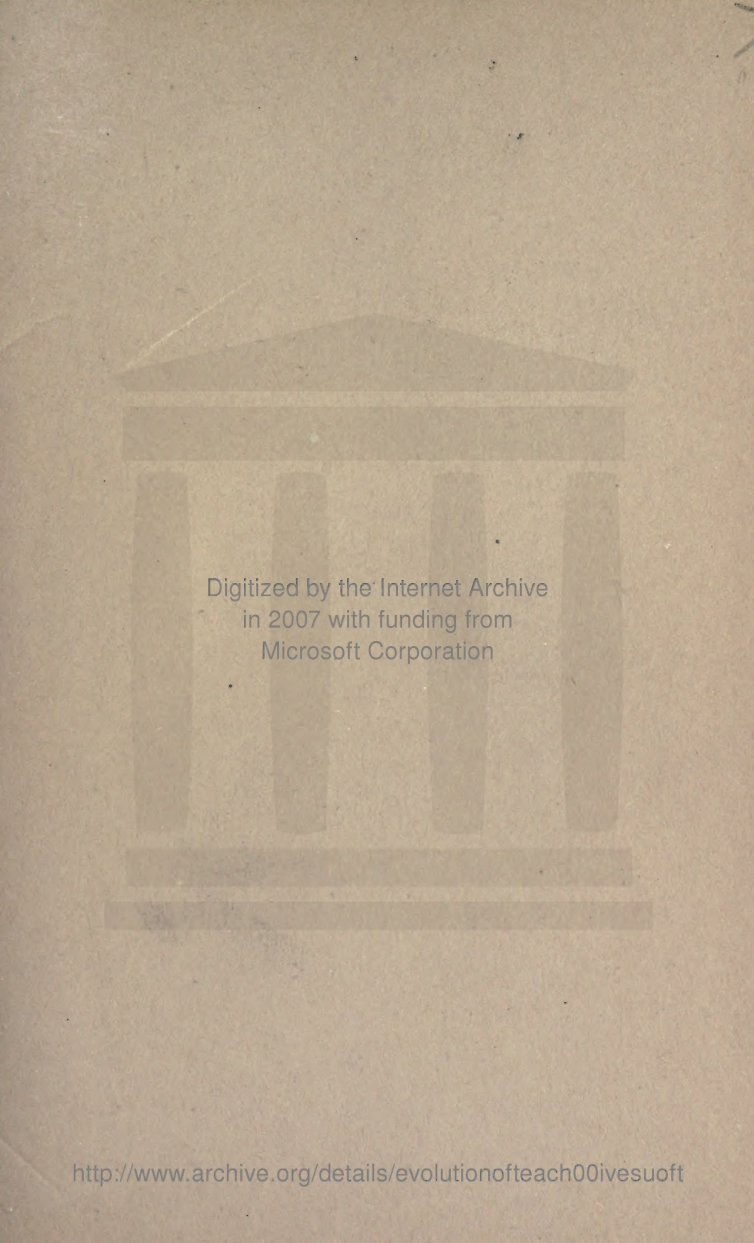
THE EVOLUTION OF A TEACHER

ELLA GILBERT IVES



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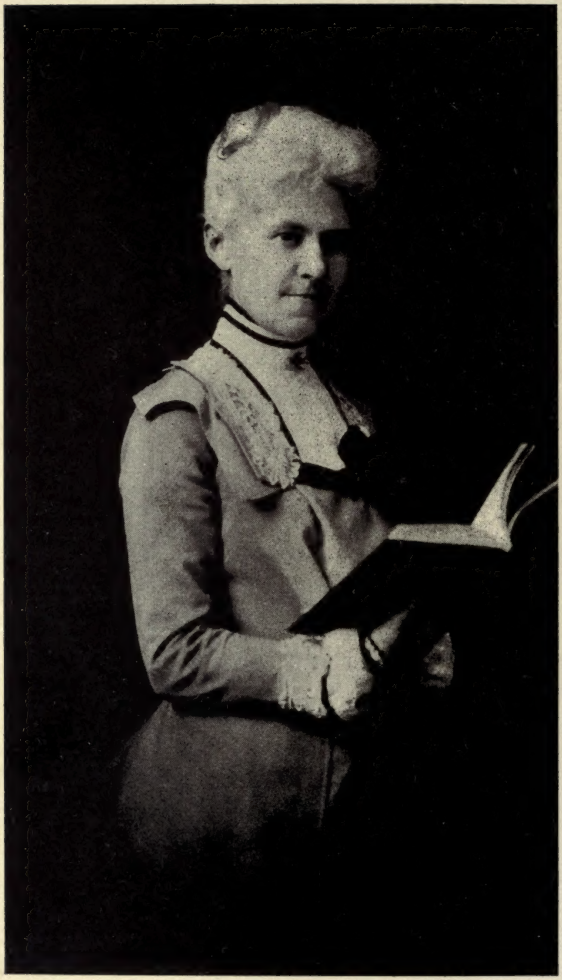

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THE EVOLUTION OF A TEACHER

BY

ELLA GILBERT IVES

THE PILGRIM PRESS

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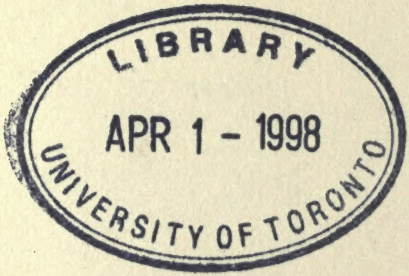

THE PILGRIM PRESS
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TO MY COMRADES

IN A CALLING WIDE AS THE WORLD
AND HIGH AS HEAVEN,
I OPEN MY HEART
AND

DEDICATE MY BOOK

To climb and climb, yet never to attain,
Is in itself an ecstasy of pain
Than joy more sweet. To seek the
shining goal,
The keenest rapture of a climbing soul.

PREFACE

This book is itself an evolution, beginning from the chance word of a friendly editor,—"Tell us how a teacher is made." That seed-thought germinated, and in due time five sketches, covering as many decades of a teacher's life, appeared in the *Boston Evening Transcript*. One of them caught the eye of a New York publisher who saw in the text the potential "Scripture of a life." The writer's part has been to watch the seed grow and to let in upon it the soft airs of memory and the dews of life's afternoon. If now and then she suffered her fancy to tamper with facts, instantly she was aware of a tinsel ornament fastened to her little plant.

As it stands, shorn of artificial adornment, it is at least alive and rooted in native soil. If it is humbly fragrant, as with a whiff of mignonette from the old garden or a breath of sweet clover from the highway; above all, if in sincerity it is like the homely herb that sweetens when crushed, it will carry its own *raison d'être*.

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AN INTIMATE WORD

If it were not that the rare and beautiful spirit of which this veiled biography is the expression had winged its flight to the God who inspired it, the name of the author would not appear.

But in the present circumstances, the volume is given to the public in order that the spontaneous outpouring of heart and life and experience may have the added weight of her well-known character, and her achievements as teacher, writer, friend; as one whose participation in great movements left an indelible mark.

The contents of this book appeared in substance in the *Boston Transcript* during the many years when it was the custom of this paper to have a series of articles by Ella Gilbert Ives. It is only just to say that the initiative of this writing was given by E. H. Clement, then editor-in-chief.

Miss Ives was welcome to the editorial columns of the *Transcript* in the discussion of educational matters; especially on questions relating to the public schools—the attitude and treatment of teachers; position and salaries.

This book will have power to strengthen and help in one of the noblest of professions in

which she was unexcelled; also to exemplify the ideals and devotion of a mutual friendship which has few parallels in any land and in any literature.

The Manuscript has had the benefit, *con amore,* of suggestions by her long-time friend and comrade, Edward Leeds Gulick. Their walks in the open, their talks on things human and divine, were such as would lead her to trust confidentially to him the fortunes of authorship and publication.

L. C. P.

PART I

GENESIS

THE EVOLUTION OF A TEACHER

CHAPTER I

Antecedents; Early Recollections

"A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree."
Lady Nairne.

One of my inquiries when I reach Heaven and get acquainted with my mother, will be about the prenatal influences that bred in the bone my desire to teach; a wish so compelling that many powerful diversions from the calling have had to yield to its sway. I regard it as the centripetal force that has ruled my orbit and kept me from a wider—possibly—but less safe career. A survey of my ancestral lines affords no clue; my genealogical tree is not a birch. Two of my ancestors came from England in the ships *Hector* and *True Love.* One of them was the first deputy-governor of the New Haven Colony, Stephen Goodyear. Another deputy-governor started another line of my ancestry, so that I came upon this planet a colonial dame in small, with both feet firmly planted on Connecticut soil. On my father's side, a revolutionary soldier who joined the army when fifty-eight years old, perhaps contributed the drop of blood to my veins whose

fighting quality and youthful ardor now and then remind me of my doughty ancestor.

Ours was a reading family and books found me early. They were fewer in those days than these, and correspondingly prized. An illustrated copy of Bible Stories I knew by heart. "Twinkle, twinkle, little star" seems to have been my birth song; and I think mother must have sung to me Addison's hymn, so deep is my love for

> "Soon as the evening shades prevail
> The moon takes up the wondrous tale."

Was it wholly a fancy of a young friend of yesterday when she said to me, "Your hour is eight o'clock in the evening when the moon is silvering the earth"? When a few years since I turned my glass upon its mirror and saw for the first time the beautiful profile of a woman with a little child leaning toward her, a holy chord in my childhood seemed to vibrate down the years as if touched by a vanished hand. I surmise that my mother, with the prescience of my dawning life solemnizing her being, sought "under the stars for the last voiceless satisfaction"; so profoundly have the heavens influenced my nature.

I was a city child, and "Mary's little lamb with fleece as white as snow" frisked about in my imagination to the rhythm of the poem, as spotless as the hyperbole could make it. Conceive of my surprise when I went to the coun-

try and saw a real lamb! It was a grievous awakening to the illusions of imaginative poetry. My serious way of taking things had not been tempered by the delicious nonsense of Mother Goose. Wordsworth's "We Are Seven" laid its spell upon me early. Its range of experience, far beyond my own, opened up a firmament of stars. How much my mother's words had to do with it I do not know, but it fixed in my mind the unity of earth and heaven, of time and eternity.

The alphabet couplets of the New England primer fashioned my theology. Against that hard nut,

> "In Adam's fall
> We sinned all,"

I set my milk-teeth, determined to crack it, but in vain. After many defeats, I buried it blue-jay fashion, for future consumption and have it yet. The graybeard Time, who

> "Cuts down all
> Both great and small,

sent me dodging round corners by day and hiding under bed clothes by night, to elude his devouring scythe. I expected to be cut down as the grass, and to this hour do not like the odor of new-mown hay. Noah Webster's spelling-book followed close on the primer, and brought small comfort. Its vain milkmaid, who came to grief, and its naughty boy meeting

condign punishment, gripped me in the fangs of retributive justice. From "Thrifty and Unthrifty" I received solemn warning, and peered into the opening in my penny saving's bank with awestruck eyes; while "Grogdrinker and Temperance" left me no alternative; I had to become a little cold water crank.

Just when I began fingering the spelling book I cannot say. I went to school when three years old; not from any desire of my parents to own an infant prodigy; but because Sophronia begged to take me, and I wanted to go anywhere with my fascinating big sister of eight. How I picked up learning nobody knows; but at four, father has since told me, I surprised my family by reading intelligently in any part of the Bible. Far from feeling elated at these windfalls of knowledge, I feel defrauded of so much playtime that I am now making reprisals.

I was duly drilled in the catechism of the prayer-book; but stumbled so long over the first snag—"What is your name? Answer M or N." [M or N]—a reply I could not reconcile to facts—that I see plainly I was preternaturally dull in streaks,—a saving grace for a bright child.

There was some bitter with the sweet of that early attendance upon my sister, whose footsteps I shadowed. I could not keep up with her longer step and it was a sore grievance often causing tears. I could not bear to be distanced in any way, and my spirit of emula-

tion was so forthputting that I threw as much energy into hopscotch and tag as into letters.

Back of the jumping-rope and rolling-hoop days was a meditative period when I sucked my thumb in a baby-jumper. That ingenious carry-one was suspended from the ceiling and set in motion up and down, up and down, from Danbury cross to Danbury town, by the toes of the baby occupant pressed against the floor—a process to which I may owe a breadth of foot not after classic models. The exhilaration of the rebound kept me light-hearted for hours together; and to the let-alone policy of my mother I believe I owed an enjoyment of simple pleasures and a power of continuance not common in children. I should have been a poor exponent of the modern theory that a child's attention cannot be held to one subject longer than twenty minutes; or of the modern practice of entertaining the child to its own impoverishment of resource.

CHAPTER II

Mother and Father

"The kindred points of heaven and home."
Wordsworth.

When I was five years old, sickness came to my dear mother. I had never seen it before but once, when we children had great fun staying home from school together with measles. This was different. We were shut out from mother's room. Her pretty work basket stood unused upon the table; and some bits of gray flannel just as her hand had dropped them, are still gathering dust in my memory. One day I cried so hard for mother, that my father took me into her chamber, and I clung to him when I heard her sweet voice in delirium, and wondered what it meant. When she caught sight of me and starting up sprang from the bed, he put me down suddenly and outside the door. A greater wonder followed, O so quickly, even by the measurements of a child!

It was Christmas Day now, and for the first time in our lives, Santa Claus had not come down our chimney and filled the four small stockings in an expectant row. Little Rob and I cried over the empty stockings, not realizing the heart emptiness so soon to follow. That

afternoon we were grouped about the bed—I see it all so plainly: the face on the pillow, so white against the dark hair; the still form of my mother; the doctor bending over her and listening—to what? the solemn ticking of the clock? the tearful faces of the older children, and father's with a look I had never seen before;—then the picture fades and I am standing awestruck by a long, narrow bed in which they had put her—my mother? No, no! when grandmother lifted me up and told me to kiss the still sleeper, I turned away; there were no smiling eyes and warm red lips to meet my own; and when grandmother made me, and I felt the cold cheek, something seemed to break within me; was it a little heart-string over tense?

Then followed a strange day, like Sunday with a difference; when many people came to our home, and we all sat in the parlor; and at last, tired of keeping still, little brother and I noisily tried for the one small rocking chair, and were quieted on our father's knee. Then we were lifted into a carriage, and it was all so new and interesting, I wondered why Oscar, my twelve-year-old brother, cried so bitterly. I can see his handsome face above the broad cape collar as he stood between father's knees in the crowded carriage; and my sister, sobering down as we rode, though at first feeling the importance of the occasion. Little Rob's sunny head was heavy with sleep; and I—was in a

gray and misty wonderland. Where was my mother? I have asked the question from that day to this. What I might have been had she lived, is one of my gravest speculations. That she continued to brood over me with exalted mother love, to mitigate my childish woes and keep my feet from falling, I firmly believe. No other hypothesis can explain to me the coming up in paths of safety of a motherless child.

Yet I was but half-orphaned, and from that burial day, all the love in a reticent but ardent little heart went out to my father. His word was law, but there was also a dispensation of gospel. When he told me to throw my spruce gum out the window, and I stuck it under the sill to recover it at convenience, I knew his blue eyes would twinkle should he discover my thrifty evasion. When in a frolic I drew the chair from under him and with an awful thud he sat upon the floor, for an instant the flames darted in those blue eyes, making me think the judgment day had come; but when he simply said, "Never do that again, my child, you might have killed your old dad," my heart melted within me and I could have died for love of him.

An ancient heirloom, a cat-o'-ninetails, sole object in our living-room graven in my memory, hung in our chimney-corner; chiefly, I think, to awaken in young offenders a certain fearful looking for of fiery indignation, which, however, never came. There was a due admix-

ture of wrath of a godly sort in my father's makeup, but it was exercised mainly upon grownup disputants, on occasion of political or public issues. When in argument, in later years, I have sometimes talked myself into a white heat, I suddenly smile at the glimpse I catch of my father's temper, and then the cooling process has begun. I have looked in the glass for trace of his likeness, and find instead my mother's eyes keeping watch over—alas! my grandmother's firm but homely mouth. I look in vain for his complexion and sweet smile, both inherited by Oscar, and, as Sophronia dolefully remarked, "wasted on a boy." Upon each of us father impartially bestowed his tendency to white hair, his own being silvered over at thirty, and stubbornly insistent upon being a crown of glory. To me he gave his distaste for artificial odors and a correspondingly keen pleasure in fir balsam, sweet everlasting and four-o'clocks; also his liking for plain and wholesome food.

Oscar profited by my disposition to copy father, and frequently, as my years increased and I began to drive a thrifty bargain, gave me a penny for my piece of pie. This business transaction is the more vivid from its connection with a shock to my sensibilities. One of my baby teeth was loose and I could not finish my dinner for woe. Oscar whipped in his offer of a cent for my pie, generously adding a charm for removing the tooth. He assured me that

if I would let him tie a string round the tooth and fasten it to a pail of water, it would drop out. I fell into the snare. Oscar had no sooner tied the string with ceremony, than one of his hands was dashing water in my face, and with a jump from the victim the charm was complete, the tooth out, and my mince pie in my big brother's unscrupulous mouth. No wonder that artful feature grows more serene and sweetly-smiling with the years.

Our home in Bridgeport was near the estate of P. T. Barnum, and Tom Thumb was a frequent guest at "Iranistan." My sister's excursions were sometimes in that direction and I followed on. Once—O blissful day!—I caught sight of the Liliputian general standing on the showman's hand, and it was like a peep through magic spectacles. My favorite toy at that time was a life-size image of Tom Thumb seated on a semi-globular pedestal, so weighted that it could not stay tipped over. The wooden horse stormed my imagination and seems to me still a matchless toy in significance and charm. Noah's ark followed close in fascination and hidden wisdom. When I came to Boston in middle life, and saw savins stuck in the ground here and there like trees from the ark, and deriving perennial interest from the association, I realized the strength and value of early impressions, and burned fresh incense on the altar of gratitude to mother and father.

CHAPTER III

New Haven; Grandmother

"Our pilgrim stock wuz pithed with hardihood."
The Biglow Papers.

Immediately after my mother's death we moved from the beautiful city of my birth. In my childish mind I bore away few lasting memories. One of these was scorched into my brain and profoundly influenced me. I could not have been older than four; my brother, two years younger could barely walk. We were in a garden in cherry time with the robins, and I had filled a small necked bottle with the ripe fruit and was vainly trying to get it out again, when suddenly a man staggered down the walk, his besotted face filling me with terror. It was my first sight of a drunkard and has never been effaced. As I fled, dragging little brother by the hand, I experienced in my small soul the throes of the temperance reform—To make the man good, children safe, the world homelike,—in rudimentary form that desire was implanted and has never ceased to grow.

In my new home I attended for a year a public school disciplined by the monitor system—now happily obsolete—, and my hand

burns from the only feruling it ever received. I had been reported for whispering—unjustly so—and my indignation made me speechless. The one bright memory of that clouded year is of the young teacher who wore my love-offering, a pink rose, in her buttonhole and called me "dear child." Her sweet face and lovely character were a guiding star. The pretty teacher married, and my grief was so real that I was taken from the big school and placed in a small private school for little ones. There my thirst for knowledge was assuaged by the passing each half hour of the water-pail with its cocoanut dipper; and other wants made known by the finger alphabet, in which I became an adept, were as promptly met. It was a happy time and not without profit; for when at eight years I entered a new public school on approved models, and was classed by my age, I immediately jumped several grades; and having mastered the multiplication table by the pleasant road of music and marching, in the little school, I was able to stand by big girls and give them points.

For one tall, beautiful girl with black curls, I had a passionate admiration, and liked nothing else so well as to go to her garden after school and solve for her the knotty problems in Colburn's Mental Arithmetic; the joy of instructing in the open filling me thus early with peripatetic longings. My paragon was to me so goddess-like in beauty and stature, I had no

suspicion that I was sharpening a dull razor; nor until she dropped me as a useless tool after I had served her purpose, did I begin to realize the clay feet of my goddess and her cheek of brass.

My affections were caught on the rebound by an unsuspecting youth in the upper class, whose jacket pockets bulged with nuts, and whom (not for his gifts) I worshipped afar. His flaxen hair and blue eyes fixed for all time my standard of manly beauty. Had I died then, my epitaph might have been, "She never told her love." My Adonis did not turn out well, but he did me an unwitting favor by furnishing a peg for my admirations to hang upon at a time when my nature required it.

The real woes of that half decade were the consequence of my irreparable loss. My mother's place was taken by my grandmother, a deeply religious woman, but one who looked oftener at the brown earth than the blue sky. In mistaken zeal for my welfare she thwarted some innocent desires, and made me a singular child, by dressing me in bygone fashions. Though only a little girl, I was very miserable in my nankeen pantalets and home-made hood. To be dressed "like other girls" became a consuming desire; and when a few years later I earned my first dollar, I squandered my fortune on a hooped-skirt, and felt a thrill of satisfaction impossible to conceive except by one in like circumstances.

My grandmother was so prone to melancholy, having even been called in her girlhood "gloomy Emma," that as soon as I was old enough to reason, I resolved to cultivate the habit of looking at the bright side. Though born a pessimist, I have so far overcome temperament that few persons suspect my inherited trait. Another service rendered me when young, came through the canny remark of a relative,—"How much that child's shoulders are like her grandmother's!" It stiffened my spinal column as no persuasion or argument could have done; and if will power can achieve it, will keep me erect to my dying day.

Let me do justice to my grandmother: she was nobly conscientious, and had no notion of spoiling the thing she loved. If we children asked for food between meals, we were told that if hungry enough to eat unbuttered bread we might have it. Need I say that three meals a day sufficed us? And to the regimen I owe an unimpaired digestion.

But for higher service am I indebted to my grandmother. Our family were Episcopalians and regular attendants at church. We four children took turns in a Sunday morning off, to which we eagerly looked forward. My own pleasure was marred by the afternoon sequel. After our cold Sunday dinner, my grandmother called me apart and set me to reading aloud to her from the Bible. Chapter after chapter I read until my voice stuck in my throat. I

raged inwardly, but with an instinct for peace did my stint, much as I sewed my over-and-over patchwork seam on week days—for the release set before me. In later years, I reaped the fruit in a knowledge of Bible history and familiarity with its noble diction, that served me in lieu of a schooling in English.

The effect upon my character I cannot measure. But I believe that I owe to this practice and one other, the staying quality of my conviction and conversion. After the reading, grandmother made me kneel beside her while she prayed aloud. This was habitual with her whenever we were alone together; and the reality of the unseen world so grew upon me as she talked with God, that the wholesome fear instilled became a powerful factor in my training. True, I sometimes fell asleep; but the pause awoke me to a deep sense of sin, and I did penance by repeating my "Now I lay me."

Grandmother sometimes wept as she prayed for her "wayward grandchildren"; and those tears watered my heart and prepared the fallow soil for a later harvest. This I did not know at the time. I thought mainly of my aching knees and drowsy eyelids; but the next day I reported truly when I had whispered, and the cheating of a pretty seatmate whose blond beauty had captivated me, filled me with dismay. Such horror had I of a lie, that those told at different times under great temptation, stand out in my past like pillars of salt.

CHAPTER IV

Halcyon Days: Thanksgiving; the Little Teacher

"In records that defy the tooth of time."
Young.

What modern child ever tastes a quintessence of the ecstasy we children felt when we trooped after our elders to table on Thanksgiving Day! That groaning board! At one end stood a huge turkey in a brown study, his sides big with stuffing, his drumsticks beating a rat-tat-too in our excited fancy. At the other end of the long table was a sleek goose flanked by a pair of ducks called canvasback, to my wonderment. In the centre of the table, lording it over the poultry, was a young pig, roasted to a crackling rind and resting in a bed of parsley, with an apple in his mouth. So young, so innocent! is his "vital spark" roaming fields Elysian, seeking a tree of golden sweetings? "Only the spiritual kin of Bobo shall taste of this youngling," says father. He prefers roast beef, dripping with red dish gravy the instant it is shaved by the carver and quivers upon the shining steel. Father shall have his roast beef; but for me a daintier morsel. Long my eyes have been fixed upon the big

round dish of earthenware containing—chicken pie! Not a modern decadent, hot and oily, Frenchified with puffpaste, its interior a lottery; but a cold rhapsody of a pie, crusty without, jellified within, guiltless of bone, without partiality and without hypocrisy. Let each child have a shapely wedge laid sideways on his plate, that he may see at a glance the contents of solid meat, white and brown in due proportion, in a quivering jelly of silvery green.

And if one wedge of pie can pry open the inmost citadel of contentment, what of that Thanksgiving Day, little girl of the olden time, when your thoughtful relatives, without collusion, knowing your taste, invited you to breakfast, dine, and sup at three several tables upon —cold chicken pie? I am that little girl and I aver I never had enough.

On available spaces of our Thanksgiving table are steaming vegetables. And on the sideboard, a fascinating display of pies: mince, pumpkin, apple, and tart with checkerboard crust; loaf cake raised and kneaded four times before baking; and—climax of culinary skill! —a pyramid of raised doughnuts, indigenous to the New England kitchen and not to be transplanted.

After eating a little of everything and a good deal of something, following the precept for a liberal education, we children take hold of hands and dance round the table, before the

nuts and popcorn turn us into greedy little squirrels. Here are black walnuts from Uncle Mark's big tree on the old homestead at Hamden, sent with a bag of shagbarks to his "chipmonkeys," and corn that would necessitate mice if there were none.

"Now, children," says father, "scamper!" and away we go, following the big cousin who is on his awesome "way to college." In spite of it, Wilbur is a jolly good fellow, and his quenchless spirits light those festal evenings. We have the pick of his wardrobe and my young lady cousin's for plays and masquerades. "Bluebeard's Wives" is my favorite; and I think my voice will never utter without trembling,

"Sister Anne, do you see any one coming?"

Perhaps the best Thanksgiving of all was the one when my mother's family gathered in my uncle's country house. That was the time when father became young again on the old borders where he had "come out of the west" and carried off mother. How his cane went feeling round the circle like a magnetic needle, for a dark-eyed girl, when we played blindman's buff and father was "it." How white his teeth were when he showed us how Queen Dido died, as if it were a laughing matter, poor soul! And when Uncle Henry said I was the image of my mother at my age, father looked soberly at me and gave me a long kiss.

Did he really kiss me or that other girl? I never knew.

Ah, those long bright holidays haloed with rainbows! The only gift that long survived was the wax doll, dressed by my mother for the Christmas Day on which she died. Too precious for use, it was a sort of eskyed and sainted child in the house whose gentle influence modified my sports. I ran the gamut of plays, but always came back to my favorite one with unabated zest. Outdoors or in, to play school was my delight; nor was it wholly play. The earnestness which I threw into it sometimes broke up my classes and turned my small pupils into practised truants. First to get, then to hold them, taxed my wits and made me resourceful. When my playmates claimed recesses and holidays as a relief from my too strenuous rule, I fell back upon my retinue of rag dolls and taught a "ragged school." Their receptivity soon wearied me, for I early discovered the essential meaning of "education," and I longed for less porous but more plastic human clay. For teaching the neighbors' children I had no pay but experience—then as now rated high. It was my Normal School and Teachers' College in small, and though I took my course absurdly young, I followed nature's lead in preparing for some later exigencies that tested all my powers.

CHAPTER V

Coming Events; A Backward Look; Little Brother

"Sweet childish days that were as long
As twenty days are now."

Wordsworth.

When I was ten years old, a sad thing happened: our home was broken up and Rob and I were sent away to school. It was an epoch whose real significance I could not measure, nor I think, could my father, or he would have hesitated long before scattering his little flock as sheep without a shepherd.

No more Sunday evening walks back and forth through the rooms, two little hands clasped in the large ones; two pairs of small shoes hippity-hopping to keep up with the big boots. No more Sunday afternoon visits with father to the brick house painted yellow, and with horse-chestnut trees in front, where Wilbur's monkey once pelted the churchgoers with the nuts. No more long Saturday afternoons for me, in my aunt's library, poring over books and discovering my Eldorado. I can hear my aunt's amused voice saying, "That child, Robert, does nothing but read from the moment she gets here. I don't approve of it, but I like to make her eyes shine and I turn her loose."

Dear Aunt 'Liza! may she be happier in Heaven for letting down the bars to a lambkin of the long ago!

Once, before making one of those blissful Saturday visits, I had been chided by my grandmother and told to stay a while in the sitting room and talk to Aunt 'Liza. I tried to be dutiful, and perched in a high chair by the window, my short legs dangling, I "engaged in conversation" with a dignified person in black bombazine and with smooth satiny hair, who was missing her opportunity to "mother" a little girl. By a great oversight I wore that day on my third finger the only ring I had ever possessed, one made of horsehair ingeniously woven. Father disliked jewelry, and my childish taste for gauds was the stronger for repression. I loved that ring and could not bear to lose sight of it for a moment; but lest my stately aunt should frown upon it, in a sudden panic I slipped it between the folded leaves of the mahogany table, intending to reclaim my treasure. My aunt's keen eye ferreted out the bauble, and in a voice that made me quake she exclaimed: "What is this? one of those horrid crawling worms!" What pangs I suffered as she plucked forth my ring and examined it! Alas that she made it so easy for me to tell a lie! I denied the ownership. My punishment was condign: my aunt burned my precious ring, and the girl who had made it for me refused to weave another.

But all sorrows were forgotten now in the pomp and circumstance of the coming change. I had some new frocks, two whalebones and a reed in my petticoat, in lieu of crinoline—my grandmother's concession to the vanities—, and a quilted hood of scarlet. Best of all a new tenderness crept into her voice and a new indulgence into her deeds. We were allowed both butter and molasses on our bread, and a tiny jar of jam was slipped into my horsehair trunk with the brass nails.

At the last, work crowded on my grandmother, and kind neighbors came in for a sewing-bee. One of them looked at Rob and me with moist eyes whose meaning I could not fathom. She had little ones of her own, and doubtless felt the pathos in our early exodus from home. For the last time I got the neighborhood children together in a row on our front steps, and played school with Hattie for monitor. Little Rob, who had kept store on the fence in the alley, with reckless prodigality gave away his goods, keeping only some pretty bits of china and glass and a jews'-harp. A shrewd observer might have read in this my brother's future. He was destined to fail in business and to succeed at art; though an early death cut short a musical career that promised to become distinguished. We did not guess at this when we sang that night,

"There is a happy land
Far, far away,"

and Rob's sweet soprano outrang the other voices.

The old daguerreotype before me reveals a charming child: dark laughing eyes, short curls of golden-brown, and lips touched with gladness in the cradle; a plaid jacket with short sleeves on a roly-poly form,—a football of destiny that no kicks of fortune could long indent. His sunny disposition met grandmother's lugubrious tone and argumentative vein with smiling nonresistance, and captivated even those who detected its lurking dangers.

I have only one recollection of Rob's falling from grace. It was during the brief interregnum of Aunt "Calline." He did not take kindly to spinster standards for "father's boy," and had kicked against the pricks, when the loud ado brought me on the scene. On the floor lay little brother, his curls tousled, and my aunt's solid foot planted firmly on his stomach, while he writhed and wriggled, calling loudly for my help. I flew at my aunt and with a swift rear attack diverted the enemy and secured his release.

Rob and I were heart comrades, and I had often shortened my sessions of doorstep school to trade at his store or to make pies for his bakery. Our one disagreement was over dolls and vocation,—the unerring divergence of sex and temperament early manifest.

CHAPTER VI

The Old Home; Grandmother's Garden

"Unfading recollections."

Wordsworth.

The last night under the old roof is chiefly memorable for grandmother's tenderness. She rubbed my tired little legs with vinegar and salt, saying sadly, "Who will do it for you now?" Dear granny! many a night thereafter I cried myself to sleep, longing for the bony hand and the truly loving heart. She had taught me to sew in an endless chain of patchwork blocks, pillowcase hems, and gigantic balls of carpet-rags; the penalty for poor workmanship being to pick out the stitches and do it all over. Sophronia's method was a triumph of the unregenerate heart. She knew the seam would be condemned twice on principle, so she slighted the work until the third trial.

This sister had other interests. She was enjoying the intimations of romance,—a vivacious girl of fifteen, modestly uncertain of personal charms but aware of her power to please. She had always an admirer or two in tow; and when her sails were spread for an afternoon excursion, she had no notion of

being tugged into port by that small pilot boat, her little sister. Yet thus it happened more than once, to the discomfiture of a fleet of followers. What a life she led me, and how adorable I thought her, even when she was swiftly turning corners to elude me, or flinging me golden-cheeked apples to delay my pursuit! Not one of her admirers was so loyal as the one who suffered most from her inimitable teasing, yet secretly worshipped her.

A promised visit from this eidolon eased the pang of parting. Hattie gave me her prettiest paper-doll; my tall brother, who was in the military school taking prizes for penmanship, offered to write me a letter; grandmother gave me a gold dollar that had been my mother's, in a pretty melon-shaped bag of red and black wrought by that vanished hand, which stayed by me until my second year at Mount Holyoke, when a strong appeal for missions drew the precious coin from its pocket. A work box covered with a piece of mother's wedding dress survives the years, adorned with grandmother's favorite motto worked on cardboard,—"Remember me." Impossible to forget so forceful a woman; except for the touch of blue in her soul's complexion, nobly planned.

I like best to recall her in the garden I was now to leave forever: two long, straight borders, primly boarded, and sown with annuals between the clumps of fleur-de-lis, jonquils, and "daffies"; two round beds of portulacca, many

colored, and lovely in sunshine when their eyes were open wide; tubs of day-lilies whose blossoms were alabaster boxes of heavy ointment; a great oleander, so associated with grandmother that the delicate almond odor of the rosepink blossoms seems the very breath of her existence; tall bushes of four o'clock, opening their delicately honeyed chalices in the cool of the day, and furnishing material for a fairy chain of frail, many-tinted corollas; single pinks, fringed and spicy, and much softer to a child's nose than the sweet-william, stiff and spiked as if on the defensive against the coquetry of the old maid's pink,—the latter chiefly prized by children because sheathed in its tubular calyx was a tiny knife and fork; tiger lilies, whose great buds served as paint boxes wherewith to rouge our cheeks; morning glories, whose day-old blossoms popped sonorously; live-forever, whose succulent leaves were convertible into fairy bladders; and a shrub brought from Bridgeport, with a homely but passing-sweet blossom, shaped like a strawberry, and gathering fragrance as it wilted in grandmother's pocket. How I longed for that delicious shrub, when the gate of the old garden had closed forever upon the Paradise of childhood!

PART II

EXODUS

CHAPTER I

Country Life: A Foretaste; The Full Cup

"I remember, I remember
How my childhood fleeted by."

Praed.

My little brother put on his new jacket of blue broadcloth, I my red coat, and gaily skipping by father's side, we set out on a new stage in life's journey. That night Rob and I, like babes in the wood, fell asleep in each other's arms, by special indulgence and for the last time. We had come to a parting of the ways and to a year of gradual disillusion. But it was my first taste of country life, and I drank that cup of joy with the avidity of a child city born and bred, but with an innate passion for God's beautiful world.

I had, it is true, made occasional brief visits at a great-uncle's country house; once riding home perched high on a load of brick, with my belongings tied in a gay bandanna handkerchief, whimsically associated in my mind with my venerable great-aunt's mysterious habit of taking out a spice-box and dusting her nose, after which she sneezed and cried with evident enjoyment. When Hattie saw me riding down Grand Street on a brick-cart, she tossed her

head and pretended not to know me. That nearly upset me, and when Oscar saw my baggage and laughed long and loud, I flung the bundle at him and myself into Father's arms. Never again could I be induced to visit Aunt Cooper, though back of her house was a swamp where sweet flag grew.

I was confirmed in my resolve by my last night's experience in the house on the turnpike. I had been put in the spare-room, and tucked into a great four-posted bedstead with dimity valances. A timid child at best, I had never before been a sparrow alone on the housetop. I was just dropping off to sleep when a slight noise under the bed aroused me; followed by another and another, until to my alert and terrified senses, it seemed one vast scratchity-scratch and scramble of the four-footed powers of darkness. I passed a wretched night under the bed-clothes, suffering a variety of deaths. In the morning, when I told my aunt, she said, "O it was only the mice nibbling the popcorn spread under the bed to dry." "Only the mice!" My first gray hair must have stolen in among the black on that night of panic.

To be in the real country at last, far from turnpike roads prosy with brickcarts, was a fresh experience. Hattie's coveted play-house receded into a remote past, as soon as I had a whole pasture to play in, with a curious wild-apple tree gnarled and twisted to roof me

under. Sometimes in a New Hampshire field, I come across such a playhouse as Rob and I partitioned off with cobble stones,—its pantry glittering with colored glass, old bottle necks, indented spoons; and my heart yearns over the little girl who has there set up housekeeping and striven to fulfill her destiny.

We soon tired of that novelty but never of the field. In berry time we crossed it daily on our way with tin pails to the upland pasture where the high-bush huckleberries grew. These excursions were encouraged, possibly, for economic as well as hygienic reasons, since they were always followed by a supper of berries and milk. I have never craved huckleberries since.

Winter was the season of enchantment, for there were sloping meadows and hilly roads, waiting only to be glazed over with frozen snow to yield such sport as I had not thought possible to mortal children. Soon after the first snowfall, we were standing in the road one day, when far off we caught sight of a grown man sliding down hill on a child's sled. As he drew nearer, "Father! it is father!" shouted Rob, and with joy inexpressible we ran to meet him. He caught us both in his arms, emptied his overcoat pockets of peanut candy into my gingham apron, stowed his "babies" on the sled and pranced like a gay steed to the house. Father had come to see us! Why did not the

sun stand still to mark the day? There would never be another quite so shining.

"Once is enough for all best things."

It meant a long beautiful holiday, spent in sliding down hill on our own sled, with father to push us off and to encourage his little girl, whose heart stood still one moment, only to leap exultantly the next, when the long slide with its portentous thank-you-ma'm was ventured upon. O it was a joyous interlude to the prose of life: just father, and a cheap little sled, gaudy with paint; but I wanted to take it to Heaven, where I knew I should find a long hill covered with crust and father at the top.

CHAPTER II

School Life; A Sentimental Excursion

"Sorrows remembered sweeten present joy."
Pollock.

It was a small school, and happily my spirit of emulation was suppressed, leaving much time for play before candle-light. On rare occasions we had a dance in the great kitchen, but usually our evenings were sober times. Friday night and Saturday morning we toiled at letter-writing, composing under the eye of Miss Laura, dull epistles, smothering blankets for our real thoughts. My stilted beginning I've not forgotten: "Dear—, This is to let you know that I am well and hope you are enjoying the same blessing." This gem I borrowed from Hattie, to whom I now restore it, its lustre undimmed by time. Rob's ending was an ingenious device for filling space and was all his own. It ran thus: "Love to grandmother, Oscar, Sophronia, —, —, —," ad infinitum (the blanks being filled with an enumeration of our relatives, which was providentially long). We had to cover both sides of our slates —a premium on diffuseness paid dearly for in later years. Miss Laura did not dream that she was inducing us to "water our stock,"

though we sometimes did it literally with copious tears.

I went to Sunday School that year, at the Methodist church, and competed for a prize by committing Bible verses. Night after night in the dimly lighted schoolroom, I toiled over the gospel of John, only to see the reward swept from me by a boy nearly twice my age. His name was Homer, and he committed the entire gospel, while I stopped at the difficult fifteenth chapter. I hope to meet Homer in a world free from rivalries and to tell him that I bear him no grudge. Rob and I had each a pretty Bible with a clasp, given us for trying; and it was a proud moment when we went up the aisle together and took from the minister's hand the good book with the gilt-lettered name of the owner on the cover. It was a cheap little Bible, soon worn out; but those memorized verses! who can estimate their value in the assets of a life!

The year had its romance—a vicarious one; but I was a reticent child and no one suspected my idyl. I wonder if Mr. Virgil, the grown-up son of the house, ever afterward recalled the little girl to whom he was so kind during the happy year of his engagement. That child's red-letter days were those when he came from the city to spend Sunday at home, and to court the pretty teacher of the village school. The shy little girl caught the overflow of his good humor and basked in his happiness. She re-

solved to sometime teach a village school and have such a lover.

"Ah, that swan's nest in the reeds!"

There was an adorable city cousin, Miss Augusta, who spent the summer at the farm, and occupied the room in my heart adjacent to Mr. Virgil's. She was daintier than the village beauty, with high-bred grace; and she used her exquisite arts to draw out the silently worshipping child; encouraging me to copy her headdress of fringed and floating ribbons —heaven knows what for, unless to wear when I played "Miss Augusta." Every æsthetic impulse within me started up on the advent of that lovely girl, and I secretly copied even the little curl on her forehead. But hers was a golden curl on a white brow—and mine? I suddenly became aware that I was a dark child.

I of course contrasted my paragon with the pretty teacher, and even built a house of cards in which Mr. Virgil and Miss Augusta figured, to the exclusion of the village belle. I had everything planned for a run-away match, and even grieved a little over the woebegoneness of the jilted maid, when, like a thunderclap came the announcement of Mr. Virgil's marriage to his country love and Miss Augusta's engagement to a stout gentleman—with bags of gold.

CHAPTER III

Hiltown: The District School; The Academy

"To tell tales out of schoole."

Heywood.

Late in the summer vacation, I left Rob huckleberrying in the pasture, and went visiting on a cousin's farm near my old home. I was so happy there that father was easily persuaded to let me stay, though it separated me from little brother, and made us both restless until he joined me. There we spent two years, attending first the district school, then the Academy.

That primitive school house under the great elm! furnished with desks carved by the jackknives of generations of Yankee boys; presided over by a winsome little schoolma'm, dear Miss Esther, sweetest of women, a new and captivating type to my admiring eyes and awakening heart. I had adored Miss Augusta; I loved Miss Esther. And why? She cared for my soul. Yet I have but one proof of it,—a card with a scripture verse, a poem, and the question, "Are you a Christian?" It had never been put to me before, and an impenetrable shyness now veiled my heart and made it impos-

sible for me to answer. But I never forgot it or the sweet woman who reached out her hand for Christ's little one. That dear hand long since returned to dust, but its alluring touch lingered, and was one of the magnetic forces that impelled my heart Godward.

Miss Esther introduced drawing; and with keen delight I copied a bird's nest, the mother bird brooding, and her mate approaching with food. It was one of those small, mute prophecies with which life abounds.

Another augury—can I doubt it in the light of fulfillment?—was the theme I chose for my first composition,—"The Old Maid's Soliloquy." It was lugubrious in tone, and I was far enough from applying it to myself; but I had not yet emerged from the cloud of my pessimistic inheritance, and I was also fresh from the reading of my Virgilian-Augustan romance. After uttering my lament, I received my first stab from a literary critic. A big girl, who ought to have known better for she lived to teach school in Boston, accused me of copying my soliloquy from a weekly paper. She had seen it, she said, in the list of rejected articles!

The Academy was taught the following winter by a Dartmouth Student, who might have sat for the admirable portrait of the Schoolmaster in "Snow Bound":

"Born the wild northern hills among,
From whence his yeoman father wrung
By patient toil subsistence scant,
Not competence, and yet not want,
He early gained the power to pay
His cheerful, self-reliant way."

It was my happy lot to go to the academy that year, and to come in touch with a sterling character, as well as to make good progress in parsing,—my teacher's strong point. I am uncertain whether it was Pollock's "Course of Time" or Milton's "Paradise Lost" through which we took our dim and perilous way; but no chamois ever skirted a precipice with keener delight than my young mind leaped from crag to crag of that granitic English, under my skilful guide.

The country schools of those days were an odd mixture of crudity and strength. Colburn's Arithmetic and Webster's Spelling Book may be out of date, but they did not foster weaklings. An institution, like a human face, must be strongly featured to lend itself readily to caricature. There were sound advantages in the district school and the ungraded academy: not least, the stimulus of mature minds to younger ones, and the facility of advancement. In a great public school with children of my own age and calibre only, I should have missed important factors in the personal equation.

For instance, there was S. T., the youth who

had "contributed to Waverley," and whose daisied meadows of verse and prose we were privileged to roam. Here was something better than instruction in English; it was an actuality, the thing itself, accomplished by the untutored mind of a country boy. With what admiration and infinite longing I regarded the "garland and singing robes" visibly adorning a human form! S. T., our solitary full-fledged poet, was of the melancholy type,—sallow, dark-eyed, with a mane of black hair that he tossed superbly as he rounded his periods of verse. Why, even our teacher coveted his literary style! Treading humbly in his footsteps —*longo intervallo*—I, too, essayed Parnassus. It was a Cinderella flight on a pumpkin,—a lament for the last golden globe overlooked in harvesting. What a Jeremiah I must have been with my book of Lamentations! They touched the heart of a homely but pious youth, who, innocently enough, made religion distasteful to me by his personal appeals. Being good I confounded with being sanctimonious, and I disliked either, thus embodied.

Time has wrought changes in the boys and girls of the Hilltown Academy, but in general the youthful bent shaped the life. Our teacher, especially, has rounded out a character of singular nobility and charm. The successes of life in a sacred calling—he early exchanged platform for pulpit—have left unspoiled a nature whose salt is simplicity and whose

incorruptible virtue is kindness. If Whittier outlined his character in youth, Goldsmith sketches it in age,—

"And even his failings leaned to virtue's side."

CHAPTER IV

Hilltown Folk: The Singing School; The Country Parson

. . . . "that to me were so dear
Long, long ago, long, long ago."

Bayly.

The Singing School in its primitive form is as extinct as the great American Auk. It passed with "Sparking Sunday night" and the real old folks' concert. I would not have missed it for an extra year of life in the twentieth century. It rose yearly with the winter constellations and shone as brightly in my firmament. I associate it forever with Orion and the Pleiades; the walk home being unlighted save by the stars and the fields of snow. Romance, pure and simple, throve in that air, and lent an ineffable charm to the white world lighted from above. If the stars had been angel eyes, we could not have been more innocently safe. Often our young voices rang out in

"There's music in the air";

or

"Those evening bells, those evening bells!"

or

"Far o'er the mountain, softly falls the southern moon";

or, in rollicking mood,

"Rig-a-jig-jig and away we go,
Heigho, heigho, heigho, heigho."

But oftenest we sang my favorite,

"Star of the evening, beautiful star;"

and then we were under a benignant spell.

We had an inimitable singing teacher, known to all the country round. His forte lay in awakening an enthusiasm that carried us through the drudgery of "do, re, mi, fa, sol," to the heights of harmony. He began each session with a rousing action song, that limbered every vocal chord and set every heart to pumping vigorously its red blood. The term musical dynamo, by a happy anachronism, best describes this old-time leader.

The first year I attended singing school, the session closed with a concert in May; the star singer being the soprano of the church choir, who was "as good as engaged" and presumably versed in her solo:

"I have something sweet to tell you,
But the secret you must keep."

O how coquettishly she sang:

"And remember if it isn't right,
I'm talking in my sleep"!

How caressingly she prolonged Sle-e-e-ep, as if loath to part with her dream! and how nonchalantly she soared to high C, as if daring somebody to follow! O but she was a wonder!

Why should not I sing in the choir some day, and have "something sweet to tell"?

Was it not the first round of young ambition's ladder, when our singing teacher gave me a solo? Happily he considered my youth in assigning my song,

"Never forget the dear ones that cluster round our home."

I bore my honors meekly but with courage during rehearsals; but when the concert evening came and the old meeting house was packed with people, not even the charm of a white frock trimmed with wild lilies of the valley could avert stage fright. It was so acute that my kind teacher saw my plight and said, "Cheer up, my child, your cousin Cornelia shall sing the part with you." Ah! what a strain was lifted when I stood surrounded by my chorus, with the strong voice of my cousin to buoy up my own! And when the chorus struck in full and steady, and my eye caught the leader's, the humor of the situation surged over me as X. Y., our tenor, slim as a sapling, six feet in his stockings, rose on the tips of his shiny boots with the ascending notes of,

"Never forget, never forget, never forget the de-ear ones";

descending on his boot heels with the down grade of,

"That cluster round our home."

I had to laugh, inside, and that restored my

courage. On the second verse I let myself go, and so inspirited X. Y. that his abandon brought tears of mirth to the eyes of the audience and evoked a jolly round of applause. It was a happy child that laid aside her drooping lilies that night to dream of heavenly choirs.

Our singing master perchance now sways the baton over some cherubic chorus, and his youngest soloist long since attained and abandoned her Ultima Thule, "a place in the church choir"; but the "something sweet to tell you," so coveted, is it not the old note of her childhood,

"Never forget the dear ones that cluster round our home"?

Assuredly she would not forget the dear ones who clustered round the doorstep at the close of singing school, when we girls rushed down the Academy stairs to the dark entry, to find the boys lined up at the door, waiting to "see us home." So dark often were those country roads that the phrase was then an Hibernianism unawares.

Before I attained the distinction of a beau of my own, I was a minor attachment, a sort of friendly appanage of lovely Clara B——, a neighbor's daughter who was "keeping company" with a young man. But it sometimes happened that I went home alone on a dark night, and then—wingèd Mercury or gliding Iris could scarcely have gone faster down the

country road to the hollow over the bridge up the hill, a good three quarters of a mile to our door. What breathing capacity those flights developed! I have never needed a lung protector. They did not render me fearless but quite the reverse; and a starless night on a country road still sends a quiver through me, as of a long dormant but stirring dread. I instinctively take to my heels as if the de'il were after me.

In truth he was no figment of the imagination or poetic accessory in those days. I not only parsed "Satan" in the "Paradise Lost," but I was made intimately acquainted with his nature and tactics by the preacher in the white meeting house: nor have I outgrown the logic of events which irresistibly led me to the same conclusions. What a flock of memories, both doves and ravens, start at the name "Satan," and fill the air about me!—The frigid Sundays when I sat wedged between my stout cousins in the side pew, like a thin filling to a fat sandwich; my feet on a foot-stove and my nose its chimney; my breath being visible, a lightly curling smoke. When the warmth stealing up from the bed of coals made me drowsy, my good cousin drew from her capacious pocket a stalk of "meetin'-seed," caraway or fennel; a bit of sugared smellidge root or sweet flag; a taste of preserved orange-peel—no secular confections bought at a counter being permitted; and with these I put to flight the imps that

tugged at my eyelids, and would fain have discomfited me before the minister and deacons.

One of the latter I vividly remember: a tall, angular farmer with handsome bones. He was an exhorter and much renowned for the length and breadth of his prayers. An ardent teetotaler at a time of general lukewarmness, he stands by the parson's side in my memory, a bulwark of temperance. He often spoke at the Washingtonian meetings, and once he pointed his appeal to the young with a confession. It was his habit, he said, to turn his head the other way when passing a cider-mill; but on one occasion he had lapsed from grace and gone inside. Once within, the next step was easy, he had put his finger under the drippings and tasted the juice. This good deacon owned an apple orchard; and he closed his talk by invoking a blight upon it ere any of its fruit should find its way to the mill,—a source of revenue to the community.

Temperance meetings were frequent, and to the stirring talks followed by the circulation of the pledge, I owe my deepened conviction that no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven. I signed off from cider even, at a time when at nearly every social gathering, it stood by the nuts and apples, a sparkling temptation. I cannot credit the deacon's logic with the stand I took, though I accepted in good faith his *facilis descensus Averni* illustration; to

another unique and forceful personality, I owe my total abstinence principles.

I have never met the like of Parson P——. All Scripture being to him inspired, he took such odds and ends of Holy Writ for texts as, "Slow bellies," on which he based a powerful Thanksgiving sermon. I recall hungrily a certain fast day, when, after preaching an hour and a half, he drew out another manuscript, saying, "As you have nothing on hand, no eating and no work, I shall take liberty and take time." Whereupon he preached a second sermon, as long as the first. An hour and a half was the usual length; but not even the children grumbled, so extraordinary was the preacher's hold upon his audience. One of his sermons was on the "Works of the Devil: the World his Farm. What are his Agricultural Implements?" In the skeleton before me, the preacher enumerates eight; among them, "Mowing machine, Intemperance; Harrow, Scandal; Flax-breaker, American Slavery; Roller, Dull preaching." It is safe to say that the Devil never applied to Parson P—— for the last named implement.

Even a country village has its rich man or men, who must be handled gingerly, under the expediency doctrine. But Parson P—— knew no distinction of persons, and fulmined over Hilltown in this wise: "There are men so covetous of money that if the bricks at the mouth of Hell needed replacing, they would

take the job." As the leading industry of the town was the manufacture of brick, it is fair to presume that his lightning struck somewhere.

The Parson was an abolitionist, and in his old pulpit, he fought a good fight in that war of words that sealed the fate of the Rebellion long before Grant's guns were turned against it. He had the courage of John Brown's convictions; and called a meeting to consider that martyr's fate, on the night of his death. The church bell was tolled to his memory, and the favorite refrain of young and old became,

"John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the grave,
His soul is marching on."

CHAPTER V

Religious Impressions: The Puritan Sunday; Sunshine and Shade

"Are we to mark this day with a white or a black stone?"
Cervantes.

When the forthcoming Rebellion was in the air, the parson was as one who smelleth the battle afar. He was a war-horse in theology, "pawing in the valley and going on to meet the armed men." I loved his rattling quiver and glittering spear, when employed in the service of his country; but when they turned against my personal sins I was in terror. His theology was sometimes inflammable enough to set the world on fire, and after one lurid sermon I dreamed that it was ablaze. Tongues of flame licked up rivers, lakes, oceans. The insatiate jaws were crunching the solid earth, when I awoke in an agony of fear. All this I hid in my heart, and lived in terror of the judgment day.

Sunday was a period of gloom, terminated at sundown; when, having "kept" Saturday night, I broke loose, and as fast as my feet would carry me, ran to a neighbor's to borrow his *New York Ledger* and lose my real fears in imaginary ones. "Capitola, or the Hidden

Hand'' so fascinated me that I lived in a dual world while her star (a baleful one) was in the ascendant. The angel who watches over childhood mercifully guarded me, and the days of the *Ledger* were soon numbered. In an old attic I happened upon some torn copies of Fredrika Bremer's novels. Their wholesome flavor corrected my taste, and with a clean tongue I henceforth eschewed ''yellow'' literature.

As I grew older, the Puritan Sunday lost its terrors, which were largely the result of a lively fancy playing about the unseen. There was no mother to win the confidence of the little girl, and to expel thoughts of the nether world with visions of the azure. I was light-hearted by day, but sometimes when evening shades crept up the sky, and above all when some one I knew had died, and I went reluctantly to bed to ponder the woes of the impenitent and the narrow way of escape, I suffered miseries never before unveiled. ''God is angry with the wicked every day'' was writ large upon my wall of doom, though unseen save by the laughing eyes of a little girl.

> "A simple child
> That lightly draws its breath,
> And feels its life in every limb,
> What should it know of death?"

Nothing: yet my dread of it was extreme until my dear Miss Esther died, when a ray of light

penetrated the gloom. She had not only "lured to brighter worlds" but also "pointed the way."

In summer when the days were long and nobody had died, it was different. On Sunday afternoons, Rob and I went to the woods for wild flowers, sassafras, and berries. Were there ever such swamp pinks, fruiting in juicy honeysuckle apples; and such a pool, walled about to centre in a deep well its medicinal waters! There the city folk came in carriages, to sip lightly of the water and to carry away the pink azaleas. From the shadow of the wood, a boy and girl stopped picking young wintergreen and turned dark eyes wonderingly upon them.

To our sister in the city we sent great bunches of those tender shoots, and bouquets of wild flowers. Once or twice while we lived on the farm, Sophronia came to visit us, and those were days of happiness in general; though in particular, one pain lingers, caused by wounded vanity. I was proud of my stylish sister, and felt very tall when we walked up the church aisle together; but when she put on my big garden sunbonnet of checked gingham, stiffened with pasteboard slats, completely hiding her face, and dragged me with her to the village for a morning walk, my pride collapsed like a spent bubble.

I got even with my prankish sister, though without malice, when I returned her visit. At the end of my stay, she had put me aboard the

wrong train and started off at a rapid gait, without discovering the blunder. I found it out, however, hurriedly alighted, and raced after Sophronia, in my hand a big round band-box containing my clothes. The way lay down the main street; and as I pursued the retreating form, growing hotter with the chase, suddenly the string of my band-box broke, the cover came off, and various articles of clothing dropped on the pavement or rolled in the gutter. At that moment Sophronia caught sight of me, a discomfited Nemesis, and came to my relief. Even her sense of humor was in abeyance when she saw the abject woe of her small sister, and heard her tale. Let me add that she afterward made generous amends for lost garments and injured pride by sending me a white tissue cape with blue silk cord and tassels, and a bonnet to match, that mitigated the sorrows of Sunday.

It was soon after this visit that I experienced my first serious homesickness—I who had no home except the one made for me by a dear cousin by marriage, with whom my sister lived. When I first saw her in her white bridal bonnet, her winning smile and caressing tones captivated me. They were a distinct innovation in a family reticent to coldness. It was the first tenderness without stint that I had ever sunned in, and shady places in my nature began to grow flowers.

This cousin soon found out that I had never

had a real ring, and she gave me the dearest one ever fondled by a child. She coaxed me (an easy matter!) to prolong my visits, and made them times of enchantment. Best of all, she said, "When are you coming *home* again?" Ah that magic word! Had I been born homeless, I should not have known its contents,—exquisite joy and poignant sorrow mingled in one cup. But having tasted it in childhood, I was evermore athirst. The delicious draughts of home life at my cousin's during many vacations, coursed like wine through my being, and in a measure made up to me for my father's pitiful mistake in breaking so early our loving-cup. For a scattered family inevitably misses life's most sweet and sacred communions. Not until love was at its zenith, did I taste in its fulness the happiness of home. So exquisite is it by contrast, that it atones for the lost sweetness of a girlhood unmothered and unhomed.

I was a little girl and bitterly homesick. I had not heard the story of John Howard Payne, but in my measure I duplicated it; and if "Home, Sweet Home!" immortal refrain, had not been wrung from his heart, it must have been distilled from mine, in some small salt drop, not unlike a tear.

CHAPTER VI

War Times: Young Romance; Mount Holyoke on the Horizon

"When memory plays an old tune on the heart."
Eliza Cook.

A home school in fact as well as name was now opened in Hilltown, by a woman whose memory I revere. I was placed in the school, and spent three happy years in an atmosphere so favorable to graces of character that I marvel at my slow growth. The gentleness, tact, and serene patience of my teacher, I have never seen surpassed. Instances throng my mind; let one suffice: the spelling-match, when I led one column against my friend Janey with the other. I was beaten and took my defeat with ill-grace, venting my impatience on the luckless member of my side who had caused the rout. Miss L—— waited until Janey in turn had suffered defeat; and then casually asked me if I had noticed how admirably Janey bore reverses, and how patient she was with minds slower than her own. Not a word about my own ill temper, which now flashed upon me.

Miss L—— loved me into right-doing at the coltish period, when I might have slipped the halter, and broken from a less gentle hand. I

learned my lessons so easily that I sometimes had leisure to illustrate an adage and take Satan for my employer. My winsome teacher offered a prize for scholarship and deportment; but I chose not to compete for it, at the sacrifice of fun. After the reward had been publicly conferred on a day pupil, my teacher took me apart, told me of her keen disappointment and gave me a duplicate copy of "The Pilgrim's Progress." The shame of that moment when I took the undeserved prize in my hand and read the loving inscription on the flyleaf, flushes my cheek as I write. I hurriedly left the employ of the arch mischief-maker, and entered a coöperative firm—a trust, indeed, with generous shares in the profits to all concerned. To those years of firm, gracious rule, I owe an ideal of great value in later life.

In the midst of that peaceful time, the Sumter gun spoke its weighty syllable, "War." The town was deeply stirred. Its brave pulpiteer had foreseen the crisis and prepared the way to meet it. The Sunday following, he preached a rousing sermon, emphasized by two immense trains of open cars thundering through the town immediately afterward, loaded with Boston Light Artillery for the defense of Washington. The object lesson was not lost. One month later, Hilltown's first volunteer stepped into the "imminent, deadly breach." He was one of seven brothers, my mother's cousins, six of whom, being eligible, joined the

union army. The eldest is now a general, outranking the other veterans in his native town. Another lived through the horrors of Andersonville, and crawled back to the old doorstep, to fail of recognition by the mother who bore him. One died in hospital and one came back to his family after years of burial in southern prisons, having been mourned as dead. The instance is given as a typical one in a New England country town,—one of many that elicited Sherman's ejaculation, "War is hell!"

But war is also heaven, in its development of loyalty and self-sacrifice. That first year was one of schooling in adversity. Boys dropped their books and shouldered knapsacks and guns. We girls visited them in camp, carrying jellies and cakes; and smiling, waved them off with bouquets of red, white, and blue. My dearest girl friend, aged fifteen, had a lover in the army, and each one of us cherished some romantic attachment. Most of these came to nothing. The one *bona fide* lover was "cut out" by a dashing young officer, and afterwards married and became mayor of a western city. As a youth, he had lightly vacillated to the extent of bringing me rosy-cheeked apples when "out" with his Phyllis.

A bright, brave lad he was, a match for his pippins in color and soundness; and when twenty-five years after our parting, he surprised me one evening with a call, his honest blue eyes (pray why are blue ones always

"honest"?) at once identified him. The citified air and dress sat lightly on the still boyish figure; and I could have fancied a smart horse and buggy at the gate, and a watermelon patch somewhere on the road, had it not been for certain diamonds and a tinge of gray in the hair.

We sat late into the summer night, talking over old times: those happy schooldays when our belief in coëducation was grounded; the long rides to the tintinnabulations of the bells, at whose reluctant close I stole softly to the side door to find it bolted, and my long-suffering teacher at the window, watching for my return. Charley was a favorite pupil, and so was Janey, my partner in all excursions, or I should not have obtained this indulgence. When long afterward I asked why we were so favored beyond the common lot of young things, the reply was, "I could trust you." And truly the fact that we were trusted by one we loved, was like an angel guarding our youth.

Charley and I touched but lightly in our talk upon the real romance of that far-off time, though memory was stirring the embers in both our hearts. Janey had visited her father, the captain of Company K, in camp, and there met her fate; while my interest had centered in a demure youth, with an unfailing store of wit, and resources as to pockets. He always went to prayer-meeting, but I fear from mixed motives, as I recall the tin boxes of walnut

meats and toothsome butternuts dexterously given me. (Girls, too, had pockets in the golden age.) A deacon's son, he was reared straitly, and it grieved me sorely that he could not dance; but his skating was like Goethe's at Weimar, and made my heart leap for pride. He took me to hear Gough lecture, and I rejoiced in his size and manly bearing, both accentuated by a new great coat. Alas! they procured him, though he was only sixteen, a place in the regiment. To my exultation, he was first to respond on that memorable evening, August 4th, 1862, when the academy hall echoed to the impassioned appeal for volunteers, and thirty were enrolled. Hardships soon told upon the lad, and in a few months he was buried from the white house on the green,—one in a long line of country boys who succumbed to exposure. Funerals were so common during that year that the little graveyard had always a fresh mound, and the heart a new pain.

Life went on at intermittent fever heat, and at fifteen I found myself ready to enter Mount Holyoke Seminary, then the highest grade of school for girls in America. Sixteen was the required age for admission; and in the interim I tried to get a district school to teach, in emulation of my friend Janey, who was "boarding round" and exercising gifts no greater than my own. But I was small and wore short dresses; while she, by her size and alpacas,

would have deceived the very elect of committee men. I had to bide my time, and became much chastened in spirit by listening to Janey's account of her doings, and witnessing her social successes. By taking thought I could not add one cubit to my stature or two months to my age. Janey had just that start of me in life's journey, and I could never overtake her. She married at seventeen when I was a "middler" at Mount Holyoke; and twenty years later—such are time's revenges—, sent her daughter to my school, a demure girl of eighteen years, of whom her mother wrote approvingly, "She never had a beau."

The divinity that shapes our ends had put it into the heart of my unselfish teacher to fit me for Mount Holyoke, to influence me to go, and thus to take a magnanimous reprisal for her own thwarted ambition. She had discovered my bent toward teaching and confirmed it in many ways; but chiefly by her own example and her confidence in my calling. Grandmother did not share this conviction; and when she came for a farewell visit, she plied her darning needle to a doleful monologue of foreboding. She was sure Oscar would die in Libbey prison; Sophronia would take the proverbial crooked stick, after traversing a forest of admirers; and I, with all this schooling before me, would know too much to ever get married. Dear lugubrious grandmother, with her second sight! blurred indeed, but occasionally seeing the ob-

vious,—how cheerfully would I now look for her glasses from cellar to attic, if I might only exclaim again, "Why, there they are, grandmother, on your forehead!"

PART III

REVELATION

CHAPTER I

Mount Holyoke Seminary in the Sixties: My New Birth: Human; Divine

"My heart is fixed."

Ps. 57:7.

It was a bright afternoon in September when I reached Smith's Ferry, with perhaps fifty other girls, *en route* to Mount Holyoke Seminary. As I stood on the river bank awaiting the tardy boat, I had my first memorable thrill of delight in river and hill scenery at the sunset hour. I had felt pleasure before in the "gentle dimplement" of rolling country; but here were little mountains responsive to heaven's mood. From that hour dates a love for mountain landscape and inland waters that has been one of life's purest joys.

The old ferry boat was moved by hand power applied to a stout wire rope stretched from bank to bank. As I crossed the Connecticut on the queer, slow-going craft, I thought of Acheron and the pale boatman;—or was it later when I was under the spell of the Æneid? In after years when I recrossed, it had Stygian qualities,—unlaid ghosts hovering about it. Two of these while in the body, had crossed the river on the ice that first winter, and "footed

it'' to the Seminary, only to find that they had not hit upon recreation evening, and must forego their call. Another, wiser in his generation, was ferried over on a Tuesday, and gained admittance to the portal; to which, however, he afterward attributed the Dantesque legend,

"Abandon hope, all ye who enter here."

But these shadowy memorabilia of the river had not taken form when I stood on its bank that September day, about to cross it and to sever my connection with the past. As I traversed the country road in the tranquil light of the late afternoon, I was dimly aware that I was drawing near to Happiness.

My first autumn in the river valley sentinelled by its twin peaks, Holyoke and Tom, was a long delight. Those memorable tramps when I puckered my lips with frost grapes, gathered trailing bittersweet, and watched with heart athirst the vintage of color flushing the hillside and brimming the valley cup! Those winter walks over the snow, when the hoary peaks put on purple and ermine but stretched forth no sceptre for approach! As Esther waited in the court of Ahasuerus, so I for the spring welcome of my kingly hills. It came with the flowering of arbutus in sheltered nooks, and for the first time I gathered Mayflowers under the snow; later, columbine from the cleft of the rock, and in June, mountain

laurel at Titan's Pier. Nature drew me to her breast;

> "She gave me eyes, she gave me ears;
>
> * * * * * *
>
> A heart, the fountain of sweet tears,
> And love and thought and joy."

In October of that year I spent my first "mountain day," in a double sense. In the little party were two seniors,—beings of a different sphere. I had the humility befitting a freshman, and when one of them invited me to ride home beside her in the mountain wagon, I felt as if the evening star had bidden me draw near. She was a beautiful girl of nineteen years, with grace of the lips to match her face, and wholly unconscious of her radiant charm. I rode home in the moonlight as in an enchanted world. The long beautiful day, with its mountain-top exhilaration, ending with this full draught! I did not know its significance. I had never read or heard of a friendship so lustrous that it turns ordinary love pale. We parted at the gate, and I thought it the end: it was the beginning. That friendship, from its rise in the mountain, a spring of love, has become a mighty river, full-breasted, moving serenely on,

> So calm, so tranquil, yet so free,
> Because so near the boundless sea.

It filled my being as the incoming tide the inlets of the coast.

In midwinter I had a further deepening of my nature. The majority of students entering Mount Holyoke in the sixties were not Christians. A revival was a yearly event. Dr. Kirk of Boston was then president of the board of trustees, and a devoted friend of the institution. He made an annual visit "in the fullness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ." To have felt the touch of that consecrated spirit is to have had something finer than any laying on of hands. I had the rare fortune to pass through one of those great revivals.

It was not an era of easy conversions. There was no carriage road to heaven. Sincere folk took Christ's words literally and "agonized to enter" the strait gate. Dr. Kirk's method was direct and probing. He appealed to the deepest motives that sway the heart,—love and fear. In preaching he rang the alarm bells, as one who knew the reality of danger; but in prayer he became lost in love and adoration.

On my seventeenth birthday he preached from the text, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve." At the close of the solemn service, he requested all Christians to withdraw. Nearly fifty remained. Dr. Kirk then pressed home his gospel invitation, asking all who would accept it to rise during the singing of "Just as I am, without one plea." One by one the girls arose until but one, a senior, remained sitting. Dr. Kirk then left the platform, went to her side and asked her why she

had remained. "That I might not influence my roommate against staying," she replied. He then pleaded with her to accept Christ as her Saviour, but in vain. "You will not?" he said, with indescribable pathos, adding, "Then, farewell." If a visible line had been drawn between us or a gulf opened, the eternal separation could not have been more clearly indicated than by that deep and thrilling voice. The great revival wave that swept more than forty into harbor that night, did not spend its force until ninety had entered the desired haven.

By humbly following Christ, the great preacher had become a successful fisher of men. He let down the net on the right side of the ship. His anniversary address on "The Greatness of the Human Soul," set forth the supreme issue of life. While other speakers dwelt upon "Female Education," "The Virtuous Woman," "The Mission of Woman," and the like, Dr. Kirk rose above any petty segment of the sphere to the full orb of the spirit and its destiny. Such was his habitual largeness of scope. I had never before been lifted to such a height, to be thrilled by such a sweep of vision. It was like a glimpse of a solar system from some vantage point,—the Love of God, the central sun; the soul of man, a revolving planet. Dr. Kirk was reverenced and beloved by his spiritual children, and we hailed his yearly visits with mingled awe and joy; but

his bearing held expression in check, and doubtless he never knew of the gratitude that welled up from our girlish hearts.

CHAPTER II

Spirit and Mind Advance; The Heart Keeps Pace

"The footsteps of my life are in hers."
Helen Keller.

The year that marks with a star my new birth, was so rich in experience that all before it fades like a glimmering landscape on the sight. The divine and human loves were so blended, that they were as indistinguishable as the rainbow tints about the moon. I seemed never to have lived before; yet it was but the dawn of a steadily brightening day.

My conversion was so radical that through all the vicissitudes of a thoughtful life, I have never questioned its supreme reality or been at a loss for a reason for the hope that is in me. The non-essentials of religion have assumed many phases; but the great verities, like the starry heavens or the moral law, are eternal, unchangeable. I no longer deem it a sin to write a letter or read the *Atlantic Monthly* on Sunday; but the correlated laws of Sunday rest and spiritual growth are unaltered. That I discovered them early, I owe to the religious training at Mount Holyoke. Though I sometimes chafed under it, as on a fast day when

the heavens seemed hung with black, and childhood terrors knocked again at the door of memory, yet on the whole I honored it, and the characters it developed. The quiet half-hour, morning and evening, when the habit of prayer and daily Bible-reading was formed; the chapel exercise, with its hallowed memories of Fidelia Fiske, Catharine Hopkins, Elizabeth Earle, Helen M. French, Elizabeth Ballantine; the nightly section-meeting, where spirit touched spirit in prayer and praise,—all these things had an important part in fashioning my character. I early resolved to decline no religious service that came in my way; and thus, in time, could say with the cavalry officer when asked how he faced the guns without flinching, "It's the courage, sir, of having done it."

My freshman year had still another renaissance,—an intellectual one. The quickening of my spirit reacted upon my mind, and I responded eagerly to stimulus. My roommate during that impressionable winter, a girl of many gifts, introduced me to Elizabeth Barrett Browning,

> "The dearest poet I ever knew,
> Dearest and greatest and best to me."

Her poems opened a new world, which I at once set out to explore. I encountered Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Irving, Hawthorne, Holmes, and Lowell. My voyage became one of boundless interest and adventure. From the

hour when I read "Sonnets from the Portuguese" and "The House of the Seven Gables," I was as one emerged from a chrysalis.

The transformation was of the entire being. Much of this I owed to the beautiful friendship that now irradiated my life. On one never-to-be-forgotten evening, Regina and I had knelt together in a recitation-room, and she had prayed aloud for me at a crisis hour of my spirit. My little Testament, her gift, I had begun reading for her sake; now I read it for its own. But I could say with Mrs. Browning:

> "What I do
> And what I dream include thee as the wine
> Must taste of its own grapes.
> And when I sue
> God for myself he hears that name of thine,
> And sees within my eyes the tears of two."

I had by no means leaped to this altitude of feeling. It had been a steady ascent from the lowest round of friendship's ladder; yet a Jacob's ladder, with angels ascending and descending thereon. I had been lured up the steep; for I had not a "coming-on disposition," and a keen sense of inequality would have weighed me down, had not a great leveler-of-distinctions taken me by the hand. "You have had an experience," said a discerning woman to me during my golden year. Yes: and it had transformed a life humdrum and ordinary in outward circumstance; but within,

where thought and feeling reign, arrayed in purple.

Yet the very splendor of my lot (as I viewed it) brought with it the uneasiness of a crown. My friend was greatly beloved by others with claims prior to mine, which they did not hesitate to assert. My sense of fairness made me modest in pressing my own, and indeed, I had only one claim; but the happiness and welfare of two beings were at stake. One of them, Regina, had a masterful nature and controlled circumstances. Before our mountain ride together, she had seen a curly-haired freshman coming down the gallery stair of the library, with a book in her hand, and had registered a vow to know her. Before our mountain ride, I had seen a tall girl with auburn hair and Grecian face pass under the trees on the campus, and had thought:

> "A man had given all other bliss
> And all his worldly worth for this,
> To waste his whole heart in one kiss
> Upon her perfect lips."

I did not dream that I should ever walk under those trees with her,

> When hope hung like a crescent moon
> In our young sky; and faith was new,
> A Hesperus caught in the blue;
> And star and moon were both ablush
> With friendship's soft auroral flush.

Only one heavy shadow hung over that bright year—the coming separation. The warcloud

we were used to. Deprivation, hardship, calamity even, we accepted without many murmurs. Rancid butter, cold halls, scanty wardrobes, we did not seriously mind. Small trials assume right proportions at such an hour. But July would bring the graduation day of my friend. It was the gravest trouble I had ever faced. As we lay on the campus looking up into the sky one summer day, just before the parting, I had a vision of the sweep of love outstretching the boundless blue. Currants were ripening near by and white clover scented the air. Both are forever linked with this truth as it dawned upon my spirit:

> "They never part who heart to heart
> One end, one aim pursue."

CHAPTER III

The Young Teacher: Her 'Prentice Han'

"I have gained my experience."
Shakespeare.

My sophomore year was one of intellectual activity and a growing desire to test my powers in teaching. At its close a position was offered me with a graduate friend and was accepted.

In our school, an endowed one under Episcopal auspices, were fifty or more boys and girls of various ages, to be graded, disciplined, and taught, by two tyros of eighteen and twenty years. My senior partner had a serious illness in the late winter, and I was left alone with such aid as I could get from an advanced pupil. It was a strange and solemn experience,—responsibility thrust upon me, and one whom I dearly loved at death's door. But with the confidence of youth I met the exigency.

From the ordeals of that schoolroom I should shrink today, but I gloried then—not in my infirmities, which were many, but in my native aptitude and love for my calling. Some of my pupils were older than I, but that did not daunt me. Once only did I tremble, when a young man of twenty-five years came in for

a few weeks' "schooling," and announced his determination to "go through" the university algebra. Go through it he did at a galloping pace, completing it in three weeks. Fortunately for me, my mathematical Pegasus required little guidance. In English grammar I had the advantage and made the most of it. Compositions I exacted at the point of the pen. One brief December day, to my consternation, three young men in my advanced class struck for freedom. They steadily refused to write; I as steadily insisted that they must, and would be kept in until they did. The short afternoon waned, with my rebels unsubdued. I resolved to send for light, and announced my purpose, making a final appeal to the rectitude of the young men. The leader, my algebraic Boanerges, broke the spell by taking up his pencil and rapidly covering his slate. When I turned the key in the school-house and walked down the hill, I was attended by a bodyguard of conquered but loyal subjects. I learned afterwards that in the little post-office a knot of villagers had been betting upon the issue of the strike; only a small minority being on the winning side with the little teacher.

That was a happy year. During the autumn excursions for nuts, we stored up enough to regale our city visitors. The pile was much augmented by the daily offerings of Matilda, a girl of unmathematical mind but generous heart, who heaped my desk with chestnuts

each recess, while I was ringing the bell. Far be it from me to think that she would fain have purchased indulgence for sins of miscalculation. But could I be punctilious about an errant figure or two, with that mouth-filling nut before me? O to be an unmoral chipmunk or a casuistic bluejay in this world of shagbarks and burrs! I did deal with Matilda, as my forbears who suffered for conscience' sake would have had me; but I never hear the slang word "chestnut," without a mental protest against the indignity offered a delectable nut, employed by me as a means of grace.

As the year deepened, we went skating with our pupils and had royal evenings on the ice lighted by the moon or blazing fire. We kept an intellectual hold upon them by organizing a reading-circle for the young people of the town, beginning the course with "The Lady of the Lake," and ending it with "The High Tide." My friend's brother sent us a great box of choice books, and when alone, we read into the small hours, accomplishing two great volumes of Carlyle's Essays, Macaulay's England, Cowper's Letters and Lamb's Works.

Twenty-five dollars of our meager salaries we spent in books. My nucleus of a library in faded covers holds the post of honor today. It includes "Beauties of Ruskin," De Quincey's Essays, "The Scarlet Letter," Emerson's Poems, and the complete works to date of Robert Browning. It was my introduction

to Ruskin and Browning, and I have needed no second one. I like to remember that I rejoiced in Browning when he was the least read of the great poets. I had only a pint cup, but I filled it at the fountain.

CHAPTER IV

Romance

"She is a woman, therefore may be wooed."
Shakespeare.

The Christmas holidays we spent with Regina in her sister's beautiful home. The week was a round of pleasures. A novel one to me was a butternut party, the nuts being served in milk-pans, each young man picking out meats for his partner. The tall son of the house was my nut-pick, and as he fed me with the oleaginous nut, he culled a nosegay from the poets for my receptive intellect. Thus by three avenues of approach did he lay siege to my heart. For if the mind has its eye, its ear, why not its nose? I aver that we picked violets that January night. A—— was literary, with a tinge of the Byronic in his temperament and a vein of coquetry. He was constantly hovering about us during that holiday week, when like a gay butterfly he sipped honey from the flowers of rhetoric and seemed to challenge pursuit. He was so impartial to the two newcomers, that our family circle became interested in the *affair du coeur*—as they insisted upon calling it—and hazarded so much candy on the issue, that it imparted sweetness to the event.

I never willingly competed with B——, whose charm of lip and dark melancholy eye seemed to me irresistible; but I could not help being a foil. She shone with unusual lustre (if one may paint the lily), and with prophetic eye I saw her opening a confectionary shop with her perquisites. But was it not the plain and quiet girl in the old-time novel who took the prize? B—— did not get the candy.

April came, bringing real violets and my first proposal. The one was as natural as the other, and as little my responsibility. We were in a carriage on the river road, when the visiting youth from a far city poured out his love. He was gifted in speech and I a good listener, though I truly tried to stop the avowal; but he had come all the way to make it, and I perforce must hear. In the first pause I expressed my regret, deep and sincere, for the answer I must give,—a euphemistic but unmistakable "No." This surprised the young man, who was of unduly sanguine temperament; but he quickly rallied his forces and said, "I fear I have been misunderstood—I—I love you as I love—my mother." He was twenty-three, I nineteen; but the humor of the situation was lost upon me in the surprise of the moment, to my life-long regret.

The same spring saw my confirmation in the parish church; Bishop Coxe laying his hand in blessing on my head, in spite of his discovery that I had forgotten my catechism and had a

verbal uncertainty about the ten commandments. I had been reared an Episcopalian, and was slow in reaching the thoughtful stage when my individuality asserted itself. Three years later, I severed the old ties and became a Congregationalist; from the new fold I have never strayed.

In June, Regina came to visit me, driving across the beautiful Susquehanna valley with her handsome brother from Mexico and another girl's brother. We paired off in our walks and drives and on the honeysuckled piazza. Her brother had Regina's winning ways and a fund of his own. His novel life, full of incident and adventure, interested me, and I greatly liked his Spanish type and daring spirit. Had I been a Juliet, I might have found my Romeo. It was not "dear Juliet," but a wayward Yankee girl who received him at Mount Holyoke the following year, and insisted upon spending their one afternoon together in a round of the buildings, with an explanatory guide whose moving shadow she persistently hugged. Romeo was quick of perception, but he was gazing through his sister's eyes with his own temperament behind the eye, and he would not be rebuffed. He had to take the western-bound express before that tour of the buildings was completed, but he posted his revenge. The sequel is brief: A fortnight later, from a distant city came a little book bearing this inscription, "Not as I will but as

thou wilt." Romeo speaks Spanish today to Mexican sons and daughters; and doubtless, if a certain name were spoken, would reply in that musical tongue,

"I have forgot that name and that name's woe."

CHAPTER V

Senior Year at Mount Holyoke: Persons that Influenced Me: Elizabeth D. Earle; Henry F. Durant

"A light unto my path."

Ps. 119:105.

During my year of teaching and in the long vacation, I had been diligently "making up" the studies of the junior year; as my father wisely insisted upon my graduating from Mount Holyoke. He gave me the most liberal education afforded by the times, and one that placed the emphasis upon life-long growth in mind and character. For this I revere his memory; and when hampered in my own benefactions, gratefully recall my father's example and say, "Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee."

My senior year was invaluable to me. It capped the edifice, with the corner-stone, Hebrew fashion, on top. I came to it greatly benefited by discipline; for a sincere teacher gets even more than she gives. While her hand is molding the characters of her pupils, all of theirs are shaping her own. Until I taught, I had no correct idea of the importance of exact knowledge, accurate estimates, right views. I

soon learned that guess-work and verbal pyrotechnics do not count; that a teacher's valuable assets are knowledge and power. Novalis' definition of character, "a completely-fashioned will," began to figure in my thought and to inform my life. My teachers perceived the change and frankly told me that I had improved. One of them gave me an occasional chance to teach, and I sometimes took her class, my own division in Mental or Moral Philosophy, trembling, yet rejoicing at the test.

To this teacher, who was an independent thinker of magnetic personality, I owe what little original power I developed during senior year. She preferred one fresh thought from the mind of a student to pages of cut-and-dried lore. She did not herself repose in the minds of others. In Bible study especially she was fearless and analytic. She had the correct idea of a text-book—a whetstone for the student's mind. Her own was a keen sword, ever challenging a tilt. Such teaching did not prepare students for a showy examination, but we gloried in a leader who thought less of dress parade than of soldierly qualities. Miss E—— afterwards married a college president, and I have in my mind a vivid word picture from her husband's pen of that charming woman with her hands in bread dough, stopping to debate a knotty point in metaphysics with the president, whose classes she often conducted, to the edification of the students. I have known

many teachers, but seldom another so stimulating to the reflective faculty as Elizabeth Earle.

Miss Earle had an unusual sense of the majesty of moral law, and was sometimes overborne by its stern rule. "Unchartered freedom" had for her no allurements, and she seems to me in the retrospect, to have lived in Wordsworth's Ode to Duty:

> "Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
> The Godhead's most benignant grace;
> Nor know we anything so fair
> As is the smile upon thy face."

When I was some years older and ready for the confidence, she told me that her faith in God, which I thought sublime, had been bought at a great price. "I have walked the floor," she said, "in an agony of doubt, with clenched hands, saying over and over, 'I will believe, I will believe.'" At that time she was—in the phrase of her step-son—"under legality"; but later she came into that large place where the "life of duty is included in and uplifted by the life of love."

On Sunday afternoons, Miss Earle had the senior Bible Class, and it was a serious yet delightful hour that we spent in the old lecture room. The evening shadows gathered often in our inner sky, as her earnestness deepened into solemnity; but then the great truths of God shone out like fixed stars. On one occasion she

pressed home to her class the missionary call to foreign fields, with a power that seemed supernatural. The most volatile natures were stayed, and at least three of our class received the arrest of thought that led them to become missionaries.

There was a lighter side to this dear Puritan; a gayety charming to witness, when in the secrecy of her dark closet, she held her modest spreads and gave her privileged guests toast and tea, after a drive over the hills. Hers was perhaps the most influential personality of my senior year; for in it were blended the intellectual graces, which I then rated higher than any other, and the spiritual power that held me to my moorings when I was straining at the rope. For Miss Earle taught me to study my Bible on my knees. And some years later, when on a visit to Regina and me she said to us: "Ah, my dears, you may be intellectually brilliant but spiritually dull," it was like a warning voice from the skies for which we thank her today.

Then, too, she started us in systematic giving; at least a tenth of our income being set apart as a "Christ fund," from which to draw, not reluctantly but joyfully, for the service of God.

It was during that visit that our friend gave us an insight to an unexplored part of her nature. She had never attended theatre or opera, and when my brother Rob, then singing

with the Kellogg Company, visited us, I paved the way as I thought to an harmonious evening by providing hymn-books. Mrs. Magoun listened to the beautiful tenor voice for a while, then broke in impetuously: "Oh I've heard those gospel hymns so many times! can't you sing some operatic airs?" My obliging brother had no score, no accompanist, but he readily complied, singing song after song, with the action and abandon of the stage. "Delightful! delightful!" cried our friend, adding with a sigh, as if she had tasted forbidden fruit: "There isn't a sin condemned by the decalogue that I might not have committed, but for the restraining grace of God." She had furnished the key to her extraordinary influence: a nature versatile and sympathetic with those outside her range of experience but not outside her imagination.

My senior year was one of transition at Mount Holyoke. An acting-principal of cautious temperament, bridging an interval, was of necessity conservative, and possibly made a fetish of precedent. At all events, when a group of seniors, led by the brilliant E. S., our writer of distinction, formed a project for a school journal, it was promptly vetoed. We had elected our board of editors, solicited contributions, and even made up our dummy, before broaching the subject to the faculty. We had, in short, demonstrated our success in an opening number of fine promise. This much

was conceded by our critics; but our little candle that yearned to throw its beams far down the years, was snuffed out with a syllogism: "All precedents are dangerous; a literary magazine would be a precedent; therefore it is dangerous."

But these trifles were but sunspots in a bright year. A woman's debt to her Alma Mater bears compound interest, and can never be cancelled. I can meet but an item here and there of my own. It was in 1867 that Mr. and Mrs. Durant began those visits to Mount Holyoke that resulted in the founding of Wellesley College. Of that extraordinary evangelist, I have a vivid remembrance. His likeness to a refined and Grecianized George Washington impressed me. Abundant white hair framed the brilliant eyes, which held the observed as firmly as a grip of the buttonhole. Mr. Durant was then near enough to his own conversion to be awed by it, and yet had not shaken off forensic forms and tendencies. He had faced about from a tempting legal career to an evangelical one; from winning cases right or wrong, to winning souls. His logic was pitiless and irrefutable; his arraignment severe but just; his conclusion inevitable; his persuasion caressing and tender. He would not let the sinner go. Like Dr. Kirk he was in dead earnest, but he lacked that great preacher's perspective of life-long devotion to God and humanity, and did not win the same exalted affection. None

the less, he gave of his best to the Mount Holyoke of his first love, which drew from him the saying, "It is the place on earth nearest heaven." His material gifts to the institution were generous, but he was greater than his gifts. The faults of his qualities were in abeyance, that first year at Mount Holyoke, and I count it rare good fortune to have touched even the rim of such a planetary human being. I never saw Mr. Durant again; but nine years later, I had a letter from him offering me the chair of English Literature in the college he had founded, and it was as pointed, terse, and direct as his appeals to the conscience and will of the unconverted.

CHAPTER VI

Favorite Classmates; Episodes; Graduation

"Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum."
Virgil.

Although the Civil War was over and fast receding from view, in our senior year we were still in the penumbra of that eclipse. It must have added insensibly to life's seriousness; for our playtimes were so brief, so occasional, that they gleam like the lights in a Rembrandt picture. I was fortunate in my associates; from no selective merit of my own, but the friendship that ruled my life had made me indifferent to any but rare qualities of mind and heart. The valedictorian of our class, chosen by the faculty for ability to write, was one of my friends; and I had the privilege, from a heart at rest, of helping her in her spiritual unrest. Her questioning mind was prone to doubts, and our correspondence, occasional through many years, reveals a steady groping toward the light with intervals of deep darkness. Shortly before her sudden death, she telegraphed me to pray for her; and I treasure the bit of yellow paper with her last charge, as a message from the shore of eternity.

For sweet Alice G——, I had from the first

an unbounded respect. There were more scholarly girls in our class; finer writers; but none more signally endowed with graces of character. Alice was good without priggishness, religious without cant, affectionate without sentimentality, fun-loving within the bounds of mirth. Her steadfast example had a restraining influence over one less carefully nurtured, and dangerously impulsive. She too was exuberant to the limit of propriety, with a perception of humor that delighted my soul; but her laughter carried its excuse with it, so inevitable did it seem. This mirthful but law-abiding girl was a prime favorite with both teachers and students; then as always exerting every atom of influence and power that she possessed. Of international repute today, her name is the most distinguished of our class,—a concept for broad culture, noble womanhood, Christian attainment, and self-denying service.

Alice's qualities of leadership were displayed in girlhood. During our senior year, she led the mopping circle in the domestic hall, domestic work being an incidental feature of the internal economy of Mount Holyoke. Happily for me, I was one of the five seniors chosen by Alice to assist her. We were all musical, and the basement rang daily with our merry voices, as our mops kept time to melody and rhyme, while the painted floor shone like a mirror from its soapy bath. The matron occasionally

brought out pie or gingerbread,—the reward of merit, we supposed. But when years later, I recalled to her mind the circle and its well-earned refreshment, she shook her head, and said, "O no; that was not the reason"; adding in an impressive whisper, "you were all good-looking."

O the purple haze of distance, and the glamour of youth! Either the picture before me prevaricates, or but one of that circle could justify the good woman's tribute. Polyanthus' charming profile must have been in her memory. It was our pride in those days of inartistic photography, when the sun spoke the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and we always posed Polyanthus with her side face to posterity. Then too she wore pretty princess gowns over a mighty expanse of crinoline, and waterfalled her abundant hair without any cushion.

Some oriental traveller must have set the fashion of those graduated hoops; for a group of girls on the campus, playing croquet, looked like the pyramids of Egypt pirouetting by the Nile.

How we ever stowed the steel cage into a buggy is a mystery. Yet one such ordeal I survived. Through the kindness of a mutual friend, I had met an Amherst student of my own name, and had reluctantly declined his invitation to drive, because the rules forbade it. Nevertheless, the young man on our next rec-

reation day, drove up with a buggy and pair, and called for me. In vain I declared that the rules were inelastic; he was sure he could get permission for me to drive. Having obtained my consent, he sought the principal's room, returning shortly in a jubilant frame of mind with her approval. I took the drive, memorable only for its outcome; for I had been in my room but a short time, when I was summoned to the North-Wing parlor to explain my part in the transaction. Mr. Amherst had asserted that Miss Holyoke was his own cousin and had thus gained his point. Miss E——, who knew otherwise, happened to be present and revealed the truth. I easily cleared myself of complicity and then poured out my indignation in a note to Mr. Amherst which elicited this reply: "Dear Madame: I humbly apologize; may I call next week?" I preferred the role of the offended Madame, and refused to see the offender. Two years later, when I was teaching, he was ushered into my class-room, and formally introduced by the principal. Neither of us gave token of recognition, unless the heightened color in my own cheek—by no means a flag of truce. I had a large class in higher arithmetic at the board, and threw myself into action like Henry V at Harfleur. I did not cry "The game's afoot!" but my sturdy little regiment felt it and "followed my spirit." I was not surprised when the principal afterward told me that the visitor from Maine had

never before seen a class handled with such gallantry.

Graduation day! It comes but once in a lifetime to most of us. Mine was rendered painful by my sister's offer to dress my hair in an infinitude of braids covering my crown, and necessitating so many hairpins that I was as aware of them as a porcupine of his quills. It furnished an odd little link with my childhood, when Sophronia had dressed my hair in the prevailing mode, dividing it behind, and tying each half close to my head with a ribbon, in a stiff "pigtail";—an ingenious mode of torment for which I have long since reckoned with dame Fashion. She got the better of me though, in a tiny wrinkle between my eyebrows, foreshadowing the lines of thought that now divide my brow and deepen at the recollection of those cranial indignities.

My brother Rob was among my invited guests, but did not appear until our public exercise in the new gymnasium. Polyanthus and I were leading the couples in the convolutions of our class date outlined upon the floor, when I felt a hand touch my own—or was it his dear eye only?—across the rope that fenced out the crowd. It was Rob's, and he had just arrived from Holyoke mountain, having climbed that eminence in quest of me, and then paid toll for his ignorance in a four-mile tramp across country.

I dined that noon at a village table with my

family, after reading in hall a friend's valedictory to our class, and listening to my own composition read by another,—a custom of the times supposed to foster humility in the authors. It worked perfectly in my case; for at that table the graduating compositions, six or more, were discussed, my own being specially picked upon, as dull and prosy. I sat calmly at the inquest, and heard the child of my brain, born in anguish and nurtured in tears, pronounced a defunct pilgrim father: was ever such a tragedy before! I tore my "National Character" into ribbons to match my shredded vanity, and threw myself into the outstretched arms of Regina,—that sweet haven of refuge and consolation through all ensuing woes.

PART IV

CHRONICLES AND EPISTLES

CHAPTER I

My Vocation; A Friendly Mentor

"Nothing ever comes to one that is worth having, except as a result of hard work."

Booker T. Washington.

When I graduated from Mount Holyoke, so few callings were open to women that Frances Willard's words held true: "Not to be at all or else to be a teacher, was the alternative presented to aspiring young women of intellectual proclivities when I was young." Yet then as now, the world had need of good teachers; they were a staple, not a luxury. To do an ordinary thing in an extraordinary way was the road to distinction.

Mount Holyoke was then the Mecca for school committees in quest of teachers, as well as of Coelebs in search of a wife. They mingled with the throng that filled seminary hall on "anniversary week," when public examinations on the year's work were held, and the girls' measures incidentally taken. This I did not know at the time, or "Butler's Analogy" and "Wayland's Moral Science" might have been deadlier foes. As it was I wrestled with them by day and night, going over the logic of the great reasoner from cover to cover in the darkness, and spouting philosophy in the grove

until the shades of Plato must have warmed toward me. I had my humble recompense after graduation, in four offers of positions from as many committees. I accepted none of them, but sought a place in the high school of my own city.

Having secured a position in the Latin-preparatory department, I entered upon my duties in September. My first rebuff came from the principal, who took me for a new pupil when I entered his office. He looked at me dubiously and said: "You have a hard place; two teachers have given it up as a bad job. I am tired to death of it, and the less I hear about it, the better."

Black as this was, it proved to be an understatement of the case. I had forty boys and a half-dozen girls in an undisciplined state to subjugate. Four of the boys had been expelled from grammar schools, and had drifted into the only department not closed against them. I have an indifferent memory for names, but that quartet is fairly secure in its place of remembrance. Not once did I report them to the principal for misconduct; that door of hope had been closed, and I would perish rather than open it. I had taken his challenge so seriously that I resolved never to mention my department to him. The result was that his interest was aroused, and I soon had daily visits from my eccentric "head." It became his custom to enter the back door, stand before my desk

and look quizzically at me while I carried on my work around the barricade. He said little, but I was aware of a chiel takin' notes.

He once passed through the basement when I was disciplining a tall Irish lad, fiery haired and dispositioned, and the grim smile upon his face put iron into my blood. He silently summoned my powers and they responded; every atom of will I possessed leaping to the call. Nor did he hesitate to touch the quick of my pride in minor matters, which aggregate success or failure: as when he returned to me without comment an alphabetical list of my pupils, with an "Mo," inadvertently placed before an "Mi," blue pencilled for my dismal cogitation; and again, when he said to me drily, "Is penmanship taught at Mount Holyoke?" I resolved to justify the ways of my *Alma Mater* to this scoffer, at any cost to myself; and spent hours in acquiring the Spencerian hand-writing and the gliding arm movement, until able to make a blackboard copy that even the writing master approved. I have long since parted with the copy-plate hand-writing, but kept, I trust, the lesson.

Mr. K——'s own chirography reveals a rugged strength unadorned. A glimpse of his character may be afforded by a paragraph from his letters, concerning boarding schools: "These schools impart no dignity and cultivate no strength. They seem places where weakness and waywardness love to hide themselves.

I should like to have a West Point for girls,—a place where no weakness is tolerated, where no excuse is taken for neglect of work, where business must be done and done promptly."

This strenuous gentleman, whose most rigid exactions were toward self, sometimes walked with me in the spring of the year. If we chanced upon the beautiful cemetery, he would call upon me to translate at sight the Latin inscriptions; if in the greenhouse, to give the botanical names of the flowers; and always as we sauntered, he seemed to be putting his gold-headed cane into my shallow pond of knowledge and stirring up the mud. I made a poor showing, but it was a stimulating and original form of gallantry that I liked—O yes, liked it, though this reminds me of Regina's baby speech, when found by a visiting aunt and uncle fastened in a high chair in the housekeeper's room: "I love Phile; she makes me mind," cried the arch pretender.

My first principal was more than my superior officer, he was my friend. Though he never directly helped me with my mutinous crew, he challenged me to develop my own resources and thus to master my fate. There are passages in his later letters that indicate his grasp of the situation. Of one of my boys he wrote: "He'll never make a great knave, he has not the grit and strength for that; he'll make nothing more than a mean villain."

This lad has since justified the harsh sum-

ming up of his character, although he was then but twelve years old. He was inventive in modes of torment. Memory, unlike the sundial, has recorded some dark hours. For instance, the day when my forty boys, under their leader, came in from recess with pockets filled with grasshoppers and let them loose simultaneously. Corporal punishment had not been abolished in the land where two hundred years before,

> "They in Newman's barn laid down
> Scripture foundations for the town."

I sometimes wished that the "judicial laws of God as they were delivered to Moses" were still binding in the New Haven colony. In lieu of them, I resorted to rattan and ruler, when all milder measures known to woman had been tried in vain. In my determination to succeed, I even held one continuous session from nine o'clock till four: teacher and pupils dinnerless but good humored; teacher victorious. I was often at my wits' end, as in the plague of grasshoppers; though I hated force and loved moral suasion, I fought as many battles as the Homeric heroes, and wept as copiously—when off the field of carnage.

Yet not once did I think of deserting my post of duty, or that I had come into this world for any other purpose than to teach, and to teach successfully in the place where my lot was cast. There was much drudgery in daily prepara-

tion for class work that could not be shirked by relying on a text book. I was early cut loose from that dependence by the exigencies of conduct; most of my energy being demanded for discipline during that difficult year. The submaster, whose room was next to mine, had said, "If you teach these boys nothing for ten weeks, but get them under control, you will do well."

I knew nothing save intuitively of the philosophy of pedagogy. Herbert Spencer's book on "Education" did not find me until years after I had discovered for myself the logical development of the faculties, and the absurdities in some prevailing methods. With fear and trembling I worked out my own salvation as a teacher; my knowledge empirical, but that, or nothing. In later years when disposed to regret my early ignorance, I am consoled by the reflection that the boy thrown into the sea and compelled to swim, or tossed on a bareback colt and made to ride for his life, not infrequently does better than if he had had the advantage of a swimming or a riding school. Success is not only to be measured by obstacles overcome, but is their actual sequence. Queen Elizabeth's rejoinder to Raleigh might well be written on the window pane of every young teacher: "If thy heart fails thee, climb not at all."

I was resolved to climb, feeling the spur of necessity as well as the allurements of success. But ah, what stepping stones of my dead self

in that ascent! Confucius' saying often consoled me: "Our glory lies not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall." I was not shielded from blunders, but at least I made fresh ones, and groped my way through one dark experience to another, as intent as a growing plant upon the light.

I lived through that dismal year, and won the grim approval of my chief by my let-him-alone policy. But my master stroke as it proved, was a mere readiness to meet an emergency. The drawing-teacher was ill, none of the high school's assistants was willing to take her place; would I put upon the board a drawing for the school to copy? Yes, I would try. I toiled at my unaccustomed task till the clock struck six, and at last the graceful curves of a Grecian vase were outlined on the blackboard. To that circumstance I perhaps owed my promotion at the end of the year to a delightful position, where teaching was the main thing and discipline incidental. My Mentor was no longer principal, but I still had opportunities to do things distasteful to my superiors, and became so expert in adding columns of figures and obtaining averages for monthly reports, that I sometimes felt more like a Babbage calculator than a human being. Singing was admirably taught, but the lesson was a weekly affair, and between times it fell to my lot to drill the boys and girls in the lower hall; not because I was proficient in music, but willing

to become so. That I toiled unremittingly and permanently injured my voice, is the debit side of the account; on the credit side, a testimonial from my principal that has stood by me through many a difficulty,—"She can do anything she will undertake."

CHAPTER II

The Game of Life: Clubs and Hearts

"To everything there is a season."
Ecclesiastes iii: 1.

I now joined a literary club, sufficiently light-minded to restore the balance to my serious days. A Yale senior had called upon me with his sister, and in spite of my mistaking him for a freshman, had invited me to join the "Square Table" and to become an S. T., in due time translated Saint. This youth was in training for the degree, being witty and jovial, serious and sage, by turns. He was headed toward theology and foreign missions, yet light-footed and merry-tongued; so bubbling over with mirth that he would sometimes glide into a dance on the green, under the elm where Davenport had preached, or turn a reel with a parlor chair. This king of good fellows could personate the end-man at a minstrel show with the gravity of an undertaker's mute, or edit our club paper with the simplicity and force that later characterized his sermons. I recall an epitaph of his making:

"Beneath this marble here we lie,
Side by side, my wife and I;
When the last trump the air doth fill,
If she gets up, I'll just lie still."

Socratic as this quatrain sounds, there was no Zanthippe. The author, happily married, is now a distinguished foreign missionary, wearing a Victorian medal for philanthropic service to her Majesty's subjects.

The club had a monthly paper, which opened up more than one vein of literary ore in its contributors. I had rallied from my blow at Commencement, but still felt aggrieved whenever I heard the line,

"The pilgrim fathers,—where are they?",

and studiously cultivated the lighter vein. That dear, delightful club with its prophetic motto,

"Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit!"

Its nonsensical wisdom is happily illustrated by the serious faces of its members attached to strange bodies, and picturesquely grouped in an album, made for me by a viking friend, who has since "suffered a sea-change." In this odd volume, under the caption, "The Easy Chair," is copied his *au revoir* from "The Nuisance," our misnamed paper. In fading ink I read: "You know it is the custom among sailors when about to start on a long voyage, never to bid farewell to friends, nor ever to grasp the hand and say Good-bye; but to set sail silently and alone some day when the wind is fair." Thus we parted after singing our "Song of the Square Table" through its closing couplet:

"Auld lang syne shall be the well-spring
Whence shall flow immortal wine."

Even a serious minded teacher has her worldly side and is fain to recall her first grand party. Old-time belle who are turning these pages, do you remember yours? Ah, the gayety with which you trod on hearts and used your deadliest weapon, the fan, in a way to give points to the Spectator! How you ran to your carriage through a battery of eyes, and one pair—were they blue or gray at that moment?—hit the target as it flashed by! There was another party soon after, and you were singled out by the same alert eyes for peculiar honor, which you wore unblushingly, being no longer unscarred. You have lived perhaps to be a veteran, with as many wounds, medals, and trophies, as your soldier brother, but you will never forget the thrill of your first attack —or was it an engagement under fire? And then the next morning when you shut Romance in the closet with your first party gown, and dressed in serge, took Reality for your comrade and felt Cinderella pangs!

But schoolrooms too have sentiment. There was morning glow if not evening red, in the presence of that young life. I often interested myself by speculating upon the future of certain girls and boys. There was demure S. H. with sweet madonna face, who led her class in mathematics neck and crop with W. P., a tall

stripling of incisive mind and unfailing accuracy. What thoroughbred carriage and what mettle! I delighted in that pair and gave them rein, while cart horse and plough struggled after.

How well I remember their response to my lightest touch when suddenly called out for a public examination in the large room. It was the custom once a month, without warning, to summon some class to the front. This time, it was my advanced Arithmetic. Without book I faced my class and looked for an instant into their eager eyes. They had learned the root meaning of "attention," and I could see their minds leaning toward me for the word of command. I think I know how a captain feels when about to charge. It was a glorious hour. Not one of my class of thirty failed when I called upon them for original work illustrating the principles of Arithmetic, and making practical application of business methods; but my brilliant leaders distanced all others.

Was I impatient with the slow minds? Perhaps; assuredly so with the wool-gathering ones, and inclined to use that double-edged tool, sarcasm. The temptation was strong, but I think I never yielded to it without deep regret. Many a time at the day's close, I bowed my head and cried, "peccavi." No one thing helped me so much in the battle with this fault as the thrust from a clever pupil, who left on my desk this slip:

"Satire should like a polished razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen."

I chewed and digested the bitter potion, but the assimilation was a slower process. I must have "hacked and hewed" with my weapon that day in the Virgil class, when a bright but indolent boy drew from me: "Frank, I'd like to explode a torpedo under you." Ten years later, Frank, grown to manhood and an Episcopal surplice, told me that my brusque remark had made an epoch in his life, arousing his dormant energy. I had forgotten it. Indeed, so far as I have been permitted to trace the effect of my work, it is the chance word, the unstudied act, the undreamed of example, the implied motive, the unconscious ideal, that have been most potent for good or ill.

On the other hand, the influence of pupils upon a teacher!—trifles light as thistledown leaving an impress upon character: an angry word with an illuminating flash on some unsuspected foible; a look of gratitude for the slightest of favors; a gift that means thoughtfulness or sacrifice; a vibrating chord to some touch of nobleness or high endeavor. Who shall write the epic of the schoolroom, with its mimic wars, its marshalling of forces good and evil, its pitched battles, its slow sieges, its victories, its defeats, its carnage, its loot, its interposing gods, its heroes, its devils, its slain, its dirges, its sacrificial rites, its songs of triumph!

My four years in the high school were a fraction of an Iliad as to my inner life. At their close, after hearing the last recitation of a favorite class, I told them I had decided not to return. To my surprise, not a word was spoken, but as if a sudden cloud had darkened the sky, the air grew showery with tears. I kept a brave face until my dear J. P., a fine boy of sixteen years, ruddy and wholesome as an apple, taking his turn at a good-bye, "up and kissed" me on the lips. Then I too laughed and cried like a child. That dear class taught me the meaning of sweet pain. They gave me a surprise party on the eve of my going, and looked their prettiest in a group picture framed for my wall, but so big, that like the Vicar's family portrait it had to be left out in the cold.

CHAPTER III

Chicago: Some Human Documents; The Great Fire

"And stepping westward seemed to be
A kind of heavenly destiny."

Wordsworth.

I must have yielded to persuasion at the eleventh hour and reconsidered my step, but for the magnet that was drawing me. Regina was living in Chicago, where I had twice visited her. Our friendship had strengthened with the years, and only once had I felt serious inclination to admit a rival claim, and yield to what must have been, in my preëmpted heart, a weaker bond. That episode made a ripple on the current of my life, and drew from grandmother the wail destined to end only with her days,—"I'm afraid you will never get married!"

Of sentiment I had my full share, and enjoyed it as one might wear ordinary diamonds with the Kohinoor hid in a drawer. I had now taken out my jewel, appraised it, and resolved to cast in my lot with my friend. Having taken the Cook county examinations, I obtained the principalship of a suburban public school. For five years I held the place, the school quadrupling in size during the half decade.

To fit the garment to the growing child became my new problem. Some minor ones taxed my ingenuity. Noise and confusion in the halls being rife from long precedent, to maintain order and secure expedition, I hit upon this device: Sturdy C. H. was set to beating the drum at the head of the column, when lo! the elementary music worked like a charm. To inculcate manners and morals, I had a little red book in which I wrote "Don'ts" and "Dos," worded by my girls and boys, after general exercises carefully thought out to illustrate courtesy. Sir Philip Sidney's words defining gentlemanliness illumine the title page: "High-erected thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy."

Under the "Dos" I find: "Recognize one another when you meet." I must have given sub-heads in my talk, no doubt approving the custom to which the American small boy is by nature averse, of doffing the hat to an elder; for I recall on going to school one morning, finding all my boys lined up on either side the walk, and as I wonderingly approached them, seeing every hat removed. The overture gladdened my heart, for it signified good-will. Another "Do" was "Form the habit of attention." One flaxen-haired boy had an inveterate absent-mindedness that resisted many expedients. At last I tried this: each time that he failed signally in attention, he had to repeat with expression a saying of Chesterfield's:

"There is no surer mark in the world of a little, weak mind than inattention." Perhaps no precept of the noble lord's was ever more thoroughly rubbed in to a human character. Though a drastic measure of doubtful utility in general, it proved to be the spur required by an inert mind of really fine powers.

A tall Irish lad with native wit and a genius for deviltry taxed my resources. He was not bad, but mischievous to the impish point. A fortunate occurrence transformed Thomas into my loyal knight. I chanced to wear to school one day a pretty gray poplin gown, new and modish. By a gratifying coincidence, the county superintendent, Mr. A. G. L., made his annual visit. In accordance with his custom, he noiselessly opened the door of my schoolroom and entering, motioned me to continue my class work. It was his first visit, and I naturally desired the school to make a favorable impression. My pretty blue-eyed Y. F. led the geography class in a fair showing, and the blackboards were adorned with maps that would have drawn approbation from a Guyot. I was perhaps "too happy," as grandmother would have said, when a corrective was administered by Thomas. Returning a bottle of ink to my desk, he awkwardly spilled the contents on my silver gray gown. As the dark stream meandered down the front breadth, the boy stood as if transfixed, then without a word took his seat. I too was speechless for an instant,

but rallying my forces, talked with the superintendent as if nothing had happened. He was gracious enough to say afterward that the episode was the best feature of the session. But Thomas,—my unruly, tormenting Hibernian!—what had come over his spirit? A change outvaluing a half-dozen gowns, had I possessed so many. His father was park policeman, and many a talk had I had with the gray-coated guardian of the public weal, on his white horse. Soon after this he stopped me on a drive to say: "Whatever have you done to Thomas, Miss? He's a changed boy. The mother and I can't thank you enough; and he talks about you as if you were a saint. God bless you, Miss."

Yes: Thomas was a changed boy; but I no saint, for I had put a new breadth into my poplin dress with murmurings and expletives. No wonder: I had bought the goods after the Chicago fire, on the faraway west side, our own stores having been burned. Moreover, a raging epizoötic, which suspended horsecar travel for days, rendered it difficult for me to match my cloth. But Thomas! was he not in a peculiar sense, a brand plucked from the burning? Forever to be associated in a grateful memory with the Chicago Fire.

How well I recall the morning when one neighbor, who had been awake all night, brought an incredulous smile to our lips by saying she thought she had heard the court-

house bell fall, four miles away. Had she second hearing? for so the event proved. Another neighbor, a wholesale grocer, angrily declared, "Our milkman ought to be arrested for saying that Chicago is on fire!" A few hours later, the grocer reached the southern limit of the fire, to find his own business block in ashes and the flames spreading toward his suburban home. All that day we were between two fires: the great one in the city and another sweeping over the prairie at our borders. The "windy city" justified its name that day. I closed school at noon, and joined the anxious group waiting for news, in awful suspense.

There are exigencies in life that one would never have courage to face unless thrust upon them; but which having been met, are among life's richest experiences. Such was the Great Fire. I remember seeing stalwart men cry like children because financial ruin threatened them. No woman cried that day: laws were reversed and the weak became strong. Little children comforted their fathers, bringing the pennies from their tin banks to start them again in business. Never since have I seen such a rallying of purpose; such a manning of the fortress of the will; such a steadying of the emotions; such a miracle of recreation. It has been told in generalities a thousand times; but it is the concrete instance that stirs the memory. Some dear friends who were reduced by the fire from affluence to economy,

have in their possession the crystal chandelier and globes that were in their drawingroom on Michigan Avenue before the fire. Their valuable library and priceless collection of antique coins were suffered to burn, while these gewgaws were saved. Yet I never heard from their lips a reproach for somebody's stupidity, or a lament over their changed circumstances. The fire burned more than property; it was a refining furnace for character.

A day or two after, we drove through a portion of the burnt district. On the great north side—a city in itself—we rode for miles over the devastated area, even the shade trees having been destroyed. One house, Mahlon B. Ogden's, stood a lone sentinel, even its greenhouse intact. It was a singular sight,—that wooden dwelling in a wide waste, so awful in its desolation that it seemed like a fulfillment of Ezekiel's "Thus saith the Lord. . . . I will stretch out mine hand against thee; and I will make thee most desolate." The tongues of flame that had licked up fireproof iron buildings as if they were shavings, and had swept clean as with a mower's scythe, solid blocks, had parted at this house, and then joined again as if with deliberate forethought. Nothing else so emphasized the desolation.

All the world knows how the young giant of a city lay supine, then stretched its limbs, shouldered its burden, and rose to its destiny. I never felt strongly the home ties with Chi-

cago, though twelve years a resident; but when I recall those days of testing and the response to God's mandate, "Rise and go forward!" my heart leaps in joyful recognition of the Joshua spirit in the land of my adoption.

CHAPTER IV

Ups and Downs; A Study in Character

"What I aspired to be
And was not, comforts me."
Robert Browning.

Even a salaried teacher shares in a common loss. It seemed for a time as if the crippled industries of Chicago must absorb the education fund; but the warm-hearted, generous world would not permit one member of the body to suffer alone. It put girding arms under the stricken city and helped it to its feet again.

This profound experience came to me early in my Chicago life. It was followed by a fire in my own school-house, which resulted in its rebuilding on an ampler scale. During the interim, while the school was housed in the town hall, I had a serious illness. My first drive when I was convalescent was past the school-house. As I drew near, a boy caught sight of me, gave the signal, and as if by magic, every pane of glass smiled with the faces of my dear children;—how dear, I did not know until I met their eager, happy welcome. In a moment more they were jostling one another to get near my carriage. It helped my recovery and I was soon back again; but, alas! my

abundant hair had been killed by fever, and with a halo of clipped locks, I had to face my pupils. Following my custom, I read a psalm at the opening of school, and was midway, when I glanced up and lo! my brightest boy, W. R., whose dancing black eyes were upon me, had run his fingers through his hair in imitation of mine. The likeness in unlikeness was so patent that I led the school in a peal of laughter. Our formal devotions were at an end; but we were surely "joyful before the Lord," and the teacher lost nothing valuable by parting for a moment with her dignity.

It was soon after, that I yielded to Miss Willard's solicitation and took part in a public spelling-match, the proceeds to aid the temperance work, then in its infancy. The match was conducted by the noted lawyer, E. S., who played the Yankee Schoolmaster; while his class of grown-ups, led by Miss Willard and dressed as boys and girls, acted their parts. Some annoyance being caused by the weak voices, when it came my turn to spell I determined to be heard. Accordingly I pronounced my word and sonorously spelled, "N-u-m-b-s-k-u-l-l." What was my dismay when the master cried "Next." If I was crestfallen then, what of the next day when I faced my pupils—a numskull indeed with a b in my bonnet! Reader, if your memory goes back to the seventies of the past century, would you not too have blundered? Three of my school com-

mittee to whom I put the word solaced my vanity by spelling it as I had done; and sweet Nellie C——, toward whose orthography I grew charitable, comforted me with apples.

That lovely girl was one of my inspirations. For five years I was privileged to watch her mobile face and unfolding mind. When her mother said to me, "You have formed the characters of both my girls," I was dismayed, as a vision of the possible, far exceeding the actual, rose before me, and set me longing to recover my chance. That it was not wholly neglected, the years have borne witness, and for that I am grateful.

Nellie was beautiful and the year after her graduation from boarding school, her golden head was nearly turned by admiration. But all the while her ingenuous spirit was praying, as she naively assured me, for the right husband, "a man after God's own heart." When he appeared, she felt so confident of the answered prayer, that she waited only for my confirming judgment to seal the bond. Never had Nellie looked lovelier, than the morning when she called upon me with her "Virginian." Maiden delicacy and native candor were pelting each other with the roses of her cheeks; and her eyes,—I could but quote:

"Whene'er my lady turns her eye on me,
A blue forget-me-not in each I see;
And when the sweet flower blooms in garden plots,
Her blue eyes smile in the forget-me-nots."

Her "Virginian" was obviously enamored of the flower; and so clear was his own dark eye, so clean his record, that I could not withhold my blessing. Six years after their marriage, Nellie wrote me from her western home: "I know now that it was no mistake, but just as God wished it; I am to help V. to Him. There have been moments; no, seconds; just flashes of doubt; but thank God they are gone forever, and with my husband following Christ, it is well. . . ."

Through many vicissitudes, the new household was established, being founded upon a rock. Nellie's nature which I once thought shallow—perhaps because it was limpid—, which I once thought light, because it had the fluttering grace of the butterfly, nobly matured. Her Virginian, too, took on other-worldliness. Two fine boys strengthened the bond; and Nellie's letters were brimming with happiness and recording spiritual growth, when her dear Virginian, without a moment's warning, met a tragic fate. Such a catastrophe wrecks or ennobles. Nellie's faith in God suffered temporary eclipse only to emerge in clear sunshine. Nine years later she wrote me:

"My sweet life-friend:

"You know you are as firmly homed in my heart as the memories and all that is sacred in the past. In fact you are the living spirit of my past. To talk to you is to speak with

my heart, overflowing with memories. To me you are the past—of my girlhood and V. This must be the reason I don't write oftener. The present I know not how to tell you of; and yet it is good and you would be glad to know of it. The days are crowded with work, yet full of happiness and peace, and I believe always marked by progress upward. My hopes for self are surely dropping one by one, and with their departure come better aims. . . . My boys are two fine, true fellows. A friend said last night, 'They will never give you trouble.' As to conduct she spoke truth. . . . The times, financial, are fraught with perplexities and anxieties, and I feel very timid; but I believe I can hold a steady hand and get to port. 'Port' is the boys liberally, rightly educated, and for myself enough left to carry me through. . . . How grows the bird book? You should have H. with you to depict the birds. Some day—so it looks—with skilful touch he will use his wonderful talent on paper and canvas, and we shall all get pictured just as we are; not as we want to be taken, in Sunday best, with our amiable smile and Delsarte posture, but just as we happen to be."

H. is Nellie's "glory to God baby" and my bright namesake. I have never seen that welcome child; but if prayer can do it, I have helped to fashion his spirit, and, I sometimes dare to think, had a hand in his endowments—

"around by heaven." His sweet mother I have not seen since her marriage; but scores of letters have kept me in touch with her aspiring nature and deepening life.

"You formed the characters of my girls"! Solemn words and joyful too, in the light of such development. But what of the Senator's son, who made a failure of life throwing away his golden chance? Could I have prevented it? Or of the boy who disobeyed orders and lost his life by climbing upon a moving train? As we sang "The Sweet Bye and By," at his funeral,—" We shall meet in the sweet Bye and By," my heart misgave me. What of that bright lad of whom Nellie wrote me in '86?—"F. Y., who has gone far toward ruin, told me that you were the only teacher he had ever cared for, and if he had taken your advice, he should now be a different man." Could I then have loved that boy into right doing? Did I miss my opportunity?

Ah, F. Y., should your eye ever rest upon this page, remember that the one to whom you led the school in voting the valentine inscribed "to the prettiest girl in the room," has not forgotten your knightly devotion. She still believes in your manly qualities and still calls for "your best."

CHAPTER V

Western Stars: Frances E. Willard

"Then I felt like some watcher of the skies,
When a new planet swims into his ken."

Keats.

Among social forces during my Chicago life, I rate high General and Mrs. N. B. Buford. They entertained uniquely, and at their home we met talented women and wise men; among them a notable group of philosophers, all acknowledging the leadership in profound yet clear thinking of Mr. William T. Harris.

It was during my early acquaintance with General Buford, that I encountered another of the powerful forces that from time to time have deflected me from my calling. I had joined the Philosophical Society, which met each Saturday night, a lecture being followed by an open discussion. One day as I sat in my schoolroom with a culprit—Thomas before his change of heart—, who at my instance was turning the contents of the wastebasket into paper wads, in order to satisfy at one stroke his taste for chewing gum and for making paper missiles, I heard a stout cane on the stairs. I turned to receive my guest, and as I did so Thomas tipped over the pail of water. Somewhat disconcerted, I forded the river to meet the pres-

ident of the Philosophical Society, General Buford. He had come, he said, to invite me to lecture before that body. "But I never did such a thing," I replied, "I fear I cannot." "Miss Willard says you can," he answered. "Oh," said I, "if Miss Willard says I can, then I must."

I had but three weeks to prepare my lecture in, at the odd times left over from my work; but I could not fall short of Frances E. Willard's expectation. I worked hard, had a high fever for twenty-four hours before the event, but came off with colors flying. Following the discussion, in accordance with the custom, I answered my critics, and tasted my first intoxicating draught of platform success. The newspaper reports of my maiden effort were so laudatory that I thought seriously of pursuing my advantage in the new field. The temptation was repeated, but each time with diminishing force, nature having put her seal and stamp upon the certificate of my calling.

To Frances E. Willard I owed this glimpse of power. In rating my ability far higher than I should have dared to do, by so much had she promoted my development; for the best fruit of that experiment was a quickened courage to face the difficult. I had before this time read a paper at the Cook County Teachers' Association, and once in a church had lifted up my voice with fear and trembling, in a State meeting of teachers; but I had not before measured

swords in debate with men and women of various professions, and each one a free lance. Frances E. Willard taught me the lesson learned from her great mother,—to reject no opportunity, and to believe with Cassius:

> "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars
> But in ourselves, that we are underlings."

One cannot weigh or measure the imponderable; but in estimating my life's spiritual dynamics, I must consider that rare personality.

Regina and I had heard Miss Willard's first temperance address, and at its finish were introduced to her. It was the beginning of a close friendship, Regina especially being knit to her soul. She was often at our home, later accompanied by Miss Anna A. Gordon, and there was no sweep of thought or feeling that she did not lure us into with her adventurous wing. During her first winter in Chicago, we attended together the ecclesiastical synod that tried Rev. David Swing for heresy; and it opened up for us the debatable land of the Credo. To Miss Willard the lesson of the controversy was the gradual weakening of faith when one parleys with doubt; and she maintained that to read certain books was to take spiritual poison. Yet there was nothing that she shrank from intellectually; and each time that she came to us she seemed to be exploring a new Ism. From each she took the truth labeled "for F. E. W." and passed on, by so

much enriched. It was impossible to anchor that roving spirit by any one phase of truth. She was an eclectic even in friendship, and accepted gratefully from each nature any part that would complement or supplement her own. Few persons are so open to contributory wealth of every kind, in conformity to the law, "To him that hath shall be given."

Miss Willard was sometimes called inconstant, because her large nature like the ocean had its tides and drew all tributaries to itself. This was superficial judgment. As well criticise the Mississippi for draining its own valley, and reaching out eager palms to the watershed of the Rockies. Through all the fluctuations of that mobile mind and mercurial sprit, she held steadily to the faith of her fathers, and lived as seeing things invisible. Through all the varied experiences of a heart life large enough to match mind and soul, she held fast to all that was not of the dust. She never forgot a kindness received or a genuine heart-beat quickened for her sake. But she was not made for a single, absorbing, exclusive love, any more than for one continuing city. If each new friend felt discovered and thought herself the continent of her dreams, it was not Frances Willard's fault. That she must ever pass on to the conquest of new worlds, in friendship as in service, was the law of her being, written upon her members. But that she never forgot the old, countless letters, numberless deeds

of kindness and grateful love, rise up to testify.

Frances Willard had the mother heart in its largest manifestation, for she cared for every mother's child. She had the home ideal in its perfection, for she sought to make the whole world homelike.

To know intimately such a woman is to stand on a spiritual Jungfrau. I recall one Sunday afternoon when Regina and I were with Miss Willard and her friend Kate Jackson. It was soon after her resignation of the deanship of the Evanston College for Women, under circumstances thought by us discreditable to the president of the University to which the college was affiliated. We three friends of Miss Willard were hot in condemnation of his course, and her gentle words had been falling like cooling dew upon our spirits. At last she said: "Girls, I want you to take a pledge with me to speak ill of no one; let us sign off in my Bible." At first no one assented to this drastic measure, and her own name was inscribed alone; but one by one, we yielded to her firm but gentle pressure, to the degree of an "I will try." I stood out the longest, and gave in only when she prayed me into compliance. I can see her smile as she commented on this: "I've no doubt H—— will keep this pledge the longest for counting the cost." In my own Bible, against Psalm 17:3, I find inscribed the date, January 2, 1876. Only so far as "*I am pur-*

posed that my mouth shall not transgress," would I promise even Frances E. Willard. Her own pledge was a total abstinence one from evil speaking, and wonderfully was it kept through a life of overwhelming temptations to sin with the lips.

We sometimes wondered if that great woman had not an extra lobe in her brain. She often wrote for the press in our library, and always said, "Talk on, girls, I can do both." And such talk! Of all Frances Willard's gifts we rated it the highest. Two or three elect spirits, sympathetic yet independent, were sure to receive her best thought in the racy Saxon homespun in which she liked best to clothe it. Her inimitable platform style after she threw off the shackles of the purist and gave play to her vigorous originality, was of the same warp and woof; but at the closer range of conversation, one saw the strength and beauty of the weave, and marvelled at the ease with which the shuttle moved and the pattern grew, without design or forethought.

Miss Willard was womanly but not feminine. For the small arts of the toilet she cared nothing. How often I tied her bows and adjusted her ornaments. With what a sigh of relief she welcomed my announcement that laces were out of fashion! To the freaks of fads she was mercifully oblivious; and after her dear Anna Gordon came into her life—its most beneficent feature—she was shielded from material cares.

That beautiful friendship, an idyl of the heart with the death pause its only interlude, is itself a refutation of any charge against Miss Willard's constancy; while the mutual love of herself and Lady Henry Somerset illustrates Miss Willard's amplitude of nature, oceanic in its fulness.

It was Frances Willard who opened for me another door of opportunity already ajar. Journalism had strongly attracted me at a time when few women held leading positions. I had tried my prentice hand, receiving eight dollars a column for a series of articles in the *Chicago Times,* when Miss Willard sent my name as special correspondent of an eastern paper. The series brought me in touch with leading women in Chicago's various industries and callings. One whom I wrote about was on the editorial staff of a great daily, where her vigorous pen had served with distinction many a good cause. I discussed with her the *pros* and *cons* of journalism, and was advised to keep on teaching until I had secured a firm foothold in letters. Notwithstanding this sage advice, I was still in the valley of indecision, when a shocking affair occurred that checked my adviser's brilliant career, and for me, threw a searchlight into a dark interior of journalistic life. I stuck to my last.

CHAPTER VI

A New Departure: Private School Teaching; My Garden of Girls; Daisy

. . . "enriched with everything I prized,
With human kindnesses and simple joys."
Wordsworth.

But now occurred a change of base. I was informed by a newly-elected member of the School Board that the school which I had served required a male principal. Another member had previously told me that my salary would undoubtedly be a third larger but for my sex. I had declined the deanship of a western college and given my best work to the task in hand; but it counted for nothing in a political emergency when I had no vote. I at once took the Chicago principal's examination and waited results.

A factor in my evolution as a teacher was so emphasized by that test that it merits recording. I was required to write a summary of any article in an educational journal that had influenced me. Fortunately I had formed the habit of reading the best periodicals in my line of work, and a remarkable series of papers by Elizabeth Peabody of Boston, on Kindergarten Principles had greatly interested me. When,

after the examinations, I was offered a position in any one of the four normal schools of a great State, I attributed it mainly to my abstract, and the grasp it perhaps showed of the young science now called Pedagogy. From the periodical containing the suggestive articles,—the *Journal of Education,* I have derived much benefit. There is always something in its pages addressed to me; either a new thought or an old one vivified. To its versatile, independent, and chivalrous editor, Dr. A. E. Winship, I owe both personal and professional incentive to growth and individuality. The public school system in 1876 was hampering to originality of method, and I was providentially removed from it at an important stage of development.

Many positions opened, and the chair of English Literature in an eastern college was offered me. The latter appealed to my ambition, as English was the branch in which I preferred to excel, and in which, almost unaware, I had specialized. But I was already half bound to a large private school for girls in Chicago; moreover, I could not go to —— College without leaving Regina. It did not take me long to decide, though some fond ambitions perished when I telegraphed "No."

In my new position I spent seven happy years, graduating as many classes of delightful girls, and forming some lifelong attachments. Two of these had features out of the ordinary, and such as I have never seen delineated in

fiction or biography. During the outcropping of imaginary love letters, I have sometimes wondered if those who accept them as verities ever had real ones. The love letters of women to women await their Columbus. If they are ever discovered, the world will see a new continent of the Spirit.

My first Senior class! incomparably vivid because it brought a fresh experience: not merely new lines of work but new phases of mind and stages of development. I set a soldierly pace for my girls and they took and kept it with fine nerve;—fashionable city girls, most of them, but capable and responsive. One of them has written me: "When I first got into your classes I didn't try to do anything; so high were your standards, they seemed impossible to me, until I found you were interested in me; then I tried to make the best of myself for your sake. I read books and did things continually that I cared nothing for, without expecting to care or to be that sort of girl. How great was my surprise to find after a while that all unconsciously, by contact with the best things and influenced by you, I *was* that kind of girl; and never through the whole course of my life could I be satisfied with anything lower than your standards, which were the highest. You were very patient with me but would never stop for laggards, and I tugged on after you, breathless most of the time, but not daring to pause lest I lose you by the way.

. . . You compelled us to think for ourselves, aroused our consciences and made useful spiritual values. Indeed all your work was infused with the spiritual quality."

Another pupil, now a college dean, writes: "Even after twenty years, I cannot write coolly of your teaching because it was the most powerful factor in my whole life. Absolute integrity in work and one's very best were what you expected, and every girl felt a great moral demand upon her to transcend her old ideal. Yet we never felt driven to work, but rather self-impelled."

I was unaware at the time of my inexorable standards, though from a child I have been conscious of pursuing an ideal which I could not violate, and nothing in Bible story has ever stirred me more than Nehemiah's words: "I am doing a great work and I cannot come down." One of the poignant memories of my first Senior class is that one dear girl fell short of my requirements and could not take her diploma. She was o'er young to sail the deep waters of metaphysics, and so failed to reach port. I can feel her caress as she assured me that the pilot was not in fault.

The custom was then in vogue of public graduating exercises, consisting of an essay from each Senior. With the best of intentions, not every girl in her teens is able to write a creditable essay. But who was I to change a law of the Medes and Persians? My part was to

execute, not to legislate. What gratitude, then, filled my breast when pretty "rosy Joe," only sixteen, with long flaxen braids and peach-bloom cheeks, hit upon this simile in her paper on "Dress": "The head of the young man of the period resembles an old-fashioned sugar bowl with handles." It impressed me the more as the galleries of the church had their quota of ingenuous youth, with closely cropped heads, and ears that did not "go invisible."

Regina, who thought I spent too much time over those essays, with critical scalpel and healing plaster, asserted that the final uniformity of style was glaring. I felt the innuendo the more keenly, because it is a family trait to dislike duplicates; Rob's recovery from illness being actually retarded by three sisters, triplets, passing his window six times daily, in plaid shawls exactly alike. But my girls' essays were by no means woven in one loom; and the best of them owed least to my suggestion.

The gem of the collection, its delicate imagery bearing the test of time, was Daisy's. I have it still, in her round handwriting, so like an engrossing clerk's; each sentence loaded with a thought; no superfluous or faulty word. Why do I linger over its cadences? Because they bring the vision of a slender girl in white, with thrilling voice playing upon every heart of a great audience, yet caring most to touch the chords of one. I loved her. By many

winning arts and involuntary graces had she taken the outposts of my heart. Regina aided, and was not far behind in loving her; being more open than I to the truth of Shelley's lines:

> "True love in this differs from gold or clay,
> That to divide is not to take away."

Daisy was nineteen, gifted and resourceful; an exquisite girl in her unfolding inner life. It was a privilege to divine her destiny and hold her to her task. For she was not a model student and sometimes wrote verses when she ought to have been studying. To this my heart but not my will consented, for it was good poetry, far beyond her years; and I had not forgotten some shining examples of young minds electing their affinities in pursuit as well as friendship. But I dared not encourage this charmingly self-willed girl, in unscholarly ways; and it must have been after one of my "heroic encouragements," that she slipped a quotation from Feltham into my hand: "The noblest part of a friend is an honest boldness in the notifying of errors."

One night in May in our little upper balcony, Daisy repeated to Regina and me a poem she had just written, prophetic of her early death.

We parted in June with high hopes and plans for September. Alas! the little packet of letters labeled "Daisy" is a record of illness, partial recovery, and flight to a country

home in quest of health; but also of a friendship that already had "mastered time." September 10, she died.

CHAPTER VII

My Journal: A Climbing Soul; A Mountain Prayer

"My world lies upward."

Helen Keller.

I began my journal in 1875, after hearing Bronson Alcott lecture. He had casually remarked that no one ever amounted to anything in a literary way without keeping a journal,—apropos of Emerson's custom of thus collecting the brilliant paragraphs that he afterwards fitted into the mosaic called an essay. I had a double spur, for I had met Mr. Alcott and had the misfortune to be introduced to him with a florid compliment. The sage turned his cold eye on me and asked, "What have you written?" "Nothing," I meekly replied; but I registered a vow to write something soon. Was I piqued by my poverty that I wrote thus at the beginning of my record?—"Mr. Alcott looks like a vegetable grown in a cellar. He talks garrulously and not always in pure English."

In 1880, a new handwriting appears on pages of my journal,—an English hand, all angles and long loops; an intimation of blended strength and weakness in the writer. It has come to me

in letters, with modifications, now the angles, then the loops predominating, throughout the intervening years; and records a rare experience.

Among my girls was one who interested me by her ignorance of the Bible; although, as I soon found out, her spiritual part was by far the largest area in her being. It was like cultivating rich but fallow soil, to sow the seeds of divine truth in that nature, and it quickly responded. At my request Lucile read the gospel of John and prayed for an understanding heart. We had long talks together and I had the great joy of acquainting her with Christ.

In that heavenly atmosphere another plant germinated, and in seeking the divine love we found the human. A new term seems needed to express this type of affection,—one of the most permanent and exalted, because a bond of the spirit. Such a friendship when purified by sacrifice, as worthy affection usually is, calls forth the noblest powers of the being.

In making room for God in the soul, the nature becomes hospitable. I have found my dearest friends, those whose hold has been permanent, during some crisis hour of my spirit, some enlargement by heavenly powers. And only so far as the friendship has had the spiritual quality has it endured.

This young girl, whose pathetic eyes appealed to me in the long ago as unlighted windows behind which God was to place his spirit

lamp, has passed through many vicissitudes outside my own range of experience. I should as soon seek the Nile sources as the spring of many of her currents of being. She also has marked upon the map of my life, "unexplored region." Two careers could hardly have been more dissimilar. If environment and pursuit could separate, we had long since reached the final parting. That our friendship lives and triumphs over alien forces, is due to the spiritual quality dominant in both our lives.

Lucile and I have met at rare intervals since our outward paths diverged. On one memorable drive in Jefferson, New Hampshire, our road lay toward the distant Vermont mountains. One lofty peak, in the gray day was singularly blue and alluring. Its exquisite beauty of form, color, majesty, unattainableness, rendered it the symbol of our cherished ideals. We were still in accord in aim and purpose, but a wide gulf and impassable had opened in our beliefs. As we talked of Christ, we seemed to be standing on opposite banks of a brawling stream, calling to each other. And yet, our faces were set toward the celestial city as assuredly as toward the blue peak of our imperishable ideal.

Recently we have met again; and though an ocean rolls between our creeds, and we no longer speak together the "language of Canaan," the indestructible bond holds, we are spiritual kin.

CHAPTER VIII

My Girls; Mental Stimuli: Susan B. Anthony; Kate N. Doggett

"Life like a dome of many colored glass
Stains the white radiance of eternity."

Shelley.

I cannot leave those years—seven the sacred number—that closed my life in Chicago, without mentioning other ties. Hapless the lot of a teacher unless she can say with Fredrika Bremer of her heart, "like heaven, the more angels, the more room."

I entered upon private school work with some prejudice, fearing lest my public school standards of thoroughness and accuracy should be lowered. On the contrary, I met instant and eager response to my every challenge, intellectual or spiritual, and recall many an appreciative comment of my principal upon the work done by my pupils. He had been an Exeter school boy, a Yale man, a life-long teacher; and when he said of my Latin class, "I have never heard better recitations at Phillips Academy," and of my seniors in Psychology, "They outdo the Yale men," I felt a pardonable pride in my girls.

One of them who has since achieved a wide

reputation for wit as well as for her successful books, begged me not to look at her when she stood to recite, lest she lose her bearings. In her graduating essay she summoned a group of Shakespeare's men and women to the shores of time, and made them speak in modern blank verse. The subject was a trifle large, but it was handled with a spirit that forecast the dash of "The Jimmies" and "Hope Loring."

Of a different type was the gentle girl whose grateful letter lies before me. Her reticent nature might never have opened to my gaze even for a passing glimpse, but for a providence. The churches in our neighborhood were holding revival services at eight o'clock in the morning. One bitter day I dropped in to the union meeting, and to my surprise saw my aristocratic pupil there. Her sleigh was at the door and she invited me to drive to school with her. On the way I said, "You must be a Christian to be here this cold morning." "No," she replied, "I am not." "Ah, then you must desire to be one," I ventured, "let me help you to find the way." "No one has ever offered to before," she said, "perhaps because it has been taken for granted that I knew." The outcome is summed up in the letter written several years later: "The little spark of faith that you fanned into a flame has spread, and now illumines a much broader world than the one I knew before you came to my assistance on that winter morning. . . . I owe the great-

est happiness of my life to you as God's agent; . . . as long as I live I shall pray for your health and happiness."

Not always was the outstretched hand as readily grasped as in this case. I recall an instance when it failed to span the gulf, unless eternity shall reveal otherwise. In my class in English Literature were two friends of opposite types, both winsome, beautiful girls. Morning after morning I looked into their faces, until I grew to love them. We were studying Bunyan's great book, and I was eager to know whether these two were pilgrims to the celestial city. Of the fair girl, I had no doubt; she showed her colors: but the dark eyes grew grave and the lips were sealed when I touched upon the great themes of eternity. After I left Chicago, I had letters from these girls. The first one from the brunette told me that she had a secret I ought to know,—she was a Jewess; and therefore unable to accept the religious teaching dear to her heart but alien to her race. Would it break our friendship? Ah! she little knew me if she thought that "a bar sinister." For years we corresponded, and at long intervals I have met Rowena, now a lovely mother, separated by half a continent from Rebecca, who is also married, to one of her own race. But neither time nor space can put a barrier between their hearts and mine.

While my pupils were impressing my character, my chief intellectual stimulus came out-

side the school-room. The club idea had been early instilled and ran its course in my development. My first ambitious attempt at composition had been a farce in gentle ridicule of "woman's rights," Susan B. Anthony being a leading rôle. With shame I confess that I took the part with zest, and felt no immediate contrition.

In 1876, I heard Susan B. Anthony lecture and wrote in my journal: "I cannot sleep until I have apologized for misjudgment of Miss Anthony. Resolved: to henceforth drop the flippant tone in which I have hitherto spoken of a noble woman, and to do my small part toward righting public sentiment on this and kindred themes; to be true to my convictions, and not to fall into the general drift of jocose comment and cheap satire. . . . The lecture, one hour and three quarters long, was a magnificent plea for the franchise for woman. Miss Anthony's sarcasm was keen, leaping, like the flash of a scimitar. She is by far the most logical of all the women speakers I have heard; less impassioned than Anna Dickinson, less pathetic than Mrs. Livermore, she is keener than either, following her argument as a sleuth hound the trail. . . . That lecture solemnized me more than any sermon; pushed me a year forward; grounded me in the faith, and made me sorely ashamed that I have so little understood one of its chief apostles."

Regina had been drawn into "The Fort-

nightly," a literary club for women, founded and developed by Mrs. Kate N. Doggett, a social and intellectual leader in Chicago. I, too, joined the club, and found it stimulating. The membership was limited, the study serious, the papers scholarly, the discussions logical, witty and profound. To score a success in The Fortnightly, in its early days, was to taste the joys of the intellectual life.

Mrs. Doggett generaled her forces with skill and rallied about her a brilliant staff. She carried a swift lance and often wounded even her friends. A freethinker herself, she tolerated any form of unbelief, and in a chosen few their forms of belief; though here lay her weak point,—she dogmatized against the faith she pronounced dogmatic. There came a day of reckoning; when this nature, intense, magnetic, lost its hold. At an annual election Mrs. Doggett's leadership was challenged. The defection gathered force, and the ensuing year, she was defeated by a rival candidate. Seven of her faithful ones—the "old guard," she fondly called us—stood by to the last, but nothing could stay the rout. It closed a brilliant chapter in the club's history and broke a woman's heart.

Mrs. Doggett died in a foreign land, but she left a deep impress on the club she had founded, and upon individual minds. Her hero was Achilles; and him she resembled in implacable wrath, in brilliant achievement, in remorseless-

ness toward a foe, in loyalty to a friend. From the orient she loved, came the words she sent to Regina after the latter had ventured to lift the veil from her spiritual reserve, and which best epitomize her finer self:

> "Friend is a word of royal tone,
> Friend is a poem all alone."

As a result of anxiety and overstrain, I spent the next two years in recovering from serious nervous breakdown. Part of this time was spent with Regina at Clifton Springs. There began our friendship with our German professor and his wife, a royal pair, and also with Dr. Henry Foster, founder of Clifton Springs Sanitarium. Under his teaching a new career opened before me, as distinct as possible from the old path of intellectual ambition. Aspiration became my keynote, and I grew as eager for spiritual attainments as I had formerly been for mental ones.

PART V

THE LAND OF PSALMS

CHAPTER I

Eastward Ho! A Green Mountain Idyl; Rural Studies

"My heart untravelled fondly turns to thee."
Goldsmith.

The year of my father's death was that of my severed ties with Chicago, and the one when nature recuperated most slowly from its reverses. As an overwearied traveller would fain shift his load, so I, slowly rallying from prostration, began to think of changing my work; but my wise physician said: "No; nature has determined your calling; continue in it, but under changed conditions and with restraint. Go back to New England and begin again."

Each summer Regina and I had spent the long vacation in the White Mountains; and once we had made the tour of the great lakes, our trip culminating at Niagara; but even these had failed to satisfy, lacking the salt tang of my native sea. I have never loved the ocean, —a limitation in my nature that I recognize and deplore, but can no more obviate than I can round out a certain depression in my skull with the bump of locality. Yet sea air is so congenial—its source being hidden—that after

absence, I feel as eager for its tonic salt as mountain sheep for the licks.

But above all I yearned for the hills and for God's country; and would have bartered the entire boulevard system, lake shore drive and palaces—had I owned them—, for one stretch of country road, devious and alluring, mysterious with balsam and pine, and hopeful of hills in the curve.

Yes; I would go back to New England. For this recompense I had suffered, and in accepting an unwelcome providence, I had found its key.

To New England we went, spending the summer and autumn of '84 in the Green Mountains, twelve miles from a steam whistle but only a rod from the white-throated sparrow's. On a model farm we became "paying guests," sharing the best things, even the heart life of that family of three generations. The old Squire met us at the door, leaning on his cane, his shrewd but kindly eyes quickly reading the faces of the new-comers. So wholly did he favor us, that no one else was suffered to call us from our sky parlor. "My best of ladies," "my dear ladies," or "my very best of fine ladies," was his varied summons to meals or morning prayers. On Sunday there was leisure for a protracted meeting, and then we had a long chapter in the Squire's inimitable reading, and a prayer all round. The first time, I was taken aback by this surprising word from the

Squire: "Sister Truelove, will you pray? and the rest follow?" It took time but it was heart-warming, like other of the Squire's unconventional ways. This instance of equality of privilege surprised us the more, because we had had some racy talk about woman suffrage, and found the Squire joined to his idols of conservatism. Before the season closed, however, his mind was so wrought upon—or was it a more flexible organ?—that our best of squires affixed his signature to a petition favoring the franchise for women.

The Squire had a lively sense of beauty. When the purple asters bloomed and I held an armful before him, he said, "That fills my eye." On Saturday he would get out the big wagon and take us through the woods to the village church, whose bare interior we made to blossom as the rose with wild flowers gathered by the way. The country fashion of little vases in a row, each with a prim "boquet" of mixed garden posies tied with a string, had to give way now to nature's way,—her abundance, freedom, and sorting of shades. The minister was so moved by the prodigal loveliness, that his prayer and sermon were noticeably touched with beauty; and one Sunday, he made the flowers his text, though he had to ask their names, even that of the tall yellow one that had glorified each autumn of his fifty years.

There was no village improvement society in the town, but we left the nucleus of one in

the hedge of spruce trees with which we persuaded the squire to replace the old fence. "O you two women," he said with a dry chuckle, "have got to have your way; but I tell you there isn't another person alive I'd do it for."

Something we gave, perhaps, in the way of new and broader ideals, to those dear country folk; but much more we received from their sterling characters and their green world.

Each morning at sunrise, the turkeys held a caucus under our window—and exercised us in patience. In the season of red astrakans, I sometimes shied one in wrath at a big turkey gobbler, and learned the onomatopoetic origin of his name and dialect.

On the farm we slept in feather beds, and developed a new respect for the monogamous goose and her utilities. The unmoral hen was under a ban and was "shooed" from our path until one August morning, when the jay told the martins and the martins told the kingbird and the kingbird warned the hen that a hawk was hovering silently over her brood. Then did maternal love render a slow and stupid fowl alert and canny. With a "cluck, cluck, cluck," she called her chicks together, and making a coop of her wings swooped them into the open door of the farm house, while the hawk in midair was meeting a flank attack from the kingbird. It was nature's illumination in green and gold and blue and brown of a sweet old Bible analogy.

CHAPTER II

The Green Mountains in Autumn; A Tryst with Alma Mater

"O God, beneath thy guiding hand!"
Leonard Bacon.

Autumn in the hill country! My journal is like a painter's palette, with splashes of scarlet and gold and all the nameless hues of October. I quote the soberer lines: "September 26, the culminating day. Regina and I on a hillside opposite the hanging gardens of the King. His finger has touched these forests and 'every common bush's afire with God.' O the exquisite solitariness of these hours! no human voice save the dearest, and that at rare intervals, uttering some thought already shared by telepathy."

"October 16. We woke to find a gently falling snow coating hill and valley. The effect upon the dimmed splendor of the half dismantled forests was singularly fine. On an ox-sled the deacon took us through the maple woods, under a canopy of bright leaves, many holding snow in their open palms. It was our farewell to the forest."

It is a score of years since we rode through that gorgeous wood, and on recurring springs

a message has come from the trees to us in our city home; but sweeter even than Vermont maple sugar are the memories of the kindly farmer folk whose friendship we hold dear.

A forward look, glad and hopeful, to Holyoke and Tom, and a winter of content beneath our Alma Mater's wing. Arbutus again under April snows on the hillside, and columbine nodding gaily from the slaty crevices near the Pass of Thermopylæ; June laurel at Titan's Pier, white clover on the campus in July, and always—memories. These we harvested during that year: again we walked together in the old trysting-places under the faithful trees, and as we met pairs of young girls arm-in-arm, wondered which of them were turning the first leaves of life's romance. Not one perhaps in all that number could have quoted Winkelmann: "I began very early to prize friendship, the loftiest of all human virtues, as the greatest blessing after which, according to my idea, man can strive." To this we could add, "I hold my life as naught without a friend, who is to me a treasure which cannot be purchased too dear at any price." So engrossed were we with our present possessions, that not once did we sigh for our vanished youth. Yet in our teens we had made the investment whose interest-bearing bonds so enriched our lives. And sometimes when we stood on the bridge that spanned the brook whose waters were hurrying to the sea, just as of old, two young

faces smiled back at us from a still pool, with lovelight in their eyes; and echoes from the long ago repeated the brook song,

"But I go on forever."

That winter and spring Regina and I read Madame Guyon's Life, and entered upon a new and more mystical phase of religious experience. Oneness of spirit has always marked our friendship. In tastes and pursuits we differ much; in temperament and disposition radically; but in essentials of belief, in gradual expansion of horizons—the near and the heavenly—, and in finding in Christ the soul's deepest, most inviolable joy, we are a unit. The record of our life in two handwritings in my journal, has nothing else to distinguish its duality.

In January of that year, we read Hale's story, "In His Name," and took the words for our motto, praying for the "passion for Christ" of which Tholuck dreamed, and the kindred one actuating his friend and ours, Professor Stuckenberg, the "passion for humanity." In the open country, across the glazed snowfields or on the white road, we often walked at twilight.

A deep experience of that year was the discipline of pain and the perception of its necessity to the completely fashioned will. In Ingersoll's scheme of a world without sickness or suffering, there would be no place for a nature

like mine. Without the chiseling of these tools of God, it would have been intolerable. "Who teacheth like him?" cried Job. The hardest lesson ever set me by the great Teacher was during the long interval when I conned Milton's great line and learned to "stand and wait."

Through nature, too, I had many messages from the Invisible during that long parenthesis in life's activities. One March day, under the snow I found a violet; now faded in my journal, but by some magic again taking on heaven's livery.

My last walk in South Hadley was in the beautiful park that climbs the hill back of the campus. With me was a young friend who had seldom let a summer pass without a visit since we had first met at Bethlehem, New Hampshire. Then he was a lad of eighteen years; of a family famous in missionary annals, and so numerous that a little one inquired, "Mamma, why did God make so many G——s?" I had picked up the book that this young man of the serious brow and athletic figure was reading, and found it Merrivale's "Conversion of the Roman Empire." Actuated by a like motive, he had taken up mine,—Buckle's "History of Civilization." I said to Regina, "That's an unusual boy; I must know him." He said to his guardian, "I never saw a woman reading Buckle before; I'd like to know her." The wish being mutual carried

its realization, to the enrichment, I believe, of both our lives. Certainly I owe much to a new element in my own life. This boy was father of the man I saw in him; and from the first, pierced one weak spot in my intellectual armor with his questions. For everything he must have a reason; I fancy he was born with the golden spoon "Why?" in his mouth. I on the contrary, am naturally content to let the slow foot of reason pace the edge of truth, while with imagination I fly above the mysteries I cannot explore. He led me to question my sources of knowledge, to test my premises and link my logic; but above all to interrogate Nature and note her replies. I opened to him —so he asserted—the marvels of the sky, the beauty of the velvet-folded hills, the charm of the field flowers, and the regal sway of the God within us called "enthusiasm." In his college salutatory occurred this passage: *"Beatus ille cui natura cara omnium mater est comes frequens amicaque constans."* It affords a clue to the strength and permanence of our friendship, the very breath of whose existence is the air of the open. Turning at random to his letters I read: "I think of you when I see the evergreens that you love and the larch with delicate fingers pointing upward, and the afterglow into which you read a meaning for me —the afterglow that plays upon the hills."

This friendship has survived those usual extinguishers on the part of the man,—marriage,

children, professional life and remoteness. As I read the letters, wondering why they have continued through the years, I find the explanation in the simplicity and sincerity of their avowals, the humility and sweet gravity of their spirit, the upward trend of the pilgrim whose progress they record. The heavenward way would be less lonely if life were simpler, and human hearts more direct and fearless in giving of their best. This apocryphal story is told of Christ: Being asked when the kingdom of heaven would come, He replied, "When men and women meet together and forget that they are men and women."

CHAPTER III

A Girlhood's Dream Come True: Boston, Home

"The City of Kind Hearts."
Helen Keller.

In my senior year at Mount Holyoke, I had joined a group of girls whose hopes centered in Boston. We even planned to take an apartment together after graduation, and to seek our various fortunes at the Hub. The musical member actually made an excursion into Vagabondia, sought an interview with Parepa Rosa, was kindly received and encouraged in her venture, by that great artist, and wrote to the faint-hearted sisterhood of her experience. There was a drop of Indian blood in the heart of this Pocahontas, and like her great prototype, she had the daring of her race. But the hour had not struck for me, a cautious Yankee girl.

A little later, the following year perhaps, I sat in the old Music Hall of the historic city and listened to the solemn tidal swell of the big organ, calling, calling, as the great deep summoned Arthur. I sang at the Peace Jubilee and witnessed Parepa's triumph as her glorious voice soared in obbligato above the

mighty chorus, a sea bird rising from the waves. My own tiny voice, a joyous drop in the ocean of sound, joined in that pæan of praise to General Grant,—"Lo, the conquering hero comes!" and so deep was the enthusiasm that nothing seemed comparable in sweetness to dying for one's country. *Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori.*

At last I had come to stay in the city beautiful, islanded by ocean, river, and Mother brook, and girded about with granite hills. These drew like heaven, and our first exploring drive encircled them. "Now," said Regina, we have put our arms around the Blue Hills."

Hitherto, we had had "no continuing city"; but here we resolved to set up our altar, make a true home and live the life radiant so far as in us lay; make having subordinate to being, and time but an arc of eternity. I had served a full apprenticeship at my art, and turned from some prizes within my grasp to learn the deeper meaning of "success." My calling should no longer rule me; it should serve.

A chain of second causes reaching back to Deity, brought us to a suburb, gave us moderate work to do and turned a new page of life. For the first time I saw the Old South Meeting House, and the Corner Book Store. How small, crowded and low-roofed, that famous literary centre to eyes wonted to Chicago spaciousness and elegant appointments! But here was a chance—how eagerly I embraced it!—

of meeting Holmes and Lowell and Longfellow. Ah! you may roof in a prairie and orient it with luxury, but you cannot constrain the gods to enter.

"What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid!"

was not written of material exploits.

In the narrow streets of Boston there was a possibility of meeting Phillips Brooks. Who would barter that for rectangular spaces? Not I. There were giants in those days; and I met one of them sauntering on Washington Street. I knew him though it was my first glance at the great preacher. He was dressed in homespun, with a slouch hat shielding the searching eyes, which seemed to be demanding toll of each passer-by. I was as conscious of paying it as if I had dropped a nickel in the hat. Something he took as well as gave—that honest gentleman. I heard him many times afterward in his pulpit at Trinity, where he was no longer seeking grist for his mill, but giving the whole wheat, the bread of life, to his people.

I was fortunate in my first hearing of the great preacher. It was on the theme, "The Kinship of Christ, one of Character." As that impression was simply deepened by time I transcribe it from my journal: From the moment when I heard his deep, impassioned voice and saw his clearcut face, I felt his power,—that of genius consecrated, transfused with the

spirit of his Master. What shall I liken to his discourse? A flowing river pouring its swift, majestic current into the sea? Such was his thought. The words were but the channel, of which the listener took no heed save when a ripple marked some slight break in the tidal flow. A bright, impetuous stream of living water from the Eternal Fountain; or a swift, eager, resistless flame mounting to the One who had enkindled it,—such was his thought.

I had heard that Bostonians had a touch of the east wind in their dispositions, and I expected to feel a slight chill after the warmth of the unconventional west. On the contrary, we had not been twenty-four hours in our new home before welcomes were extended and kind offices begun. Soon the kindly face of a senior deacon appeared at our door; his generous hands bearing a basket of fruit from his own trees, while his daughter brought a rare gerardia from the nearest woods. They were teachers, knit to us by that bond as well as by the more subtile one of character. Deacon S—— was the best example I have known of a fast disappearing type. By no possibility could he have so developed outside of New England. Of exquisite probity, perhaps overscrupulous in matters of conscience, like my Puritan grandmother, he lacked assurance, and while making a little heaven of his home, felt no certainty of a home in Heaven. His ideal woman was far enough from the type of Mary Lyon, yet he

resembled the latter in one particular: She often said to a friend, "I think it very doubtful whether I ever see Heaven myself, but I mean to do all in my power to prepare others for that blessed world."

Deacon S——'s prayermeeting talks were all to that end, though he tactfully concealed the motive. An old-fashioned pulpit, the joy of an antiquarian, had been superseded in the chapel by a modern table. The deacon brought the banished pulpit into a talk one night, so vitally that it was freed from its attic dust and reinstated. His loss was a prayermeeting calamity; such as prompts one to say to later-comers, "You were born too late, you did not know Deacon S——."

In the church, which summoned us with its Paul Revere bell, we met a warm welcome. Regina and I entered the open door of the chapel on missionary concert night, and caught the glow of benevolence for which the old church is renowned. At the close of the hour, a young woman, slender and dark-eyed, a study in browns, was introduced to me. The exchange of greetings headed a new chapter in friendship.

This too was an evolution, as slow and sure as the growth of a New England oak. Long time the acorn lay on the surface, having fallen upon fallow ground; but one day, rain from heaven fell and the seed began to germinate. The acorn grew and became a young tree, and

birds sang in its branches. Its delicate May fringe was fair to see but its June foliage gave protection and cheer. It is now a sturdy oak, making in summer a shade from heat and a strong staff for hours of weakness; stretching in winter arms of blessing over us, its faithful leaves resisting every blast and translating it to music. Truly

"Love is flower-like,
Friendship is a sheltering tree."

The record of this attachment might also be figured by a star; it has the quality of stillness and bright serenity. One of its memorable days was in early summer when the chestnut trees were in bloom, and their snowy fingers pointing skyward expressed the spiritual attitude of this noble friend. She is the finest example of the faithful steward that I have known. Inheriting wealth and the thrifty habits that had acquired it, she employs all her gifts and opportunities in service; turning her beautiful home into a haven of rest for weary ones, and giving herself with her benefactions. The law of compensation has been signally operative, her growth in character being rapid and her enlargement of nature notable. The missionaries and Christian workers of all sorts that she has homed and befriended, have liberally educated her in worldwide intelligence and sympathy; and the gratitude that flows toward her in a hundred rills of blessing, renders more meadowlike her verdurous life.

CHAPTER IV

An Out Door Road to Health: Birds for Company, and Bird Lovers

So I go listening, listening, for all melody ascends.

In coming to Boston, I had turned from many doors of opportunity, only to find one opening into a new world of beauty and inspiration. As I climbed slowly back to health and activity, I found the foot-path way one of knowledge as well as vigor.

I had always loved nature, my earliest recollections being of the open. Soon after graduation, I had even written to Mr. John Tyndall of my readiness to pursue natural science as a life work. He had offered to train an American student, subject to conditions all of which I thought I could meet, save that of sex. In the ardor of youth and zest for the works of Tyndall, Huxley, and their school, I trusted that my one disability would be overlooked. It counted against me, and again a great door was providentially closed, and I was shut in to my primal calling.

Those were my "salad days," and I had not been ready for certain influences that now shaped my life. Says Emerson, "God screens us evermore from premature ideas. Our eyes

are holden that we cannot see things that stare us in the face, until the hour arrives when the mind is ripened; then we behold them, and the time when we saw them not is like a dream." When a girl I had turned from "The Maine Woods" as from an alien tongue, but I was now ready for the writings of Thoreau, Burroughs, Torrey, and other interpreters of nature. "Early Spring in Massachusetts" and "Wake Robin" began my library of outdoor books, and started me in a path of observation and reflection that will stretch—please God—into the other world. I have had many sources of happiness; but next to religion and friendship, I place communion with nature.

A dear friend—a precious acquisition of these later years—lightly says, yet with a shade of seriousness, "I am jealous only of your birds." In the new awakening of my being, I found myself irresistibly drawn toward them. As far back as I can recall any questioning of nature, the wish to know the birds was paramount. For years I had pestered my rural acquaintances with queries about them; but until I read "Wake Robin" and "Birds in the Bush," I had not found out that I could answer my own prayers. Like a flashlight came the thought, "I can know them myself." With an opera-glass, a notebook, and a bird manual, I began a delightful career of investigation. Nothing else that I have ever studied competes in interest with bird-lore. Nothing

else ever claimed from me a like patience, devotion, time and temper. But the infinite rewards! What tongue can tell the joy of a new "find"!

I have often been asked what started me in bird study. The answer is a chain of circumstances: one of them the discovery that a sweet-voiced robin singing deliciously in a maple was not a robin, but a glorious bird in black and white plumage with a splendid rose at his throat; another, the haunting sweetness of a bird-note heard in ascending Mount Kearsarge, known to me after years of waiting as the white-throated sparrow's thrilling song; still another the sight of a crow pursuing a small bird and driven from the chase by a doughty kingbird. Such happenings in the air and I oblivious to them? ignorant of all parties except the crow? Most potent of all, Bradford Torrey's fine differentiation of the songs of the thrushes, whereby I was able at last to know to a certainty the hermit of our Ossipee woods and the veery of our Half-way brook.

When I began to really study the birds, there were few easily available helps. The vast array of bird literature descriptive and illustrative, has sprung up within a decade and a half. I do not regret, however, my lack of a royal road to bird knowledge. What I have I possess by right of discovery and assiduous application. I would not forget my incalculable debt to such interpreters of the Bird as

Michelet, whose delightful book came to me like a voice from the skies. Long before I saw my first wood warbler, the water-thrush, and determined to know the forest birds, this old rhyme had echoed and re-echoed through my heart:

> "Wings! wings! to sweep
> O'er mountain high and valley deep.
> Wings! that my heart may rest
> In the radiant morning's breast."

On Michelet's pages, too, I saw Giacomelli's drawings of birds, incomparable in delicacy of feeling and grace of revelation. His robin at the window I copied many times with pen and ink, vainly striving to express the emotion it stirred within me. Shelley's "Skylark" and Wordsworth's filled me with joy; while Browning's "wise thrush" was my intimate long years before I knew a veery from a hermit.

As I hark back in memory, I seem always to have been getting ready to know the birds. The cinnamon wings of the brown thrasher dust the road of my childhood, though no man could tell me his lineage; and far off through dim and solemn vistas of forest stretching back to babyhood, peal the bells of the wood-thrush, though I knew not the bell-ringer. A sweet friend of my young womanhood, now in the world of light and song, with her last written lines consecrated to me a bird name, given me by Regina; and only yesterday a chance acquaintance said to me after a bird talk, "I

think you must once have been a bird." Truly I often feel preëxistent wings fluttering in my memory. I have been charged with loving birds better than humans, and in defence I answer, "They too have souls, and they are weak and defenceless."

Long ago I took Whittier's prescription for strengthening character, and identified myself with two unpopular reforms,—the temperance work and woman suffrage. A new phase of philanthropy in its wide meaning of "general benevolence" now appeals to me deeply,—the protection of the birds. Devotion to this aim has not diverted me from my life-work; it has served rather to make my calling and election sure. For I have been able to espouse the cause I love, in bird articles and platform talks, each a disguised plea for the most exquisitely endowed and least adequately valued of God's creatures. In making their cause my own, I have shared their sorrows and their joys, thereby plucking pain from the heart of happiness.

Into my teaching I have brought the bird-class, and prize no tribute to my work more highly than the assurance that I have opened a spring of happiness to some child of nature unaware of her birthright.

One such, a favorite pupil, accompanied me on many bird walks, and with her quick ear and responsive heart doubled my happiness. Rarely endowed by nature, this charming girl

grew visibly in loveliness under the spell of beauty and song. When whistling a white-throat from the woods or luring a chickadee with his own "phebe" call, she seemed so akin to the birds that I half expected to see her fly into a pine tree and build a nest. We went to Concord together in April to see the shy New England spring, and to keep an appointment with Thoreau's bluebirds. Dorothy whistled duets with the meadow lark and entered into rivalry with a titmouse. The latter was an artist, his phebe song running up under the spur of emulation to four, six, finally eight syllables: "Dear, dear, Phe-e-be—Phe-e-be," whistled the two voices in alternation. The surprise of the bird knew no bounds, and made him bewitching in peering curiosity and approachableness.

A year later from her Ohio home Dorothy wrote me: "I must tell you about a remarkable little tufted titmouse. Yesterday morning while we were at breakfast, we heard him calling two or three blocks away, and so I took my orange to the window and sat there answering him until he came into the tree in front of our house, when suddenly the impudent little dear began to imitate my whistle. You know how fast they repeat 'Peto, peto, peto'? I couldn't begin to do it so fast, nor did I care to say so many 'petos,' being busy with my orange; but when he suddenly changed his song, as much as to say 'If you can't imitate

me any better than that, why I can imitate you,' we both laughed, and if I said 'peto' twice, he would say it twice, and the same with three or four times, and back again to twice; and always with my inflection and accent, until I lost my 'pucker' utterly.

"Sunday we took a walk in the woods and found the first hepaticas, and the loveliest cardinal grosbeak, who flew from far away when we called him, and answered from the tree above us so tenderly. There were bluebirds and meadow-larks and robins galore, and from almost every tree a chickadee would call 'phebe,' until I was too happy for words. It was a wonderful Easter service, and I realized how true it is that 'Love casteth out fear'; for how else could we have won the confidence of those little winged creatures? And all this happiness I owe to you—, who taught me to know and love them. Do you remember the day in Franklin park when we sat beside the pond and you taught me 'Sweet Robin'? O how many times since I have gone back and looked deep into your eyes to hear you say those words again!"

Wandering in the woods one day in early spring I heard the note so often whistled by Dorothy under those very pines:

"PHEBE"

When the boys are playing marbles and the girls are jumping rope,
When the maple sap is dripping in the pail;

When the pussies climb the willows and their eyes begin
to ope,
When the bluebird flings a turquoise on the rail,—
O the sweetest, dearest call
From a pine tree seems to fall,
Loosing from the bough our old and clinging grief:
'Tis the little titmouse singing
"Phebe! Phebe!" softly singing,
Singing "Phebe" in the springing of the leaf.

When a torch has lit the marshes and they flame with
sudden joy,
When the youngest blue-eyed gentian falls asleep;
When the jay is hoarding acorns and the squirrel cheats
the boy,
When the robin goes a-berrying for keep,—
O the sweetest, dearest sound
Threads the solitude around,
Binding all our tuneful gleanings in a sheaf:
'Tis the little titmouse calling "Phebe!
Phebe!" softly calling,
Calling "Phebe" in the falling of the leaf.

CHAPTER V

The Unexpected: A Home School

Laetus sorte mea.

A wise man once said to me, "Do not say of anything I will never do that; it is the one thing you will surely do." In Boston I entered upon a phase of teaching that in youth I had resolved never to undertake. I had declined advantageous offers of positions in boarding schools and colleges, because averse to the life involved. But physical limitations now rendered it imperative for me to engage in a small work and to give no hostages to success. I chafed under this necessity, and it was long before I grew "content to fill a little space" and to do cheerfully the work I had ruled out of my life plan,—viz., shaping the characters of young girls in a home.

Yet I needed the irksome but rewarding discipline. This fact I have never doubted; but the wherefore was not plain until recently, when a frank pupil of old Chicago days, in response to my request, "Tell me what my faults and limitations as a teacher were," wrote me: "You sometimes would not stop by the way long enough to comprehend a particular type of girl; you looked too strenuously to the

end, and were not patiently tolerant of the lower levels along the road. Your knowledge of human nature, in those days, seemed derived too much from books."

This criticism is just. I was intolerant of low ideals, and unsympathetic with natures that did not quickly respond to the bugle note. I was so opposed to compromise that I would not conciliate. I did not sufficiently gauge my pace as a leader by that of my followers. I was never so far ahead as to be lonely, for always there were in step with me some who loved the best; but there might have been more, had I earlier acquired the grace of tolerance and the power of sympathy.

The new life to which He had now summoned me involved hourly contact in the intimate companionship of the home with a variety of natures, complex in their needs, and often so unformed in character that only the divinity within me could see the angel in the marble. To do this, always imperfectly and with frequent failures but never a low aim, became my new task, and the most difficult phase of my evolution as a teacher. During its progress I have had to study my pupils as a mother would her child, the limited number rendering this possible. In doing this, I have been in accord with a dominant note of our age,—the individuality of the child and its sacred right to development.

The patron of a well-known school once en-

tered her daughter with the remark, "She is a peculiar girl." "We have fifty peculiar girls" was the apt reply. I would go further and say that I have had no other. The trend of our time, an increasing recognition of the singularity of the child, the public school system with the fault of its great quality—turning out citizens badged with uniformity—cannot much longer withstand. The insistent demand of the grade teacher for fewer pupils must grow louder, until heeded by parents and supervisors, because based upon a primal truth. The elective system in our colleges and the freedom from hampering restrictions once prevailing, are the outcome of this law.

More and more as time goes on do I realize the importance of specialization in character-building, and adaptation of means to this supreme end. It is natural for me to believe in my girls, and to expect good things of them. When one of them wrote me, "You incited us to think and talk and write in your classes beyond our ordinary capacity," she recognized the cardinal principle of my life work, fitly worded by George Herbert:

> "Who aims at the sky
> Shoots higher much than he that means a tree."

When a class of girls averaging sixteen years and doing college-preparatory work, were diverted from their desire to give a light play and persuaded to attempt instead a rendering

of Milton's "Comus" in its forest setting, two things were achieved: admirable training in required English, and such a mastery of the difficult that no exaction will henceforth daunt them. One dear girl with physical limitations was encouraged to take a minor rôle, and by heroic exertion, being held steadily to the achievement, day after day, through failures manifold, attained at last unqualified success. Who can measure the results? Noble poetry committed is a fertilizer to the mind and almost a generator of character. A teacher who draws thoughtful breath can perceive the assimilating process in such a study.

The same class while studying Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar," committed in duos as Brutus and Cassius, Scene III, Act IV; and when fired with the spirit of the play, were asked to write an imaginary speech, such as Brutus' revelation of the conspiracy to Portia and her reply; or Cassius' speech to the citizens in the street scene. Not one said "I cannot," and more than one achieved creditable blank verse.

A member of this class now travelling in Europe has just written me on a post card of the Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey, "I thought of you as I stood by the graves of Tennyson and Browning. I am so grateful to you for what I do know, but ah, how much more I wish I knew!"

In this simple line from a girl of fifteen I read this: the best acquisition is the incentive

to acquire. If I implant nothing else in the minds of my pupils, I am resolved to leave there an irresistible prompting to seek further. A noble minded girl, however young or crude, likes to be summoned to the difficult and held to the task. She soon learns the rewards of integrity in work as well as in character. The insistent demand must be, the utmost stretch of capacity at the present stage of development. If this requisition is made kindly and with recognition of varying powers, there is scarcely any limit to success. The impulsion must come from within, and not be imparted from without, as a whip-lash, or the mind will again lag when the goad is removed.

To accomplish permanent results, the teacher must be, not merely seem, herself a growth, and not a manufacture or a stop-gap. When a college girl with two degrees said to me, "I think I shall teach; I do not like it but I must do something," I replied: "I honor your candor and will meet it in kind. Experiment on anything else rather than on children. Be a good type-writer or milliner or nursery maid, rather than an indifferent teacher." *Per contra:* when a young girl without college training but thoroughly grounded in foundation studies said to me—what I had already discovered in a few days of substitute work—, "I like teaching better than any other work in the world," I replied: "I should like to have you for an assistant." I honor the doctor's degree

and the equipment it stands for, but the *sine qua non* of success—to my mind—is enthusiasm for one's calling.

CHAPTER VI

Collaterals

"Blessed are the inclusive for they shall be included."
Frances E. Willard.

Any review of my life that omitted reference to Regina's friendships and their contribution to my own wealth, would be incomplete. To her liberal nature, building more stately mansions with each year of life, I owe the enlargement of being wrought upon me by other friendships of my own. I might have had a very narrow orbit of the heart. Her nature could not have been thus restricted. I faced this fact early, and gave her the largest liberty, thereby riveting my own inviolable claim. Incapable of jealousy herself, she lifted me to her own level and made me incapable of jealousy also. If for my inalienable treasure, the friends I have and their adoption tried, I owe to her encouragement and latitude, I have also gained immeasurably from her own special acquisitions. The friendship in which I have had the largest share has recently closed its earthly record to open a heavenly one. I can write the more freely of its beginnings.

My first glimpse of H. B. was at church, where her grace of carriage and lovely face—

framed as simply as a beautiful picture should be—arrested my attention.

The influence of this gentle yet strong personality I cannot measure. For five years, Regina and I watched the deepening inner life of one whose spirit burned more bright as the crystal vase enclosing it grew more transparent. This lovely woman had taken God for her healer of a mortal disease; and her faith, at first a glimmering spark, became as steady and luminous as a fixed star. No miracle was wrought in answer to her prayers,—unless it be a miracle to hold fast to God when the world slips from under one. Into the night vigils, the morning watch, the daily walk with God, we entered, so far as embodied spirits can enter the fastnesses of another soul. The deepest solitude of being, only God's eye can penetrate; but often we entered so far that we seemed as those in a deep well, who, looking skyward at noonday, behold the stars. "Victory" was the watchword of that heroic soul; who, above all poetry loved Browning's "Prospice," and often quoted:

"I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forebore,
And bade me creep past."

On a day luminous in darkness, Regina discovered a new depth of meaning in H.'s favorite verse,—"This *is* the victory that overcometh

the world, even our faith." From that hour the emphasis in our united prayers was changed; the victory sought being no longer healing, but faith. This was complete.

On dark nights we still leave our shades up that the friendly lights may gleam in the vacant house; and on bright mornings we look across, half expecting to see that sweet face at the window as of old.

To the mountain land where Regina and I have passed many summers, H. often went with us, making more dear and sacred our foot-path way, our Half-way brook, our Hermitage in the pines.

CHAPTER VII

The Up Grade Still: We Climb the Hill Together

"Other heights in other lives, God willing."
Robert Browning.

Long ago Frances E. Willard gave me the key to a rounded life when she used the phrase of Regina and me, "adequately companioned." A dewdrop is as shapely as a world, and a life restricted in outward circumstance may be full-orbed within. "Adequately companioned" has unlocked for me life's fullest content, its deepest joy, its boundless gratitude. That it has been out of the usual course, I admit; but this was not of my ordaining. When the slender crescent Happiness silvered my sky on my first mountaintop experience, I did not know that it would expand into the perfect sphere flooding my life with light; I did not surmise at what a price I should purchase the experience and vision on the heights, which symbolize for me life's ultimate. I hold no deeper conviction than this, that my life was planned for me by God, into whose keeping I gave it on my seventeenth birthday. He has never suffered me to rest long on grassy levels or to become too enamored of sunny slopes; but never have I

climbed alone, or failed to be "adequately companioned." I have loved solitude and Keats's lines have been often on my lips:

> "Almost the highest bliss of human kind,
> When to thy haunts two kindred spirits flee."

The life of an earnest teacher is one long ascent. She must climb or fail: the dead-line crosses the sea level. "It is better farther on" should be her motto. Happy her lot if in this noble vocation she be "adequately companioned." For the homeless woman is nature's anomaly; one's best cannot be attained without a resting place for the heart. That gracious woman who combined in her nature the aspiration of the eagle and the gentleness of a songbird, President Alice Freeman, on the eve of her marriage to Professor George Palmer, neatly paraphrased the old saying, "Home is where the heart is." In a group of friends discussing philosophy, some one said to her, "What is your definition of Home, Miss Freeman?" "The place where George Palmer is," she aptly replied.

Since 1871, I have realized the personal definition of Home; and it has meant for me the pivot from which alone I could move my little world. For this friendship, instead of drawing me from my vocation, has held me steadfastly to it. The high ideal of love that so early enthralled me, rendered it impossible for me to turn aside for any lower, though sometimes

tempting actuality. Regina's charge, "Neglect not the gift that is in thee," and her unshaken confidence in my divine election have anchored me to the least-lucrative or outwardly-rewarding of scholarly pursuits.

Since 1871, I have had only brief separations from Regina; but enough to verify Tennyson's words:

> "Their meeting made December June,
> Their every parting was to die."

A Chicago acquaintance once said to us, "You two ought to go to Heaven together." "It is our prayer," I replied. As I take our letters from their strong box and turn the leaves, I am impressed with the fact that not once have we lost sight of our celestial goal and our immortal destiny. Many of them bear this invisible date, "the Eternal Years." This one tells me that my words always draw her heavenward so that her first impulse is to pray; and as I read it, my soul is on its knees in thanksgiving. And this contains the Spring and has the elusive charm of shyly growing things. It tells me in music that I tune her heart to a constantly recurring joy. A pussy willow had dropped from my letter.—Ah, how it comes back to me, the March morning when I broke the twig by the Clifton brook and sent it with its thrill and flush of life to speak my message! Is there flower or leaf that has not sometime been the go-between of our happy hearts? This letter has a leaf of lemon ver-

bena, faintly reminiscent of a garden of delights. And this one, a valentine, flings wide the gate. Apple orchards bloom as I read it, and again my heart repeats

ROBIN'S MATE

Everybody praises Robin,
  Singing early, singing late;
But who ever thinks of saying
  A good word for Robin's Mate?

Yet she's everything to Robin,
  Silent partner though she be,
Source and theme and inspiration
  Of each madrigal and glee.

For as she with mute devotion
  Shapes and curves the plastic nest,
Fashioning a tiny cradle
  By the pressure of her breast,

So the love in that soft bosom
  Moulds his being as 'twere clay;
Prints upon his breast the music
  Of his most impassioned lay.

Ah! when next you praise the Robin,
  Flinging wide the tuneful gate
To his eager brood of love notes,
  Don't forget the Robin's Mate!

I did not leave the beaten paths without encountering stretches of barren rock in the pilgrim way; yet without these the widening vision would not have fed my soul with beauty and the joy of conquest have enamored my spirit. I have had to fling to the winds not

only fears, but cumbering cares and pleasures and darling ambitions, in order to climb. Not to have done so would have been at a cost to character, and character is the source of blessedness, and the only possession we can carry with us in the last ascent.

The evolution of a teacher? I perceive that it has only begun. This backward glance therefore strengthens my belief in immortality. With Browning's *Luria* I gratefully exclaim:

> "How inexhaustibly the spirit grows.
> One object, she seemed erewhile born to reach
> With her whole energies and die content,
> So like a wall at the world's end it stood,
> With nought beyond to live for—is it reached?
> Already are new undreamed energies
> Outgrowing under and extending further
> To a new object; there's another world!"