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CAROLINE
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Carolyn





FROM THE OIL PAINTING
BY STANLEY TODD, 1910

CAROLYN:
A COMPLETED LIFE

MEMORIAL OF
CAROLYN STYLES ADAMS

PREPARED BY
HER FATHER AND MOTHER

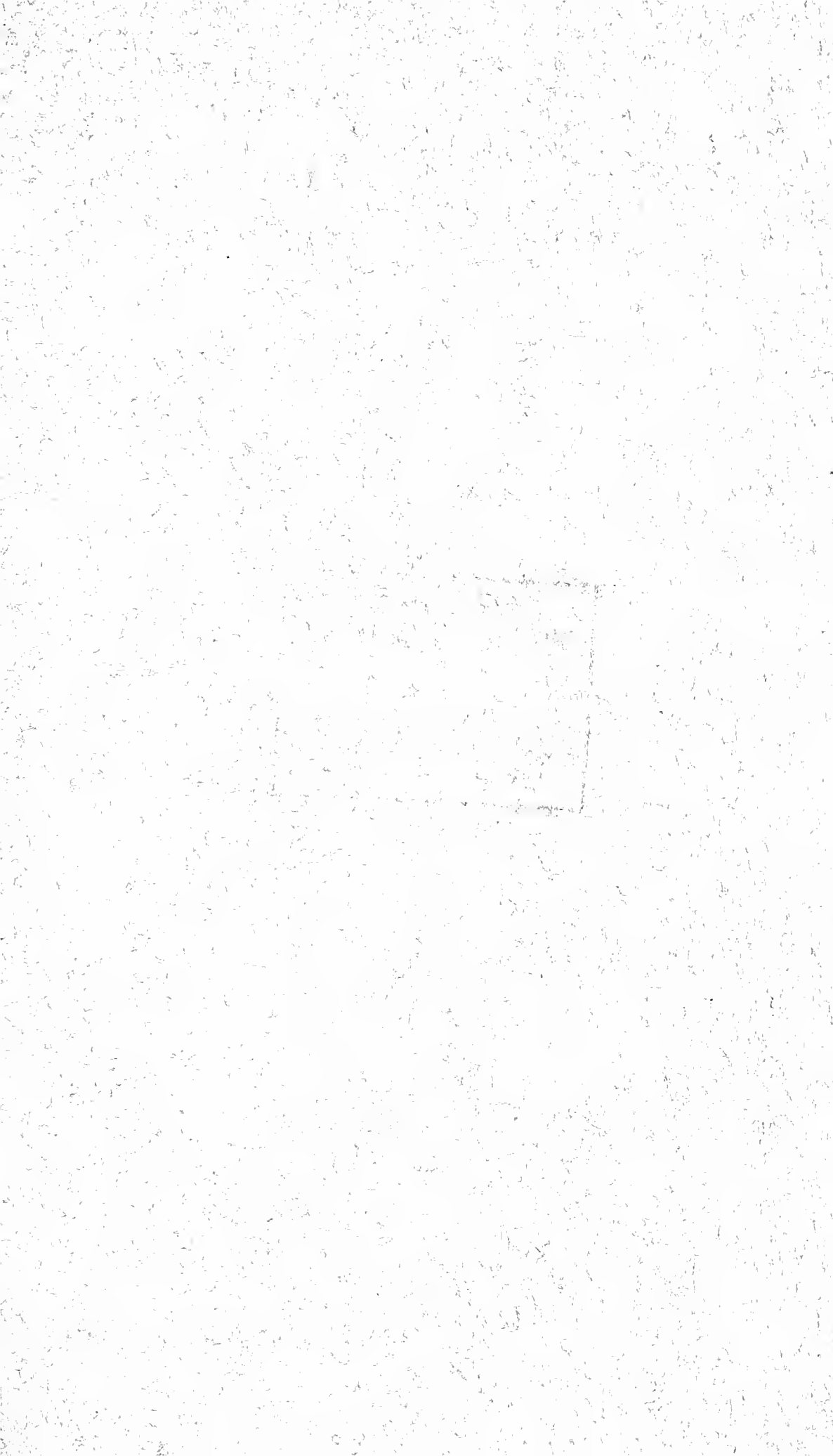
"LIFE SHOULD BE MEASURED BY ITS QUALITY,
AND NOT BY ITS DURATION." A. H. BRADFORD

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NEW YORK

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In Loving Memory of

Carolyn

the sense of whose nearness,

though unseen,

abides with us, always.

TO BABY CAROL.

I

*She is sweet and she's fair,
Very fair,
And her eyes and her hair
Lend an air
That subtly encharm,
Everywhere.*

II

*And her song and her smile,
They beguile,
While the swift-moving shade
On the dial,
Unheeded, the fleet
Hours while.*

III

*O, she's sweet, and so fair,
Very fair;
So innocent and
Debonair,
With her none compare,
She's so rare!*







IN THE GARDEN.



IN THE LAKE.



"CARTING CORN."



“PLAYING INDIAN.”

RIDING “BELLE” WITHOUT BRIDLE OR SADDLE.

FOREWORD.

CAROLYN was born into this human life, at Roselyn, which was then the home of her family, on Orange Road, Montclair, New Jersey, at half past two o'clock, Friday morning, December seventeenth, eighteen ninety-six.

She was the second daughter and fourth child of Washington Irving Lincoln and Grace [Wilson] Adams. Through her father she was descended from Henry Adams, of Braintree (Quincy), Massachusetts, who was the common Ancestor of Samuel Adams, the Patriot; and of the Presidential Branch of the Adams Family. Through her mother she descended from the Wilson family, of Virginia, and, later, of Pennsylvania, whose Ancestor was Colonel Alexander Wilson, who fell in the battle of Monmouth, New Jersey, during the Revolutionary struggle, and who was said to be a cousin of James Wilson, the Signer, of Philadelphia.

Carolyn was a most winsome baby, and very early won and held the love of all who came in contact with her rare Personality. At first she seemed sensitive, and rather shy; but she soon overcame this natural timidity, and radiated love and joy and trustfulness as a beautiful flower radiates joy and beauty and fragrance upon all who come within its lovely sphere of influence.

Very early in her conscious life upon Earth Carol made references to her previous existence. She would often say, "I have been here before, you know"; or, "when I was here before you were not my father and mother, and I did not live in a beautiful home; but I was a poor little child; that is why I love poor little children so much now." Or, at another time, when she was a little older, she would say: "I have been in this world before, but I shall not come again; I do not *have* to come again."

She often talked of flying, as a child, and, confidently affirmed her personal conviction that she could fly. One reason why she was so very fond of horseback riding was because, as she would say, "It is just like flying." And to see her freely galloping over the hills of her beloved New Hampshire farms, without saddle, and even without bridle, save for the single string attached to her horse's mouth; sometimes in a whirling snow storm, or in wind and rain; was to see an equestrian creature more like a Valkyre than a human child.

Her horsemanship was perfect because it was utterly without fear, and it embraced a loving and personal knowledge of horses and their ways. She would ride side saddle, cross saddle, bare back, on any of our horses, or with two horses, side by side, or in tandem, riding one and driving the other. She drove with perfect freedom any of our horses, singly, double, or four-

in-hand; and had succeeded in perfectly controlling and driving a highly strung, and nervous, three-year-old pony colt.

When others failed in catching any desired horse from the pastures, she would always succeed in doing so without any difficulty, or the usual subterfuge of a measure of grain, by simply walking up to the shy animal with outstretched hand and sympathetic word and attach the halter. She, alone, could overcome the stubbornness of the donkey, "Ned," who was the children's first animal friend and companion.

Her best-beloved was the Morgan mare, "Belle," between whom and her there seemed to exist a perfect understanding. We are happy in thinking that she acquired actual ownership of this favorite horse during the past summer (1910), by a quaint little "deed"* from her brother to herself:

*This is a copy of "The Deed," found among her "Treasures," in her own dear hand.

"A DEED BY (MISS) CAROLYN ADAMS.

A pair of steers, three years old, are traded for a horse of Morgan Breed, aged 18 or 20; father and mother unknown, but the horse almost a thoroughbred by looks.

A pair of young oxen, registered "Jack" and "Gardiner," aged three (3) years, worth Forty-five (\$45.00) apiece, to be given to (Mr.) Wilson Adams, to do with as he sees fit, in exchange for the horse "Belle."

(Signed by) WILSON I. ADAMS,

W. I. L. ADAMS,

M. E. ADAMS,

G. W. ADAMS,

CAROLYN ADAMS,

ELIZABETH PLATT.

Witnesses:

She firmly believed in the Continuing Life for animals, "especially for Horses and Dogs," as she would often say. And once she expressed the hope that she should "meet at least seven people and one animal," in the Future Life. "Who is the animal, Carol, dear," we asked. "Why, 'Belle,' of course."

(The day we left the Farms with the dear Temple which had been the shrine of Carolyn's Spirit for nearly fourteen years here upon Earth, we conducted her beloved "Belle" to the autumn pastures, at dawn, and she shall surely be cherished by us, through winters and summers as long as her life shall endure.)

Carol loved to read about Brunhilda and her flying horse, "Grane"; and for Jeanne d'Arc and her feats of horsemanship and chivalry, she had the greatest admiration and interest. Her favorite character in poetry and romance was Britomart, the knightly ideal of Edmund Spenser. These books she read and re-read many times, and she lived with them in her active imagination. She used often to "dress up," as "a Knight," as "A beautiful Princess," as "A Fairy"; and would say: "I shall be a Queen some time!"

As she lay "in her calm," after birth into the Larger Life, first in the sacred chamber at Knoll House, Hill-top Farms; and again, amid her kindred and friends in the library of Irvingcroft, Montclair, surrounded by palms, and the profusion of white and pink flowers which she loved and which typified her own perfect



AT THE GARDEN GATE.

“STEPS.”



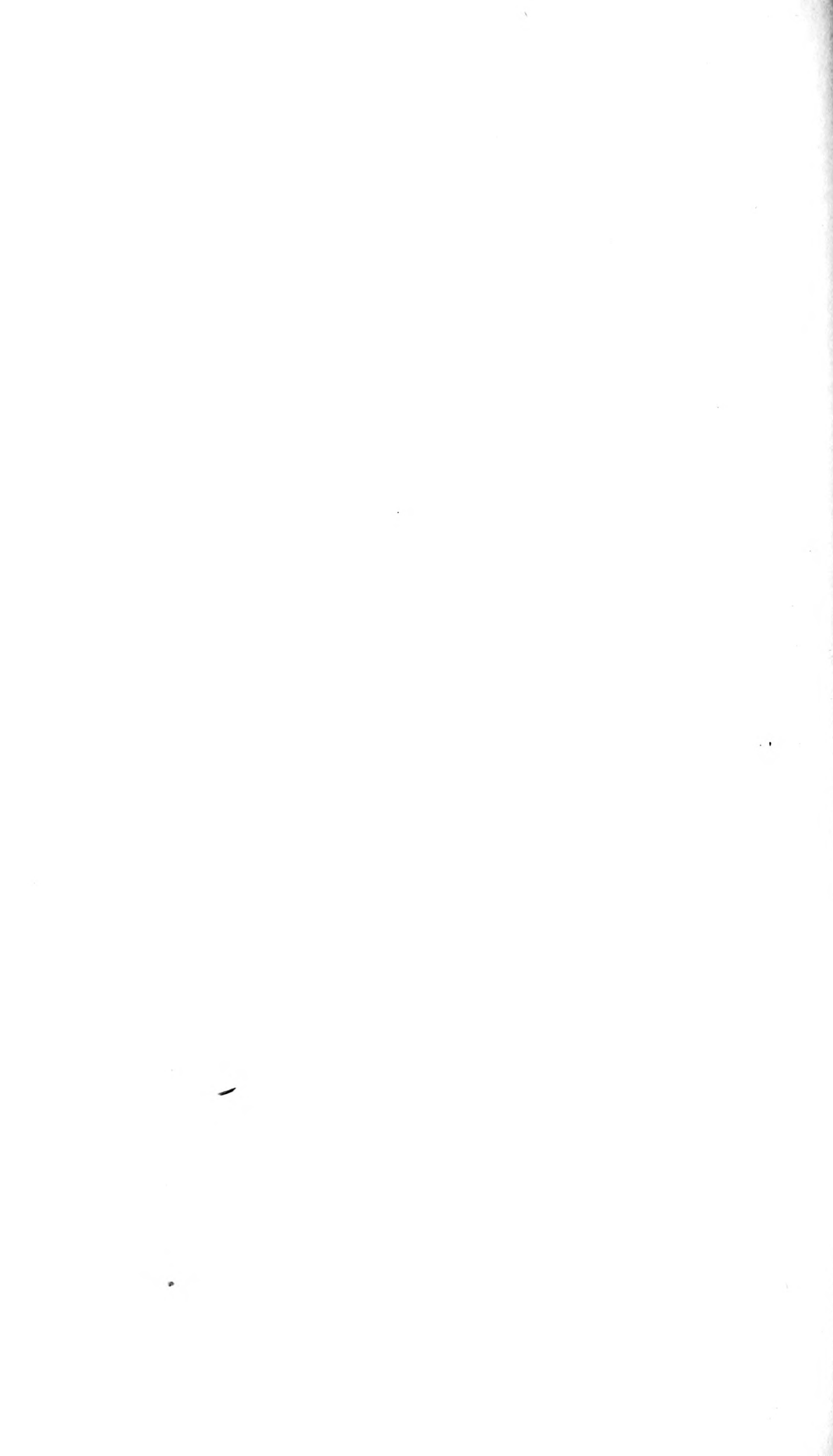
CAROLYN AND HER BELOVED "BELLE."
"PLAYING CIRCUS."

and beautiful Life, we were all struck and held by her transcendent beauty and queenliness. "Elaine" was the single word murmured by one dear friend as she gazed; "The Lady of Shalott," whispered another; while to us all she seemed the Princess of our dreams, reposing in calmness and dignity as befitted her beautiful Nature.

Children hung over her in admiration, and tenderly laid upon her casket the single blossom which they had brought in their love, as to a Shrine. And upon her perfect breast reposed until the very last, a single white rose bud, sent by a precious friend who could not be with us in person, with these words:

"The most beautiful blossom I could find for the most beautiful and perfect child I have ever known, and by far the dearest to me."







THE MOTHER'S CHAPTER.

When Carolyn was three years old, it was her privilege, and ours, to meet and make the dear and intimate friend referred to at the conclusion of the preceding chapter; and this good friend became a member of our household for several years thereafter. Young though she was, Carol very soon recognized in Miss N—— the friend before whom she could “think aloud,” and to her she confided freely the innermost thoughts of her rare young mind.

One morning, very early, when Carolyn was only four years old, this dear friend, on awakening, looked across the room to where Carolyn lay, and noticed that she was already wide awake and had evidently been waiting patiently for her friend to awaken, too; for, turning her big luminous eyes, so full of the soul quality upon her older friend, she remarked: “Miss N—— I have just found out that there is *Something* here, (placing her hand upon her heart) which is different from you; and I know that you have *Something* in you, which is different from me, and *That* makes us each alone, doesn't it?” That seemed to be the conscious awakening of Carolyn's soul life.

A little later, in the same year, she confided again to this dear intimate friend of her's: “Oh, Miss N—— I have just found something inside of me which won't let me do anything wrong, *unless I try very hard to do it!*”

When Carolyn was five years old, on hearing some rather unusual experience related at luncheon by a grown-up friend she observed in a perfectly matter-of-fact manner: "Oh, yes, *I* remember doing that once, when I was here before!" She referred to her previous existence upon earth so often, and with such perfect confidence, that though we at first thought this consciousness of her's was the fantasy of an unusually vivid imagination, her convictions upon this subject growing stronger as she grew older, caused us at length to accept her own clearly defined theory of a previous existence upon earth.

From her earliest childhood Carolyn's intense and loving interest in *being* was very apparent. Anything living had a real fascination for her and all life was to her sacred. She felt the kinship of all life to an unusual degree.

One golden evening in early May, Carol and her little "Brother" had gone up to play on their own little "farm," which is quite a quarter of a mile from our country house on Hilltop Farms, and is on the edge of the "Great Wood," where wild creatures love to dwell. As the twilight deepened into dusk, the mother walked up through the intervening fields to bring home her bairns, for it was approaching their early bedtime. As she drew near their playing place, unseen, she overheard this dialogue, which followed a wild and startling stampede in the darkening woods nearby.

With fear on his face little Lincoln turned toward Carolyn, who was calmly piling her firewood and, in awestruck whispers, exclaimed: "Carol, do you think it is a bear?"

(A small one had recently been seen in one of our back pastures.)

"It may be, Brother," replied Carolyn, in her low, level voice, "or a hedgehog; or it may be just a frightened deer; but whatever it is there is nothing to fear, for it is only a 'brother four-foot.'"

This feeling of kinship with the animal kingdom grew and intensified as the years went on; and was most manifest, perhaps, when any of her animal pets were in pain or hopelessly sick. She ministered to them most loyally and devotedly so long as there was any hope of their recovery; but when all hope was abandoned she was the first to insist upon a painless death; assisting herself, if need be, without shrinking or repulsion, for death never seemed to inspire Carolyn with fear or apprehension, and she was as sure of the Continuing Existence for her animal friends, as she was for human beings.

Taken to the funeral services of a dearly-loved Grandma (by adoption) about two years ago, she expressed no sorrow or regret for her dear old friend; but said instead: "How nice it is that dear Grandma K—— may now be at rest. Of course, it is very sad for dear Auntie and for us; but it is not sad at all for Grandma K——. She is now with Grandpa, and is very happy."

This sure faith in the Future Life, and the abiding power of love, grew out of her sense of harmony with all life about her, as it seems to us, and her consciousness, also, of the Benevolent Plan of a loving Creator. It accounts for the overflowing lovingness of her own rare nature, and gave to her that poise and repose and simple dignity, which all recognized who came near her, and which drew to her young and old, and her animal friends as well.

She possessed the moral serenity which grows out of the consciousness that "*All's well with the world,*" and she would often electrify us by the revelations which she made in conversation, especially last summer, of the inner light which illuminated her soul and conscience.

She read no psychic or psychological books, despite her intuitive knowledge of these subjects; but perused with intensest interest all nature books which she could find, (and her book shelves in this respect were quite complete), and the writings, in prose or verse, of all real lovers of nature. Jeffries' "Story of my Heart," was the story of her own, and his "Pageant of Summer" was her's. When she spent the day alone, under her favorite "Tree of Life," as she called it, high up in the Crag Pasture we knew that

*"She spoke in her soul to the earth, the sun,
the air, and the distant sea, far beyond sight."*

Returning one afternoon from a day on the Crag, she was asked by her mother, with some solicitude:

“What have you been doing Carol, dear, under that wonderful old pine of yours?”

Carolyn—“I have listened to the wind in the boughs, and looked off on the hills and the sky, and I have watched the horses at pasture, and I have dreamed beautiful dreams.”

Mother—“But there is work to be done, you know, dear child.”

Carolyn—“Yes, mother, dear, I know; but there are dreams to be dreamed, too.

Mother—“Do you know, dearest Carol, that dreams must be given to others, to be of any great value. Will you ever be able to do that, do you think?”

Carolyn—(With perfect confidence), “Yes, mother, dear, when I find the *way*. I am not yet able to play great things on my piano, or write what I think and feel, or paint what I see; but I shall study very hard, and *some time* I am sure I can make my dreams come true.”

Although she was very fond of her playmates and loved to be with her friends, older as well as younger, she preferred to wander off into the maple or pine woods at Hilltop Farms, and to the wooded hill-sides farther away, and there be perfectly happy for hours at a time, all by herself. Often she would take her pad and pencil and write out her little songs and stories; or her painting kit, and make a sketch from nature in color. She particularly liked to take a

light lunch with her and so be independent of the regular home meals. She often "slept out," under the trees or on the hillside, when she could secure consent, and the company of one or more of her brothers. Her favorite spot was always under the ancient pine tree high up on the hillside in our Crag pasture which she called her "Tree of Life." Here she particularly loved to linger at the sunset hour, and only God knows what her thoughts were at such times.

Her little picture called "The Beloved Hills," was painted in water color from memory, and testifies to the indelible impression which the familiar landscape had made on her sensitive mind, for it is quite true to the original in nature. Her other little painting reproduced in these pages, which she called "Winter," was given to her father with a calendar at Christmas, when she was twelve years old, and was painted from her imagination, though it was undoubtedly suggested by the familiar New Hampshire farm house in winter. All of her drawings, water colors, and oil sketches show an unusual interpretive quality for a child so young we are told by her teachers.

Carolyn composed two or three short pieces for her piano; one ("Children at Play," as she called it) she performed at a recital of the pupils of her teacher (Mrs. Cornelia Dyas White), when she was only about ten years old.

She loved the Sea, and it drew and held her as if it were a Live Thing. She would stand on the shore alone for long periods of time, on the few occasions when she visited friends at the seaside, and gaze and gaze, silently and thoughtfully, with her Soul in her eyes, out on the wide expanse of water, and up at the overarching sky.

Thunder storms, tempests of wind and rain, and particularly snow storms, were her delight. When all would seek shelter, we have found her sitting on the porch of our country home, uncovered, and with her face as calm as it was in death, while an electric storm was raging about us. "Why, Carol dear, aren't you afraid," we would instinctively exclaim in our concern. "Afraid? why of course not," she would reply, "it is beautiful!" Here is one of her songs, entitled:

A SNOW STORM.

Soft and slow,
High and low,
Quietly, tenderly,
Falls the snow.

Drifting, sifting,
Here and there,
Everywhere,
Fills the air,

When at last
The day is done,
Stops the blast,
And sets the sun.

Her fondness for flowers and little children, especially for babies, was consistent with her love for all natural and beautiful things. Another of her little songs combines her fondness for both flowers and babies. It is called:

A BABY THAT I KNOW.

I know a darling baby,
That in a garden plays—
A lovely, lovely garden—
On pleasant summer days.

Her hair is like the sunshine,
Her eyes are like the sky;
She always smiles and coos,
When anyone is by.

Carolyn's love for stories which described the struggles and sorrows of the poor and lonely, particularly if they were children, was very marked. "Jerome," by Mary E. Wilkins-Freeman, she read and re-read many times, as indeed she did all of Mrs. Freeman's books that came within her knowledge.

Her love of poetry was also very marked and she enjoyed poems which would seem to be beyond one of her years. She had great facility in committing favorite verses to memory, and enjoyed repeating or singing them at our Sunday evening family gatherings before the wood fire.

When she was younger, she took great delight in sitting for hours, on Sunday afternoons, with her father in his study, repeating favorite poems with him; or, as she would say, "helping" him compose new ones. She was always his Inspiration and Joy. She saw pictures in the flames, and heard music in all the sounds of nature. She suggested many a poetic theme and *motif*, for hers was truly the Soul of a Poet and an Artist.

The perfect love and understanding between her and her father, naturally made his verses great favorites of hers, and once, when asked in class by her teacher, who her favorite poet was, she very promptly and simply replied: "Why, Father!" His verses which she liked best of all were "A Garden Memory," which she used often to repeat when called upon for a recitation, and which she thus once gave in school, with much complacency. "Who wrote that, Carol?" she was asked. "Father and I," was the prompt reply.

In the intimacy of one of her Sunday afternoon talks with her father when she was quite a little girl, Carol told him that she was in the habit of repeating the "Garden Memory" after she had "*said her prayers.*"

In later years her conversations with her father and mother were on subjects which would have seemed far beyond her years to comprehend; but her intuitive mind would grasp in a flash the essential thought and the fundamental principle, and all irrelevant matter would fall away.

Her face, though thoughtful and dreamy, revealed great inward joy, and it would light up with an ineffable smile of happiness when conversing with members of the family or intimate friends.

In late September, when the progress of the subtle disease, which was so soon to take her from us, had greatly reduced her strength, the following conversation with her father showed how great was her inward joy:

Carolyn—"Father, do you ever feel so happy that you can't help laughing *out loud?*"

Father—"Not very often, Carol, dear."

Carolyn—"I feel that way most of the time, especially up here on the farms."

As we think of her now, Carolyn was the happiest individual we have ever known. As James Lane Allen writes of Elizabeth in his "Doctor's Christmas Eve," so we may say of Carolyn:

“No psyche winging the wide plain ever went more surely to its needed blossom, disregarding otherwise the crowded acres. And when her tired eyes were closed * * * they were opened upon an inner world as enchanting. For with that gift which belongs to childhood and to genius alone, as the real things of life which she had loved disappeared, she caught them alive and transferred them to another land. There also she kept all the other beautiful things that had never been real on the Earth, but ought to have been real, as she insisted; and on these Elysian Fields her spirit went to play. She was already old enough to realize that she was constantly outgrowing things; but as they were borne backward into the distance she turned and laid her fingers on her lips in farewell to them—little Niobe of unshed tears over life’s changes. Her soul seemed to be this that she could not turn against anything she once had loved, nor cease to be loyal to it after it was ruined or gone. As the swallow remembers the eves whether the skies be bright or dark the nature of [Carolyn] sheltered itself under the old world’s roof of love.”



“WINTER.”

REPRODUCTION FROM AN OIL, SKITCHY BY CAROLYN.

HER STORIES.

Some of Carol's prose compositions give pleasant glimpses into the inner chambers of her rare young Mind and Soul. Here is one called:

PICKING WILD FLOWERS.

One day, early in the Spring, when the snow was still on the ground in some places, my sister and I went to the lake, which was nearby, to gather some wild flowers.

We found trailing arbutus and anemones. Both of our baskets were filled. We liked the trailing arbutus best, because we found it under the leaves, even where the snow still lingered, and because it is the most fragrant of all. We carried them back to the farmhouse, where they were put in vases, and made the house look very pretty.

Another time we found bloodroot, and beautiful large, white violets; but that was later in the season, when most of the plants and trees were out. The white violets remind me of the calves, holding their noses in the air because they have so much curiosity.

A pretty picture of our New Hampshire country is entitled:

SUMMER.

I think Summer is the best time of the year in the country, especially where the cows can graze in peace by the river's bank, or wade up to their knees in the cool water. The trees are very beautiful, too, with their heavy green foliage, to shade the cattle or horses from the hot rays of the sun, while drowsily brushing the flies from their bodies

A really accurate account of the trip to our summer home is contained in her :

TRIP TO THE MOUNTAINS.

It was a cold, clear morning when I started from Boston on my trip through the mountains to our farm.

It was in the fall, and all things were putting on their winter coats, for it was getting colder every day. The horses and cattle and dogs already had their long hair on, and the sheep were nothing but fluff balls. I was alone, for my friend had left me in the station, to go in another train, as she was going to New York, while I was going to New Hampshire.

Later in the afternoon, I first began to come into the hilly country, and things commenced to look natural. Everything looked very country-like and beautiful, as the leaves on the trees had turned red, gold and yellow, and the little farm houses, with their barns and sheds, and the cows grazing in the pastures, all made a very beautiful and pleasant picture.

As I drew nearer our home village, from the river meadows the little town looked like a Swiss hamlet, with its church spires, and its snow-capped mountains in the distance.

At last I arrived at the station, and I drove home, with the old horse, between two very beautiful mountains, which seemed to rise upward from the road on which I was driving.

And here is an account of something which actually occurred:

A WOOD EXPERIENCE.

One beautiful spring day, as we were out hunting for Moccasin flowers in the moist woods we heard a whir of wings, and, looking up, saw a streak of brown dash into a neighboring tree, a flurrying and scattering of the leaves at our feet; then all was silent again.

My companion, who knew a little about nature, knew at once that we were near a nest of partridges. "Quick!" exclaimed she, "we must find one, and take it home and raise it."

With that we both started to hunt for the little bird. The mother bird was flying about, making queer cries. She was trying to get our attention away from the little birds, so that we would go away and leave her in peace with her family.

But we continued to hunt, and, after some trouble, we at last found one. We put him in a handkerchief and carried him home, and were going to bring him up with some other little chickens; but he died that night, because wild birds cannot live very long in captivity, especially young ones.

A somewhat longer story is called:

PICTURES IN THE FIRE.

One night, I was lying on the rug before the fire, at mother's and father's feet, in the music room, when I heard a little laugh which seemed to come from the fire. I looked up quickly to see if mother and father were smiling; but they were quietly reading, so I turned back to the fire, thinking it must have been the wind which was blowing around the house.

Suddenly, to my surprise, a very small fairy flew out of the fire, which was burning brightly, and said, in a queer voice, "I am the spirit of fire. My queen sent me here to-night to bring you into our land for an hour, so you can see many wonderful and interesting things. I don't know why my mistress, the queen, should choose you any more than some other little girl; but, as she has done so, you must come. Don't you want to?"

"Oh! yes," I answered, getting up quickly, "But how shall I go,—I cannot fly as you can?" "Do just as I do, and you will be all right," answered the fairy. With that she flew into the fire, and I followed slowly, as going into a fire did not seem to be a very safe thing for me to do!

Suddenly I found myself in a small town, with a wall of flame about it. There were houses and gardens, which had the most beautiful colors, all red and gold and green and blue; it was the most beautiful little town I had ever seen; but everything was so tiny, you could hardly see some things.

My little fairy guide was showing me everything at once, as it seemed to me. Then she looked as though she were worried over something, and suddenly a smile lit up her face, as she saw a signal flag go up quickly, which said, "The queen wants you. Come at once. The girl must go; she can come again to-morrow night." "I suppose you will have to go," said my guide, and, with a dash I was set flying into the air, so fast that I could hardly see the little town which I had just left, but I glanced back to have a last look at it, and I saw a large cloud of flames rise up from the ground and trees, where it had been hiding while I was there.

Then I knew nothing more until I landed on the rug, before the fire and heard mother's voice calling me, 'Come to bed, child, you have been sleeping. It is after nine o'clock.' Of course, I had not been sleeping as father and mother thought; they did not see me fly off with the fairy.

To-morrow night I hope to go again to the town of flames, and I shall tell you more about what I see there, in my next story.

A characteristic account of a phase of her life in New Hampshire, is entitled:

CAMPING OUT.

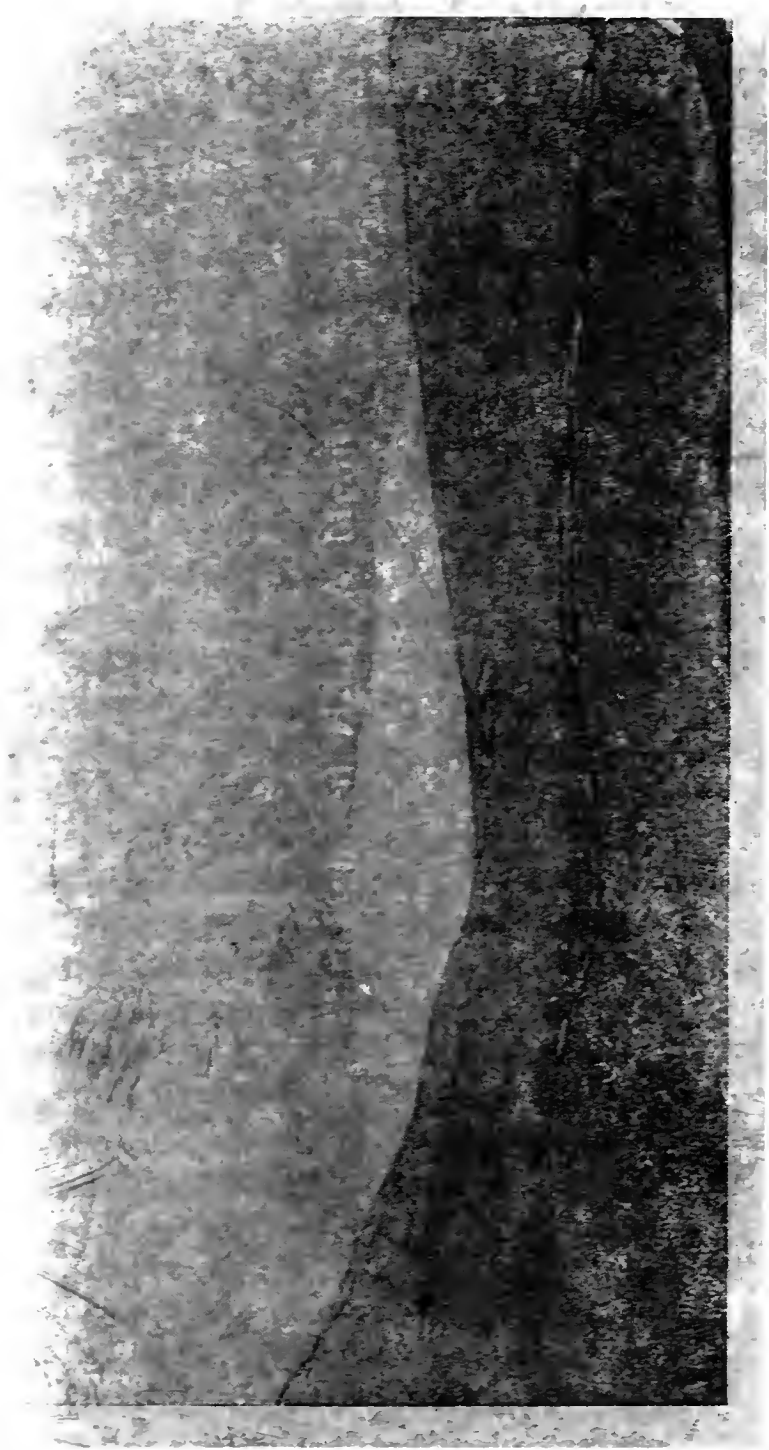
One very rainy morning, about four o'clock, we all got ready to go down to the lake, where we expected to spend the rest of the week.

We would not have started so early, had it not been for the boys, who did not get many chances to fish in the big lake on a rainy morning. (When it is raining, the fish always come up to bite, and are very easily caught.) We arrived at the lake soon, and the boys went off in the canoe, leaving us in peace to get breakfast and make the beds.

Seven o'clock came, and with it three hungry boys, with a fine string of fish. We cooked some for breakfast. After we had finished breakfast, and cleared up the things, we all got into three canoes, and went across the lake, to read, or play, or fish in the shadows.

When we came home for lunch, we saw swimming across the lake, a beautiful stag, with large horns; and, later the same day, we saw a wild duck and a mink swimming across the lake. No one had been on the lake for a long time, so the wild creatures were very tame. All the rest of the week was spent seeing and doing many things. We did not want to go back to the farm after having such a fine time camping out.

DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY
OFFICE OF THE ADJUTANT GENERAL
WASHINGTON, D. C.



HER LETTERS.

And now, let us read some of the characteristic passages from the Child's own letters to her father and mother and friends. Here is a letter which she wrote "To a Friend" which describes a typical episode of her life in the mountains:

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I am writing to tell you about the twenty miles horseback ride which we took last week. We started in the morning, and took our lunch, which we had packed on the saddles. We rode about four miles before we came to the river that divides New Hampshire from Vermont, which we crossed on the quaintest little flat ferryboat I have ever seen. The river is not very wide, but it took about ten minutes to get across, as the power was all by hand.

When we got across, we had to pay toll to a funny old farmer; then he let down the rod which was across the road, so that we could go on our way. After a while, we came to a big woods where there were so many berries, that we simply had to stop and pick some. We ate our lunch there, by the roadside, and let our horses graze on the little plots of grass, so that they would not be too hungry.

As we went further away from the river, we saw very few people. At last we came to a small logging road, which I wanted to follow. Accordingly, we left the main road, and followed this wood road for a mile or so, and until we came to an old broken down farmhouse, which looked as though it were haunted. As we were going around it, looking at all the buildings, the horses began to snort, and we wondered what was the matter with them. All of a sudden, we saw a small, black bear run up from the cellar, and come growling toward us. The horses were just frantic with fear, and, turn-

ing about, one raced down the road which we had just come up. I suppose the bear had made its lair there, as no one had lived in the house for a long time.

We had gone about eleven miles, and thought it best to start home again, as it was now getting late in the afternoon. When we came to the river again, we went over a bridge, which was nearly as much fun as the horse-ferry, for we could look down fifty feet, or more, and see the waters beneath, and hear it roar. We arrived home about seven o'clock, very tired after so long a ride, but very happy too. I wish you had been with us.

In one of her earliest letters to us, she writes:

I can ride side saddle fine, now. I took a horseback ride with Beth by the sand hill. I left Beth, and went across the valley and down a hill. Beth could not find me any place; and I went galloping over the hill, until I came to Smith's old house; there I turned into the road, and met Beth way down by the farm, after the sand hill. It was lots of fun. I went down to the Smith's and got a book and pocketbook, and then came home.

In a letter to her father, written somewhat later, she writes:

Mother thinks I can go to Boston with Miss Noyes. I went to church, last Sunday, and I like it very much. The horses are all right, but "Belle" ran away again, with Harriet; but she stopped pretty soon, and I was riding "Beauty." She did not want to go. She put down her head, and tried to throw me off. I was not ready, so I lost one stirrup; but

I stayed on, though I thought I was going off for sure; it's lots of fun. I can sit to the canter now, and I feel so free. I can ride any horse, I think, even a high spirited one. I think I had better get ready for bed, now, so good-bye for a while.

Another letter written to her father, while making a visit, reads:

Don't you think it is fine that I am staying so long at Miss Noyes. I am having a fine time here. Saturday, I went with Miss Noyes to the bindery, and I saw how they bind books. One evening, Miss Noyes and I took our supper, and went down the river in her brother's launch. The sunset was very beautiful, and was reflected in the water.

Another letter, written while she was visiting Miss Noyes, says:

I think it is fine here. I play with some little girls that are very nice. I am not homesick at all. I get enough to eat here, *and am not sick*. At home I sometimes do not get enough to eat!

On a postcard, written to her father, from Hill-top Farms, she writes:

Did you get my letter? Briggs, Brother, Jack, and Gardiner and I played cowboys. We stopped a horse and an auto, and had a ride. We *made* them stop when we wanted to get out. Our faces were all painted, and we scared the men; they did not know us.

The following is a "Train Letter" to her father:

Please do not read this letter until after you get to Woodsville. I am going to write letters each night, and tell you what is going on. Sometimes they will be quite short. I am going to ride horseback on "Colonel" and "Belle." Now I will close, with much love, from your daughter.

The winter of 1908 and 1909, we kept our country house open, and we were all there most of the time. The following letters were written to us during the short intervals when we were away from the farms. The first one describes a Hallowe'en Party:

DEAREST FATHER:

Last night was Hallowe'en, and we had a party. The Pringle children came over and had supper with us. Our supper was very nice. At each place there was a place card, and a string attached to a card; the other end had a little chocolate mouse. Miss Wehrly got a *lemon* instead of a chocolate mouse. Mother and Miss Davison got peanuts and chestnuts.

We had two big pumpkins, one on the dining table, and the other on a big ghost in the hall. We toasted Marshmallows, and roasted pop corn, had a peanut hunt, and told stories.

Last week I worked with the men on the field below the red barn. The men are clearing the stones from it. Briggs made a little stone-drag, and I hitched "Colonel" to it, and dragged stone like the men.

Yesterday, I brought in the horses that were in the crag

pasture, because it was so cold, and snowing hard. Much love, from your daughter, Carolyn.

P. S.—Have the note paper *very* small.

Another to her father:

The note paper you sent me is perfectly *fine*, and I thank you very, very much. I have a little table upstairs, in my room, which I write on. The note paper makes it look very fine.

I don't feed the horses now, I don't know why. Ephraim has been doing it,—so I think mother told him to. Yesterday I went to the village to get the mail. I rode "Belle." In the village I saw two dead deer, one was big, with horns, and the other a small one.

Father, I hope you are not getting all sick and tired. I will be glad when you can come up here again, to rest. You do not need to answer this letter if you are tired.

Still another to her father:

The snow is now six inches deep, and it makes the trees look very beautiful, because the snow is on all the branches. Mr. Pringle has "Belle" out in the sleigh. It is fine sleighing.

I shall be glad when you and Beth and Wilson come home. We will have a fine time on Thanksgiving and Christmas.—won't we? I have written to Beth, Wilson, Polly, and Jack, besides this one to you, so I will not have to answer any more till next Sunday.

Mr. Neal came yesterday, and took "Beauty" home to his house, so I have only *four* horses to take care of now. Good-bye.

On January 11th, 1909, she wrote as follows, to her father and mother, describing a January thaw:

It is raining up here now, and there is hardly any snow on the ground. I went to the village this morning, to take Mrs. C. and E. to the station, for they were going home for a visit. Miss D. and I cooked, and set the table.

I have been reading quite a lot since you went down. I have read "Robinson Crusoe," "The Wind in the Willow," and some of the set you gave me. Everything is all right, so I have not much to say. With much love, from your daughter, Carol.

February 6th, 1909.

DEAR MOTHER AND FATHER:

Thank you very much for those pictures you sent me. Are they all for me? This letter I am sending with mine, mother, because I thought you would like it now: it says on it to "return in five days." I went over to get Minnie to-day. She stayed all night at her uncle's, because her aunt is very sick. I took "Belle" in the cutter. I hope you had a nice time in Boston, with Beth and Wilson.

A man came out here to buy a cow, (one of the heifers), but he did not. I suppose he thought they were all too small. Well, I have told you all the news up here, so I will close. From your affectionate daughter, Carolyn.

P. S.—It is a very bad day for colds, so I am trying to keep dry, mother."

N. B.—Mother, this other letter is all the mail that came for you.

C.S.A.

February 7th, 1910.

DEAREST MOTHER:

Last night it got very cold and windy, and everything is frozen up again. Brother and Briggs have their steers out now; but I am not going out this morning. Everything is all right up here.

The following letter to her mother describes her daily life on the farms during this winter and evinces her love for domestic work:

February 15th, 1909.

DEAR MOTHER:

I am going down to the village this afternoon, to get Minnie, and I will take "Belle." All the horses are very frisky now. If you give "Belle" a chance she will run away, and "Colonel" is *awful*. I have a hard time getting him under control. Now we have only "Belle" and "Madge" in this barn, for "Colonel" is taking the children down to school every day. I am having lots of fun.

Every morning I get up at seven o'clock, and come down and help Miss D. with breakfast, and set the table. After we have eaten, I help her clear the table off, and then I go down to the barn, for an hour or so, to help the men do the chores.

When I come back, Miss D. is ready for me to help her with the dishes; then we go up stairs and make the beds, which is very easy to do because two people can do it very well. After that, my work is done for the morning, and I go out doors again. I help Miss D. set the table for dinner, and feed the horses. After dinner, brother and I have lessons with Miss D. Briggs gives us some more lessons at night. I like to do this kind of work, especially with Miss D.; but when Minnie is here, I only have to help her make the beds.

Carol was never so happy as when she felt she was of some actual use, assisting, as she could, in the care of the horses and pets, or helping in the domestic work of the house. She particularly enjoyed learning to cook, and took great delight in serving at the table, when, from absence or illness, we were without one of our maids for a time. The following letters show how much she enjoyed the opportunity for practical house-work which occurred during this happy winter on the farms. She was a most competent little housewife.

February 16th, 1909.

DEAREST MOTHER:

It has been snowing here to-night, and to-day it snowed so hard that we could not see the hills of Vermont. It is like a big cloud all round an island. Minnie came home with me yesterday afternoon; then it was raining, and I thought it would melt away all the snow on the ground; but it began to snow before the rain could do any harm.

I suppose you are having a nice time in Montclair, but I don't think as fine as I am having here. Yesterday I took down to M.'s aunt, who is very poor, a basket of potatoes and a pail of milk. Those poor children had not had anything to eat for a day, and they are very young, under eight years. I cannot eat three meals a day while some other one is nearly starving. The father is ten miles away, trying to get work, and they have only one horse, and no cow, and have to carry all their water. Affectionately, Carolyn.

P. S.—I enclose a postal for father, which came in the mail up here.

N. B.—I wish I could do more for poor people, which are a great many

February 17th, 1909.

DEAREST FATHER:

The snow is now two feet deep, because it snowed some more last night. How is it in Montclair?

Briggs has had the toothache since the last three nights, and has been awful cross. The dentist said he could not do anything for it because he had a cold in it. In the mornings there is great confusion,—Briggs cannot find his hat or his clothes or anything, and blames someone else for taking it away!

Yesterday the roads were so bad that the school let out all the children at noon, and they came home. Brother and I went over to the Pringle's in the afternoon. Yesterday I hitched "Belle" up to the little iron roller, and made paths all around from the house, to the mail box, and to the barns. With much love, your daughter, Carolyn.

P. S.—I got lots of Valentines here, seven altogether, and I know who most of them came from.

The following letter contains a suggestion of Carol's love for wood-craft, and her knowledge of it:

February 19th, 1909.

DEAREST FATHER AND MOTHER:

Many happy returns of your birthday, father, and I hope you and mother will have a nice time together on the day. I thank you very much for the Valentine which you sent me, and I think the little baby was very cute.

Miss D. and I went to the village this morning, and we got lots of things at the grocery store, so as to last for a long time. I went down again this afternoon, to take Minnie home, and have to go to-morrow to take Briggs to the station, as he is going to Lancaster. Sunday morning I shall take Miss D. to church, if the weather is all right, and Monday I have

to go to the village again to bring Briggs home. I shall be going to the village quite a lot, don't you think so?

Last week I forgot to tell you, I saw a fox; it was not a very big one, but it had a beautiful tail. There is a big one over at the farm, which Mr. Pringle has been trying to kill for the last week. One time this week brother and I were up by the little farm, cutting down trees, and we came across a track like this (sketch), I think it was a rabbit's track, because the hind feet are always closer together than the front feet. I saw another track close by, like this (sketch), so that I think it was a fox chasing a rabbit.

Ever so many kisses and love from your loving daughter.

February 21st, 1909.

DEAREST MOTHER AND FATHER:

I wish you would both eat some of my cake and see if it is not pretty good.

Miss Carolyn Adams made her first cake on February 20th, 1909, at half past one o'clock, it was done at two o'clock. She was twelve years old, and no one helped her but the lady of the house, and she did not do much.

I helped with breakfast this morning, too, and made some scrambled eggs and puffed rice, and I am going to get supper to-night. I think it is lots of fun to cook nice things. Miss D. said she would make a little apron for me if I bought the cloth. Then I am going to learn to cook lots of things like corn bread and salt pork and coffee, and all kinds of nice things like that, so when I go camping next summer, I can cook something to eat.

Father, I hope you will have a happy birthday. I will close now, as there is nothing more to write.

P. S.—Did you get the letter Monday?

N. B.—Everyone is well, and it is very cold here

February 22nd, 1909.

DEAREST MOTHER:

Your letter of Friday came this morning, and I went in to get it, as it was a holiday, and Mr. Burley (the postman), did not come to-day. I brought Briggs home from the station. I am very glad you like my letters, because I take great comfort in writing them.

The Pringle children came over this afternoon, and we had a card party. We played cards for quite a time, and then popped corn and made candy. They did not have to go to school because it was Washington's Birthday, and Miss D. said we could have a nice time. We had lots of fun, and I took them home with "Colonel," because he needed driving. "Colonel" is now so frisky that it is hard to hold him. I send some letters for father with this letter

February 24th, 1909.

DEAREST MOTHER:

It has been raining again, and is not very cold. This morning I did not go out doors, but, in the afternoon, brother and I took the chicken feed down to them, and we played in the barn for a while. Did you know that we are getting four eggs a day, and sometimes six eggs, from our hens? It seems very much, because we have been getting only one or two eggs a day all winter.

February 25th, 1909.

DEAREST FATHER:

It has been blowing very hard all day and is awful cold. Everyone felt the cold more to-day than any other one this winter. This morning I went over to the other farm, and when I went around the road which we children call "Cape Horn," I was nearly blown off "Belle" who I was riding

I got that fine calendar to-day and thank you very much for sending it to me. I am going to cut out the picture of the cow girl, and put it in a frame.

It is awful cozy here to-night. There is a fire burning on the hearth, and the wind is howling outside. I love to sit curled up on a big chair, telling stories, on this kind of a night. I wish you and mother were here, too.

February 27th, 1909.

It has been very cold here, this last three days, since that windy day. Brother and I went down to the village yesterday morning, and we nearly got frozen coming home. Gladys is very sick, with a sore throat, so we cannot play with her.

March 5th, 1909.

My room is perfectly beautiful with the new paper, and Miss D. cleaned and put up the pictures in good order, and changed the furniture and put it in different places. I stayed in all the morning helping Miss D. with the house cleaning.

When you come up I would like you to help me pick out some pretty picture frames for my "Peter Pan" pictures. I never took an interest in my room before, but, since the new wallpaper has been put on, I have tried to make my room pretty, and am going to dust and clean it every morning.

It snowed all this morning, about a foot altogether, and is very cold, too. I went down to the village this afternoon, to get meat and some other things, and my hands got very cold coming home. As I could not drive very well, and as no one was with me to drive, I put the reins on the dashboard, and made "Colonel" go and stop by my voice, and so got home without freezing my hands. "Colonel" minded me fine.

I made a small cake this morning, and, this time, Miss D. was not even in the kitchen. Gladys has been very sick, and is now mending. I took her, yesterday, some nice stories to read, and Miss D. sent her over some broth and some fruit and a glass of jelly. I went on horseback. I must close now, as it is time for lessons, so good-bye.

Miss D., the housekeeper, writing from the farm about this time, says:

Carol is very happy over her pretty room, it does look lovely. The paper changes it so much. She wanted her furniture changed, so I did it for her. I have had the paint cleaned, and washed the windows, so it is nice and clean.

Carol is getting to be quite a cake maker. She made another one to-day, which was very nice indeed.

March 8th, 1909.

DEAREST MOTHER AND FATHER:

If you and Beth and Wilson are coming up for the Easter vacation, that means that we children can stay here for sugaring; and I hope so, because I have not been here then for quite a number of years, and have almost forgotten how to make maple sugar.

We are having a beautiful sunset to-night, and I am the only one to see it, as Miss D. is in the kitchen, and the boys are out in the barn. I am in the sitting-room writing this, so I can see it very well.

I have never seen "Colonel" go so fast as he did coming home this afternoon. It was almost like flying, he went so fast. Gladys is almost well, and can play outdoors again. With much love, from your daughter, Carol.

P. S.—Two books came to me from you, and I thank you very much. One is very interesting

March 9th, 1909.

DEAREST FATHER:

I am saving all the money I get to buy some pretty picture frames for my "Peter Pan" pictures. I have two dollars now, and when I get another dollar, I think it will be enough to buy them.

Yesterday and to-day I went over to the other farm, to see Gladys, on "Belle." I just love to dash around on horseback, carrying messages from one farm to the other. I always ride horseback on "Belle," and use "Colonel" for driving. I took Minnie home with him yesterday and to-day, and he always goes awful fast coming home, because it is just before supper and he is hungry.

I cannot think of anything more to write, so will close.
Your loving daughter.

March 10th, 1909.

DEAREST MOTHER:

Your nice, long letter came this noon, and I was very glad to get it. My allowance came all right, so now I have three dollars which I am going to spend for picture frames when you come home.

Gladys is all well now, for she went to school to-day. It has been raining again, and is very cold, so that it made a crust, and to-morrow we will have fine coasting. I have seen some crows this last week, so spring will soon be here; and yesterday, when I was up in the crag pasture, by the big pines, I heard a bird sing,—it seemed as if the bird was singing, "Spring soon," "Spring soon."

I have been riding horseback a good deal, lately, on "Belle"

March 14th, 1909.

It is very cold now, and everything is ice. I got some creepers, which are the things you put on your heels to keep you from slipping. Yesterday I had the Pringles over, and we had a fine time playing. Miss D. made some candy, which I think the boys had too much of; that is the reason they did not feel so well to-day.

March 16th, 1909.

DEAREST MOTHER:

Everyone is well and happy, and I hope you are. Will Harris came out with Briggs yesterday, and is going to stay until Monday. The Pringle children are coming over this afternoon, and we are going to coast. Miss D. is going to give us a little tea. Mother, I am getting very fat and heavy. I used to weigh seventy-four pounds, and now I weigh eighty-five pounds with my coat off. I must be eating too much.

March 17th, 1909.

DEAREST MOTHER AND FATHER:

It is snowing this morning quite hard, and Mr. Pringle is very *mad*, because we were going to sugar pretty soon, and now the snow will be so deep that it will be very hard to make roads through it to the woods, as there are two feet of snow on the ground, beside a very thick crust under the top layer of snow, and it is not quite strong enough to hold the horses up, and they cut their feet badly when they go through.

I took a fine ride on "Belle" yesterday, from one farm to the other, and I just raced. "Belle" was feeling so good. I don't know what is the matter with me I am in such good spirits. I feel like racing around with the horses all the time. I am afraid poor "Belle" gets more exercise than she

should, and it seems as if I could not go slow when I am on her.

I must close now, as it is breakfast time. Good-bye. Carolyn.

P. S.—I am writing this before breakfast.

March 19th, 1909.

DEAREST FATHER AND MOTHER:

Yesterday the wind blew very hard, and the roads are very deep with snow in some places, and there are big drifts. Only a week from to-day you will get up here. I am so glad. Can I go down to the station to meet you, if you come in the afternoon?

We all gathered at the Farms for "sugaring," and Carolyn was very happy. She seemed then to be the Incarnation of joy and health. There was sufficient snow left to make very good sleighing and we had happy straw rides altogether in the evenings, by moonlight. There were coasting parties, by day, and long tramps on snow shoes through the woods. We also rode horseback a good deal together on the snowy roads; and, of course, spent much time in the sugar camp making maple syrup and sugar. One day we had a "sugaring off" party, to which a number of local friends and neighbors were invited. Beth and Wilson had brought home some of their school friends, so we had a merry house party of young people for the spring vacation. All of which dear Carol enjoyed very much.

During the summer of 1909, which we spent abroad, Carol's life was so full with all her interests on the farms, that she did not seem able to find time to write us very often. The following letter was written to us from Hilltop Farms, July 8th, 1909, and sent to us in England:

On the fifth of July the boys and I went down to the village. I was with the the Pringles most of the time, because they wanted me, and the boys didn't. Wilson won the Marathon race. Please excuse this writing, for brother has my pen, and I can't write with this one.

I had lots of fun, we took our lunch. The horse race was fine. Tell father that "Ned Cole" was there, and beat every horse in his class. There were two stallions there, too, a black one and a bay. Part of the time I went over where the barns were, and saw the horses bathed and treated, and had lots of fun. I am now playing that "Belle" is a race horse, and I fix her up like race horses, after she has had a hard drive. I bought a nice sponge, and am going to give her a bath.

The following letter, dated August 26th, 1910, was written to her father while he was absent in New York, and is the last letter he received from his precious daughter:

I hope you are not getting too tired working, and that you will soon come back to the farm.

Yesterday, mother and Wilson and I went to the Mount Washington Hotel with auntie. Wilson went to see about tutoring, and I went for the pleasure. I have never had such

a good hotel lunch before, except in New York. In the morning, Wilson and I went in swimming in the pool, which was fine; and in the afternoon, we listened to the music, and I watched all the fine saddle horses come and go. The next time I come up here I am going to bring my riding suit, and go on a ride, and some time I should like to go down to the stables where they keep the horses.

Last night mother and I took Delia down to the Dutch Fêté, which the people of Littleton were giving for the hospital. There were long tables for everybody to eat from, and it was fine, as there was Dutch cheese and Dutch salad, and coffee and tea and cocoa, and buns and ice cream and cake, and Dutch doughnuts. Mother said the coffee was fine, and the cocoa was great.

All the waitresses were dressed up in gaudy colors, like Dutch girls, with caps on, and they looked fine. Then there was a fortune teller who said I was going to marry when I was eighteen and a half years old,—I guess not,—but most of the girls want to, so she thought I would, too. They all say what you want them to. She said I was very kind hearted, and fond of music, and lots of other crazy things, which was piles of fun. I could hardly keep from laughing, but of course, I did not, for she would have been mortally offended. Well I must close now, so good-bye, dearest father. Lovingly, Carol.

P. S.—Wilson and I took a long horseback ride together yesterday.



LETTERS ABOUT HER.

It would be impossible to compass within these pages all of the letters, in their fulness, which we have received, and which we continue to receive, about our precious Child. But we copy for loving eyes characteristic passages from enough of them, perhaps, to suggest how she was held in love and admiration by those who knew her.

A very dear schoolmate, perhaps her most intimate child-friend, wrote her as follows in girlish enthusiasm, the letter which came too late for Carol's earthly eyes to see:

DEAREST CAROL:

I think you are perfect, and I don't care what anyone else thinks. That is a very good quality, and very few people have it,—when people ask you for your opinion on a certain subject, to tell them exactly what you think. Most people change their ideas or say nothing, simply because they are afraid the people will not like them so much. I do not mean that you say all the horrid things about a person that you can, even though they are true but you merely give all that is necessary, and say what you think. You also never repeat what is said to you, which is another excellent quality.

Another dear child ended her letter with this acrostic:

M		C
A		A
M A R I E	to	C A R O L
I		O
E		L

Carol, I love to write your name. Carol, it reminds me of you, and I love the name.

An intimate child friend wrote to us:

I want you to know how much I love Carol. My happiest memories of her are the rides we had together last year. I always felt that I knew her better when we were on horse-back together.

"Carol always seemed to me to be a little above everyone in some ways," writes one of her schoolmates. "and I always respected her, and I know all those in her class did. There is a great vacancy in our class now, for she made everyone draw towards her. Besides being quiet and sweet, she was full of fun and mischief, and we all loved it in her, too. Her school spirit was lovely, and she interested herself in everything. I used to look forward to the time, after school, when we would walk home together, and have a pleasant talk. It seems as though I miss her more than anyone else, for she was very, very dear to me. Please accept my sympathy, even if I am only a little girl, and please remember that I thought a great, great deal of Carol."

One of her sister's intimate friends who knew Carol well, writes as follows:

She was such a rare child, and everyone who came in touch with her beautiful personality became so attached to her. I shall always remember her unusual lovely manner of reserve and dignity, and her many sweet ways. Her passing will be a great loss to us all, and to everyone who knew her,—and to know her meant to love her. I shall miss her hundreds of times, and in a thousand ways.

"Somehow, although I had not learned to know Carol very well, I feel as though I had lost a loving, brave little friend; but I wonder if some of us are not better for having looked into her big eyes and her thoughtful face," writes another intimate friend of her sister

"Through many years to come we shall all love and cherish the sweet and happy memory that dear little Carol has left us, and I truly think that many of us are better for having known her brave and happy self," writes a schoolmate of her sister.

"I want to tell you how much I loved her. It was not often that I saw her, but one day, at dancing class, I found her watching, and we had such a nice talk together," writes still another of her sister's friends.

A friend of her sister, who had visited us at Hilltop Farms, last summer, writes:

It seems perfectly remarkable to me that a child of Carol's age could leave such an indelible impression, as she

made on me, and that because of her wonderful personality. I really feel as if I had lost a friend, for I grew to be so fond of her in that short week.

Another dear friend of Beth's, with unusual comprehension of Carol's nature, wrote of her as follows:

I shall always remember her as I last saw her at Littleton, and, as Maeterlinck says, "How can they be dead when they live in our memory?" * * * I don't know any child whom I have ever admired more, and I can't seem to realize that such a lovely soul has passed away. With her wonderful power of reserve and dignity, mingled with such love and sweetness, Carol was a rare creature.

"I never expressed my feeling to anybody, even to Carol," wrote her brother, from college; "but *she knew*, and our understanding was perfect. You ought to have been on some of those rides which I took with her this summer, when she did the talking, and I listened. I was awed by some of the things which she said and understood. She was nearer to heaven than any of us. And God only knows what the memory of those rides means to me."

One of her older brother's friends writes:

During the years I have known her, I have come to think of her as a little sister of mine, rather than only as a dear friend, and it is this that brings home to me more keenly the feeling of loss that has possessed me ever since I have learned the sad news from Briggs.

Another of her older brother's friends writes:

She was the best little friend I had, and I feel as though a sister of mine had been taken. But there is no use in my trying to write very much to tell you how it has affected me,—you all know how I loved your little girl, and must appreciate what a loss it is to me.

Still another friend of Wilson's writes:

I cannot really say much to you about her; but she was a wonder; so modest, so bright, so sweet-tempered. She loved Hilltop and everything about it so much, that you must feel that no child ever enjoyed her girlhood more than Carol did hers. Her love for the horses made them her companions there,—companions with whom she shared the day. Was any child ever happier or more contented than Carol; what she would have been if she had been spared, we can know from her character. Her life has been a lesson to us all. I shall always remember the fun we had together, and just now I cannot realize that it is all over.

One of her teachers writes:

The news of our loss came as a great shock to all of Carol's classmates and teachers, and we have a strong desire that you may know in what warm affection and love she was held. You only can know how much we shall miss her, and how her memory shall ever be kept precious and dear.

Another teacher writes:

At school we shall miss Carol more and more as the days go by, for her place is not one that will be easily filled.

She was one of the sweetest girls I have ever known, and her influence, so strong and wholesome, will ever be with us.

A cousin from Porto Rico writes:

Carolyn was such a dear, gentle, lovable, child. I was ill with fever when the news came, and rather weak, at the time. At times of bodily weakness I think one's higher insight is keener. As I lay in my hammock, thinking of you all, and feeling very sorry for you, I suddenly felt a great joy for the child; I remembered her gentleness and affectionate ways, and the world seemed a cruel place for such as she. I thought of her as a bird that fretted against the bars of its cage. The door had been opened at last, and it felt a great joy and freedom in flying and singing outside the cage. But I cannot imagine her going far from her loved ones. Such an affectionate nature would long to be near its own. I believe she is nearer now, and capable of helping you all, more than if she had lived on here.

Another dear cousin writes, from London:

There is so little to say of comfort to you excepting the glorious joy that Carol is now free and where all is harmonious, and where there is not the constant adjustment of outward conditions to try such a sensitive and lovely soul. How lovely it has been that you could give Carol all the joys of that great farm to live on,—and lovely to look back and see how you could supply so much that made her happy; and to look into the future, and *know* that the promise of fulfilling all the dear companionship is made. To wait is so hard, but she is safe and happy and radiant.

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"The life of the dear one was a Benediction. I cannot realize that her span of life, so beautiful, so dutiful, so sweet and charming, has ended," writes a dear uncle.

A former teacher who has always been a dear friend of the entire household, writes:

The dear child of such wonderful promise, has been taken where she will fulfill that promise better than here. * * * It has been six years, I think, since I saw her, and I shall never forget her beautiful face, and her intense love of the world and of animals. At this moment I recall her as riding after dark. Do you remember that she sat with her father and me, and how often, in the ride, she addressed him as "Father," speaking with such distinctness, before asking him the meaning of the darkness and of the objects dimly visible, and what the stars meant? I am sure that you must be asking almost the same questions now. [We are!]

Another dear teacher of Carol's who was her intimate friend and companion, as well, and who had not seen her for several years, writes, on receiving her latest photograph:

Of course, she has grown much since then, but she will always be a dear little girl to me,—the sweetest that ever lived. I have been thinking what a mere chance brought me in touch with you, and you will never know how much you have been to me. Knowing Carol I count as one of the rarest privileges of my whole life. Just think how easily I might have missed it all.

The faithful trained nurse who attended her in her last illness, writes:

I cannot say the word "death"; but I always think of "Dawn" in connection with Carol.

Another devoted attendant of Carol's, writes:

She was my comfort and friend, and I am nearly heart-broken to think that she is gone. The letter she wrote me when at the farms, her picture, and the other little things which she gave me at odd times, which remind me of the happy times we spent together, I shall value very much. The "Star Song" Miss Carol wrote in bed one evening, from memory, while I was with her. The memory of her will always remain sweet to me, for I *know* how beautiful your daughter was.

"The memory of her babyhood is still fresh with me. How hard she was to win then, and, when you did get her affection, how dear she was!" writes one who had been her governess when she was a young child.

A faithful helper in the life of the farm:

Carol was such a rare child, and so lovely. I shall always remember what a nice time we had together in the spring, when she was at Hilltop.

Another writes:

It seemed so sweet to me that darkness and gloom did not shadow her parting, any more than it did her life. Her fourteen happy years will be a precious memory to you all.

A very dear older friend, whom Carol had been visiting, writes as follows:

I shall never forget how we all loved her while she was here for that little visit, and how desolate I was for a long time after she went. Her sweet, low voice, and quiet loving welcome, when I came home tired at night, just soothed me as nothing and nobody else could. I shall never forget how I wandered aimlessly about Boston, after putting her on the train. * * * A few days with her did more than great preachers have done for she was a living example. I know one person who will always be better for having known her. "And a little child shall lead them," is the phrase that keeps coming to my mind. We shall have the strength to follow in her footsteps. I cannot help wishing that more knew her as we did. The anguish at parting is a very small price,—great as it seems,—to pay for such a blessing.

Another older friend writes:

Carol seemed to be such an unusual child, always. Developed beyond her years in judgment and force of character, and abundantly endowed with many of the most forceful characteristics of both her mother and you, she has brought a world of happiness into the world, and her influence will last how long,—who knows? No one can limit it.

The same friend writes, later:

How superb her horsemanship was, and how easily she used to make "Ned" (the donkey) obey, when no one else could manage him. Her keen wisdom, her telling little Lincoln that he could not jump off the roof of the house without getting hurt, but that she could!

A former farm manager, and his wife, who were particularly devoted to Carol, wrote us as follows:

If anything could have caused us especial pain, it was the news of this bereavement. How we revered your dear child! Affectionate, lively, and intelligent, and ever displaying a thoughtfulness far beyond her years.

Another dear friend writes:

She had such a look of spirituality that she always reminded me of a better world. The thought in one of Mr. Adams' verses comes to me,—“We suffer as we love,”—and I know that your pain is the keener because your love for her has been so deep, so true and so unselfish. You will find comfort in the happy memories of the companionship with a life so rare.

“It was not strange that such a flower was transplanted into God's heavenly garden,—she was fit from the beginning for early flowering, and even in the sudden call, which meant that promise was hers, you have most nobly shown us all that she has left a fragrance and a memory that you dared not, that you cared not to injure by the rough touch of sorrow,” writes two very dear married friends of her father and mother

"All the week," writes one of her mother's friends, "I have found my thoughts return to the beautiful life which was a blessing in your home and which brought its message to me in your sorrow as a Benediction and a help for daily living. Her gift to me was a sense of nearness to those she loved, and to the loving Father."

Another friend of her mother's writes:

I met that little daughter of yours one night at Mrs. M's, when we had dinner there together, and she told me then how very much she loved your home at Hilltop Farms. My thoughts of you, at this time, are of the tenderest, and I know you will only be glad to know of one more who has sweet memories of your child.

Another old, intimate friend writes:

I have looked at the baby picture of Carolyn, taken years ago, and read again the poem* which indicates that even at so young an age she had rare qualities. It seemed fitting that if she must pass out of your loving and protective care, she should go at "Dawn," just getting a glimpse, as it were, of the glory which should be revealed to her, of the larger life, of its service, and of the eternal youth which would welcome her to its circle.

*"To Baby Carol," page 6.

The mother of one of Carol's intimate child friends writes:

To those of us who knew and loved dear little Carolyn, and have counted her among the chosen friends of our own children, her loss comes as a very personal one, and brings your larger grief very close to us all."

Another devoted mother writes:

I cannot realize, somehow, that dear Carol has died. She had such wonderful power of reserve and dignity, mingled with so much sweetness, and I was so fond of her.

"Dear little girl, her sunny and unselfish nature has endeared itself to me, and from her I have learned many a lesson in kindness and gentleness." is the testimony of another of her older friends.

"That the life of such a rare child should be taken from this world," writes another friend. "Is hard to understand, though she be saved very much of the sorrow of it. She goes, as she came, in all purity,—a lesson for both young and old."

"Dorothy and I have missed dear Carol so much this autumn, that I must tell you just that we sympathize most deeply with you and your household. The shock is so great that we cannot realize it, but we are so glad to have known that very beautiful child."

"Carol seemed very near to each one of us, and her happy and beautiful life will always be a memory especially dear"

"Brave little Carol showed promise of strength in her sensitive face. She has had much joy in her young life, and she has slipped away from the suffering which comes with years and with experience." H. L. C.

"I *know* that she is now free to be and do all that was desired of her. Living, learning, growing, and rejoicing. * * * It is beautiful to be the mother of an immortal spirit." M. W. B.

"It seems as though she was only loaned to you for a while, to make you happy with her unusual loving, sweet ways, so unlike other girls of her age." S. W.

"I shall always picture her in her father's lap, telling *him* a story!" J. B. S.

"Always, ever since she was a tiny baby, I have loved and admired your Carol." E. T. B.

"Your child's sweet and beautiful life, and the love with which her memory will be cherished far beyond your family circle, must be very precious to you." A. B. C.

"Her life will be one of the sacred spots in the life of your household, that you will find to be a ceaseless source of inspiration." I. W.

"I remember Carol best as a little child of six, filled with so much imagination, that I have always thought that some day we should know more about her dreams." G. G.

"In the early years of our coming to Llewellyn Road, we saw Carol often, and her dear, interesting personality will always be a loving memory. Few who knew her will ever forget her." M. T. B.

"I have the tenderest and sweetest recollections of Carol, as I saw her in her beautiful home life at Hilltop Farms. She and her father were such lovers. She had such pretty little ways, and said such quaint things. She impressed me then as an unusual child, too sensitive, perhaps, for the rough ways that must oft be trodden by little feet, and rude blasts that sometimes chill shrinking souls," writes a teacher and friend of both her father and mother.

"As I have said to you, more than once, Carol has always seemed to me an unusual child; her individuality was so marked, and her strength of character so far beyond her years. There was a beautiful simplicity and directness in her nature, and a love for the important and really essential things of life, that, to me, set her apart from ordinary children. I believe everyone who knew her well was as deeply interested as I in her development and her future. She had such unusual promise, and such splendid possibilities," writes one who knew her and understood her well. [E. L.]

A dear old-time friend of ours in looking over her file of Bibelots came across the following lovely poem which seemed to her, as it seems to us, particularly appropriate to Carol and we gladly include it in this little book.

YOU WERE A PART OF THE GREEN COUNTRY.

You were a part of the green country
Of the grey hills and the quiet places;
They are not the same, the fields and the mountains,
Without the lost and beloved faces,
And you were a part of the sweet country.

There's a road that winds by the foot of the mountains,
Where I run in my dreams and you come to meet me,
With your blue eyes and your cheeks' old roses,
The old fond smile that was quick to greet me.
They are not the same, the fields and the mountains.

There is something lost, there is something lonely,
The birds are singing, the streams are calling.
The sun's the same and the wind in the meadows,
But o'er your grave are the shadows falling,
The soul is missing, and all is lonely.

It is what they said: you were part of the country.
You were never afraid of the wind and weather.
I can hear in dreams the feet of your pony,
You and your pony coming together,
You will drive no more through the pleasant country.

You were a part of the fields and mountains,
Everyone knew you, everyone loved you;
All the world was your friend and neighbor,
The women smiled and the men approved you.
They are not the same, the fields and the mountains.

I sigh no more for the pleasant places,
The longer I've lost you the more I miss you,
My heart seeks you in dreams and shadows,
In dreams I find you, in dreams I kiss you,
And wake, alas! to the lonely places.



THE COMPLETED LIFE.

Carolyn was born into the Larger Life at dawn, on Tuesday, October fourth, nineteen ten, at Hilltop Farms, Littleton, New Hampshire. She had not been looking or feeling her best for about six weeks before, though previous to that she had appeared to be in buoyant health and spirits, and never had been so joyous or joy-giving as she was during the early part of this summer. She was actually ill only four days at the last.

On the Sunday before her passing she seemed so much better that we were all greatly encouraged, and both her physicians and the two nurses gave us much hope for her recovery. This encouraging rally, following the abatement of her fever and the return to complete consciousness, gave us the opportunity for a communion of heart and soul which is now of the greatest comfort and inspiration for us to remember. It was as if the Heavenly Father in His love, permitted the earthly father one more Sunday afternoon talk with his darling daughter. Of that last sacred communion we cannot speak. The beauty of the thoughts expressed, and the ineffable tenderness shown, by Carolyn, are beyond the scope of words to suggest.

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On Monday came the inevitable relapse, with the return of rapid pulse, high fever, and semi-consciousness; and very early Tuesday morning, just as the grey light of dawn was breaking over the Autumn-clad hills in the east, the tired little heart ceased to beat, and our precious child, painlessly and peacefully, fell asleep.

As we went forth into the dusk of the early morning, suffocated by our grief, a dear little whitethroat, the bird which Carolyn loved best of all, tremulously sang its plaintive Fall song. It was as if her dear Spirit was tenderly bidding us not to grieve, that all was well with Her and that She loved us just the same. Free from all earthly limitations, dear Carol was at last at liberty *to fly!*



The last story which Carolyn began to read but never finished, was the pathetic account of "Dear Annie," by her favorite story writer, Mrs. Mary E. Wilkins-Freeman. The first part of the story appeared in the *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, for October, and, when she had finished that part, she exclaimed, "I can't wait until the next number appears!" The description of the gentle and loving Annie fits Carol so accurately in part, that we quote it here: (She had) "a sweet, eager, intent-to-please outlook upon life. This last was the real attitude of Annie's mind; it was, in fact, Annie. She was intent to please from her toes to the crown of her brown head. She radiated good will and loving kindness as fervently as a lily in the border radiated perfume."

And again, Annie's mental and spiritual attitude during a thunder storm was singularly like Carol's: "In reality they were all very nervous in thunderstorms, with the exception of Annie. She always sent up a little silent petition that her sisters and brother and father, and *the horse and the dog and cat*, might escape danger." The happy ending of the story came too late for Carol.

The last completed book which she read was the pretty tale of "Mary Cary," by Kate Wrangley Boscher, and she liked it so much that she urged all the members of her family to read it; and, when very ill and weak, recommended it, also, to her faithful nurse. She was thinking of others, and of their pleasure, to the very last.

On Thursday we returned with the dear Body to Montclair, where the funeral services were held at Irvingcroft, the day following.

The Rev. Amory H. Bradford, D.D. officiated, assisted by the Rev. Robert Seneca Smith, his associate, and the Rev. Henry King Hannah.

Dr. Bradford began the services with an Invocation which was particularly beautiful and appropriate to the occasion, as it emphasized the joy and blessing of association with such a Life as Carolyn's for nearly fourteen years, and gratitude for the memory which will always endure.

Mr. Smith then read the twenty-third Psalm, (which was Carolyn's favorite psalm).

The LORD is my shepherd;
I shall not want.

He maketh me lie down in green pastures:

He leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul:

He guideth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,

I will fear no evil;

For thou art with me:

Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me

In the presence of mine enemies:

Thou hast anointed my head with oil:

My cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life:

And I will dwell in the house of the LORD for ever.

This was followed by the reading of appropriate selections from the Bible by Mr. Smith, who concluded his part of the services with the reading of Longfellow's

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

When the hours of Day are numbered,
And the voices of the Night
Wake the better soul, that slumbered,
To a holy, calm delight;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful firelight
Dance upon the parlor wall;

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door;
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more;

He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the roadside fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life!

They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spake with us on earth no more'

And with them the Being Beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine

And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died'

Doctor Bradford then made the following address, which showed a rare insight into the character of the Child, and was referred to by many of those present as one of the most effective and helpful sermons which he had ever preached to his people:

DR. BRADFORD'S ADDRESS.

In a peculiar sense this is a family gathering, and I am permitted, therefore, to speak somewhat more freely and personally than would otherwise seem proper on such an occasion. It is a great joy to me that I can speak from personal acquaintance and remembrance.* As I stand before you to-day, a picture arises in my mind. I see a little girl of fourteen, beautiful as an angel, driving a large horse to his place in the barn, and greeted as she goes by her father, who says, "Carol, dear, will you feed the horses," A little girl at home among all the animals, a friend and playmate of all the life of the farm is the one who is remembered to-day. I once heard Ralph Waldo Emerson speak of a friend of his as one who had the greatest love for being as being of any person whom he had ever known. This little girl seemed to be in fellowship with all being, and everything that had life had a fascination for her. She lived in sympathy with

*Doctor Bradford had been a guest at Hilltop Farms during the preceding summer.

all the flowers, the birds, the cattle, the dogs, the cats, and even the lower orders of life. Creatures whom others dreaded, she loved. She, to whom all persons and creatures turned, has been taken from the home in which she was a joy and a blessing. We think of her to-day in strange, new ways; but we will not think of her as any less alive, or any less active than when she moved among us with life and strength and beauty like a sunbeam.

THE COMPLETED LIFE.

There are a few thoughts to which I will call your attention to-day. The first one is the Completed Life. We should not think of life as being complete at any one time more than another. A career which is properly finished is completed. Jesus said, in the flush of his young manhood, "I have finished the work which Thou hast given me to do," Some of the world's greatest and noblest have lived to a venerable age, and some, like Keats, have felt the "daisies growing over them" when barely a score of years have passed. This little girl did a great work. It was her work, and if she lived a thousand years it would not have been any more distinctive and individual than it was. Of her, as of the Master, it could be said—she had finished the work which was given her to do. She has left behind, in the hearts of those who knew her, the

memory of a pure, sweet soul, untouched by the storms of earth, ready for the sunlight and the service of the Heavenly land. *Life should be measured by its quality, and not by its duration.* Some live long and do nothing; some live but a little while and are unknown and yet achieve much, because they fill a few hearts with their presence and shed light in places which might otherwise be dark. Our little friend completed her career before she went home.

THE LOVE-LIFE.

The next thought of which I would speak is the Reality of the Love-life. Nothing is greater than love. Drummond has called it "The greatest thing in the world," and he was right. It is not only the greatest, but it is also the most enduring. Robert Browning speaks of life as "just one chance of learning love." If I were to be asked what was the greatest thing that this little girl did, I should reply, 'she made the love-life more real to a few souls than it could have been otherwise; she has furnished to some the most impressive lesson in love that they could possibly have; and what greater thing can anyone do? The life of love, like the light of the sun, carries radiance wherever it goes. The circle of those who knew her was small, but she gave to them life's greatest opportunity and has made them all richer, by simply giving them the privilege of loving her.

NOT HOLDEN OF DEATH.

It is not possible that such a fine and ethereal spirit should be holden of death. Peter, in speaking of our Lord, said, "It was not possible that such a man should be holden of death." Is not that the feeling which we have when we think of the good, and the beautiful, and the thousands who have done great things in the world? Can we believe that such as they go out of being as a gas jet is turned out? Here was one who loved the trees, flowers, birds and animals, and shed a love-light wherever she went. Can you think of her as having gone out into nothingness? Many questions arise which are difficult for us to answer; but, while the brave and good are around us, while we are bound to one another by the cords of affection, we will not think of death as an end. Browning once said, "What God made best, cannot end worst." It is not easy for any to think of their loved ones as utterly destroyed. It is better by far to believe that:

"The friends whom ye bade on earth good-bye,
With cheeks so pale and wan;
They are there in the light of a cloudless sky,
And all their grief is done."

AT DAWN.

"At Dawn": These are the words which told us that our little friend had entered into light. At dawn—just at the beginning of a new day her

spirit took its flight from earth to the joys of Heaven. It was the beginning of a new day. It was not in any sense an end; it was in every sense a beginning, and it was so for us who are left behind as well as for her. It was the beginning of a new and larger life for her—the beginning of experiences of which we may not speak. For us, it is the dawn of a new hope, new aspirations, new resolutions, larger sympathy, deeper consecration, more blessed service for God and humanity. At dawn—the day was just breaking. The real opportunity of achievement is still before us. Now we see through a glass darkly; sometime we shall see face to face. Life is a series of beginnings. The night cometh but also the morning. Morning follows every night. This should not be to us a day for tears and sadness; but a day for rejoicing and congratulations. A great blessing has come to this home. One fit to be an angel has lived in it for nearly fourteen years; and, having gone from it, has led the hearts of those who remain to things above. It was dawn for her; it is dawn for us.

These are the thoughts which I would leave with you to-day. She lived a completed life, and a life of love. It is not possible that such a one should be holden of death. Her going away was a dawn for her and a dawn for us.

May I leave with you one other thought to-day? We are weak and needs must mourn. We

miss the presence of one we loved; but let us not forget that even our weakness and limitations are known by our Heavenly Father. Every moment we are in His care, and are watched over as we watch and care for those we love. "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you, and ye shall be comforted." "In my Father's house there are many rooms; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you."

Doctor Bradford then read the Star Song, which had been found among her papers at Hilltop Farms, after her death, written in her hand, and entitled:

MY FAVORITE SONG.

I

Every night, a star high above me,
Sends its light, clear and bright,
To say, "I love you";
Sends its light, clear and bright,
To say, "I love you."

II.

In my bed I lie, but am not sleeping;
From afar calls a star,
"My watch I am keeping";
From afar calls a star,
"My watch I am keeping."

The Episcopal Burial Service was read by the Rev. Henry King Hannah, standing by the casket in the library, where the family and kindred were gathered; and the services were brought to a close by Doctor Bradford, who pronounced the Benediction.

In accordance with her often expressed wish, the dear body was taken to Linden, New Jersey, for cremation, and the incineration was accomplished at twilight, the same afternoon, during one of the most exquisitely tender sunsets and after glow effects which we had ever beheld. Dawn, and Twilight!

Sunday morning following, we deposited the precious ashes in the family plot at Rosedale, Doctor Bradford reading his own very beautiful Burial Service there, concluding with prayer. Only the immediate family attending.

But not all of the sacred ashes were thus deposited. In accordance with another often expressed desire, some of them were retained for final distribution at her beloved Hilltop Farms "at sunset," as she said, "and when the wind is from the north."

We selected her "Tree of Life" as the most appropriate spot and on this ancient pine her devoted friends, Mr. and Mrs. William M. White have caused the following bronze tablet to be placed as a lasting memorial of their dear child-friend.

CAROL'S "TREE OF LIFE."

**HERE SHE LOVED TO PLAY. HERE SHE USED
TO LINGER FOR LONG SUMMER HOURS
AND READ AND WRITE AND PAINT
AND DREAM. AND HERE IN COMPLIANCE
WITH HER DEAR WISH ARE STREWN THE
REMAINDER OF HER PRECIOUS ASHES.**

**ERECTED IN MEMORY OF
CAROLYN STYLES ADAMS**

1896 - 1910

BY LOVING FRIENDS.

The following article is reprinted from the *White Mountains Republic-Journal*, for October 7th, and is substantially the same as the article which appeared in the *Littleton (N. H.) Courier* of the same date:

Carolyn Styles Adams, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Lincoln Adams, died at her home, Hilltop Farms, Tuesday morning at dawn. She had been in ill health for the past six weeks, the immediate cause of her death being Bright's disease. She was in her fourteenth year, but her years, though brief in number, compassed a life that was a blessing to all who were privileged to share its brightness. Mr. Adams purchased Hilltop Farms the year she was born, and she had spent a great deal of her life there. No one of the five children of Mr. and Mrs. Adams loved the farm as she did, or enjoyed the life with such intensity. She was a true child of Nature, possessing an innate appreciation of the beauties of out-of-door life, and being devoted to animals, particularly to horses. She was perfectly at home in the saddle, and her familiar figure, as she rode on horseback through local streets, will be greatly missed.

Her tender sympathy with those less fortunate was one of her characteristics. She was an unusual child. Her personality was unique and wonderfully interesting, and the rare beauty of her character, and the originality of her mind were constantly illustrated. After her death her father found among her belongings the following little poem in her handwriting. There was no mark whereby to tell the authorship and it is supposed to be her own production. It shows the high quality of her thoughts and a child's imagination rich in promise.

(Then followed the "Star Song," which is printed on another page of this little volume.)

The following notice was printed in *The Montclair Times*, of October 8th, and is practically the same as the one which appeared in *The Montclair Herald*, on the day previous:

As the sun rose over the New Hampshire hills last Tuesday morning, one of those short lives that ennoble and enrich all who enter into contact with it came to a peaceful close. Carolyn Styles Adams, the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Lincoln Adams, of Montclair, although only in her fourteenth year, had lived a life which no one who knew her can ever forget. She died, as she had lived, so happily, at Hilltop Farms, near Littleton, New Hampshire. This was as she had wished, for every nook and corner of the rolling country about her had its separate memory for her, as indeed it was sanctified by her presence.

A beautiful spirit with a philosophy all her own, a devoted nature lover, a rare little horsewoman, and a friend of all dumb animals, Carolyn possessed the soul of a poet. She leaves behind her, besides her parents and brothers and sister, a host of sad faced young friends here and elsewhere, and with older ones who knew her, one of those ineffable recollections which time sweetens rather than effaces.

And the following was the particularly appropriate notice which appeared in *Our Week*, the official publication of the First Congregational Church, of Montclair, for October 9th:

"At Dawn." These beautiful and suggestive words told us during the last week that Carolyn Adams, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Lincoln Adams, had entered into a larger and fairer life, at Littleton, N. H. A large circle of friends will miss her sweet presence, and a still larger number offer their sympathy to the family. We shall not forget that she went away "At Dawn." What we blindly call death ought always be regarded as "Dawn."

“'T WAS JUST AT DAWN.”

'Twas just at dawn
Her gentle Spirit took its flight ;
The soft night-mists lay still and white,
As She lay in her calm ;
And pearl-grey was the tender light,
Which ushered in that morn.

A little bird (the one She loved)
Sang softly from the tree,
The “song that said a thousand things,
And seemed to say them all for me!”

And now I wonder, may it be,
(Whene'er that song at dawn I hear),
My Carol's soul comes back to me,
Her loving Spirit then is near!

“We Suffer as We Love.”

We suffer as we love :
The more intense the love,
The deeper, truer, more unselfish,
 and divine ;
The keener pain.
Ah, God! What must it be for Thee?
Thou who lovest all—infinity!

Her Room.

BY MARGARET BARTLETT CABLE.

This is her room. Let no one enter here
Who enters not with brave-eyed cheerfulness.
What though its silence wound thy heart anew
And each dear object mock thy loneliness:
What though the patient place her image lack,
Is grief so selfish it would call her back?
This is her room. Let no one enter here
Who comes not in with loving cheerfulness.

My this is still her room. Turn not away
Till in thy heart is sweet assurance born
That hence her presence has but seemed to fade,
As some soft star fades in the blue of morn,
And that her spirit hovers here to bless
Our aching hearts with soothing tenderness.
This is her room. Turn not away until
Praise, love, and cheer are in thy heart new born!

Carolyn's room in Knoll House, at Hilltop Farms, near Littleton, N. H., and in Irvingcroft, at Montclair, N. J., have both been kept just as she left them, and a copy of this poem hangs in each room.

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