazing yonder heaven.
Land Tidings

News comes across the sea

From Tristram's wise teacher,

Hein who told the story of the Christ

In words that shure his followers
To better service, more devoted love.

'There is no hell' in such a sense

As priests and theorists, and even ^{preached} ^{it}
The word is never found in Holy writ
But comes from those who read away its meaning
Mistranslators, needing illumination for their work!
Kindred news again for Branklyn's famous preacher
Lad is a loving father - not a friend,
Suffering not the soul be kindled
To writhe in endless torture.

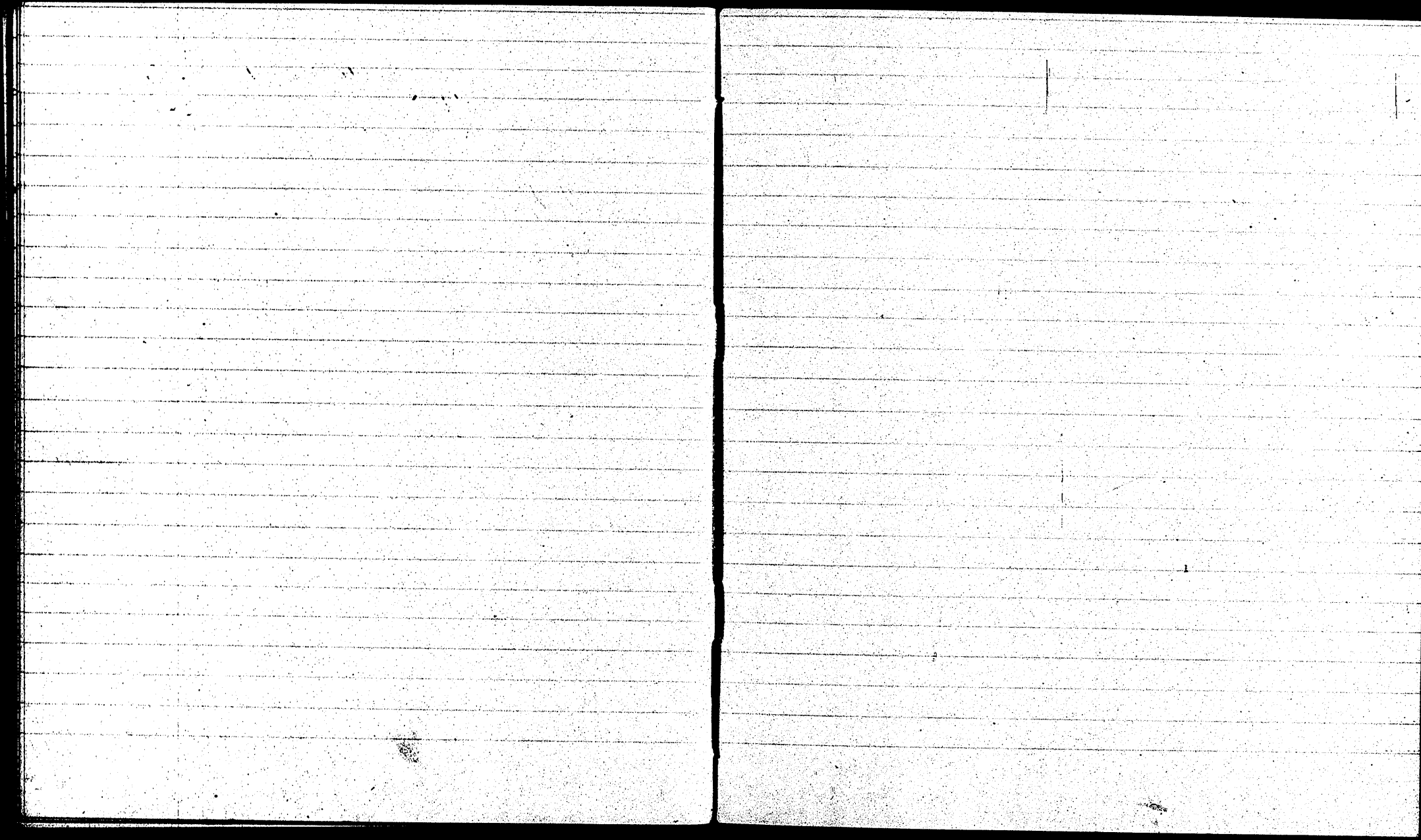
So, some deem the fires of hell are quenched
Forevermore. Is it not strange and almost pitiful
That men should wait to hear in old Cathedral walls
On this late century, the vindication of a Father's love?
Should heil as if an oracle had spoke
This verdict of the eloquent divine?

Surely these Cathedral walls here echoed oft before
The words of eloquence that foster and engage
God's grandest trusts and summon men to duty.
And Branklyn's preacher, long and faithfully
Has taught his attributes of Love and Mercy,
Why all this clamor and debate, as if new truth
Had blossomed? Have none before
Of equal weight and insight, revealed

The ugly dissimance between the love that blesses
Evermore, and the stern vengeance peopling endless hells?
But are the fires of hell all quenched?
Is such the teaching of the Liberal's Creed?

Shall men lead godless lives, add to the sin
Of human misery, crush out their own and others'
Aspirations for the Good and True and still live on
Unbattered, tasting the joys of lying?
Shall no fiery taints follow in the wake
Of passions unsubdued, of greed and lust
And tyrannous use of power?
From such a hell, can new translators free us?
Is it not plainly taught in Holy Writ
And also on that older Scriptures page
"As ye sow that shall ye also reap"?
This do and then shall live, that surely die?
But shall this death be endless?
Shall man never learn throughout the vast
Eternities to sow the seed whose harvests were in joy?
In God's grand Universe, is he not mighty to reclaim
The wandering sinner, who has spent his portion
Riotously, seeking delight in that far country
Whose pleasures there had captivated the soul
Surrendered to the senses' lawless sway?
Does he not suffer then to learn the lesson I taught
By sinful journeying on that strange land
Perversely sought, and then rejoicing say
In blessed welcome "all souls are mine"
But men will hug the dogma still
And praise anew the justice of the plan,
Merry will never "season justice"
Or God's triumph over evil work.

Good Tidings (Changed for a purpose
from the previous form.)
Good news has come across the sea.
The wise teacher of Westminster, he who told the
story of the Christ in words that stirred his fol-
lowers to deeper love and holier service, announce-
es boldly that there is no hell - at least in such
a sense as priests and terrorists and even holy
men have preached it. The word is not found
in Holy Writ, but comes from those who read a-
way its meaning - mis-translators, needing
illumination for their work. From Brooklyn's Pa-
mors teacher have come kindred tidings. He has
learned God is a loving father, not a fiend,
and will not suffer the life he kindled to wither
in endless torture. So some deem the fires of hell
forever quenched. Is it not strange, and almost
pitiful, in this late century, that men should wait
to hear from hence Westminster this vindication of a
Father's love? I'll hail this verdict of the eloquent
verine as though an oracle had spoken, giving out
new truth: Surely these Cathedral walls have echoed
too often the words that freshen and enforce our
sense of God's great goodness, and Brooklyn's
preacher, happy long and faithfully proclaimed
his attributes of Love and Mercy, to wake



all this clamor and debate over this later word. Have none before of equal weight and insight revealed the ugly dissonance between the love that former blessed, and the stern vengeance prophing endless hells? But are these fires all quenched? Are men to live on unburdened, tasting the joy of life, having added to the sum of human misery, crushing out their own and others aspiration for the Good and True? Are no pery torments to follow in the wake of ^{unsubdued} passions and impure desires? Is such the teaching of the Liberal's Creed? Is there not a hell from which no new translators can free us? Is it not plainly writ in Holy Word as in the older Scriptures "page" "what men sow that shall they also reap?" "Thou do and thou shalt live that surely die?" But as God is Father, shall this death be endless? Throughout the vast eternities, will man never learn to sow the seed whose harvests waxe in joy? Is he not mighty to reclaim his wandering Children who have spent their portion riotously seeking delight in that far Country whose pleasures lure and captivate the soul surrendered to the senses lawless sway? Shall he never learn the lesson taught throughout his sinful journeying? Will not the voice stilled so long break forth with longings for the Father's house? Whether may be the verdict of Deu

Bishop - Canon or Priest? Can we doubt there will be an hour of rejoicing, when words of blessed welcome shall declare "All souls are mine?" But some hug still closer the dogma, proclaiming anew its wisdom. For then mercy will never season justice, or good achieve its triumph over evil.

What is all this clamor and debate? Has new truth blossomed? Some declare the fires of hell are quenched, and some hug anew the dogma of endless misery. Hoar is Westminster has spoken through her wise teacher Surely, he who told so well the story of the Master, is qualified to speak of holy things. There is no hell he saw. At least there is none as priests and terrorists and even holy men have painted it. There is no such word in Holy Writ - it comes from mistranslators, men needing illumination for their work. "God is a Father - not a fiend," is the word that comes from Brackley's famous preacher. And from both we learn he will not suffer the light he kindled to wither in endless torture. Some men before of equal weight and insight have revealed to us the ugly dissonance between the love that blesses evermore, and the stern vengeance prophing endless hells. Nor is it new to hear from both these pulpits words that engage and foster our sense of God's great goodness - and sin.

man men to Duty's noble tasks. Is it not piti-
ful to wonder so in this late Century, to hear this
wonderer of a Father's love? To hear it too, from
men who breathe his spirit, and work in harmony
with liberal creeds? But are the fires of hell all
quenched? Shall no fiery torments follow in the wake
of lawless passions or sin-pure desires? Shall men
lead mean and meagre lives, adding to the sum of
human misery, and still find joy and peace?
Is it not true, men reap as they have sown? But
shall they not learn throughout the vast eternities
to sow the seed of joyful harvests? Shall the death
which comes for sin be endless? Shall not the wan-
derer learn the lesson of his wanderings, and
return unto his father's house? Shall not He, who
says "All souls are mine", kindly greet the spark
whose light seemed quenched, while he was quelling
beneath the senses' sway, and give him blessed welcome?
We cannot think of him a father so powerless or so cruel.
Men who base their creeds on other men's interpreta-
tions, may wait to hear the latest word echoed from
old Cathedral walls or Chapel roass. But is there no other
word, written in the nature of God's holiest
attributes, of ^{love} ~~love~~ ^{and} ~~and~~ ^{mercy}, ^{assuming} ^{that}
God is mightier than Evil and most ^{achieve} ^{its}
conquest?

Dr. Coake

Is it not delightful to go to the Vale of
Cashmere after a startling summons, and there
behold not the roses and the bulb, which
Tom Moore would see - but "The Russian
Bear and the British Lion, locking jaws in their
fastnesses" - and with patriotic pride to feel
they never could have met, had the American
Eagle only have reached a certain crag in season
to have watched them? And have we not a right
to imagine her sturdy arrival, and see them blink
away, cowed, shone-faced and defeated? Is it
not decidedly pleasant to mount with our be-
loved America the highest ridge of the Continent, less
ten from the Andes' summit to the coming ages, and
hear the "obscure rattle", keeping our mental arith-
metic in training, as we remember America has
11,000,000 sq. miles, while Europe, Asia and Africa
have only a paltry 10,000,000, and having made this satis-
fying calculation, gaze towards the Sunset for the Pan-
nassus of the future? Do we not already hear the voice
that is to reduce Shakspeare's, Homer's, Milton's, to faint
echoes? And what can be more charming than to
sit in one of Phry's pleasant vales, having our
choice either of Medeterrom or Appennines,
and hear that devoted wise - who used to begin his
lectures by heart, and secrete herself in

a corner in public assemblies? But do we
not bless our happier day when scenes of modern
lecturers. Can go on openly and listen to their eloquent
husbands? and thank Elias Howe who has made it pos-
sible for them to repeat their more elaborate efforts?
And how refreshing to leave the commonplace women of
today, and meet at Pliny's house, not only that devoted
wife, but Panthea, who so bravely presents her hus-
band to great Cyrus, and Phoenix, brave wife who died
in defiance of evil and darkness to entomb her
noble husband beneath her own hearthstone - and Corne-
lia, renowned mother of the Gracchi - and that rare Pom-
peian maiden, whose picture redeems the shameful
walls of the banished city? and the French wife of those
dark revolutionary days, that revealed so many shining
ones, among the tragedies! And there is Hampden too,
among the assembled company; summoned because he
thought of the bride of his youth as he rode past her
home, on his way for the battlefields to death, and gazed
with longing and affection. Surely it is painful
to meet that wicked, sensual rascal while breathing
the air of such high society? Peeping in through
the lattice and the crevices! How it diminishes the
Appenines, or takes the sparkle out of the blue waves
of the Mediterranean. But how promptly and morally
do all these ladies and gentlemen respond to the
ancient free lovers! It is true metal and

we handle like the ring. Then how nice it is to walk
with twenty learned men on the wall of Göttingen, and
discuss matter and spirit - or march through Etruria
with Tiberius Gracchus, and feel the beating of his might-
y heart as he sees the poverty and injustice of the land!
But must it not be rather startling to this Boston au-
dience, to hear that the Supreme Powers are above the
Boston critics, and the decisions of the Court are
there above those of Cambridge and Concord? And that
the lecturer does "not mean by the Throne the tinsel-
ed throne of Criticism, but a certain great white throne?"
What a wonder world must be opened to many of
that vast Company. Not the learned men who climb
the platform - for I see there some familiar with the
"love of the ages" - and abreast with modern thought.
I hear there is a great demand for learned
books for those who have never called before. Do
it not goad to waken souls to inquiry on great
themes? To introduce men and women to such familiar
household chat with the classic people, of whose
existence many of them had been quite unaware?
Is it not well to bring such hosts of scholars and
philosophers into the Temple to testify so freely
pro and con - in the great discussion - and then
dismiss the audience to seek in libraries
what they may have to say further? But
does not the fact strike us in the fact -

that "rackets of rhetoric" delight our people, as fire
rackets tickle the children? Is not the lack of
clear, strong, simple, lucid statement sadly wanting
in our people? What is grand and vital in
the message is proclaimed again and again from
pulpit and platform and press, and meets no
recognition from the majority of these vast audiences.
It is curious to hear something we have heard for years
from some inspired teachers in our midst, or some
truth that a calm, deep searching scientist has re-
vealed with simplicity and power - some illustration
that has done duty a score of years, hailed with en-
thusiasm as new truth when it comes with pyrotech-
nic display and skill. Don't these enraptured, ex-
cited people know how faithfully, how vitally the sub-
stance of much of this elaborate talk has been given
during the last 25 years, in this very city? Do they
not know that many of these thinkers, quoted so cap-
tively, here written out for them in strong, lucid lan-
guage their thought and their method. You say
some men newly vitalize truth - put it into
phrases which command our attention - glow with
a fire that proves the message genuine. Of course
personal magnetism is a great factor on the
platform, and many a message gets winged
and freighted that had fallen dead for colder
natures. But is it chiefly this? Is this

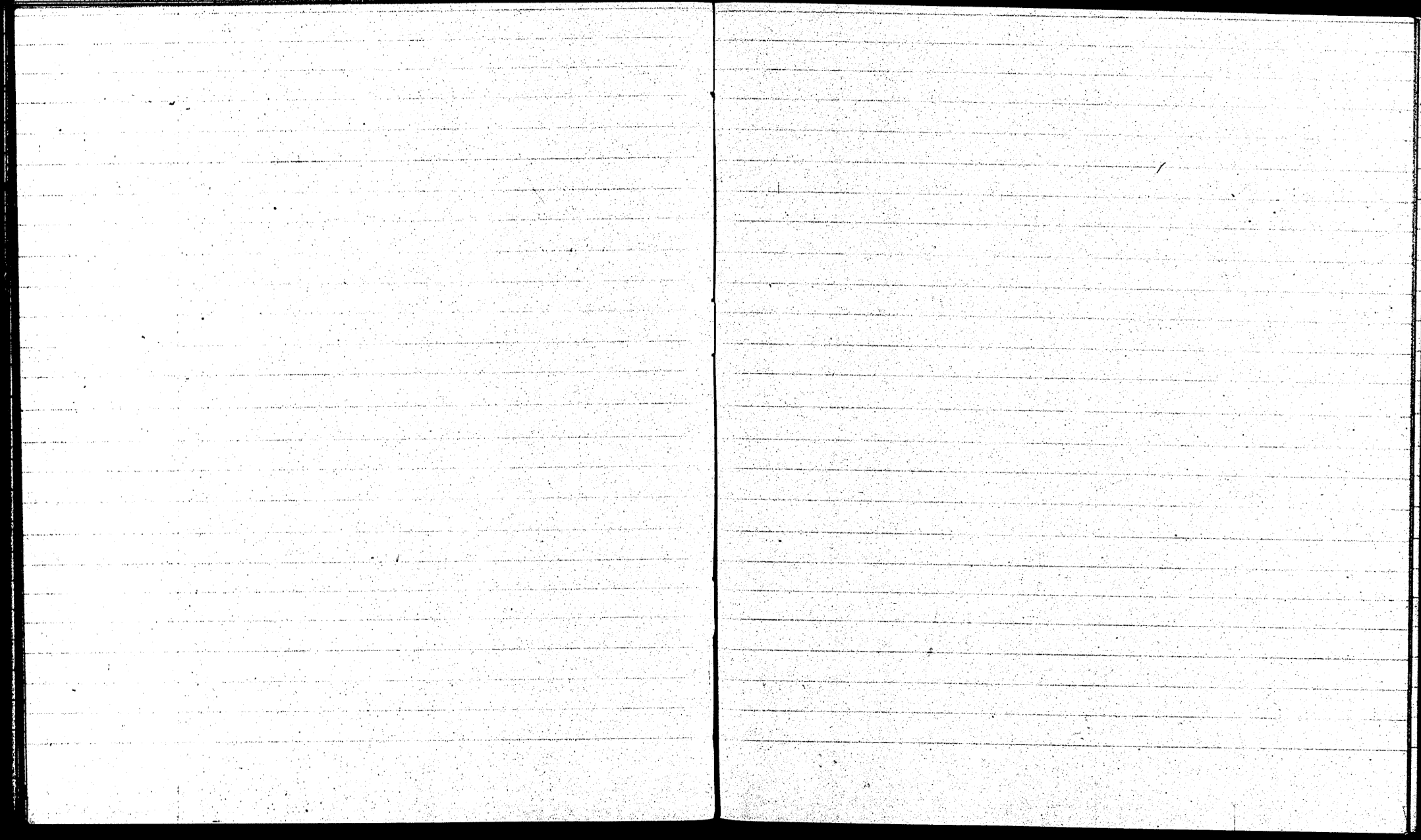
not a taste for gaudy rhetoric, growing rampant a-
mong us? Is it not akin to the taste that has de-
bauched us in material things? Great, prac-
tical truths, our lecturer certainly presents with in-
cishable emphasis especially in his Preludes - truths it
is very needful we should hear. But is it not strange
that such truths gain attention and engrossment when
wrapped in fantastic verbiage - winged with pitiful
hits and sarcasms towards institutions and men
that have garnered and taught them with greater
emphasis, by simpler, stronger methods? Are there
not men and women of purer intellectual tastes
in the Temple, who crowd sometimes, the simplic-
ity of the great orator's argument so aptly given
on by our lecturer himself - "Gentlemen - here
are the wheels?"

I visited a revival meeting one evening and listened to the men who assumed the ministry to hungry, sinful souls. If these are really seekers, I thought, what consecrated, spiritual, person some teachers should come to feed them with heavenly manna! What did I hear? Men who talked vaguely and flippantry of the blood of Christ, - that was to please you every sin - believe on him - he would do all. One arose, and told in hackneyed phrase and business tone, how many years he had revelled in all sinful pleasures. His grandfather said him 10 months ago, and now how keenly he felt the loss of the joys he might have had. Another said he had never learned to read until he got religion when he was 22 years old, and now he had never disgraced the church, or got into prison, and he felt it was through God's special care of him he had escaped such disgrace. His face was silly, his tongue oily, his tone egotistic - but he led the meeting. Several sesters arose, told in glib and shallow phrase the experience they had enjoyed the last few months, declaring it beautiful, or mumbled something quite inaudible beyond the pews where they sat. What a chance it was, for some warm soul, felled with the love of God, kindled

with the spirit of His Son, instead of reiterating in dreary tones the phrase "Come to Christ" "He saved you" "You can do nothing" - to enforce the great lessons Christ was sent to teach - to stir the heart to a living appreciation of them, as they touch all the relations of life. As the leaders called out in a tone and manner so alien to any free working of the spirit, for somebody to get up and tell what the Lord had done for him, and some poet recital came in response containing as much evidence of the showing of the spirit for utterance, as the school boy's mechanical rendering of the lesson his master calls for. Rather prematurely, I wondered what spiritual grace could come either to speaker or hearer. Surely it is the "feeling after God, if heply they may find Him", which leads many to these meetings. Is there no divine word, no more special message to speak to these sinned souls? Perhaps it is enough that they are sinned, quassay. But are they not told there is nothing they can do? It is the blood - the blood that is to wash away all sin. How little it would seem for the tenor of their talk, do they know and realize of that great law of sacrifice and self-consecration that must underlie and animate all Christian living. One told of obtaining a promise for a man that he would give himself to God. He kept his eye on him, and the

neral day, saw him entering a theatre! But he plucked him from that abyss, and led him the other way. I could not help thinking, had he entered and seen the play of some inspired master, rendered by a true, disinterested interpreter, how much nearer God he might here find himself at the end of the performance, than after this dilated, egotistic talk. As so many of these converts expressed such a complacent sense of the full Christian life and experience, it seemed for their own recital they had reason to be very modest and humble in their exhortations to their brethren. I could not help asking, has God no better method for building up his Kingdom on earth? There was an air of self-epitaphism that reflected painfully on the so-called religious teaching, suggesting souls stirred only to excited, excited utterance. Of course many are sincerely convinced they have found the experiences they are told they ought to have. But what is the outcome of all this talk and excitement? What are the lives of the young people who meet here? In many cases, painfully immoral and delinquent, is the testimony of some who know. Of course goats will mingle with the sheep - preachers will preach purity and hearers be impure still. But this constant recitation of phrases, by men and women evi-

dently raised to no amount of vision, themselves gifted merely to express their own experiences, which often seem too vague and colorless to justify any telling. Is this the power that is to inspire souls to holy thinking and holy living? Instead of being told they can do nothing, how thrillingly they should be told how much they can do, how grandly, Christianly they can do it! How the Christ whose name they repeat so flippantly, as bearing all their sins, is best served and honored by faithful, enthusiastic work done in his spirit, and an eager loving search for truth throughout God's wide universe, and not alone in some narrow church or exclusive holding certain dogmas. How the virtues and graces that make men truly Christian should be picked up and utilized by those truly inspired for such work, and what others should assume it? So that these young converts should no more think of rising to proclaim excitedly their experiences as inspiration for listeners, but with humility and awe thank God in their hearts, or hearts that a life rich in feeling and thought, in labor and sacrifice is possible for them, if they will but consecrate themselves to holy service. One prominent feature of these revival meetings, is the flippant assurance by new converts that the Christian life is so easy - only believe



and it is a smooth, unimpeded way. Only believe! Only to have the conviction of the whole heart, and the inspiration of a strong purpose? Only to keep these as living forces, while pressing through "weapons, through enemies" like the Trojan horses on Troy's sacred door! If these beginners have really begun, will they not learn to talk more wisely if they talk at all?

President Hayes

If President Hayes were a man of weak purposes, and selfish, unpatrician aims, how perilous would have been the ordeal of the last week. Sland, persistent clamors for a measure, bearing on its face the character of fraud - yet defended by most subtle, persuasive argument. Congress sanctions it, and he records, unflinchingly his protest. Again the honorable body proclaims its verdict against him. Jubilant cries come from demagogue and partizan - sneers from small politicians who cannot appreciate the sterling manhood that seems a tarnished promise, whether from nation or citizen.

In another quarter he disappoints and reves a delegation representing large interests in a potent State. Beset with men seeking office by the very methods he has indomitably abominated with

the dignity and firmness that should mark the candidate for public service - he has held firm and true to those ideas and methods. It surely is no commonplace path our president is called to tread. But may we not trust him to walk steadily and manfully to the end? an enlightened conscience guiding him - a high trust in the power which kindled the inner light sustaining him? From all we have known of his bearing, his word, his spirit from his first induction into public life - can we doubt it? How heartily we thanked God in our dark war days that Abraham Lincoln was a true, brave man seeking to serve God and Country, though men might frown and rail that their petty schemes must perish in that service. So may we not thank God that President Hayes is acting in the same spirit of consecrated service to what he deems great, vital issues? Men may denounce his motives, and malign his character, and make his way thorny and sorrowful, as they did that of our great war president, But, who among those who have trusted him, believes they will make him swerve or falter when he sees the right. We also believe he will not be a brave, clear-eyed - single hearted seeker after the Right.

The Last Leaf. Published in Register, Dec. 1851
with alterations.

The trees stand grim and bare amid the withered fields, and a cold mist shows the brightness that so often bakes our Winter landscape. Some tall oaks yet wear a generous mantle of leaves, that shimmer on their boughs. Can these be the same leaves that glistened and shimmered in the Summer sunshine? the same that glowed under the October sky, making a part of all the season's splendor. How colorless and crisp and juiceless they hang, and what a pathos in their rustling sound! They are so frail - and yet they cling, though March has tried them with his fiercest blasts, after Winter had spent his rudest forces. November's earliest chill seized many of their kindred, trodden, beneath careless feet long months ago, or "borne in their wanderings," "Far from the land where they grew in their gladness

And hang from their bare branch
freshly and green. While "The wretched
branch wailed for the love it had
lost." Why do these tremble on, amid the
storms that smite them with their icy
breath? No leaf seems shrivel

the parent tree, no whispers greet them from the gay and smiling sisterhood that shared their Summer joy! No tickle or warble stirs their veins from birds fluttering in the glistening boughs. On some trees only one leaf lingers - on another, a few are scattered here and there over a great number of long branches, while a few bear clusters that seem to hang together in sorrowing sisterhood-fellowship. How that lone, last one shivers and strings in the chill breeze to loosen its hold! It has seen them all go - the lovely sisterhood, that bided and hailed the new Spring day with it. These who left by the first glow of Autumnal beauty knew little of the sweetness and sadness of shadowing charms. They felt the flush and fulness of life, and started at once on their mission as seed and inspiration for fresher growths. Some who lingered for Winter's icy greeting, fear'd his touch too cold, and yielded before they had quite forgotten the thrill of their young life, or wrestled too sternly with adverse fate. The branches had not yet haunted them with a sense of gloomness, or the desire to go, become a weary, painful longing. Many were yet left to whisper gently of the departed - of the sweet Spring days when they stood together - of the radiant Summer when

the world's joy, seemed fluttering in their branches. They talked, too, of that resplendent company that set forth on those bright, carnival days, and never returned, though long and faithfully they looked for their coming. She has seen a few battling with her through all the Winter months, succumbing only when the winds of March were loosed to run their mad career. Then they had talked drearily together in their soreness and joylessness - wondered if their Maker had forgotten to release them from the "withering branch" that was holding them from a fresh career of life and usefulness. And now it was alone - the last leaf! It can whisper its fulness to the winds - to the sky to the bough which it regards as a tyrannous jailer - but there is no emerald with kindred memories, or aims, or hopes. Why is she left so withered - so lonely - so useless? Why should she flutter, a mere and withered wreck, while all her latest kindred here east and west their faded, lifeless forms to mould and feed new beauty. Be patient, poor old leaf! There is indeed a pathos in your fate as you swing there "sere and sad - ness and quite broken-hearted". Human

hearts have seen in you an emblem and a story, and grown kinder and more patient as they read it. Poets have caught inspiration from it, and kindled into song. As our time well nigh comes. There is a purpose you may yet see in holding you so long against these "rude and ruthless winds" You have already seen some rare, sunny days in your winter bondage, and brighter tones may yet smile upon your closing hours. Soft, fleecy clouds often rest benignly over you, and whisper a message of the Hoop that broods over our foulest things. Lingering so late, you may hear the sparrow's first greeting - the bluebird's earliest warble. You may catch the music of streams, when first their fetters are broken, and they sing such songs as are only heard when bonds are burst, and the freed spirit rejoices. You may even see the tender green mist "veiling trees that have stood so gaunt and barren beside you, and feel the sympathetic thrill of their young life, before your own is ended. Recalling your work that has been so useful - purifying the atmosphere, feeding the life of the organism of which you were to join a part, sheltering the weary traveller, giving grateful shade to children who were played with sun shine - welcoming the birds, whose

Songs sweetened the homes of men, whose
pulse that you linger, after it is done? It is,
no doubt, best, that you should see the new Spring
wake, before you go. You have done your part
so faithfully in the economy of nature, it must
be well with you hereafter, and you must yet
have your full share in all the bloom and
beauty of the world. What will it matter, then,
that you flattered beyond your kindred leaves,
seekingly idle, and useless and desolate?
This I was my Spring record, set upon
the knoll a few months ago. Again I re-
turn to it, after an absence marked by va-
rious experiences, I might chimele since I
stand here, and saw the leaf flutter and strive
to quit its "wailing bark." It hangs there no
longer. Can we not fancy a joyous cry borne
on the wings of that wild wind that
stripper "The leaf that last lingered on
the old forest tree?"

Did it not hear the solemn hymn
"that Death hath lifted up for all," and go,
not only "without a tear," but with a
sweet, triumphant sense of release? And
now - this bright August morn'g, this
same tree "wears its summer tresses"

and the Summer bird talls, rich magic in its
branches. June come, and with "fresh hand
"robed it in brightness and brightness." Then
the wind whistled so feebly to the sore and with
ered trembler, it kisses softly, now "the sun
palms outspread," and "the ledges whisper" to
return, "their sweet, parting legends to the
wind!" What a change the months have wrought!
"Wood, water, flower, and small leaf
Are robed in a gauze that
seems exhalation!"

"The fields flourish fragrant with
Summer flower blossoms."
It is the same knoll, the same tree, the same
landscape sketches begun, and yet how differ-
ent! Then it was early March, now it is
early August. Where the ice-cutter then plies
his trade is now seen "the light of flashing
streams." Where "winter's solemn dirge" of
the sound through barren trees, the gentlest
Summer breezes play. What fulness of life,
what pomp and glory inoes! the glad, rejoic-
ing earth! But yet it is not the first
flash of Summer glory - the first gust of
Summer gladness. The aster has come
and the Golden-rod now at us as we

pass with sweet good will and pleasantness
Here leaves are creeping in among the shining ones,
The cricket hushes us to hear her brooding

His brooding over the season's joys" and "Carols
Drop to soft regrets among the grass" - telling
of "roses plucked, of meadows mown"

The meridian is passed, and henceforth it is
to be a waning. We look'd with pathos on the
blossom tree buffeted by the winds of March. But how
soon it was to bud and blossom and wear
its crown of Summer glory! Each day, however
chill and dark bore it towards bloom and beau-
ty. Now, in all its splendor of possession, each
inward step bears it nearer to decay. So much
of its joy is with the past - so few are the remain-
ing days of Summer sunshine! Each dawn is to
take something from the freshness of "Lent's flowery
breast". Surely this suggests something of our
human condition. Is not the heyday of glad
possession, precursor, often, of long, chilly
days at hand? Is not the dark hour, when
the last joy seems faded into a mocking shadow
of its old brightness, often the ^{pre-}morning twilight
light that is to usher in a resplendent
day? We bless the power that brings
us growth and change - through seeming!

Decay and death, follow ripeness and ma-
turity. We know that
"Night is mother of the Day
And Winter of the Spring"
And ever upon old decay,
The "sweetest masses elixir"

Only for the power to turn the blessing
from each season, dark or light, before it van-
ishes! So to take the seal of sweetness for
this abundant life, that more abundant life
will enrich us for the waning hours; so to
respond to Nature's wailing, sorrowing voice
- her tender regrets, that we shall catch
the strain of hopeful yearning for the new life
that is to spring from all this loss and for-
going. Long months pass between the pomp
of next year's Summer and its shining leaves,
and that rare, Spring day when the last leaf
wages its so fatal battle with the wind. It came shy-
ly to its fate. It looked less lethally but it had
bright hours, an Autumn beauty, it whis-
per'd to the breezes, maybe such messages of love
and ripened wisdom, as it had never known in
its bare, and flaunting hour of Summer glo-
ry. Is there no lesson here?

Porter 9 Aug. 1878.

pass, with ~~meant~~ good will and pleasant
~~rest~~ ~~for~~ ~~an~~ ~~hour~~ ~~or~~ ~~more~~ ~~going~~ ~~through~~
among the shining ones. The ~~one~~ ~~kind~~ ~~of~~ ~~light~~
that ~~fills~~ ~~the~~ ~~place~~ ~~around~~ ~~you~~ ~~is~~ ~~not~~
without ~~some~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~best~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~best~~
in ~~the~~ ~~world~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~present~~ ~~time~~ ~~and~~ ~~that~~ ~~the~~
meridian is passed, and ~~the~~ ~~sun~~ ~~is~~ ~~beginning~~
to be a pale and ~~dim~~ ~~line~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~sky~~ ~~and~~ ~~we~~ ~~looked~~
with ~~astonishment~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~sun~~ ~~on~~ ~~the~~ ~~house~~ ~~top~~
that ~~stood~~ ~~before~~ ~~us~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~wind~~ ~~of~~ ~~March~~ ~~has~~
yet, ~~has~~ ~~been~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~past~~ ~~but~~ ~~the~~ ~~sun~~ ~~is~~
~~low~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~sun~~ ~~is~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~past~~ ~~but~~ ~~the~~ ~~sun~~ ~~is~~
~~not~~ ~~the~~ ~~sun~~ ~~is~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~past~~ ~~but~~ ~~the~~ ~~sun~~ ~~is~~
~~the~~ ~~sun~~ ~~is~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~past~~ ~~but~~ ~~the~~ ~~sun~~ ~~is~~
All its splendor, in such possession of the
years great wealth, each onward step but
knows it ~~is~~ ~~to~~ ~~decay~~. So much of its
joy is with the past. So few are the
remaining days of summer sunshine! Each
new dawn is to bring some warning of
chaos - is to take something from the
possession of earth's glowing beauty. ~~And~~
And this ~~is~~ ~~not~~ ~~as~~ ~~by~~ ~~our~~ ~~human~~
an ~~condition~~ ~~is~~ ~~not~~ ~~the~~ ~~beginning~~ ~~of~~
glad possession ~~pre~~ ~~cursor~~ ~~of~~ ~~longer~~
chillier days at hand? Is not the

cloudy, darkened hour, when the last joy seems
faded into a ~~mere~~ ~~and~~ ~~mocking~~ ~~the~~ ~~dark~~ ~~of~~
its old brightness after the morning twilight
that is to ~~usher~~ ~~in~~ ~~a~~ ~~resplendent~~ ~~day~~? We
bless the power that brings us growth and
change, though ~~leaving~~ ~~a~~ ~~dark~~ ~~and~~ ~~death~~ ~~follow~~
wisely ~~and~~ ~~wisely~~. We know that
Night is mother of the day
But ~~mother~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~spring~~
A ~~new~~ ~~out~~ ~~of~~ ~~after~~ ~~dark~~ ~~day~~
The ~~sun~~ ~~is~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~past~~ ~~but~~ ~~the~~ ~~sun~~ ~~is~~

A new programme is before us. No Spelling Book,
no Grammar - but little Geography - few Books. The
scholars are to learn from objects and teachers, rather
than books. Language is to replace Grammar. Recre-
ations and Miscellanies are to hold prominent places,
Kenty are to be a subject for oral instruction from May
to October. Animal, from Nov. to May. Fairs, Colours, Fun-
erals, physiology, hygiene, fables, anecdotes and simple
poetry are to receive due attention, and many other
matters are to be subjects of discourse, comment and
question. It is indeed a broad field, and broad and
accurate must be the culture of those who are to present
all these subjects attractively and instructively. Our old
school days come back, as we read. There are many
who will remember those more benighted days when
pupils stood up in all the glories of erudition and spell-
ed Charlatans with A's all right - machination
and mechanician, with right location of i's and
o's and their preceding consonants - elee may
may so beautifully supplied with vowels, that we
could easily believe it ought to have something to do
with gilding - and were yet ^{as} strong with
columns for that wonderful spelling book, as
any general with his columns of Hussar
soldiers. The Reading Book may

may furnish much, but must not one hour to Methu-
selah's age, and read strange rare books, as to meet
such a multiplicity of grand, intricate words as
used to confront us? and was it not a mental
stimulant, with many pupils? Did not the very
strength or grandiloquence of the words often
lead us into paths, revealing simple and suggestive
truths? What mental fire was kindled, was, over
those Parsing exercises we generally rattled off so
glibly, though they proved lively debatable ground,
sometimes. And well, I remember the fine excita-
tion, when the two learned, critical ministers
came in, and helped us discuss some mooted
point, as to the nature or disposal of a word -
something so ductfully expressed that doctors
might well disagree. One of these men I knew
so grandly elegant and convincing in the pal-
pit, that I heard, as a authority, more potent
than any text book in his most simply express-
ed opinion in school. The critic on the other
side gave his opinions graciously and sensibly -
he was much the handsomer man, but he seldom
carried conviction. As to-day that mightier
voice seems sounding again for the printed
page - my qualified preference and loyalty
will not seem strange or unreasonable
to those who read it.

Could anything here take the place of those stirring
parsing lessons in those days? And there is to be
less Geography! Why, it is even now nothing strange
to meet a respectable scholar, who cannot locate
within a thousand miles Tananarive - and who
knows, with this new easing off, but a generation
may arise, to whom Samarkand may be a term in
vogue? Our only hope would lie in the spirit that
well multiply Horleys and Livingstons - or quicken-
ing of Commercial enterprise. But how culpable
it would have been for any, trained as we were, to mis-
locate, any place, however, humble, on the "road globe".
We started with the world's rivers, Mackenzie, St. Lawrence,
Elk, Peace, Coppeimine - observing a beautiful order, yet
disregarding all aristocratic class distinctions of size and
importance - and went on through the continents, as far
as time allotted for the exercise would permit. Oh, there
was rare sport, as well as honest work in some of these
old contests over our text books, and useless as much
of this information itself has proved, I still believe
some good working habits were formed, and much of
valour was more securely fixed than it could possibly
have been by a more didactic method. Even the
most mechanical, pedantic teacher could not rob the
lesson of suggestion and interest to a bright scholar,
and the duller often caught a well-aimed
spirit of emulation, which stirred him to definite.

and bracing tasks. None will deny that the tendency is strongly towards more line teaching - towards less memorizing of unimportant facts. A genuinely good teacher never taught the simple lessons of any text book, however crowded or trammelled the programme. In those earlier days teachers taught as they knew & "what they are" as well as what they know. That scholars there been shut in to too material a world we all know. Realms of Nature so near and beautiful, have been deserted and forgotten, because no key was furnished to unlock their portals, in the pliant days of youth. Realms of Poetry and fable stored with wealth of thought and feeling, have been abandoned in favor of petty, barren specimens, not worth our while to conquer. But, there is some danger of supplanting text books too ruthlessly in favor of new methods and subjects. There is much definite task work, such as good text books afford, which children ought to do. Is it not indispensable for many, perhaps the majority? The eager student born with a thirst for knowledge, or exhibiting it early through the grace of their surroundings, will take in copious draughts, and take them thoroughly through wise and pleasant discourse. But there are not many more, who hear with shallow interest and wandering attention the sweetest discourse from wisest teacher? Must

not these be trained to know something of the stress and labor of study? Must they not copy and memorize, and digger much that comes under the head of Recreation and Miscellaneous? Is there not danger of oscillating to the other extreme, and making it all too much a very pleasant pastime - "Sport holding the hand of science" so carelessly, that serious quiet escapes to some party who loves her singly and devotedly? The teacher may be a "well of language undefiled", or a mine of science, discussing pleasantly, simply and soundly, aglow with the magnetic power whose lack is fatal, and yet there will be those who hear the voice, catch a taking phrase now and then, wish, perhaps, they could remember, and bring away little that is serviceable, except the virtue gleaned by contact with an earnest magnetic, worthy personality - an influence of priceless value, but not excluded for a formal recitation. There is no doubt a happy combination, and as little that it has leaned homely to one side - but there is much need of guarding against its opposite. It is quite possible there are now teachers in the field - well equipped too for many things - whose presentation of Fable and Poetry, might be more fatal to a child's love of them, than any programme excluding them, with a teacher, herself aglow with the true literary and poetic spirit. Are special lessons in Poetry, crowded in among

the elementary lessons of a large school, the best method of instilling appreciation, love and enthusiasm for them? As we go back to those earlier days, and then recall the more recent teaching since percentages and examinations so formidable to the timid and sensitive student here prevailed, it seems to me the comparison is not wholly in favor of the newer. The programme was a narrower one, ^{of the time spent on} some subjects for memorizing were absurdly disproportionate to their value, but the standing and reputation of pupils was fixed more justly by the spirit and result of their work as shown ^{from} day to day, than by the statistics gained at the month's end under the tremors and pressures of a formidable examination. And with a quickening teacher, had our narrow programme expanded, had the text book connected so liberally blossomed with suggestions, which we had time to talk over, the teacher himself being more free and untrammelled to carry out ^{his} thought as the subject. If the range of books was narrower to which we resorted to gratify awakened curiosity, I sometimes think we loved them better for their richness, and gave more thoroughness and concentration to their perusal. We had no special lessons in poetry, but did we not love the poets when we read so often in those old Readers - for I think we read much oftener than for very obvious reasons. And had we not the advantage of Readers arranged by a poet?

That has happened since, maybe, but there were surely many prepared by other hands. And how many of our best American Authors breathe there their freshest, most stirring strains, that found an answering echo in youthful hearts. Bryant's were like "The Mountain Wind" of which he sang
"The breath of a celestial clime
Drifts open heaven's wide open gates did flood
Health and refreshment on the world below."
Longfellow did not give us much. But did we not see new beauty in "April buds", and hence the poetic sense stirred, by that one little poem of his, and was it not the April of our glad season of enjoyment of his later poems? And then did we fail to feel, if we could not analyze the Chain of Perennial, the nice observance of Nature's phenomena - the choice use of words, "The kisses of the woods" "The full brimming floods
As gladly to their goal they ran"
^{The pudding puddle rolled across the plain}
^{To welcome back its playful mates again}
A synopsis of "leahelb"
A gath of bending notes."
How are you lone of Nature, and you fate of flowers
wakened by Wordsworth? Shed the symmetrical
tear at the Solenn burial service, where "Not a
a diem was heard nor a general note." We did
not know then, what is told so often now, that the
young British officer at Quebec, would rather feel
write these lines the win the mirror's etc.

tory, but I think we did somehow feel they were worth a great deal to the world's heart. Wyoming was a very real and a very romantic place to us, the repeated Campbell's graphic and melodramatic lines, and when we heard him again in his trumpet call to the Schaians, new voices were awakened that were to find an answering echo in the grander crises of our own later history. There was not much explanatory talk, such as is possible in the light of the newer day, as to the relative atrocities and guilt of the parties at Wyoming - or as much learned comment on the degeneracy of those modern Greeks, but we saw

Old Greece lighted up with emotion - the islands, her isles of the Aegean, France rebuilt and fair towns ^{shaded} with jubilee ring - and the Nine started to recall their Helenic spring, when the blood of their Pusselman Cravens. ^{Should have crimsoned the banks of their rivers.} Then we had Shakespeare and Milton and Scott, and Homer and Wilson and Irving, and the Elder Dana and Wm. West and Ware and Buckminster and Greenwood. Were we not introduced into a rich, new world, and inspired with a longing to gather and explore its wealth? We had not yet heard that some of our most cherished legends of Pocahontas, were myths but were not our emotions quite as true and faithful, as we traverse, in imagination, with the British Spy, the ground over which she had so often plodded and branded in the

spightly morning of youth? and how grandly he pictured that debasement of the English in America! Books were not abridged and cheapened and spread much in those days, and did not many a scholar first meet Fergus McFoss in those "Reader" pages, and recognize that heroic, martyr spirit in that last interview with Waverley, in an earnest, wholesome way? We stood at Lewis Conroy's bedside, and met those three Christi priests, and learned from grand Christopher North, what the essentials of Chusker Brotherhood were, as gracefully as any modern sermonizer could tell us. The Alderman's funeral was a striking piece, and I have no doubt some of us first learned from it, that there were some deadly sins not mentioned in the Ten Commandments. Of Beyer, we had only the best and proudest, of Willis, some of his least conventional. We got a taste of our great American creators of Revolutionary and later times, and knew the kindling of patriotic fire, that has not since burned dimly or unsteadily since. Are not later "leaders" as potent in their educational influence? Undoubtedly, to the later generation. But I have enlarged here, because I see it recommended, and for a wise, authoritative quarter, to subscribe the complete works of a few authors for these defective specimens. Of course there would be advantages. But was not great good done by introducing so many excellent authors, and by aroused interest and sympathy, leading many to closer

intimacy, who might otherwise have remained total strangers. A few authors might be more critically read at school, but would the love and interest which ended for so many others, by familiarity with their best, be so effectually ceased after the school term is ended? There are often very elaborate literary exercises by very callow pupils - giving glib and complete analyses of Shakespeare, Milton, Homer, Gray or Wordsworth, as would quite astound even some of those astute early Edinburgh reviewers. Perhaps it helped facilitate the critic's mastery of methods, and give them command of language. But the process must ever be painful to a true worshipper, who would pray for a little more sympathetic insight, before the public are called in. One formal analysis and criticism, crowded into a course, which one teacher is to manage alone, one of the best means to create a love and appreciation of literature and poetry? There is certainly no danger of too much wholesome knowledge, or too much healthful recreation in its pursuit, under any programme yet devised by those actuated by wise, just motives. But is there not danger of so vast a scope in the subjects presented by our teachers who are well equipped by natural bent and training for some of them - that the pressure

will wear out all the sparkle and freshness so essential to success? Miscellaneous was once defined by a schoolboy "as the woman who wrote the question" Is there not some danger that the teacher may one day be defined as the woman who teaches "miscellaneous"?

Do let's be a cheerful family, said a good man to his wife, who had been dutifully receiving some painfully dead issues, and indulging in gratuitous and senseless forebodings. Here was a home whose aims and purposes were right and clean, whose orderly methods were felt very sensibly in the working of the household, and yet there was a constant jar and discord. It came from the habit of dwelling upon those accidents and annoyances from which no home is free, recalling things lived and suffered in a way to protract their sting and destroy all the sweetness that might have perfumed their memory; indulging such a morbid sense of grievance and loss that the eye becomes so naturally keen to detect the shadows, the ugly possibilities in every course of action, the potentialities of evil in the world about us. "If things only hadn't gone so at such a time - it is our luck and I expect nothing better - if it were only the Percys, their star is always in the ascendant" say these self-tormentors. They recount and magnify the happier incidents attending in their neighbors' lives - of which they really know so little in a spirit to cast their own into baleful shadow. Complaining of little time to read, they spend that little over the disasters and atrocities the daily papers chronicle with sympathy for the suffering perhaps, and indignation for the brutalities, but acquiring such familiarity with the shady and painful aspect of the days' affairs, that it colors their mind and talk in the family circle. Thinking they have no

time for longer articles treating of growth and progress and beauty, they come to find satisfaction in the details of these ills in the world without, which they confess are a shade or two darker than those which ever trouble theirs. Professing to believe God creates and governs the world, their words and tones are a perpetual arraignment of his ^{plan and} Providence, as the exhortation "Trust the Lord": "Forget not all his benefits!" seems to give place to the command "Distrust the Lord! Do not remember one of his benefits." We know where love is, pain and loss must have their hours and often find the hope and promise through great struggle and shadow; but this ungrateful scanning of our lot to magnify its hindrances, this presuming to compare it with our neighbors of whose real life and struggle we know so little, this sombre looking forward for disaster and failure, a backward to peering at intensifying irritating memories, is it not pitiful when we need so much trust and cheer and courage, in our tasks and our thinking? "Beware of distrust, that polar ice in the heart," said one of our most impressive preachers, in a sermon heard many years ago, in one of our city pulpits. With the voice and manner so potent to emphasize the truth, he uttered in words so fully chosen that only a dull memory could forget them, how the exhortation sounds again and again to those who listened so eagerly, though that eloquent voice ^{was} not heard no more from the pulpit, its clarion calls to righteousness.

How shall we escape our aim and monotony in the home? "By work, wholesome, helpful work, seasoned by wholesome, healthful recreation when it is done," is the natural response. But what shall our recreation be? asks one, who does not find the amusement question, an easy one to solve. The home is in the country perhaps, too distant from others to rely upon the social forces of a neighborhood. Lectures, Museums, Theatres are quite inaccessible. There is a craving for something beyond the topics arising in the daily round of a quiet life, though good spirits and a lively wit may save them from dullness. "Let us read our spicy, suggestive true books," says one, who finds in books, "a ready course of when he never tires." But there are many with a good taste for books, who have ^{to} their reading hour a part of the day's performance, and would like to vary the programme. They would like some common interest with the life about them, something to call out the thought or talent of the family. What shall we do to increase from prosy reiteration, infuse a fresher, broader, livelier life into its talk? Take it out of the realm of commonplace, so apt to absorb it to the exclusion of the finer, poetic element, that must have its place in every rounded life? We would find ways of enriching our mental resources, at the same time, arousing a pleasant, sympathetic interest, giving color, movement, incident. The majority of families cannot offer sufficient dramatic talent to make theatricals

and effective vehicle for our purpose. Music we all recognize as ensouler, revivifier and uplifter. Real lovers and votaries of "the heavenly maid" will need no special motive or call to bring their gifts to the altar of home. But how many households, whose hearts beat responsive to sweetest melodies, have not the power to voice them. Is there not a large province where young and old may meet to stir an fresher good sentiment, and kindle worthy aspirations, acquiring at the same time a gift for the orderly arrangement of matters too often suffered to float vague and dim, when we would recall or reproduce for benefit or service? Christie Johnson's arrangement of those who could do nothing to entertain - who could not sing a song, or tell a story" as vulgar folk" was not altogether absurd. "The uncompassed clearness and brevity and grace, no bledions, unnecessary details to spin out the story - its main points set each in its place, naturally and without effort"; is a compliment paid Webster by one of his most distinguished friends. Surely one need not have the force and genius of a Webster to learn something of the charm and power of omitting the superfluous and irrelevant. We will suppose a family, containing in every young children to be amused, all intelligent and to a certain extent cultivated, gathered in their common sitting room, after work is suspended for the day. Tom wants to read his new novel. Sarah thinks she will practice her new song on the piano

though she does not feel very musical. David prefers to talk, though he has nothing special to say. Mary runs over the shaker items in the evening paper, and wonders if the Nancy goes who is married is sister or niece to the Hannah Jones. Aunt Julia used to go to school with Dick has read a capital story in the paper and would like to repeat it, and though none are very much absorbed, it would seem advisable to break in upon the half listless company. Fred is quite taken up with a paper on Buller's in Scribner's, and Mother sits beside him and in a quiet tone, tells him some interesting things she read in an Atlantic some years ago on the same sea. A. B. C. Blanche has read all the charming poetry in the Evening Transcript, thinks it so strange Mary and Sarah care no more for poetry, while June is taking through Southern France with Harper's Monthly in her hand. Father has given sleepily over the last Campaign speech, having given his most vigorous and wakeful now, to Tyndall's last address. Aunt Phoebe has quite exhausted her indignation and sympathy over the picture wires and meretricious husbands duly chronicled in the evening paper. There is a variety of interests, but they are tuned to different ^{parts}, and can scarcely enter into each others topics. Can't there be something most bracing at the same time more amusing for a wider evening? We all know how much a bright newspaper read aloud may suggest, but when each reads his own special course, where the spiciest item would clash with some ^{other} thing, reading of another sort, do we get the best light

of this "picture of the busy world." Would it not be profitable and delightful, would it not be easy to arrange an hour or two for some common purpose, something to make a lively interest on themes so often made forbidding and dull. Let us take History - it may be Greek Roman, Jewish, Medieval or Modern - (and may be what the learned school-boy said he was studying, whosoever he is) in Ancient or Modern, - (perhaps back thro' either William the Conqueror's time.) It may be that of our own time and state. Let each bring his episode, brief or more extended, as faculty or taste or time may determine. Let him put it into the best, most concise English he can command, and understand it is to be a matter of conscience and of kindness to bring as true and bright a record as possible to the hour he ^{is} to do his part to gladden. - To-night, let each bring his best pen picture for itself a picture embodying a noble heroism, an act of self-sacrifice or sacrifice that noble company we shall see man! But it must not be all stately - England's or Scotland's chivalry, cast in heroic moulds. Tom and Dick would like some thing to laugh at. Edie Ochiltree must have his dog as well as his haw, Tommie Toppin as often as normally; see the man's queer humors must relieve Flora MacPhee's grander moods. We are not strangers to the rich, collecting scenes in Dickens evening may present. But we are not supposing exceptional talent - a striking original of authors. How some expressive paragraph overflowing with humor or pathos, and stir the hearts of young and old to a common sympathy of grief or gladness. Here, to whom the story was told, would greet old friends in the molley company, these

public had never entered the charmed circle, feeling the witchery of the enchantment, would find themselves on the threshold of a new delight. Now Kickeray shall have his evening. If a person seems to be a too sorry a phase of human nature, we will not take it readily upon its content, leaving the picture that is to relieve it. If Beechey shall cast a baleful shadow over human nature, let us have something enough for Amelia and Edith, to show very clear and strong the contrast between hypocrisy and sincerity. What sweet humanity we will offer in his name! What robust and stalwart vitality that no surroundings can taint or tarnish! We will have our Hawthorne, our Geo. Eliot, our Thackeray or Black or Hurd or Jones or Macdonald. Many other names will suggest themselves of course, and may find preference with some Hawthorne's Trice Tales. Tales would be very charming to young and old in this new telling, and some of the episodes in our Colonial life, treated so vividly, awaken an interest in notable men and affairs, when wide many history would fail. Plans for Essex Elliot or selected and arranged that it would be better - I think, to defer for them even selves. The essays shall have their turn. Addison shall show us the extravagances, follies and shakings of his day, with a grace and charm that are fresh and potent to satirize those of our own, and Sir Roger shall still win the admiration a true knight inspires in hearts whose gentleness and honor here their gems. Gentle Eliza shall talk to us, as he used to talk on those memorable evenings he brightened with a wit and wisdom of which a later generation has not begun to weary. Irving shall bring his general humor, and El

shall be a tender and a baneful one, echoing from Atham-
brais fountained caunts, Walden's River meadow so peacefully
near the river, he loved, or it shall greet us for Sir Walter's
finside, among the glories of Abbotford. Proudhon shall bring
his ^{the} winter sunshine that is so far from winter, into our com-
peler, and we shall catch the gleam of flashing wings, the music of
meadow larks. Our blood shall tingle with the glad of birds
walks among the hills and our senses quicken to a vitality and man-
ity in Nature we had scarcely dreamed of before. How many
admirable scenes we can get for Polli's garden has many more
reflections, none the less more because of the delicate humor that
clothes them. Even Mary and ^{Sarah} would detect the flowers
and when Dick described the Chase by, by the same weather, how
all the boys would chuckle and wonder if they shouldn't amount
to something by and by. And poetry shall have her field nights, too.
Can't we find a great deal that must please the whole Company,
so universal, so simple, appealing so irresistibly to hearts tem-
pered to the cry and the laughter of the human, that the least poetic mem-
ber of the household would respond? The staidness of Mr.
Lin would swing Tom and David into great restlessness; but
the youngest might feel the sweetness and beauty of some verses in
the hymn on the Nativity, and have a new thought and wonder about
the Heavenly Child and that first Christmas mornie. Robert Brew-
ing would not be quite intellectual, even to the poetic
genius of the family, and pious Sarah would find most
of this poems horribly tedious. But the Pied Piper of
Hamelin would charm the youngest members and thus they

brought the band down to us, shall the whole family with an
interest and expectation akin to that of the rider of the Wind
gallupper Roland. Habopere's evening would be precious over-
with a visit and indeed I don't know how to do - there would arise some
picture of vague storm, or sunny landscape, some story, or a sketch
amuse or baffled by young, or tender love, some recollection of
magnish utterance of truth that will stay, when the fire has sub-
sided. Campbell's fire and Scott's moving pageant of Knights and
rees, will bring a lively season to relieve any humdrum influences
the day has brought. How much the poets of our ^{own time} here would like to
elize and brighten this work a day would. The charm of Tompkin or Mrs.
Brewing perhaps will not be quite so apparent to the younger or
more matter of fact members, but as true poetry becomes familiar
and precious, it will get a welcome hearing. As each brings an
offense on Longfellow's or Whittier evening, each selecting what suits
his taste or his need, how the air will ring with melody,
and what bright and tender images must linger in each soul, when
the voices cease hushed for the day. What a merry evening Holmes
shall give us. The young people will certainly bring something
very young, but how different it will be from the rhyming of the
merely young trifler, will not even the youngest feel the difference,
and catch a finer tone from the merry, mischievous hours? If the
elders bring a tribute in another vein, it will sparkle no less, and
as all feel themselves engaged, reflecting the glow of a true poet's
shinings. Some of the children will be surprised. The ^{best} will be bright
so serious. Lowell is full of gems that will flash and
sparkle to brighten the gloom of the darkest, chilliest night.
We will have a happy mixture of grave and gay

but it will all be the effluence of a fine, brightly spirit
to be breathed for ^{the} ~~the~~ evening hours. Bryant shall
take some of us forth under the open sky to test his Nature's
teachings - Blanche will give a tender legend of the Berk
shire Hills, with sympathetic voice - Tom will select the
address to his pet bird, Tell, of the Iron Heart, to "loftily"
captivity was brought a ^{vision of his twilight}

and all shall feel that power the poet wields
"Who living the beauty of the earth and sky in being ^{loftily}
since "To his inner gaze,
all that beauty in clear vision lies." And Taylor and Hedman
and Haddon and Dunbridge, will each give us an evening of cheer
and music. Should the host give us his Daguerroids, would it
not open sweet fountains of sympathy, in which are reflected
not only our human kinships, but those less often forgotten ties that
link us with God's lowlier creatures? And then will not our
young people want to know who the men and women are
that sing so tenderly, or gaze? And our biography evenings
shall be rich and frequent. We must not spend much time
on dates, or look ^{with} ~~very~~ long lines of ancestry for the hours
are short, and we expect rather to rouse our interest and
present a good picture, or strike a pleasant note, than
give any exhaustive studies. Let each bring some picture
of incident in the life of a leader in Camp and Council, or on
the plights of his fellow men gone unmiss'd, and again the noblest
noblest men and women, who have lived among us, and
along with the people, and pure joyous, being that greater
born the ^{great} ~~great~~ ^{learned} ~~learned~~ ^{his} ~~his ^{life} ~~life~~ ^{to} ~~to ^{be} ~~be~~ ^{seen} ~~seen~~ ^{as} ~~as~~ ^a ~~a~~ ^{hero} ~~hero~~.~~~~

visions, even in the final medical. Will not the young, take a lesson
unintentionally for such times as these? Search to night for the bravest act
of self-sacrificed devotion, in battlefield, or hospital, or sinking ship, or burning
millage - rescue there, who teach us it is better to be the hero, than
the heroic person. Or bring an example for the life about, that is as gen-
erous and beautiful, if not as conspicuous. Then why not have our
evening - rose and telling facts, brief, but full of entertainment. Some
anecdote of birds, insect, or flower, illustrative lesson of growth and develop-
ment, some story of star or meteor, some startling result of science,
combustion, or simple invention, displaying material laws and forces.

Then we will have our traveller's evening. Father will per-
haps recall his early trip to California, its incidents seeming so thrilling
and picturesque in the light of facilities of our newer day. If he go not
roughly for ^{our} ~~our~~ Astoria to awaken the boy's curiosity to read it, so much
the better. Mother leads her listeners to the Arctic seas - she has been
interested ever since Lady Franklin's devotion to her husband's gall-
rattened her awfully sympathetic Aunt Phoebe takes incident and gene-
ly historic. Since Alfred's marriage with Maudie, she has been
quite taken with the Murphys, and takes in the Arctic party,
and visits the royal palaces of Madrid and Vienna, and though she don't
exactly approach perfection, gives an admirable description of one
at Madrid that is really thrilling. Dick will take us to the Congo
with Herby, and describe that eventful voyage so well that the
whole company become dwellers for the time by "Africa's Term of".
Tom will go to Switzerland and find the ideal English Fell
and Cressler meet (he sought the idea of its being a myth)
and return via Waterloo. Sarah goes to Paris - is a

Little too elaborate in her account of North's and the new opera
house, while Blasco carries us to Eng. Lockers at Westminster Palace
as Stratford sings at Warwick Castle, and then takes a trip to the Lake
Country, and Deirdre takes staff and scamp for Rome, giving a glowing
picture of Coliseum and forum, and crossing the Rubicon, shows us where the
Gallie Camps were in Caesar's time. May has read Kismet, labels and
journeys, mainly among papers and labels too. But are there many
families who will vitalize this programme? You are supposing excep-
tional tastes, says one, and at least an identity of tastes it is not
easy to find. But are not these subjects which should have a place,
and are not efforts made in our schools to awaken an interest in them?
Books are so accessible in our public libraries, and recent and exten-
sive treatment of them in our magazines, it would be easy to find material.
Why not as well read them? Would there not be a zest, a pleasant sense
of effort in the preparation, that would sweeten and emphasize the occa-
sion. Would not all become more possessed of the theme, by arranging it con-
cisely, giving it in the memory for presentation? Aside from the value of
the thought and sentiment or melody, is not the talent for presenting so
had none shall feel like gawking or interrupting or fleeing, worth
cultivating? In carrying out our programme should there not be some
tutal stirring and leading to higher ideals until the life broadened and lifted
to a ^{higher} happier type? If we had had vividly preceded, last evening
some man or woman who had fought the fight bravely, scorned com-
plaint or upbraiding in the direst hour, should we not shrink
more shamed and repentant from our own selfish plans? If it
were some struggling, fainting soul that had seemed to battle
wisely.

because the stinger arm and more potent will keep, selfishly, a
hoop, will not the failure haunt us as a trumpet call to knightly ser-
vice for the weak? If our evening hour brought some historic scene
before us, Marathon, or Waterloo, or Gettysburg, where great nations
or causes settled their claims in the blood and smoke of battle, would not
our own temptation to inglorious ease or passive acceptance of wrong
seem more cowardly. Had we heard some story of a man, deformed
or incomplete physical life, like that of John Carter, the artist,
or Thierry the historian, or Milton or Beethoven, triumphing over the
loss of powers that seem to us so necessary for successful work and
excelling in the very paths where those powers and faculties most
required, should we not learn a new lesson of the mastery of mind
over matter, and learn to make our petty ailments excuse for
lean achievements? We would not have children walk on stilts
scorning the topics of the day and hour, listening only to voices of birds
historians, biographers and poets. To-day's paper may contain the event
a future historian will write on his most conspicuous page. There may
stand within our own borders the man or woman who is to illustrate
the heroic manhood and womanhood biographers love to picture.
But shall we be more likely to pass these by unrecognized, if we
grow more familiar with this high spirit in the past? But do we
not all need to be lifted out of the petty uninspiring interests
into which we relapse from the atmosphere of work and worry?
The world of imagination and beauty is too often checked of its hour
and opportunity, while the world of harmful and petty ex-
periences is made most attractive and social.

The young coming some ideal good wander into tangled paths, because the guiding hand is wanting in the perplexous hour. Can we do too much to bring these higher ideals of life these noble interests illustrating the care present God in Nature - these melodious voices of God's ancient singers, into the hearts and lives of His hungry children? Something they will have to season and to cheer the hours of leisure. Shall we not do our part to make the north-west ad highest, the most alluring, in the kindling. May not the tones that entice, be ~~all~~ brought to the service of God - having so long and faithfully served evil - as Luther smiled in his day. (One may ask if backish gossip is more enticing than that of our own village or neighborhood, if the history of wicked kings is more inspiring than the recital of the crimes of faithless Presidents - or back Presidents with their cracked, venomous policy. There is certainly a petty element of personal feeling and intermeddling in the discussion of our neighbor's affairs that is not likely to enter into our backish gossip. The lives that have proved worthy the biographer's pen must present phases of great worth and interest, and motives and ~~actions~~ ^{deeds} perceived ~~publicly~~ ^{publicly} in the biography is worthy. ^{but we would have most progress in the life of the} As to the number Kings, whose career is ended, if the historic is worthy of his calling, the quickest and most ambitious lenses, will not envy his state, as he reads the calm verdict of history. It will bid her to a just estimate of the gains and surroundings of wealth and pomp, the dishonest millionaire of to-day. This sacrifice his honor to win.

Washington's birth day, 1881. At Parkersburg.
Surely Nature has kept Washington's birthday right royally! Was there ever a more radiant garment donned for feast or festival? A space one for sacrifice or consecration? What could sculptor or painter or decorator do to match such forms and pictures and a serenity as greeted us dwellers in the country this morning? Not the miraculously opening buds of one Canterbury Thunberg, but every tree and twig blossomed into whiteness. All that was else a unworshipfully ~~seems~~ ^{was} softly exercised, as though for one day we should forget the unseasoning, the away and see only a fair, ideal world of grace and purity and loveliness. Yesterday, those oaks looked ragged and bare, though grand in outline; to-day, as if to commemorate the benign as well as noble, the strong has blossomed into grace and beauty. That snowfield had begun to lose its fresh and lush trimmings; but to-day it dons a shining and spotless robe, as though it were an occasion to draw our hearts and thoughts toward the "white and stainless garment of truth". How fit a day it seems to greet and celebrate so grand a man! May we not regard it as type and promise of that purer and more lustrous day that is to come, when the lesson of his life is less the battle of the demagogue's idle or intriguing hour, and more the inspiration of a nation's life? Let us hope it is type and prophecy of the clearness and gladness of that incoming administration for whose new day we hear such notes of preparation. May none forget one all the pomp and ceremonial, the great issues which rest under God, upon the motives and measure of the manhood brought to this great office. May the purity, the unflinching

trust, the Christian faith and manliness of him who first magnified it by never wanting to wear the chief magistrate, so that no perfect day in the future may see the place, too bright to celebrate his memory.

John Saunders was in trouble. Sarah Barker had told Harry Somers that John was the meanest, most contemptible fellow she ever saw, and Harry Somers had told Frank Tower, and Frank Tower, as a true friend had come and told John. And John wasn't going to stand that, he said from any girl. So he rudely accosted Sarah on her way to school, telling her she wasn't much of a lady with all her mincing ways, feeling rather ashamed of his angry impertinence before he had finished the sentence. Sarah looked surprised and not a little angry. What had she done, that John Saunders should treat her so. She met Frank Tower, and told him her grievance. Frank said he knew all about it. John had heard what she said about him; "What have I said?" "That John was an awfully mean contemptible fellow." "I never said that, cried Sarah with honest warmth. But Harry Somers told me, so said Frank. And you told John? Well, it wasn't true, and if it were, I don't think it very kind in you to run to him and tell him my opinion, at second hand, for you know how things always get changed in repeating them. Well, what did you say then. I told Harry I didn't think it was mean for John to tease that little French boy, as he did - and

I think so still, and have meant to tell him so, myself, when I saw a chance to do it. Frank looked a little crestfallen, and began to realize he had done rather a small thing, in carrying back to John this foolish cause for quarrel. When Sarah frankly told John what she had said, he felt rather more ashamed, and he quite transferred his anger, where he had, unconsciously, perhaps before, felt it belong - if it belonged anywhere. John was, by nature a hector, seeing only a joke, where another would see only pain and annoyance; but he had a blunt sense of honor, and was never found in the tattling business. The meanness of that he could see, and it was the agency of those tell-tale boys, rather than Sarah's honest opinion that vexed him now. I hate a tattler, he said to the boys, with emphasis, as they stood together at his school, and I think you might find some better business. I only told Frank what Sarah said, cried Harry, and didn't suppose he'd run to you with it. And I only told you because I thought you ought to know it said Frank. And what good'd it do? said John. Only made me mad, and run to Sarah, and awful mad with you afterwards. Well, you needn't have hector'd Louis, so said Frank, who had reciprocally applauded John's punny jokes on the French boy, at the time. Now said John, I'd like to have you look me straight in the eye, Frank Tower, and tell me whether it was your love of fair play, or regard for Louis, that led you to repeat, with alterations, what Sarah Barker said? And you, Harry Somers, was it really because you wanted to cure me of meanness, that you came and told it all to me, so much worse but, than she said it?

I don't believe in this tall tale business, boys, as a person
measure ^{boys} and don't you try it on me anymore. I won't carry
any tales ^{of anyone} ^{that} ^{applies} ^{to} ^{you} ^{for} ^{your} ^{selves}, again -
my friends ^{and} ^I ^{don't} ^{put} ^{any} ^{to} ^{me} ^{at} ^{all} ^{consider}, especially if you act up
to it. The boys felt a little abashed at John's rebuff, but had e-
nough of the unsuspected boy's nature in them to accept it. John
never snubbed Sarah again, and the boys are all very good
friends. Luis included. Total abstinence from tale telling
promote harmony, while honest rebukes of all cruel excesses in
the lecturing line were taken kindly and had the right effect. Having
seen that tattling was worse than lecturing, they began to see how
mean and cruel lecturing might become, when the love of a joke
and banter became so extreme, that they were ready to sacrifice
the feelings and comfort of the humblest, to its exercise. If talking
could only be dropped from the school exercises, how much
less active and baneful a power it should be in society.

What strange, yet familiar sound greets us this morning? Hark! it
comes from that leafless old apple tree, which looks as dead as in mid-
winter. The fields stretch beyond, brown and bare - great patches of snow
lie here and there, but there the blue bird warbles on that upper twig of
that old tree, a merry good morning to his old haunts. It seems as though
I must be mistaken about this sharp wintry air, for a new quality per-
meates the sunlight. Our blue bird has surely brought good news from some
where, and is telling it delightfully. Spring has come - June is coming
- hurry up, leaf buds - put off your russet mantle, O fields, and don
your green robes! - Come out doors, ye winter-bound people - yell
logically, lingering snowbanks - make up - make up - all restum

being things. Why, tis the very tree, I do believe the very twig whence the first
warble came last year - and very likely 'tis the same blue bird. It was just
such a morning, and just so sad and premature did his coming seem.
Is it exactly the same tree, the same world, to him? Has he escaped the chill
and cloud by his southern flight? Winter has been fierce and pro-reaching this
year. Has nothing come to repress his mirth and music since he sang
there last year? Couldn't some finer sense than ours detect some trace
of his years' experiences in a richer note? And does he detect no change
in the atmosphere about the old place? Are there no sighs or ecstasies
mingling with these March breezes, that were unborn last year? Has he
no subtle sense of deeper shadows, or stronger light, left by the burdened
or brightened mortals that have lingered under the old tree, since last
he warbled from its bough, or passed through the gate its overshadows?
Oh does our blue bird think he comes back to the same old world again - for
cause it looks so like it, outwardly? Well, well, he will warble more
gayly, perhaps, and so do more to make his listeners forget the good
byes, and gaps and changes, they are too prone to remember. The song,
sprung greeted us too, this same crisp morning. I really think he
has some instinct of sorrow and need in the world, there is such a
soul of sweetness ^{and hope} in his song. Something is gone - he sings but life
and love abroad, and his love is so mellow and winsome, that the glad-
ness of Spring steals into our hearts and lightens them. The robin
is blithe too, this morning, though it is not his first day. His
song is confident and robust and cheery, he takes the world as he
finds it, makes free with it, and sings out in clear tones his
satisfaction. The musical spirit of the world - never un-
heard unmet, by the nearest listener is to find an ^{and} ^{express}
word.

in these voices that are heralding the Springtime and we greet them
as harbingers of a glad awakening from the storms and frosts of winter.

Mrs. Sanfield died Sept. 19, 1881. Sept. 26, 1881
Who has not felt the cloud veiling the Son's clear shining
through all these Summer months? Who has not welcomed the
crisp and energizing air of Sept. thinking what healing
might be traced to the shore where the nations would
lay panting for a stronger breath? Had the vital spark been
quenched so long, glowing again and again so hopefully, after
flattering almost to extinction, and should it not glow fir-
mly into the living flame of grand, heroic life we knew
so well before that tragic day? We had heard no sick
man's pitiful moan - no feeble plaints, no querulous
impatience as he lay stricken and suffering. He could not
be dying, for in spite of helplessness and pain, his whole
demeanor and spirit soared of life, not death. And
then his own high courage melted and mingled with such
courage and faith, shining in the hearts, reflected in the faces
of those most loved and trusted by his bedside! On his
iron language expressed it - he was only "stopping at sta-
tions" - high dashes, great joys awaited him when he reached
the terminus of recovery, and he bore it all like a wise,
patient, prepared traveller who had no thought of getting
worry over the inevitable hindrances of a tiring journey.
.. Shaking from loneliest plain, with an unknown

sense of honor, an inborn love of truth, feeling the beauty of
felicitous love and reverence and all knightly courtesy, welcoming the high
privilege of a tailing, helpful manhood - reaching higher and higher
levels as naturally and surely as the eagle reaches the higher
heaven by using the vigorous wingpower given him for soar-
ing. He stands at last upon that highest eminence to which
a nation's voice can summon him. His head is so level
his heart so pure - it is not a dizzy or a dangerous
height. There was so much for him to do! He battled man-
fully for what he deemed the sacred prerogative of his office -
no less manfully than at Chickamega. He had found the need
of all his strength of will - all his keenness and singleness of
vision - in settling the vexed questions of political and par-
tisan claims - and he would go on and manfully, working with
and for his countrymen. How carefully he studied the questions
that perplexed the age! How interestedly he followed the histo-
rian's page for its earliest record! How deep he drank
at the fountains of great seers and prophets, bearing epi-
dence in his character of the gentler manners, peculiarities
of which they prophesied or sang. Surely, once more
his Nature taken "Sweet Clay for the breast"

Of the unsteaked West" and
With stuff uncertain shaped a hero's need
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God and true!
But death, not life, after all this struggle was to be the
issue. He was to find another, sweeter West at Long Branch
than that he sought on the earlier journey, after James
at the

and an anxiety and the recollections of those weary weeks of
the early summer. Shall we say his vision and words of
noble grandeur and work to come were false and vain? Behold
the land! Behold the nations afar off! Behold the love,
the grief, the unity already sealed! Will men who fought
against him in the field read with such emphatic admiration
his principles and motives and not be read their war in a
new light? Will nations smell such loud acclaim of praise
and grief and assail so thoughtlessly or malignly the land of which
he was so true a product? Will the flowers of England
ever mingle their fragrance with a people's offering, and
England ever quite forget the sympathy and kinship they
symbolize? Shall not his strong, terse, eloquent word
come back with a new emphasis, finding a wider, more
attentive hearing, as men's hearts are brought nearer to him
who uttered them? Is his work as recumbent - light breezes
prematurely dropped? "Sinner and traitor and lover" - shall
not the nation still receive his gift, and feel, and feel the
heptening of its burden - the quodion of his love?

And giveth life and death

Who knoweth which is best? We also know
his greatness flows around our incompleteness
Round our restlessness - his rest.

Do we remember that address in Ohio on the meaning
and teaching of a soldier's movement? The bugler in the field
from his dead lips, will give out a call that the children of
Lake Co. will hear after the grave has covered us all

and was immediate children" Surely from his grave will sound
a call that the children of the whole land will hear. He recalled
the story of one of the old Emperors of Greece who returning from its
battlegrounds where Miltiades had won victories and set up trophies,
returning said. These are trophies of Miltiades and will never
let me sleep. As our youth recall the life and victories of our
beloved chief, will they too not find it impossible to sleep when
duty sounds her trumpet call?

