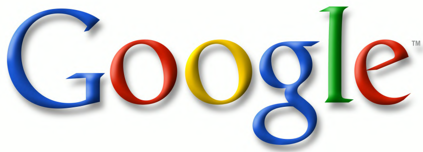

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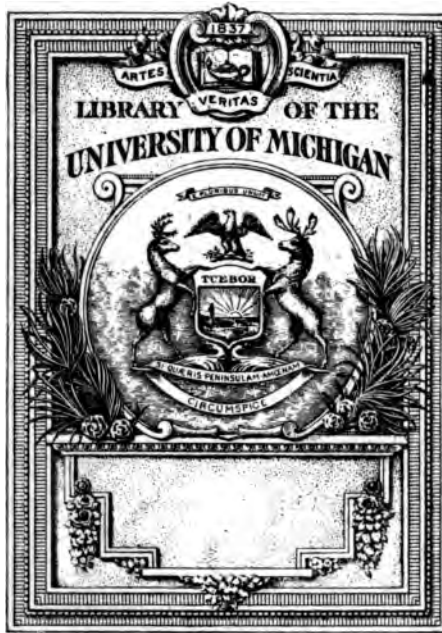
LETTERS AND WRITINGS OF JAMES GREENLEAF CROSWELL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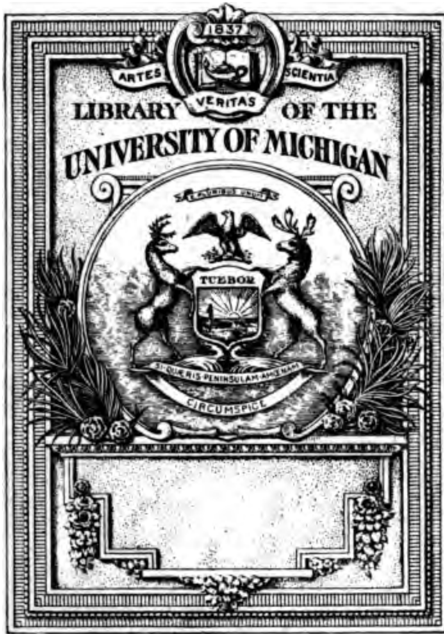
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LETTERS AND WRITINGS

OF

JAMES GREENLEAF CROSWELL

LATE MASTER OF THE BREARLEY SCHOOL
IN NEW YORK

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
The Riverside Press Cambridge
1917

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Published May 1917

TO THE READER

JAMES CROSWELL left no mass of writings which is at all adequate to express what he was. His work was done with the living voice, not with the pen. The chief value of the letters and scraps of letters, and other writings of his, that are here gathered, is that there is in them the sound of his voice. In them he speaks, and people who loved to listen to him can listen once more. To catch the echo of his voice and the passing inflections of his mind is all that has been attempted in this memorial volume.

To such writings of his own as his wife has been able to collect, have been added a few records of the impression he made on some men and women who knew him best.

EDWARD S. MARTIN.

321794

BIOGRAPHICAL

JAMES GREENLEAF CROSWELL was born in Brunswick, Maine, August 29, 1852. His father, the Reverend Andrew Croswell, was rector of St. Paul's Church in Brunswick, and remained there until Easter, 1853. Then, or later, the family moved to Cambridge to be near Mrs. Croswell's parents, Judge and Mrs. Simon Greenleaf.

The boyhood friends of James Croswell were LeBaron Briggs and Theodore and William Russell, the latter afterwards Governor of Massachusetts.

Croswell prepared for college in the Cambridge Latin School, entered Harvard, and graduated in 1873. The year after graduation he taught at St. Mark's School, Southborough. The year following that he became instructor in Greek at Harvard and remained in that employment until he went to Germany in 1878. There he passed three years as a student at Leipsic and Bonn.

From Germany he returned to Harvard and was Assistant Professor of Greek from 1882

until, in the spring of 1887, he came to the Brearley School.

He married (May 10, 1888) Letitia Brace, daughter of Charles Loring Brace, of Dobbs Ferry.

He died on March 14, 1915.

In response to the enquiry of the secretary of his Harvard class as to his proceedings during the first twenty years after graduation he made this reply: —

27 Waverly Place,
New York City.

After graduation I taught school one year at St. Mark's at Southborough. Upon leaving St. Mark's I returned to Harvard, where I was employed by the college as a tutor in Greek for three years. I escaped soon from the awkward results of my incapacity by receiving, through the tireless bounty of our Alma Mater, a "Parker Fellowship," which permitted me three years of travel in Europe. I returned to the college as assistant professor in 1882 to repay this debt by instructing again in Greek and Latin. In 1887, on the death of my college friend, Samuel Brearley, of the class of 1871, I inherited the head-mastership of a school founded by him in New York. Ever since that time I have

been at work here, under varying conditions, chiefly occupied in preparing for college the female descendants of Harvard, Yale, and Princeton graduates. These New York girls compose not the least interesting part of the population of that interesting and heterogeneous city. Some of my pupils have become teachers; some are mothers of American citizens; and some the wives of foreign nobles; two are trained nurses; one is an officer of the Salvation Army. These are my short and simple annals, if the Secretary thinks my classmates may wish to hear them. I will not detail my literary works, at his wicked suggestion. They are all school-books, and may be found in the regular educational catalogues. They enjoy a forced circulation in some quarters.

ILLUSTRATIONS

JAMES GREENLEAF CROSWELL . . . . *Frontispiece*
From a portrait by W. Sargeant Kendall, 1913

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JAMES GREENLEAF CROSWELL

LETTERS

JAMES GREENLEAF CROSWELL

LETTERS

In his thirteenth year

JAFFREY, *August* 21, 1865.

DEAR A——: — Tuesday we went up the mountain and I am going to tell you about it. We crowded into the big mountain wagon of Mr. Cutter's and rode a pretty long way till we came to the Halfway House, there got out and climbed along with our poles to a pretty little place by a nice spring where we ate our dinner. Then we set off to go to the top. We boys, Charlie,[1] Willie Farnsworth, Si, and I, all went off together, and we lost the path; the consequence was we had a dreadful, hard, tough scramble over rocks and stones. One remarkable thing was we got down in half the time we came up. There are five bulls on the mountain, two of which we saw, and they nearly scared the young women to death. Good-bye.

[1] Charles Pomeroy Parker, *obiit* 1917.

P.S. Yesterday we made a picnic to a little brook near the park and we had a very nice time. When it began to rain we went into a barn.

Your affectionate JIM.

To Mrs. James Greenleaf, sister of H. W. Longfellow, the poet

CAMBRIDGE, *July* 20 [1868].

DEAR AUNT MARY: — I have so much to tell you that I don't know where to begin; so I will go back to last May, when you left here.

I went back to school and studied pretty hard all June and came out first in my examinations, and then came our grand exhibition. Our class (namely the Second College) were ushers at the exercises, which were compositions, declamations, and an original English dialogue, and we had the special honor of being mentioned, as a body, for good scholarship, which is very seldom done. Then there was a ball in the evening, at which they danced the most unheard-of fancy dances, and then the Class of "1868" had graduated and given way to "1869," which is mine.

Our Principal has sailed for Europe to pass

FIVE YEARS OLD

the Long Vacation, so if you happen to see Mr. William J. Rolfe, A.M., in England; he's the man.

It's very convenient to have such a famous man as Professor Longfellow in your party, for we have your movements telegraphed to the Boston papers quite frequently. I look out on the map your movements as well as I can, though some places I can't find. I wish you could go to Rugby and write me about it, as that is the one place in England that I feel curious about. I was very much pleased with the little pictures you sent us, though the lake did not seem "all my fancy painted it," but I suppose that an engraving could n't do it justice as regards the colors.

We were very much tickled by the story of the two young men who shook hands with Uncle Sam for the poet, and I don't think they made such a bad shot after all. I wish you would tell Uncle Sam that I went to the Boylston Prize Speaking on Phi Beta Kappa Day, and that Greener, the colored man, of the Junior Class, and Godfrey Morse, of the same class, took the first prizes. I also heard William Everett's poem delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society.

On next Friday the Harvard Boat Club (long may it wave) will race at Worcester with the Yales. On Thursday we are going to race with the famous Ward brothers at Worcester besides various single races before. Last Fourth, Harvard raced the Wards and got beaten; but perhaps they will do better this time. Harvard played the Lowells last Fourth on Jarvis, and owing to Bob Shaw's absence got beaten by three tallies. Last Friday the Harvards went to Boston and played the Lowells, and beat them by 39 to 26, but because the Lowells had one or two men absent, the Harvards kindly refused to call it a match game, and they will play two more games. See the difference between the Harvards' gentlemanly conduct and the Lowells' I dont-know-what. Give my love to Aunt Anne, and believe me

Your affectionate nephew,

J. G. CROSWELL.

P.S. Harvard played Lowell on Jarvis, and beat them by one tally on yesterday.

On board Sch. Meredith,
Off Ragged Island, [Casco Bay],
August 23, 1868.

Dear Aunt Mary: — I am writing this on the trunk of the old schooner, looking out over the blue Atlantic and watching the sea-gulls circling round above my head, and screaming at us. Right abreast of us is a large flock of coots, swimming in the water, and the white breakers are dashing grandly up against the little black ledges all around us.

"The billows are roaring,
Are rolling and roaring."

We are on our way from the New Meadows River to Portland. Si and I have enjoyed ourselves very much indeed (for three weeks on the Meredith is not to be despised) in boating, swimming, and fishing, and now we are trying to beat up to Highfield against a wind dead ahead. I am particular in describing all this because I know you know all the Bay so well and will like to hear from it, even under the shade of the Swiss mountains. Old Mr. Bibber was telling me the other day (just as we were passing through it) about Uncle James's naming the Herring Gut, Herring Gutter, because it is so narrow, and to this day Mr. Bibber al-

ways calls it "the Gutter." Perhaps you remember it is the passage between Jaquish and Bailey's Island.

I've been reading a delicious book of sea-songs called "Thalatta," containing the prettiest gems of the poets and all of them about the sea. Perhaps my favorites are "Thalatta," from the German of Heine, and "Hampton Beach," by Whittier, which I can say almost by heart I've read it so often.

I've had a lovely vacation so far, and as I expect to go to Nahant on the 31st of August to stay a fortnight with Charlie Pitts, I intend to have a lovely vacation the rest of it. I have seen the Alice two or three times this year, and she looked very attractive. I declare I almost think that I should prefer to own a yacht like her, rather than to go to Europe five times over. Just now the salt breeze is so delicious that I don't want to go ashore at all.

Our High School Committee have been cutting up such dreadful shines with the school, dismissing the Principal and altering the studies, that I don't quite know what I've got to do next year, beyond the fact that by that blessed day when you get home I shall be ready for college, probably. I suppose that you, pos-

sessing the *Chronicle*, are well posted up in these matters. I very much enjoyed Aunt Anne's letter to Bess about the Channel passage and so has everybody who has read it. Seasickness is the one difficulty in sailing on the briny: but everything has its drawbacks in this world.

When you write, tell me about the beautiful Rhine, and Ehrenbreitstein, and Rolandseck; and did you go to the Cathedral at Cologne? I think I am more familiar with the Rhine than any other part of Europe, not even England excepted, and at any rate would rather see it. By the time this letter gets to you I shall probably be in my seventeenth year. Think how venerable I am! And still we go marching along, Aunt Mary, and the time gets nearer when you'll return to

Your affectionate nephew,

J. G. Croswell.

Simon and I send our best love to Aunt Anne. I hope some day to get a letter written to her. Please accept our best thanks for those cunning little knives.

Cambridge, *October* 31, 1868.

My dear Aunt: — I wrote you one letter on or about the 1st of this month, and I thought

I mentioned in it that we were back at school again; but my thoughts were so full of the Saturday session (of which I wrote you) that perhaps I omitted it. Anyhow, we are not only at school now, but even half through the fall term. Mr. Rolfe was reinstated by a vote of six to five in the School Board, and immediately resigned; and now Mr. Bradbury, an under-teacher, is Acting Master; but we have no Principal. I'm right sorry about Mr. Rolfe and I despise that School Committee. We have to go to school Saturdays for three mortal hours, and when there to let off a stupid declamation.

Ma and the St. James's Sewing Circle are in the full tide of preparation for a fair, and they meet once a week to get ready. It may come off on the 1st of December, but the time is not fixed.

We got your letter, from Paris, of the 16th, to-day. Ma is unable to write now from stress of business, but sends love to you and will write soon. Only think of your writing to us that you sit in the famous Louvre. I tell you if I was there I'd sit there most all the time. Though I have n't the first idea of drawing myself, yet I enjoy nothing so much as a picture; but I

have to take it out in Childs and Jenks, and *Illustrated Newses*. Speaking of that, I "run over to Aunt Mary's" quite often to look at Audubon or Iconograph, and to prowl about the library, and it seems as if you might be upstairs or in the kitchen; for though I've learnt to imagine you gazing at Mont Blanc, etc., while I'm not actually in the house, yet when I am there I can't think you are so far off as that.

Winter is coming here on the double-quick and we have had a snowstorm already, but it melted right off. However, it is not snow I want, but ice to skate on, and if that little puddle opposite the Craigie House is only as large and as smooth and slippery as it was on Washington's Birthday last winter, I shall be happy. Oh! what fun it is to go cut, cut, cut, slide, tumble, on perfect glass such as that puddle was that morning!

Baseball is getting out of season slowly, though we had a Harvard *vs.* Lowell game on the 17th of this month, and a Harvard *vs.* Tri-Mountain last Saturday. Harvard goes out of the season triumphant, having beaten both Lowells and Tri-Mounts badly. These two clubs are the only rivals of any account

they have. We had a great Grant and Colfax turn-out in Boston on Wednesday night. There was a torchlight procession three miles long in Boston consisting of clubs from all the country round and three hundred Harvard students marched in it. I believe papa sends you the *Transcript* with the account of it, so I will not particularize. Washy's nephew is getting to be a great boy now, and he thinks everything of him. Much love to all, and tell Aunt A. L. P. I'm going to write to her when I get a chance and somewhat to say.

Au revoir.

J. G. C.

P.S. Mamma says that her fair is to be postponed till Easter.

About 1869.

DEAR MOTHER: — Your Sunday night letter got here at nine o'clock Monday, and as this is the burden of the day, I can't stop long to write. All's well, I guess; but we do have too much milk. Puss has got so's not to touch it, and blanc-mange is a drug. I never want to eat any bread-and-milk again.

I got my watch mended — fifty cents — and two oranges — eight cents. We have eaten

some little of your strawberry preserve, and shall eat some more. Saturday night and Sunday morning we got our own meals. Our leg of mutton is nearly eternal. We have eaten two herrings and half a shad.

Tell pa I want those balmorals of his in the worst way; I'm going to play croquet Wednesday afternoon and my shoes are beginning to crack. Miss Daniell wants me to be usher at her wedding, but I can't, I think — I must cut to go, anyhow. Miss Russell left a card at our house, and her wedding cards are out this morning.

Tell pa that I hope by next year to look well enough not to be mistaken for a Yale student even by a stranger.

J. G. CROSWELL.

To Mr. Samuel Longfellow, brother of the poet

Saturday, August 12, 1871.

DEAR UNCLE SAM: — Islesboro is still lively and much as you left it. We are quite well, all of us, including your little Walter, and are doing every day precisely what we have done while you were here. Dick and Walter and Willie are very much together, in the boats around the wharf or on the hotel piazza; the

same croquet party still plays croquet; the same backgammon party still sits in the parlor; the waves still wash on White Rock beach when I go down to swim alone, — just as they did when we went together. So, since one day is so much like another, it is hard to write much news to you who know all about the place and the people.

The first thing I thought of to tell you is that last night the crop of mushrooms did very well and they are very nice this morning. Don't you wish you had some? We had some that night we left you at Castine, on board the vessel for dinner. H. had his pears also, and was much gratified by the attention. He still proves a great aid to our evening.

We had a very pleasant voyage home from Castine, hardly to be called a sail, for there was no wind and Wad and I rowed more than half-way. I hope you were as lucky in your voyage as regards smoothness of water. The fireworks were quite successful that evening, which was pretty quiet otherwise, for we were all tired. Yesterday Minnie and Bess and I walked down to that pretty Crow Cove where S. and I met your boat party that afternoon and whence you and I walked home. The girls are very good

walkers when they want to be; quite as good as we boys, I think. In the afternoon Bessie and I went aboard the vessel to write chords; but she went to sleep and I went to row instead. We made it up by going to the stile to see the beautiful sunset last night, and this morning we are going to the Post-Office, which reminds me to end my letter.

Very truly yours,
J. G. CROSWELL.

Written on the eve of starting for Southboro, where he had engaged to be a teacher at St. Mark's School

CAMBRIDGE, *August* 31, 1873.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — For the last time I date from Cambridge. The long-expected epoch has come, and with hope and cheerfulness and faith, not in myself, but in the Power on whose side I pray to try to be always found fighting, I leave my home and all that I know and love. I have had a pretty solemn time today. I feel not a bit melancholy nor unhappy; but a good deal of awe and a little mistrust. So many responsibilities; such great interests at stake; my own life thrown into my own keeping as it really never has been; and with it a certain amount of influence on other lives. And

I have with the best intentions such an india-rubber backbone. I hope I shall not be weighed and found wanting. Oh, for a little real obstinacy and a little manly courage, to keep me from quailing in the hour of trial! I pray I may not be one of the children of Ephraim, but am dreadfully afraid I am.

To Mr. Samuel Longfellow

SOUTHBORO, *October* 14, 1873.

MY DEAR UNCLE SAM: — I believe you are a man who likes boys enough to enjoy a letter about them. So I shall venture to write you the history of my life for the past six weeks, which really has been little but constant care and attention to thirty-six small boys. The smallest ones, of course, are the most interesting. They are boy, pure and simple, the genuine article. The first day I came, one of these little fellows quite won my heart by his oddities of appearance, his politeness, and his thorough boyishness. His name is Master L. His native town is Providence; his father is a wealthy gentleman of that city, and, as the son tells me with pride, a colonel in the late war.

This little chap looks exactly and wonderfully like a monkey. His hair is cut short and bristly;

AT TWENTY-ONE

his face is all over freckles, or rather all one freckle; he has no forehead at all, and his eyebrows meet in a sage frown which rarely leaves his face. To all this add a very bright, restless pair of eyes and a more restless pair of hands. Perhaps you don't see why he should win a tutor's admiration, and are waiting to hear that he distinguishes himself by his recitations. On the contrary, he is one of the poorest scholars. In American history class he undertook, with the gravest face possible, to recite about the Whiskey "Resurrection," and in spelling he is something like Josh Billings. *Needle* he always spells *neadle*, and the words *to, too, two,* are altogether beyond his powers. His whole soul is devoted, like many other little fellows' here, to trapping rabbits, and his lessons are merely side issues, *παρέργα*, to this pursuit. But in general information he is strong, and is a very entertaining talker at the table. He sits next to me on one side. On the other side sits a thorough contrast to him — T. T., a light blond, whose skin is so delicately fair that the veins on his forehead show bright blue. He has a very sweet temper and a good deal of talent for study — and yet, like L., he is a perfectly noisy, jolly boy and more of a trapper if pos-

sible than he even. These two were so polite to me in my greenness, and are so happy and bright and funny at the table, that I cannot help, as I said to begin with, a good deal of affection for them, though I cannot precisely tell why. Is there not something wonderfully attractive in any opening bud, — fascinating by the promise of what may come, and of itself beautiful and pleasant?

Another class of boys here may fairly be represented by Henry Chapin. He is older, wiser, quieter, is beginning to think about being a monitor some day, and is rather on his good behavior; therefore, the pleasure I take in him is rather of a more reasonable kind, and it's more for what he promises to be than what he is. Good-natured, steady, brave, bright; some day he will be a splendid man.

The monitors and the "sixth" are, of course, the cream of the school. Our captain, or *dux*, or whatever you would call him is a young man called H. He is "one of a thousand." The tutors meet and treat him on terms of perfect equality except a little bit of etiquette once in a while. He is, like all the monitors, indeed, a very efficient ally in the school to us. And in personal character he reminds me most of H. S.

White, which is saying a great deal for him, is it not? I have not written much history have I? The fact is my life is made up of boys, and in writing of them I do write of myself. Many thanks for that very entertaining "Old and New." Yours affectionately,

J. G. C.

SOUTHBORO, *February* 14, 1874.

MY DEAR UNCLE SAM: — Your letter came safely and by the next mail the pamphlet also, for both of which I am much obliged. I too have not forgotten our talk together. I wish it had been longer, for I asked and said but a small fragment of what was in my mind to ask and say. Such topics are intensely interesting to talk and think of, and you know how boundless is the field of investigation.

As to the line of thought in which our conversation ran, and which your sermon carries out, it is a favorite one of mine. Mr. Arnold opens it up a little, or rather it is the starting-point of his theology, though he does not develop it in such detail as you do.

That God is a Spirit, and that our conceptions of him grow unconsciously material and earthly and need careful watching, I know or

I *feel* to be most surely true. Anything, either sermon or poem or ritual, even noble act or noble word, which may vivify and strengthen this spiritual consciousness in us of His Spirit, is most precious and welcome. And any damage or weakening of this God-consciousness certainly seems to be the worst calamity that can befall one, just as, having this, no calamity can be very great or painful.

So I need not say any more of your pamphlet than that it seemed to help me to that for which I am daily struggling, and earns my best gratitude.

I think the fight will be a very long and hard one before I reach the perfect communion of thought and feeling and life between myself and Himself which I *must* find or die. People have said that it is not found in this world. I mean to try to get as near as I can, but am yet a long way off and seem to get on but slowly.

I hope you are having a good winter. It is almost over now, so perhaps I will say instead I hope you will have a pleasant spring. I look back with more regret on the Cambridge spring than any other season.

Au revoir, from

Yours truly, J. G. C.

CASTINE, MAINE, *August* 13, 1874.

MY DEAR UNCLE SAM: — I am gratified to discern signs in your letter of a longing for Castine. I should like to take you to our old cove where the birch tree waves and the clear transparent tide invites to the bath.

> "Es lächelt der Strom
> Er ladet zum Bade."

After which very probably our intellects would be clear and cool, and I should find it possible to tell the opinions and ask the questions I have saved for this summer.

I agree to what you said of Matthew [Arnold]: but still he did convey to *me* that very notion of God which may not have been in the Jehovah of Israel, but he has found somewhere and throws into the Bible words. I had a different notion of God and the Bible when I finished his book, and a truer one. This is to me the merit of the book. I am not theologian enough to decide whether he has given the God of Israel truly or colored the representation by some notion of his own, not derived from the Old Testament.

To me the part treating of Christ and his work was more interesting. I have read "Ecce

Homo" down here and should like to talk that over with you also.

You have probably heard of the change in my life. I am coming back to Cambridge and the living world next winter. What a relief this change is to me I did not know until it was fairly made and I could sit down and think it over. To go back to all my friends, to my college, and the society of thoughtful men and women, to books and study again will be indeed delightful.

Please come down and see us here and bring Aunt Mary.

Yours affectionately,

J. G. C.

Before returning to Cambridge

CASTINE, *August* 27, 1874.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — This is an extra letter, written because there is a boat to you to-day and because I hope to win a birthday letter thereby. Next Saturday you will perhaps recollect, makes me two and twenty. What an age for me to have attained! I ought to begin to show if I can amount to anything I am sure. "Wasting no tears or vain regrets" over that which is gone, still I do feel as if I might have

done more, and hope to rise higher in my character and works next year and in all successive years. I would not have you afraid to write your honest feelings to me. What's the use of me, if you can't tell me all you know? Sometimes I like to tell you all my troubles just for the sake of "dragging the pond" to see if there is or is not anything really there to be troubled about. If there is a bunch of anxieties worrying you, write them to me and never mind about the color of the letter.

I have written you about the manifold variety in uniformity of our days' occupations. The fun of all our Castine days is about the same at the bottom, the merriment of a dozen careless, light-hearted people living to enjoy themselves. I am growing rather weary of it at times. But there is yet left enough sparkle in us to carry us through the week, I guess. And there will be sobriety enough next winter.

Letters from Germany

Leipzig, Saxony, *July* 28, 1878.

My dear Mother: — I went yesterday to hear the German service in the Thomas-kirche. They hold one on Saturday noon, and have

there a famous boy choir. Bach led it once himself, and it is traditionally a very fine one. They sang two motettes, without any organ. It is far beyond my power to tell you what a wonderful performance it was. The church is old, squalid, dusty, and dirty. The congregation, packed in, was equally dirty — mostly men that day — workmen apparently, shopkeepers, students, etc., stopping in to hear the music in their lunch hour, and listening with the most rapt attention. And there away up in the gallery were grouped the bunch of boys around the conductor and next to the organ. And the sounds they uttered! For smoothness and sweetness and finish and perfection of shading and of time! I have heard a good deal of the orchestral music and of the band music already and do not think it so very far ahead of our best orchestral work. But the church music I have heard is perfectly enchanting. When their congregations all sing a choral or a chant, it is splendid. At the Pauliner-kirche this morning I stopped in on my way to our English church. I stayed through the sermon and heard them sing a splendid *Deus misereatur* after the sermon. I understood most of the sermon. It was on the text about being buried

with Christ in baptism. The Lutheran service seems rather more ornate than our Congregational form and there is much more music.

Germany seems to be like other countries in having people who don't go to church and people who do. The Sunday does not differ so *very* much from Sunday as it now appears in Boston. Of course the restaurants being all open gives some streets a livelier appearance, as they are quite numerous. But unless you hunt after these places, your Sunday is quiet enough. The street where I live is very still and there are many people who go out to church. Whether the majority do or not I don't know. I suppose not. The concert rooms are all opened Sunday and they give their usual programmes I believe.

Your affectionate son,

J. G. Croswell.

To Mrs. Greenleaf

Leipzig, *August* 29, 1878.

My dear Aunt: — I received your letter on Tuesday and the *Cambridge Press* therewith. I am glad to learn of the wedding and thought John Owens wrote a very pretty poem. You have, allow me to say, perfectly acquired the art of writing a foreign letter; just exactly what

I want to hear, and have no way of hearing—where people are, what they are doing, who is with you, and so on. Please write just as often as you can, and just as lovingly. There is "no one to love me" over here and I have to depend on my letters. My mother has done nobly, as a mother would. Where I should have been without her I don't know. But next to hers, I think most of yours — that is, if you will keep on like your last.

I have moved my dwelling-place since I wrote. I have now a much cheaper and much better place and have no fears that I shall not save money enough for my necessary journeys. I only pay now thirty-five dollars a month for all my expenses, lodging, food, light, heat, service, and washing. Possibly I may have to pay a little more when the University opens. I am rather sorry I was entrapped into that other boarding-house last month. It was far from comfortable and cost me much more; for I really had to go out and get something to support life beside their meals. However, one must pay for his ignorances, I suppose.

You will see that this is my birthday to-day — my six and twentieth, quite an age, is it not? The next two or three years I suppose the most

valuable and critical I shall ever pass; I have my fortune almost made; and have only to work right on hard to secure it.

In talking with the students here, I find that our University (Harvard, I mean) has facilities even surpassing Leipzig for the study of Natural Science; I think it might be made the same in Greek and I should like to try my little best to do it. America is so much better a country than this in so many ways that I am envious of the German reputation of learning and would like very much to see our country excel. So with the noble ambition of robbing Leipzig of all the learning in the place I am going into the winter term of the Leipzig University. I feel more disposed to study just now than to travel. I do want to get *en rapport* with this German at once. I have been doing what you recommended, talking freely and badly, and find myself going ahead quite well. Soon I hope to understand things in general conversation. Just at present I understand about two thirds or three quarters of every sentence. The idioms make me much trouble, of course.

As to my New England character, believe me, I hug it to my breast most fondly. There are fifty things I do every day which I prize most

dearly just because they are our ways. I react very strongly from Germany, and don't feel in the least like becoming a German. I am an Israelite in Egypt, and am merely here to spoil the Egyptians of their jewels and to leave for America just as soon as my object is gained. You need not have one single suspicion of any Germanizing on my part. I am too old a dog, anyway, to learn new tricks now. Think of the twenty-six years!

It strikes me that I ought to write you some description of my surroundings, but when I sit down and think of home, why, home ideas run down the end of my pen, and I forget Leipzig. Have you not been here? It is a pretty city. The dwelling-houses and outer streets look to me as the new streets in Boston might after an hundred years of soft-coal smoke. The old, inner town is quite antique. The buildings have steep red roofs with several stories of little windows in them, and the streets are exceedingly narrow. Then one must notice the martial way in which the soldier policemen, firemen, and postmen do their various business. The streets are full of uniforms. Even the little boys going to school carry knapsacks and wear red and blue caps. It is a perpetual Fourth of July here.

One notices also the women, pulling carts and carrying enormous baskets, and the dogs harnessed in to help them. The market-places, with their booths filled with vegetables, fruit, fish, butter, and so on, are very picturesque and foreign. So are the chimney-sweeps — and the porters and the wagons and the liveried servants and the carriages. But you can imagine much, as an old traveller yourself.

If you are near Aunt Anne, give her my best love, and take it yourself. From

Your affectionate nephew,

J. G. C.

LEIPZIG, *September* 8, 1878.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — I went again to the Lutheran service to-day to hear one of the great German preachers — I find they use quite a ritual, differing slightly in different churches, but retaining quite oddly many very Popish practices; e.g., lighted candles and crucifixes. They have intoned versicles, repeated prayers, two lessons from the Bible (he read a chapter from Proverbs and one from St. Matthew, during which the congregation stood), and three or four chorals sung, from the hymn

book, by the whole congregation led by a boy choir perched up in the organ loft, and by four trumpets. I cannot describe the magnificence of these chorals — waves and rollers of sound, sweeping one off his feet up into the air, as the breakers on a beach carry off irresistibly the chips and weeds. "The sound of many waters" — that is it — it is described for me. And we had such a noble sermon — an hour long. The text was taken from the *Venite* — "O come, let us sing." He read down to "In his hands are all the corners of the earth."

He began by saying that we had just done celebrating the festival of our national independence and went on to describe the rejoicing going on everywhere; then touched on the loss of those who had sacrificed their relatives or friends in the good cause, and then said how God and he alone had ordered all this great national movement, which made Germany one again, and put the crown on the Kaiser's brow. So for that the Germans owed to the King of Kings their thanks. Then he drew out the story: how for all joy and peace and plenty for all sorrow and pain even, we had Him only to thank and praise — how true gratitude must express itself outwardly, as the water gushes

out of the ground irresistibly into brooks and rivers, clothing and making fair the earth; but how it must be first in the heart of hearts — how God's kingdom was within us, but must make itself felt without; and if I could only have understood more I believe it was one of the finest, most spirit-stirring sermons I ever heard.

Then he said the Lord's Prayer, which is very beautiful in German — "Denn Dein ist das Reich, und die Kraft, und die Herrlichkeit in Ewigkeit. Amen."

And then the trumpets pealed and the organ rolled and the whole congregation broke out with "Nun danket alle Gott," which you can find and read in the Hymnal, No. 303.

I believe there are some noble souls in Germany fighting a good fight. I believe that the Empire itself is with all its faults an attempt at a praiseworthy object — to rescue the German-speaking people from its divisions and to make it as united and Christian and free as we in America would be. I believe that there is a deal of courage and patient endeavor among their statesmen, and not a little true piety and nobility of spirit among their ministers, and that the infidelity and carelessness of the many

and the noisy may be more superficial and transient than we generally think. "God with us" is on all their coins and I think on many hearts. Certainly the churches are filled on Sundays with large and apparently devout congregations, although probably they don't represent the majority of the inhabitants — I read that in Berlin, only one person in seven goes to church. Still, all the nation does not go after Baal; and the strength of it must be in the pious few. The old Kaiser himself is a careful church-goer — and Bismarck is also a believer.

Our dear soldier-boys have just returned from their autumn camp, and brought back their beautiful bands, which I have missed exceedingly. I went last night and took my supper again in the Bonorand — for the first time for a fortnight or more — and heard "William Tell," and "Tell's Serenade," and a Strauss *Walzer*, and some Wagner. You can't imagine how well these men play — how sweet the tone of their instruments and how nicely balanced, and how perfect the time and tune. I shall be utterly spoiled for American music — henceforth and forever.

But I have not yet heard much of the great

music. I heard the Conservatory orchestra do the Egmont music once, and also some Wagner and a bit of Rossini. But I am waiting quite impatiently for next month when one can hear the big things done. My other artistic recreation is in the shape of a season ticket to Del Vecchio's Art Exhibition, — a sort of Leipzig Williams and Everett's, — where I enjoy myself execedingly. I find it very pleasant to "drop up" there after dinner and sit awhile.

Tell father his pictures are undoubtedly by Poussin, and are rather better than the average old master — in my opinion. This season ticket for the year 1878 cost me fifty cents.

. . . .

Leipzig is the most delightfully soothing, drowsy place — I'm almost afraid too lazy a place for me. I sleep from ten till seven every night, and often nap after dinner also, and don't like to work one bit. I ought to study my German harder, but having got where I can vaguely understand my neighbors and can, after a clumsy and ungrammatical fashion, make myself intelligible, I am disposed to let things slide. However, I mean to pluck up this week and be good.

Afternoons we have lovely rows on the river,

and it is a wonderful landscape — so carefully tended, every inch is growing, weeds almost unknown, but wild flowers exceedingly common, and the trees, specially the oaks, are very wonderful. All round the city are splendid walks and drives, and I have said already that the turnouts here are very swell. There must be a good deal of money in the city. I never saw such handsome carriages and horses, though I have seen handsomer people riding inside. The river is usually lined with ridiculous fishermen with big pipes in their mouths.

I am going to church now and must end up. I will write again on Wednesday.

Your loving and dutiful

J. G. C.

To Mrs. Greenleaf

LEIPZIG, November 11, 1878.

MY DEAR AUNT: — I thank you very much for your account of the wedding, which was told me very pleasantly also by Alfred through my mother. I will repeat also my thanks for the newspapers which you have sent me several times. They are very welcome indeed. I would return the compliment, if I thought enough of the German article, but the German papers

are very inferior to ours in every point, and are extremely crabbed German to read as well.

My occupations now are quite as humdrum as ever they were at home. So, although my friends beg for interesting letters, and you also furnish me with a model epistle of your own, I don't find it easy to write them. The small things of which life mostly consists go on as usual. I breakfast in my own room. This is a light meal here, so we students all lunch also at eleven off sandwich or bread and sausage. At one I dine in a restaurant with some friends I have made here. At this meal one gets his main subsistence. It consists regularly of soup. These soups are much more thinned with water and various vegetables than our home *ménage*. Next we have some cut, off a joint, either roasted, which is rarely to be found, or what they call "cooked" (*gekocht*), which appears to be an operation combining roasting and boiling and to be very thorough. With this they give potato. Next comes a smaller piece of different meat, with which goes "compot" always. Lastly, pudding and cheese. This dinner, which I have described so at length, furnishes the model on which all dinners that

I have seen are based. They vary merely in quality of food and cooking.

What I do between meals is nearly as regular as my menu. I have regular lectures to hear at the University and I am very much interested and helped by them. I learn more in a day here than in any ten I have ever studied at home. It is not merely in the things the professors say, but also in their way of saying them, and in the sources of information which are disclosed to us. I also try to walk a good deal, and am in very good physical trim therefrom. My German makes haste slowly, and it is only by taking a long look backward that I can see progress.

The church here has been going through the only too common performance of getting rid of the minister. At the request of everybody he has resigned. I liked his ministrations well enough; but he was accused of various things beside dulness; which I presume were all untrue. Just now we are "supplied." The gentleman who did so last Sunday took occasion to remark that he hoped we would be kind enough to pay merely for his tickets from England here, but that the collections were too small to do so at present. They are rather

slender; average about five dollars a Sunday with congregations of fifty, seventy-five, or a hundred. I account for it by the force of habit making Americans put the silver ten groschen piece into the plate, because it looks like a ten-cent piece. It is really worth, however, only about three cents.

The American Chapel — what the English people here amuse me by calling "the Dissenters" — has a social side as well as its service. It gives a little party Monday evening, where I have gone once or twice to hear the Yankee tongue spoken in its original purity. I find many Scotch people there, however, who are extremely pleasant, I think "kenny" and "canny"; are these the right words?

I triumph greatly here over the defeat of Butler. It was much talked about both in England and Germany, and would have been a hard thing to account for if he had won the governorship. But I feel that the United States have done very creditably in these relations and that we can look across the water with a good face upon our elder sisters in England, Scotland, and Germany still.

Politics here consist in the main of "England and Afghanistan." The "Social-Democrats,"

"Austria and Bosnia," "the fate of Turkey," and "Italia irredenta!" It is all very interesting — a very critical period in the fate of all nations, and every one feels it here. At home you get such bits of telegrams that one can't realize how important and great things are impending and must occur before the close of the century — in modification of territory, of social structure, and perhaps of religion, or at least of religious arrangements among the nations. I am only too glad to feel that we in America are safe out of harm's way, except what we do to ourselves.

I do hope my friends at home will be half as glad to see me again as I shall be to tread once more that land of promise. You must assure them all of my grateful remembrances, and write to me about them. As for yourself I need n't and can't say how ferociously loving I feel — you dear, kind aunt. There's nothing half as strong as family ties, as I wrote to mother one day — and I have discovered that myself by being so far so much alone. All other affections are quite slight affairs beside these. So I mean a good deal when I write myself,

Your affectionate nephew,

J. G. C.

LEIPZIG, *December* 29, 1878.

MY DEAR FATHER: — This is the last Sunday of the year. We had a good service and an excellent sermon by our new minister. I took up the collection to-day without skipping any one — no small task in these irregular aisles and benches.

Yesterday we had another rainstorm, consequently the skating is over and done. I picked up such an amusing acquaintance last night. He sat at the table in a restaurant with me, and proved to be a German-American who, born in Leipzig, had served in our war, had then gone to Australia for gold, had then gone to Cape of Good Hope for diamonds, and now was doing nothing for a change in Leipzig. He was more American than I, though evidently German, speaking very good English with the German idioms in it, and a very simple creature, as the Germans are — easily amused, honest, industrious, and stupid I should say they all were.

Dr. Morgan thinks that the Reformation has hurt Germany, whatever its general benefit to mankind. I might agree that the Germans are not very keen spiritually. I find their preaching is quite fine, but few go or care much about the other world — it seems to me.

One of my professors, the great Curtius, is a "church-warden" in the little Peters-kirche, and Professor Overbeck is also an officer of a church. My landlady asked me yesterday what your profession was. I told her you were a "Prediger," on which she said — Oho! then you are of the "Geistlichen Stand" — and she seemed much excited over her discovery, and wants to get me to go to her church, some sort of "Pietists," I think.

The "Irvingites" have a great church here with a wonderful equipment of officials on ranks and orders; from what I hear they outdo even the Catholics in ritual.

I suppose you read in the papers of the political movements of this country. They are interesting to me on the ground and because the whole business of government differs from anything I know. The strain of all forces of the body politic is much more intense here. It is nearly impossible to feel the same careless security that we generally have at home. Three days' riding west would take me into the heart of France, and four east into that boiling mass of forces, Russia. Two days south, or perhaps a little more, gets you into Italy; and England really casts a shadow into Germany. Fancy

what it is to have such contrary winds contracted into the little space of Europe.

Just this winter all other questions seem to be subordinate to the money questions. The German Empire is awfully behindhand in its expenses this year, and Prussia itself is worse off than Germany. Russia has had her attempts to borrow everywhere rejected. No Russian loan at any price, say the bankers. England, though in the bulk wealthy, seems to be having a hard time in certain districts. The articles in the *Times* are doleful enough. The manufacturers are all going to die, etc., etc. So all the papers are filled with money articles, and Bismarck, our paternal curator here, has got up a tax on tobacco. It was indignantly rejected by the Prussian Parliament. Now he is trying to run over his adversaries as usual, but the pipe is dear to the German heart.

I feel very much puzzled to see what my duties are about next year. It appears to me that they are now measured entirely by the question, "What settlement in life can you get?" If, then, I can really better my money value by staying another year and getting a degree, what would you do? If you don't object, I am thinking of applying again for the fel-

lowship, and then if, when I come home in July, I don't want to go back, giving it up and getting a job of work with you. Only, perhaps if I ask now for a place in Cambridge next fall I might surely get it, while if I wait till July, Eliot might have made other arrangements. But I feel as if I were fizzling out rather to come back for good yet, and as if I might be of far higher value to you and my home by undergoing a very little more self-denial.

I should n't have proposed it if I thought that it would add to your burdens without deducting more from them in the end. For I really have not one wish of my own, worldly or otherwise, except to be as strong a stay to you and my sisters as possible. If that can better be done by coming home now, — if you have not the power, financial or otherwise, to spare me a year, or rather to run the risk of my proposing to go abroad again when I come home in June, — why, I don't care a bit and would personally much rather come home and stay.

Your affectionate son,

J. G. C.

To Mrs. Greenleaf

BONN, *March* 9, 1879.

DEAR AUNT MARY: — I am in excellent health and in the full tide of work. This year has been very different from last year as regards work. I have been better able to work, and have in Bonn a much more profitable field for labor. The subjects specially studied here are exactly mine. The professors here are very kind to me — as kind as the Cambridge professors used to be.

I send you a list of the members of the Philological Society of which I have been elected a member, an honor which brings after it labor also, as I have to write an essay on the Fifteenth Idyll of Theocritus in the German tongue — and the audience is likely to be a very knowing one.

I have been engaged for the past two months in examining some Greek vases also, and it came across me the other day that you have in your library the rare, and in the German eye very desirable, Museo Bourbonico — I shall have great pleasure in looking over it with you when we get home again, all of us.

Nights on the Rhine are "perfectly lovely." You will remember that from Bonn the Lever

Mountains, the Drachenfels, and the Tower of Roland are all in plain sight and easy distance to walk. With the warm spring and our present moonlit nights one can enjoy many beautiful views. I wish you were here to understand the full meaning of these words. I'm afraid our dear old Cambridge is not yet very far into spring.

Anna and Mary write me pleasant letters in which I perceive they have much to thank Aunt Mary for, as well as I. I wish I could find good words to tell you how much we feel your tender care for us all. I am sure you must know what my heart is about it all — without my saying — and I shall try to do a great deal with myself and my opportunities, for I know that will please you more than anything else. There — if that sounds like a little boy, I am, toward you, still and always quite a little boy, and it is just that which is the particular tie between us, and that which, as far as I am concerned, has no other likeness any more on this earth. You are the only person now to whom I am able to speak that way. I like to do it, — for I almost suspect one is happiest in childhood, — and if I am twenty-seven or thirty or fifty, I like to feel myself somebody's "boy" with a

boy's weaknesses and a boy's affections too. As to the rest of the world, however, I am getting grown up, no doubt. I can't realize sometimes that it is I who am actually doing things at a German University which I have looked up to other people for doing, but which seem ordinary enough to me now. I have no doubt it will end in my taking the degree here, and that when that is done I shall still think it is all very ordinary, and sigh for fresh fields to conquer.

Par exemple, I made a long speech in German at a business meeting the other evening. When I used to sit on your sofa (I don't know but it was on your lap!) and hear you repeat "Kennst du das Land?" I can't say I ever expected to make a speech to Germans in Germany. Did you expect it?

I can't write yet in detail of when and where I shall sail for home. I have yet to hear from Eliot. I thought if he distinctly advised another year, perhaps I had better not hurt myself in his eyes by coming home this summer against his wish and advice. But I rather hope things may turn out so as to bring me home next fall.

There is one thing which may bring me home — something I am very sorry for. I

think it not at all improbable that there may be a war between France and Russia and Germany and Austria, very soon. We have war-scares nearly every week, and the feeling about one is very heated and anxious. It all seems practically to depend on Bismarck, and he is acting very queerly, and making what are felt to be threatening preparations. The German army is to be greatly increased this year, the French army is already half as big again as the German, and the Russian is (numerically) twice as big. The students here seem to take wars as necessary evils, which, if Bismarck chooses to invoke, they can do nothing to prevent, and are considering where they shall have to serve and when. It is all to the American mind horridly useless and cruel. I am very glad we have no neighbors in America with monstrous armies to torment us.

Well, I must stop here — with my best love. I hope you will give my regards to inquiring friends — I have not forgotten any of my relations or friends, not even those to whom I never write. I can't write. I have every hour in the day occupied.

Your affectionate nephew,

J. G. C.

P. S. Thanks for the *Tribunes*. It is like seeing a Cambridge horse-car in Bonn to read one of them.

Letters written after becoming Head Master of the Brearley School

To the mother of a pupil

The Brearley School,
6 East Forty-fifth Street, 1889.

My dear Mrs. B.: — I write merely to say that the questions of your daughter's studies are still a matter of consideration to me.

It is very unusual for a teacher to be obliged to complain of the readiness of his pupil's work. I have never seen a more attractive field for culture than your daughter's mind and she feels it half consciously herself. Her feeling for that which is intellectually good is so prompt, her desire to be right and not wrong is so genuine, and her instincts so true and so like what I have been accustomed always to respect most in my own intellectual leaders and companions, that I should astonish you, and her, and any third person if I said just precisely what I thought, and have come to believe about her.

But these very feelings and instincts may betray her into overwork. I am afraid of in-

definite self-sacrifice on her part for the sake of her intellectual life. It is a maxim with me to keep back the sudden burst of youth into adult life, but to try to open the mind as fast as it will come open gradually.

I will write you very soon what my own practical conclusion is.

Very truly yours,

J. G. Croswell.

From a letter to a Brearley graduate

One thing I do believe. The existence of nice good people, fine people, wonderful God-born people. And they all give out and care nought for getting. They give without stint and without reward.

To a Brearley graduate

19 Ash Street, Cambridge, 1893.

Dear M.: — The chief difficulty in my process of education for the girls springs up from a conviction of mine that the main object of culture is not to be reached by any process of the scholastic type at all.

Reflect with me, dear and sympathetic friend, upon the universe once more. How

marvellous is the cosmos; but thrice marvellous is this fact in it, that it produces such varying effects upon the soul of man contemplating it. For instance, to some souls beauty of color and beauty of form bring no stimulus to speak of. Others suffer a blind and a mute sensation, rather agreeable, perhaps; nothing but a very dull, formless and lukewarm stirring of the nerves. But others react so greatly as to make it right to say that what they feel and what they do is more beautiful and greater than that outer nature itself, which has set them in motion. Few of these there are; but there are some. There are some people who really get from nature so powerful and so enchanting a stimulus, and who react so strongly and so strangely upon nature, as to give me the feeling that they are greater in degree than nature herself. Such are the great artists. They are of the same source as nature, only greater children of the same gencalogy.

Now, culture seems to emancipate, but never to produce such souls, This kind of greatness is not to be made. *Poeta nascitur*. Now, you will laugh at me when I say that I cannot help loving the idea of making it. Ever yours,

J. G. C.

September 8, 1893.

DEAR M.: — Apropos of "downward careers" I will tell you a secret. All careers are downward — from the point of view of the careerer. But some people do accomplish a great deal in their "downward" path, of which they are not the best judges. You are most certainly going to be one of the most effective. Nothing can prevent you. You will be to many what you are to me, for instance — a stimulus, an example, and a continual pleasure.

But will you not enjoy life too? The joy of life is worth all its pain. It is victorious over its pain. Again and again I have seen people triumph over the shortness, the incompleteness, the uncertainty, and the failures of their lives. And you can do it too. You are that kind of a person. Victory is in your accent and your looks. . . .

The joy of life! Do you know that since we have seen each other I have had the worst vision of the pain of this world that I ever saw. . . .

I don't know why I speak of it to you except that I feel somehow you are sacred with the same consecration of high-mindedness and self-devotion that these good women have, whom I see again and again and again in my

life. Why have I seen so many? Do all men see such things as I do? It is not possible.

Now, I beg you to believe that the joy of life can vanquish its pain, and to trust in the small and large joys. Don't be scared by the vision of failure and sorrow. It is nothing.

I don't know why I lecture you so, except because I am so fond of you. I truly am that.

Yours affectionately,

J. G. CROSWELL.

March 29, 1901.

MY DEAR M.: — I have been at the Exhibition to-night; and before I go to bed I want to have the great pleasure of telling you how we enjoyed it.

But your husband has done the most wonderful thing. I am completely overwhelmed. It is in a class by itself. Such pictures are not painted once in ten years or twenty years either. I really look with awe for the next one. If he goes on like that, Heaven only knows what he will do for us.

Curiously, too, it seemed to carry back to his earlier work. It explains somehow what that work intended. He is getting freer expression of his own qualities.

I cursed the light, and I condemned the glass. I shall spend my pennies to see it by day. It is worth going miles for. Where will it go?

Well, I feel better; but I can't tell you what a joyous tumult of spirit that beautiful, beautiful thing smites me with. And it certainly does point onward to the next. Do take care of that man. Yours respectfully,

J. G. CROSWELL.

EAST GLOUCESTER, *June 22*, 1894.

DEAR M: — Leta and I have been drifting along the North Shore, like a couple of ships that pass in the night, from one house to another. We have brought up at last in a hostelry at Gloucester. — The house is a small boarding-house — there are (say) fifteen people at table. After our visits with old friends we are now with new (and very raw) acquaintances. The newness of these new acquaintances is somewhat tempered by the extreme age of the stories they tell each other. Which would you rather have, an old friend with a new story, or a new friend with an old story? They are all of the female, non-voting population except me and another. For this reason they do not take any papers here, so that I have not seen a New York paper

for two weeks. I imagine all sorts of wonderful events; and I rather like the irresponsible inactivity of this unfranchised world.

Affectionately yours,

J. G. Croswell.

. . . .

Life is death. Death is life. What a maze of perplexities we live in.

You have found a clue — you try to make others see it. No one can see your clue; but it may cheer up others to hear you talk, and they *may* see each his own, better for hearing you.

I see my own better, because I have had little pupils who have grown up, before my eyes, into high-hearted women.

The world which makes them and makes me to love them *cannot* be meaningless, in the end. The God who made you and your husband and your children *cannot* be a cheat. That would be too silly even for a madhouse.

Your affectionate teacher,

J. G. C.

August 31, 1894.

Dear M.: — For one thing you want to know how it feels to be a man. Well, you know

I have always said that men and women were far more alike than they like to believe. Somehow our differences interest us so much that it amuses and excites us to exaggerate them. It always pains me a little to see the fanciful pictures women and men infatuatedly draw of each other, and especially see women speak of men as if they were something greater by divine right than themselves. It can't be right to imagine an ideal man and bow down to him. Some of your sex do; while at the same time they play with their idols in a half-humorous and superior fashion. Our sex does the same to yours. Can't we look forward (we of the twentieth century) to a little more comradeship and a good deal less of this idolizing business?

With this preface, I will tell you how a man feels. Just imagine the muscle, the digestive organs, the bones and the sinews, which you have, to be increased in bulk and power about one third, while the nervous and sensitive part of you is a little diminished in quantity, though not in quality. You would then be steadier and quieter, less impressionable, less aware of the universe in general, more stupid, more inclined to work at one thing at a time, and less in-

terested in your surroundings from moment to moment.

You would have fewer possible moods of mind, and be fonder of eating and drinking and sleeping. Your eager and questioning spirit would be deadened somewhat — all your feelings would be deadened, by a sort of damper on the wires like a piano. What you did feel would probably take the form of action; but you would not, perhaps, do better than you do now, in this way, for you have a great deal of creative force already. But I think your creative force might gain in momentum by having more "beef" of the masculine sort under it. It is rather nervous, and comes and goes. Men live on a dead level of nerves.

As to the spiritual aspect of life which answers to these physical differences, I think a man does not feel his manhood much. Certainly he does n't bother about his sovereignty of creation. Certainly men have no idea at all that they "represent the ultimate." A few Roman emperors thought so, and promptly went crazy — perhaps in the asylums you may find such men.

Above sane men lie the blessed things they serve — their work, their country, the happi-

ness of their wives and children, science, art, religion. One would be puzzled to enumerate all the things above every man. Let us call it "the ideal" and let us rejoice that every man can find things so much better than his "actual" to devote himself to.

I am touched to the core by women's petition to men to be the high priests of the universe, to show them something or rather somebody to believe in and work for. But why must it be so? Is n't it just the same mistake as the old blunder of anthropomorphism in religion — must a *man* be the deity of this infinite universe?

First in childhood we need authority above us — then in youth we need affection, worship — hero-worship if you will — to stimulate us to live happily for some person's sake, or the sake of some group of persons. But in adult life we come to love persons only for what they represent in the world. We old people are so full of shortcomings that we can't play hero, or believe much in other heroes.

Dear M., you certainly have the rights of youth. You shall have all the heroes you can find — God forbid that I should deprive you of one, even if it were the figure of myself drawn

by a too affectionate artist. (How well you do draw — and how clever you are in dozens of ways.) But time will surely, surely rob you of every illusion that rests on any man's qualities. Why may I not try to rest your happiness on your own power to stand alone and look up to the things above us all which no man fully represents or exhausts? You feel that you are weak; you want to rest on strength greater than your own; I want you to know now that each of these stronger persons is also weak; and that the proper support to your weakness is the same support which helps them, the feeling that you have done what you could do under the common doom of us all to individual failure. Cheerful resignation can defy this doom. If you have not yet got it, the only reason is that you are too full of turbulent youth as yet to feel the true answer to your great problem — resignation and calm.

Well, if you are young, that is very nice. If you want to be "forced" into the right way, that is very nice too. It would be very nice to force you. You appeal to every drop of schoolmaster's blood in me. You are luring me into I know not what lecture, by taking that docile attitude.

Only, you see, the very first thing I want to tell you is that you must n't act to win anybody's approval, not even mine. You must n't have so much passion to stand as anybody else's thoughts approve. Your pretence of willingness to go back to girlhood in order to escape the growing-pains of womanhood is just sheer naughtiness. You can't be younger than you are — and I won't ask you to be older than you are. Who am I to be helping you? "A miserable sinner," says my church — "There is no health in us."

Shall I try to tell you what men's difficulties are? They are to keep out of jail, to pay their debts, not to make asses of themselves (anointed jackasses) in their professions, to avoid bores, to tell the truth, to get ahead of their rivals, to understand the continual riddle of life enough to avoid getting eaten by the Sphinx — and I suppose at last to die, like men, if possible. Blessed are those who are young enough to be unhappy about themselves without cause.

Here is just a corner to end with my love and hopes that I may be something to help you, both now and always.

Yours ever,

J. G. Croswell.

LAKE PLACID,
ESSEX COUNTY, NEW YORK,
September 22, 1894.

DEAR M.: — My resolution for myself is taken: (A) To dismiss the consideration of sex almost absolutely in planning for the Brearley work, and to leave such considerations as may be necessary in dealing with the girlish mind, to the teachers who share my tasks with me; (B) to plan and work for a more extensive co-partnership in "the world's work" between men and women; but (C) never to force the issue of sex in discussing the world's work — and lastly, (D) never to discuss the female sex again — with any one whose good opinion I value at all — man or woman.

These are pious resolutions — shall I keep them? It depends on you — who have scared me into them — and on my own sense, which all along has felt that I was floundering horribly. And it is so dreadful to say untrue things about women.

But I swear again I never meant to accuse you of making men "high priests" — I was only trying to prevent you from hero-worship of men, or women either — quite a different idea, but easily coalescing with the other. But

I am so afraid of hero-worship — it runs so easily into calamitous partisanship, or heart-break, over one's idols, at last when they are found out.

. . . .

I love your letters — and I love them because they always bring to my mind that most delightful proposition: "I am I and you are you." I can't analyze this statement into anything more worthy of offering on friendship's altar. It is, however, to my deepest mind one of the most delightful facts in the universe. Long may it be true! It seems a pretty solid fact, and to grow more solid as the years go on to make you more and more yourself. Of course I don't always have the pleasure of remembering it consciously. The cares of the world, and the weakness and insufficiency of myself to meet these cares, the "row-de-dow" of my thinker, which keeps ticking away in my head, like one of those horrid telegraph instruments in a railroad station, all sorts of everyday rubbish, and the ebb and flow of the tides of life and feeling that slip gently in and out of my "ego" all the year round, are all-confusing and thwarting to any view of anything however solid and sure. But it is funny, is n't it? that when I guess what

will be the thing which, on the whole, will make up for all this turmoil, care, and distraction, to my mind there always rises the simple proposition — "I was I and they were they." This joy does n't seem to me a sentiment or even a feeling of affection — though I call it so sometimes. It is an experience — *the* experience of all others.

I see no objection, however, to adding that I do feel inner affection to you in addition, and I am Yours truly,

J. G. CROSWELL.

17 WEST FORTY-FOURTH STREET.

DEAR M.: — I think my letters are "cheap" — I don't call it cynicism; I call it just cheap talk. Hence I tear them up, a good deal. But sometimes I send one through to a friend, simply to preserve the acquaintance, — to keep the line open, — just as they send all sorts of stuff through the "stock-tickers" in the brokers' offices merely to "test" the wire. Once in a while it is important to have a "quotation." Then it is very important. How do you like this parable? Please consider my last letter, or any letter that you don't like, as just words, and wait for a better one.

About myself, I should think this fact one of the very most characteristic traits. Somehow I have developed the speech-motor centres in my head so that I talk all the time, sleeping and waking, instead of seeing, smelling, tasting, feeling, or imagining. I cannot "visualize" anything or remember anything. I am always either in a dialogue or a monologue, for often the other person, the Non-Ego, fades away from my mind, in all my waking moments.

To state a thing in words does duty in my aspiration for feeling it or writing it or believing it or seeing it. I am a talker from birth; and I have dealt with words — reading at four, and writing at six, and never caring for any other activity.

Why do I not talk better? I can't guess. But I fancy that the quality of one's mental activity in any kind depends on the tough fibres of your brain somehow; though the kind itself depends on the accidents of heredity and development. At any rate, my talk is cheap enough; I have many words, but not very good ones — I mean they don't mean much even to me. It is like some one whittling shavings all the time, rather than carving wood.

Hence, you see, I don't respect my talk

enough to write much of it in good faith. For example, you and I used to exchange pleasant letters (and I hope we always shall) carrying no matters of deeper import than our little dialogues about your girlish education and girlish philosophies. Such things are nice, but not too heavy for my powers. But when I feel how much further along you are now, I have not the vocabulary to deal with these matters of weight. I can only talk of surface things in your present life; in good faith — I can't talk of your experiences; I can only guess them; and my tongue hesitates or gallops away.

Of myself this thing is more true. When I first came to New York I had a huge hoard of unspeakable things in my heart. The sunniest part of my life was the S. . . . house, where I talked fast enough, I dare say, but never of these heavy things, which grown-up people think of. The little boys and the little girl, too, were just what children always are — innocent of all things which heat or chill one's speech. I told you once your house was like springtime. It is still, for that matter, to me. I know your people have just such weights to carry on their backs and hearts as I do. But I have never talked of these things even to your mother

when I wanted to help her because I do despise my own talk in the face of "realities."

Hence all this paradox that I write you less and I see you less and in a way I love you all more than I did then. But you understand that yourself.

Perhaps in our old age which you seem to think has dawned already (can old age dawn?) the events of our lives will grow trivial enough to be expressed by my senile garrulity again.

The main thing, however, is — please don't ever be offended with the imperfection or inadequacy of my talking activities. I cannot express, even to myself, the extent of my personal sympathy and interest in you and your race and tribe.

Your affectionate teacher,
J. G. Croswell.

Magnolia, Massachusetts,
May 14, 1895.

Dear Mother-in-law: — Please believe that there is no dearer name than this; and do not think it savors of official relations. The fact that I am your son-in-law is the dearest of my possessions. I take my pen in hand to inform you that I am well and I hope this will find you

the same. I believe in my last letter to you, I accepted your kind invitation of May 1, 1887, to visit you at Chesknoll. Since then I have married your younger daughter, and we have lived happily ever after. We never were happier than we are this summer, never! We have both been more benefited than usual by our seashore visit.

Well, it is funny to think of Europe, so near as it seems with you and Emma in it. I thought I had said good-bye to that hemisphere. But now I believe we had better go over once in a while all our lives. You shame us with your successful voyages, and I can't pretend I am too old to go yet.

We suppose you must be in San Moritz soon if not now.[1] I think of you much; I hope you will not be tried beyond your strength there. You have been so good that it would be just impertinent in me to say anything more to you than to tell you not to forget the living love which is going to be yours forever and forever, in which all your children bear a part. I hope almost that you will stay but a short time at

[1] Mrs. Croswell's father, Mr. Charles Loring Brace, died and was buried in 1890 at St. Moritz and Mrs. Brace returned to visit the grave in 1895.

these sad places where you must suffer so much in memory. Please for our sakes do the best for your own health. It is not good to linger over the tomb of the body.

I don't know why I say these things. Forgive me if they are not right.

Yours very affectionately,
James Croswell-Brace.

Letters to Mildred Minturn Scott[1]

"The south winds are quick-witted,
The schools are sad and slow,
The masters quite omitted
The lore we ought to know." (Emerson.)

March 1, 1896.

Dear Mildred: — I am greatly interested in the problem of your degree; and also in the wider problems opening out beyond that degree. The degree question itself looks to me simple enough. Of course you will try to take it now. You will enjoy the process, on the whole, in spite of the examinations. Then, too, I think the degree will, on the whole, be of value to you in performing one of your missions in the world.

We shall want your advice and opinion very

[1] One of ten Brearley girls who entered Bryn Mawr in 1893.

soon in directing the education of children who are coming along after you. Your opinion will have weight, especially if unfavorable to any of the educational processes of the present day, because you have yourself experienced what you speak of, and have yourself the voucher of the Bryn Mawr degree, that you have satisfied the requisitions of the modern college in full, both for good and for evil.

I do not think the Latin matter insuperable. Even if I did in your case "omit the lore you ought to know" in Latin, it will not be a great matter to make it up. If I am of any service in choosing books, correcting exercises, or setting examinations, please employ me.

But there is also impending a wider problem (I don't know if it is in your thoughts or not); what the relation of knowledge and degrees is to one's living? People sometimes speak as if men never had reason to doubt the utility of study for their lives, whereas women are supposed to doubt it all the time; or rather to be perfectly certain that study has no meaning at all in a woman's life. A studious woman is supposed to be an eccentric woman, to be candid, a somewhat unamiable woman.

Now, I assure you men have the same prob-

lems as women. There is a real danger to men in the student's life, both from within and from without. From without, the dangers following on a withdrawal from the normal occupation of man, which is, I suppose, the endeavor to work over the world, in the sweat of the brow to produce and to exchange, — yes, and to consume joyously and vigorously. There are many external dangers. But if one withdraws from these things and devotes one's self to science, and to knowledge, danger comes from without and also from within, either in the atrophy of a part of the human spirit and force, or in violent reaction against study, such as Faust depicts, and such as Emerson warns against.

Dear Mildred, I don't want you to be a specialized, scientific woman, not even a school-teacher. I know what you can do; you can do something better than either. You can bring a freight of joy to the "sad and slow" schools, and not lose any of the south wind out of your sails either.

This is rather oracular, is it not? Well, whenever you want to ask, I will tell you what I think there is for you to do, in plainer English. All I want to say now is that I don't

think you ought to look to further college residence or to graduate work; and even if you were prevented from taking the degree, I should not be much disturbed in the light of the wider landscape I see prophetically before your feet.

I wish we might some day have a short talk. With love to you and to all the girls,

Yours faithfully,

J. G. Croswell.

January 11, 1897.

Dear Mildred: — I don't know that it is at all true that you are likely to overdo physically this winter and spring; but the last bit of college life is apt to be stirring to one's nerves, and force a dangerous pace on one's powers, at least for men.

You will forgive me if I beg you, now, to take all your college ambitions easily. I hope I may stand to represent those who are going to be in your society in the future, and I assure you that there is no call on our part for violent attacks on college prizes on yours. Even the loss of an A.B. would not be noticed in your other manifest equipments for the world's work. But ill-health will be noticeable.

Don't give yourself the jim-jams, dear lady (if you will pardon your anxious schoolmaster such an unprofessional expression), in competing with anybody for anything, in these last days.

You sign yourself my pupil still — so I venture this piece of advice. You are my pupil — the pupil of an eye could not be more anxiously guarded — and I will not endure to see you overworked, getting European fellowships, or anything else. To what end would you do it? Please think lightly of the college! The next ten years will be far more important, and we want you for that, as fresh as you can be. Don't get tired.

I have so much pleasure in the kind and affectionate tone of your notes. The thought of you happy, and the knowledge of your coming into our world again, has been a cheerful reflection this Christmas and New York's season, darkened by a great sorrow at home in Boston. Indeed, I really value all your happiness, for my own sake; and I do not wish to see it diminished.

Faithfully yours,

J. G. Croswell.

June, 1896 (England).

Dear Mildred: — In Oxford last week, as I was walking about with one of the Balliol tutors, he stopped me before a cross and an old well. "Here," said he, "was Saint Mildred's."

I have not the legend of that Saint; perhaps you know it better than I do. I imagine she took a First-Class in Political Economy, and was martyred by the Saxon Populists, who were doubtless numerous in the barbarian centuries preceding the foundation of Lady Margaret Hall, Somerville College, and the other centres of light at which I have been gaping.

Would n't you, her namesake, like to retire from the frontier settlements like New York and Philadelphia (where even now I hear the barbarians preparing, not to massacre, but to outvote and outtalk your faith!) and study under Saint Mildred's guardianship in that peaceful and clever town? How you would enjoy the nice Oxford people and how they would enjoy you! America won't be fit to live in, for three or four years to come, till this silly outburst is over.

But the disadvantage of writing over so many miles is that I don't know to whom I am writing! You may be full of other interests.

I don't know what your interests are at all. Perhaps you are quite out of conceit with study under any auspices. The English schools and colleges full of big girls are very interesting to me. I am always making comparisons; generally rather to the advantage of the English arrangements, though never to the disadvantage of the American girls. It will not be a surprise to you that I estimate the American product highly. I think them the flower of creation. This paragraph is making me too sentimental. I feel the *mal du pays* attacking me. I want to be back in the Brearley School again. Pray allow me to change the subject at once.

When you gave me your benediction last May I recollect you were good enough to wish us a good time in England. Well, we have had a very good time, indeed. I think they do some things mighty well in England, don't you? But they have n't got any girls who are the flower (here the writer breaks down).

Ever affectionately yours,

J. G. CROSWELL.

P.S. Won't you write me a note to say you are well and not studying too hard?

Sunset, Maine, *July* 17, 1898.

Dear Mildred: — Your last page shall have the first acknowledgment; then I will proceed backward answering you in detail.

You know very well whether I do or do not remember my little scholar. I certainly did love her most devotedly. The remembrance of the years of your early girlhood, halfway back to my own youth, will be always wonderful. It would take your Pater to describe the curious beauty of that quaint experience of mine. I have never been able to do any justice to it myself. I cannot but hope, however, that our early relation must always remain a strong interest for both of us, much more than a delightful reminiscence. Such ties are rarely made in later life and deserve cherishing. May ours increase forever.

But I am sure you are hardly justified, in one sense, in attributing to me as an individual the "help and defence" which may perhaps be found for you in my friendship and neighborhood. Let me be plain about this. I think what help you get comes more from something I represent, which is much bigger than anything I can say. Because I love you, I represent the call of the human race, which loves you and

wants you for its various needs. I am going to speak especially for the young, younger than you, but I could tell you how much that is also true of the old. We all want you. I speak for the young, I feel for them very much; but I feel for the old, who like your society always and need you also.

Is n't this loving call the real source of the help I may give? Such a call, the feeling of being wanted and needed, has to me a very tonic effect; it feels like a "rock and shield."

Only let one be wanted and needed enough and one can go up against anything, even Spanish guns.

Please let my behavior, even more than my words, bring you some small idea of how much you are wanted everywhere. You won't need any other shield in time of trouble than that faith. There is no "defence" equal to a courage to attack for those who need you. Specifically the young need you. Come on and fight for them. For your own race and nation and social order! They need you even more than other heathen do. Whether you actually qualify among the regulars, and enlist in the ranks of professional workers for the young, or whether you take the harder task of those who

quietly plan, meditate, design, and criticise for the young, the young need you. The best you can do is not too good.

Now, I intend, by offering you work in the Brearley School, simply to bring you, for a short time perhaps, in contact with one side of the life of the young. I want you to see that school again, with the eyes of a college graduate, that school which you have seen as a pupil. I had not imagined that you could enlist as a permanent teacher. I did not depend much upon your work, quantitatively considered. Next year I thought I should simply ask you to take the college preparatory girls in English, both Literature and Composition and Rhetoric. They are not many.

I want chiefly to bring your mind to bear upon unsettled problems in this new school subject. How perplexing the problem is, you can guess if I tell you that your own mind is probably not more uncertain than everybody else's is. — Here I must stop for the moment! I will write again in a day or two.

Ever your affectionate

J. G. Croswell.

July 23, 1898.

DEAR MILDRED: — This letter must be full of abstract propositions. I don't know that abstract propositions are of much value to any one but the proposer; but in order to free my mind, so that I may be able to work it easily for your benefit, I must get off it, sometime, a certain amount, rather weight, of philosophical reflection about this task of teaching English. Then I will write a more practical letter or two about you and your work.

Here is my *Credo*, in the abstract, about "English." *I believe* that no man ever means the same thing in two consecutive sentences of educational discussion by the word "English"; and that no two people ever mean the same thing, at one moment, by that term "English." It is a most elusive word. But *I believe* that the most usual reference of this word is to "English Composition," conceived as a mechanical art, which may be learned like plain sewing, brick-laying, handwriting, or such matters. In most people's usage "English" connotes a variety of intellectual and ethical virtues also. He who can write "English" of the above type, well-spelled, rightly punctuated, "clear" and "good" "English," ranks

with good citizens. Some fools do think that if they had only been taught "correct English" in school, they would have been as wise as their neighbors in all things in after life. We all think we have much to say, if we could find words. Also, *I believe* that another common usage of this word in educational discussions refers to a totally different matter; that half-taught people often group their emotional and æsthetic experiences, which have been stirred in them, by the magic of "literature," as well as by other arts, or by life itself, and vaguely define them as "English"; expecting and hoping to deepen by "English" the shallows in their own souls and the souls of their progeny, not by a patient waiting upon time and the hour, but by a hurried "Course in English Literature" or "French Literature" or what not. Of such are the "Lenten Lecture"—audiences.

They err by the common American error, of haste, confusing the outside surfaces of mortal experience with the inside; that outer garment of phraseology, with which we clothe our life, with the inner reality of life itself. Hence the wild idea that "culture" may be purchased of private tutors in "Art and Literature" as you buy gowns of dressmakers before you "come

out," and put them on as if they grew there for your first ball.

I need not expatiate on these things. You know New York. But it will interest you to notice how much this community underestimates the time and effort required to learn "English Composition" or to do any possible portion of "English Literature" in any real way.

And it will interest you also to note the incessant confusion on these two different definitions of "English" as a study in schools in all educational talk.

Now, *I believe*, lastly, that the colleges, not intentionally, are playing into the hands of the Philistines. I want you to note this carefully. You seem to me to be on the track in your remark about Miss ———. Conceive that Miss ——— has a real hold upon the subject, is a student by nature and training, has a high ideal of the work possible and results attainable in studying our great massive English literary inheritance. She cannot set other than a high standard of work for herself and others. Whether she asks for much or little, the point of view she takes must be that of a scholar.

God forbid she should do otherwise. Now, let us suppose that she sets this standard for

work to girls who have had no emotional life to speak of, and little of even the scholar's experience. What can happen but that they will do her work in a false fashion. Hypocrisy, affectation, imitative and formal writing, and delusive smartness must result.

I feel very eloquent on this subject. Do, dear Mildred, think about it too. What do you think must happen to a girl of eighteen who is asked to "state Burke's idea of conciliatory concession"? She has never "conceded" anything or "conciliated" anybody, herself! In her own natural reading, Burke would be put aside for other days.

Or why ask a child to analyze the "Sources of Interest" in the *Merchant of Venice*. It would be an abnormal child, who was given to translating the sentiments into the form of abstract propositions.

It is a vicious habit; I have it myself; but it is not good for me. The affectation of it would be worse. To tell the truth, I think it likely to do more harm than good, to ask children in secondary schools to study English Literature *formally* at all; that is, in any form worthy of a college test at entrance. Ask your Miss Donolly if she has no such dread, as I have, of

making a rather priggish girl in the process of teaching. More anon! Forgive this poor weak effort.

Your anxious colleague,
J. G. Croswell.

Sunset, Maine, *August* 7, 1898.

Dear Mildred: — While you are still considering, please let me send you the third letter I intended to write before I offered you anything in the teaching line. 'T is the last! I wanted to write a third letter explaining what I personally did expect, if you felt that you could afford to teach English in the Brearley School.

You will have gathered that I expect and desire that you should teach a definite thing which we will at present call "Rhetoric." This ought to cover grammar, spelling, punctuation, and certain obvious topics of discussion and "rules," about the structure of sentences and paragraphs, which are almost as much conventionalities, and consequently almost as teachable, as table-manners are in the nursery. You have only to try your girls a little to find plenty of room for this kind of teaching in the Brearley School.

But I do hope for more, in having you in contact with the school again. You will have gathered, if you have read my letters, that I feel that "English Literature" should *not* be made a subject for study in school. But my objection applies only to conscious and formal study of classic authors. I see no objection; I see great advantages, in a suitable course of reading, with you to lead it, provided that it be not overdone. By "overdone" I mean, if the authors read are too difficult; and if there is too much undertaken in the way of critical analysis, or too much biographical and historical matter added to the reading; in short, if it be not too "collegiate" and academic.

I would have you help the Brearley toward the college standard; but I would have you help the colleges toward a just conception of the schools, and to an improved standard for them.

Lastly, I hope for certain unofficial relations between you and the children, or rather, *some* of the children. There will be girls in the school that you can do little for, except the most formal and official task-work. There will be others who will catch sight of good things, once in a while, through you. These will be the majority. Some of them will perchance be girls

of the same type as yourself. They may have your vivacious sensibility, and beginnings of delicate taste. As far as your own momentum carries you toward the good, the beautiful, and the true, you will carry them after you. And this is an exceedingly great thing to do.

I have said very little about the question of teaching, from *your* side of the problem. I have not the right to discuss that. I represent simply an invitation to you to go to work, regardless of your own best interests, perhaps. I shall have to leave you to settle personal questions. But I should perhaps add to what I wrote in my last letter that, although the beginning, next year offered to you, is rather small in hours and salary ($\$2 \times 5 \times 30 = \$300$), yet it is very possible that, if you began that way, you might rise as far as you cared to devote yourself. But you are yet young, and I cannot wholly believe that your special work in life is to be school-teaching!

Your affectionate friend,

J. G. Croswell.

Sunset, Maine, *August* 24, 1898.

Dear Mildred: — It strikes me that I have said to you a very large number of farewells in

the years since 1893 when you went off to college! A friendship composed exclusively of "Good-byes" is a very remarkable kind of friendship. It may be esteemed, perhaps, a unique friendship. But then, you and I are not commonplace people at all! Are we? And one of us is unique. The fact is that I am getting so inured to this relation with you that this one "Good-bye" I can bear also. In fact, this one happens to be full of cheerful aspects. What luck for you! Also what luck for Mr. and Mrs. Scrymser, and the Mikado also!

Do you know your Buddha? The first principle of Buddhism is, I believe, the metaphysical "Identity of the Self with the World-All." So do not forget, dear, thrice-dear American, when you see that "so charming and beautiful, fairy country," that, in the words of Asoka the King to *his* pupils, THAT ART THOU, as good as any Japan that ever existed.

I protest I have said "Good-bye" often enough to you. 'T is too forlorn a word. You can't make a friendship out of farewells any more than one can make symphonies go on church-bells. And if "Good-bye" is supposed to mean separation, nothing could be more untrue for us. You will not be really separated

from us, your friends, countrymen, and lovers, not if you do cast half the longitude of the globe between us. So I wish you, in the name especially of Mr., Mrs., and Master J. G. Croswell, a happy journey, and a good time, and a safe return to port. But I shall not say "Good-bye" for such a trifle as this, from any of us.

You will not fail to notice that I wrote my last letter, and mailed it, two hours before I got your telegram. But I have nothing to alter in it. I shall merely postpone the matter, for a year's reflection, about "English" and "Literature."

Will you pardon one more venturesome word, however? As I think of what I said to you, I believe I said one must not "settle" before thirty. There is one godlike experience which knows no date. Do not ever let me appear to include that in my homilies about life to young ladies.

Ever your loving
J. G. Croswell.

To Mrs. Greenleaf

BROWN'S, THREE TUNS HOTEL,
DURHAM, *August* 4, 1896.[1]

DEAR AUNT MARY: — The recollections of our days in Durham are so vivid, as I go about here now, that I ought to write you something from this spot. Leta and I went to church in the cathedral to a beautifully sung service and litany this Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock. I took her over the choir and eastern chapel and the "Galilee" chapel after service, and then we strolled along the river-bank, looking up at the great church through the trees.

This is the only cathedral we have visited. All of our time in England in July was spent in the country. We visited in Surrey and in Somerset and Devon, in Nottingham and in Oxford. At the latter place we were staying with the Dyers. We had a fine time in Oxford. The old and the new are both seen there, to great perfection in the old buildings and the very young students. Louis Dyer and I revived our ancient friendships, as we stalked about the colleges together. I think him in great luck there. He has a delightful house,

[1] In 1896 Mr. and Mrs. Croswell made a summer visit to England and Ireland.

and much congenial society among the professors.

Of our country visits I think we liked Somersetshire the best; though our visit at a great mansion in Sherwood Forest among the oaks was very entrancing. I think these huge Norman piers and columns of Durham Cathedral are like oaks. Don't you remember them? How I did go about with you that summer; and what a lot of cathedrals we got into.

Well, Durham is just where it was, and where it will be for nine hundred years more, I dare say, and it is, I think, in its rocky majesty the most awful of church-buildings. It certainly appeals to Americans very deeply. Perhaps we are just about where the Normans were in our cultivation.

To-night we are going to Bamborough, a seaside village on the borders of Scotland. We expect to linger in this part of the world, journeying home through Scotland to Glasgow and so to New York.

I hope you are all well this summer. Leta and I send our good wishes to the party at the Foreside.

Your affectionate nephew,

J. G. Croswell.

To a young friend

DEER ISLE, *July* 26, 1901.

Our summer here has been blissful as usual. The weather is divine. Day after day simple perfection. We hear of heat and moisture; we don't half believe. We lie like the Gods of Epicurus, on our clouds reclined, and careless of mankind, especially of New Yorkers.

J. G. C.

NEW YORK, *September* 19, 1901.

DEAR LETA:—This is four o'clock Thursday. It is a strange day. It is like Sunday; nothing going on in the city, which is covered with emblems of mourning. I walked up Broadway this morning, to see the curious and historic sight. But the most obvious sign of mourning was the complete stoppage of life in the street. Idle and still men and women, and few or no wagons. It all culminated at half-past three, when all the cars stopped, and everybody stood still, many taking off their hats. All sounds ceased. It was an awful silence broken only by — what do you think? Children's voices. Out of all that sudden silence of all other noise the chatter of children came like a baby talking in church. I have never been so

moved by anything in sublime music as by that sudden silence. It gave me creeps. You don't know what New York is like when all noise stops. What a great tribute to take to the silent land with you, McKinley has received.

I went to Percy Grant's church this morning and we heard a very sweet and dignified sermon from him and much sweet music.

I really am almost glad you are not here. It is too sad a day for you. I'm sure you could not have heard the singing without crying hard. Many people were crying to the great, rolling sound of the McKinley Hymn as it has become our National Hymn to-day.

Last night the armory band played hymns all the evening, ending with the drums and fifes and bugles playing "Taps" — the signal for the camp to go to sleep. — I wonder if you know that weird music.

Chopin's, Beethoven's, Mendelssohn's Funeral Marches one hears all the time.

But there was nothing like that silence after all. The bottom fell out of this world. It was the *Dies Iræ.*

To his sister-in-law

May 30, 1902.

MY DEAR EMMA: — As to the birthday and its rites.

Fifty years is soon over. That's all I feel myself. Other people feel various other things (as they say) about me. I'm sure you are also very good. I smile and bow, apologetically.

Whether you have any right to call your brother a "landmark" or a "star," I don't know. If I am a landmark-in-law, I'm rather sorry for my family. A "star" would also be rather awkward in the house.

Won't *somebody* call me something which sounds more like? The Greeks would have thought it very unlucky to get so many flattering epithets. But I hope the obvious inapplicability of most of my compliments will divert ruin for us in time.

Thanks again for your book. Many thanks to you and Mammie for all your love and toleration.

Yours ever, J. G. C.

DEAR EMMA: — There are three hallucinations in this world (at least 3): —

(1) "That somewhere some one is living a life

that escapes the trivial, the banal, the senseless fretting that the rest of us call living."

(2) "The lovely desert island."

(3) "The delightful distinguished brother-in-law."

Of course, if it is necessary to your existence to believe that there is a pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow, go on and believe it.

But don't say I never told you. I feel too fond of you to keep still about these dangerous illusions, especially the third.

Yours sincerely, J. G. C.

To a young friend

NEW YORK, *December*, 1902.

DEAR ETHEL:—It is very hard for men to convey their affection even when they feel it. It is very hard for us to tell each other anything about feelings. There is a man I love and admire. He is a writer. I read every word he writes. I love to see his face and his eyes. I would do anything for him. And I can't say one word to him. He sent me a book of his the other day. I wrote him a note. Then I saw him at the Club. He thanked me for it. I said, "Not at all." He said, "Don't mention it." By that time we felt as if we had lost each other forever. We were quite savage.

No sooner had I sent you that last letter, the next day almost, the armory burned up next door to us, in the middle of the night. Do you remember the armory? Our house took fire and we all had to scamper half-dressed across the street. There was a severe snow-storm going on at the time; a blessing in disguise, for it saved our house. This has not been the only disaster, but it may stand for the rest. Day before yesterday, for example, the tunnel caved in, through which our new "Rapid Transit" cars are going to run under all the principal streets in New York.

I was going by just in time to avoid a whole house which fell on the sidewalk where I passed. I turned back and saw a cloud of dust and brickbats. L. and I are really a pair of luck-children; but "I knock on wood" when I say it. New York is full of traps for her children. I do not know how long we shall escape.

And now Denbigh Hall is burned up this week. The insurance is sufficient to rebuild. But no one can recover the theses which were burned. One very valuable thesis was rescued by two faculty members at peril of their lives.

One thing strikes me in all these tragedies, — how very inexpressive our American habits of

speech are; or even habits of feeling. We do not feel or think or speak adequately; except in moments of dull routine. Let but a very little greater situation arise, and we are so timid or so dumb as to suggest idiocy.

What shall become of the higher life if America cannot live it? But I don't see any help. We never drill for great emergencies except a drill in keeping cool and repressing emotion. What should you say to the reverse? Suppose I drill the Brearley School how to feel and speak in the higher levels. Will they do it?

As thus: —

9.10–9.30 A.M. Fire drill: how to express warm feelings. Hatred as felt by Italians and Irish.

9.30–10 A.M. How to say good-bye in Hoboken. Farewell gestures. Laughter as an expression of sorrow in America. The handkerchief as an expression of emotion.

SUNSET, MAINE, *August* 23, 1903.

DEAR ETHEL: — Is n't it curious that literature nowhere contains the fabric of a girl's dreams. Every other sort of human experience pretty much is in the books.

Old gentlemen, like Horace, young warriors and sailors like Homer, have their dreams pre-

served. But the young girl, as she comes into literature, comes in only as the heroine of some man's love-tale, and is treated conventionally enough at that. None have written of her, in her more self-possessed stages, with truth. No one has drawn a girl's soul, poised like a strong-winged bird amid the cross-breezes of youth, soaring as in sleep over this various, busy world.

There is a sacredness about youth. As I listen to the faint, distant music of my own youth, as I listen gratefully to yours, I don't see how any one could print and "publish" it. Listening to that, I don't want even to hear about literature.

Yours affectionately,

J. G. CROSWELL.

April 24, 1904.

DEAR ETHEL: — I should have written you at least once this month, but I had German measles: to the great delight of New York! I don't see the joke myself, but every one else does, so I suppose it is funny.

As to the intellectual life, I am thinking of writing a paper on "Institutional Teaching of the Intellectual Life." Every philosopher, from Plato down, has always dreamed of institutions

to embody on earth the ideals of the upper air. Plato proposes, as you remember, perhaps, a great reorganization of human society, wherein "philosophers" are to govern in the interest of the intellect and rearrange the life of man from the cradle to the grave. And Plato's "Republic" is one of many schemes for a "City of God" on earth. Even the "Church" is, strictly speaking, another attempt to embody some abstractions of the mind in human living. Nowadays we are all planning, not republics or churches, but schools, colleges, universities, to embody in tabular views and curriculums, in classes, in laboratories and dormitories (dormitories more than laboratories), the experiences of the intellectual life. We are all inventing institutions to contain the best experiences of humanity and to exclude the inferior intellects. Doubtless it is true that such institutions must be. Consider the public institution of marriage, for example. Where would the human race be without that great fortress of the soul to protect some of our best possessions? Consider the Church especially of the Middle Ages. Consider the States of modern Europe. Consider our own Republic. All are outward embodiments of Ideas.

DEAR ETHEL: — I consider "Culture and Anarchy" the most entertaining book in English. The smooth style, with the neat malice, and the delectable arrogance of threatening the whole population of the British Isles with epithets, as if they were all books to be reviewed by Matthew Arnold, always charmed me. There is something to it all, of course. But the best thing Arnold *taught* me, in this and other books, seems to me, after all, not to be this critical attitude, this devotion to standards of perfection, in books and men, so much as the enduring recollection that I must take all people for what they are worth, each in his own degree. This cured my youthful severity. Boys are so severe. I learned, therefore, to take even Matthew Arnold only for what he is worth, with a gentler affection rather than with an exacting hero-worship — or critical hostility.

You express the idea yourself in your strictures upon Matthew A. I plead for him by saying that he includes your doctrine of human sympathy in his doctrine that everybody has a fatal weakness somewhere.

No poet, no hero, no saint ever knew his own meaning. No artist ever gets a view of himself. How funny artists and poets are. Sometimes

they behave like idiots even when they are great. The conscious self, trained to conscious thought, is, I am told, still but a *parvenu* in the universe, uneasy, arrogant, ill-mannered, and exacting, as all parvenus are. It is only a few million years since there has been any conscious soul on earth at all. It is a novelty.

But the unconscious self is as old as eternity, and as well-poised and sure of its "meaning" as an old nobleman of the most *ancien régime*.

Now all "education," "culture," "literary work," and much of our philosophizing belongs to the conscious self.

December 25, 1908.

DEAR ETHEL:—Your gift arrived Christmas Day while I was at church. I have a superstition about Communion — Christmas. You know the "Sursum Corda": "Lift up your hearts." That is the oldest thing in any church service anywhere. Do you remember Pater's "Marius the Epicurean"? Do you remember the Christians therein? When we reach that place, I always lift up my heart in annual thanksgiving to my Maker, not for making me, but for making those I love. A beautiful troop they have been — enough to reconcile one to

any hardships of life. Some are alive and some are not; but I see them all there, *sub specie æternitatis*, in the light of Eternity.

This is a secret of mine, but I suppose it happens to many other people.

Meanwhile, I send you my love, as mortals may; and many happy New Years before Eternity begins, to you and yours.

Your affectionate friend,

J. G. CROSWELL.

To Margaret Hobart

DEER ISLE, MAINE, *June* 30, 1906.

DEAR MARGARET: — I want to write you a word of special praise for your record at Bryn Mawr. Of course such things are not the only thing one works for. But such recognition of one's work is very pleasant too.

The school is much obliged for the laurels you have won us.

Your affectionate teacher,

J. G. CROSWELL.

DEER ISLE, MAINE, *June* 22, 1907.

DEAR MARGARET: — I have your marks and I congratulate you very much. Let me give you a farewell word of approval for your good

work in the school. I hope you will enjoy the college and will profit from all that happens to you there. I still think, though there is a good deal too much said about the greatness of college, there is no other experience so profitable to the higher life of men and women at your age.

So I give you my blessing and I put you in my prayers. Your affectionate teacher,

J. G. CROSWELL.

DEER ISLE, MAINE, *September* 3, 1907.

DEAR MARGARET:—I don't think I ever told you how much obliged I was for that long letter about your work. It was capital and it will help me very much. I think it goes to show that the preparation for college is somewhat too onerous. The "margin of safety" is too small as they say of bridges.

I blush to be certifying the moral character of *any* Brearley girl. The idea of Miss Thomas's asking and me professing to vouch for you, we whose characters need redemption ourselves. I feel like Dean Colet when he looked at the boys of his St. Paul's School, "Lift up your little hands for me, O Brearley girls."

Your affectionate teacher,

J. G. CROSWELL.

Written after the death of Rosamond Hobart, on July 16, 1908

July 19, 1908.

My dear, dear Margaret: — My heart is deeply grieved — not for Rosamond, who is safe, but for you. O may God help you all. It is not for me to touch the hem of her garment. I hardly dare to speak of the deep and sweet thing that has happened to her. But you judge well when you say I loved her. That she should suffer pain, and be taken away in this sudden darkness from our eyes, is to me, as it is to you, a lifelong sorrow. How deep is this sorrow!

May she rest in peace, and be as she has been, a token of God's love in our lives. Perhaps that will help you to bear your sorrow. I have had all kinds of losses in this life. My life has been full of horrible grief. The thing that has helped me to live most of all was the love of children — my love for them and the hope of their love for me. So I can share with you in the sense of loss when this dear child is no longer here. None of all my flock were sweeter and dearer than she. I looked forward to the nearer intimacy with her I expected next year. It will make a great difference to us all — a great difference.

God bless and strengthen you, dear Margaret. I can send no message to your mother and father. But you will be good to them and help each other. Thank you, dear, for writing to me. Your affectionate teacher,

J. G. CROSWELL.

DEER ISLE, MAINE, *August* 7, 1908.

DEAR MARGARET: — Our private grief will not yield. Beautiful is her life, and beautiful is her death, with the rays of morning on her! But indeed, dear, I know how little that all helps the sense of loss. That sense of loss! It will not go. It seems incurable and intolerable. I can only tell you that all human beings have it to bear. We all know *all* these feelings. Some of us will share even this sense of loss, not so heavily as you, but as surely, when we look for her in vain.

Think of your mother and father and your brother. Think, as you are thinking most justly, of the swift passage of life which will bring restoration of even this loss. Think of work and duty. Think of love triumphant over all things, before whom even Death cowers.

I do not have to tell you of the mystical channels of strength which you have found

before this. They are more real than this apparent loss. Bear it and rejoice with her.

Her and your affectionate and grieving teacher, J. G. CROSWELL.

To Miss Rhoades

17 WEST FORTY-FOURTH STREET,
August 13, 1909.

DEAR KATHERINE: — It is dear of you, the artist, to write to me, in the midst of the business. Please ask Marion to let me see her handwriting also sometime.

I think your remarks about Biddeford most just, and it delights my soul to have Maine so understood. You ought to see the eastward Maine also. Casco Bay, the Kennebec and Sheepscot Rivers, and the Penobscot country, with Bar Harbor and Mount Desert, would make a nice country to paint. If it is possible for you to go East this summer, let us know and we will steer you, and if you condescend we will delightfully entertain you while here in the Penobscot.

I shall be so glad to see your "results" in New York — and so will Leta. There is great charm for me in your work; I trust it is an "educative taste" of mine, that the whole world

will share soon. But the slopes of Parnassus are long and steep; and may be you will have to paint unrecognized for many months yet.

Some day the Biddeford people will point you out as you go by, "There she goes!" Perhaps the papers will put you into the Sunday Edition, among the Brearley Countesses!

With much love, your admiring

"Mr. Croswell."

September 7, 1909.

Dear Katherine: — Here is the answer to your charming note. I would n't lecture to the whole world on Psychology: not on my life. But if you and Marion, or Marion and you, or you without Marion, or Marion without you, or Marion and you, or you and Marion, with any other two or three Brearley girls you happened to know, would invite me to talk *informally*, to superintend your study, or to do anything spontaneous about Psychology next winter, I'd love to do that. By *spontaneous*, I mean without any sort of schedule or advertising or promise to any one else.

My first remark would be that Psychology, if it means anything, merely means to take a scientific gaze at the inner spiritual world. But

I don't care to do that with all comers. For though science is open to all comers, yet I am not scientific; and though the world of the spirit is doubtless open to all Spirits (or Psyches), yet it also closes, as violently as the gates of Paradise, to unworthy steps, even if they be scientific. Now my only claim to step into that world, much less to discuss its geography, seems to me to be my personal relations to you two and such as you.

Your affectionate teacher,

J. G. Croswell.

To a young friend: not a Brearley girl

February 6, 1910.

Dear Ethel: — As to your own gay occupations, pray do not forget that there is a brief time in all lives which seems to be devoted by Heaven simply to embroidering and conferring on spectators the brightness of what is called "good times."

How sad a world it would be without the good times of such as have good times. Figure it. No dawn to days, no spring to years, no buds to flowers, no brooks to rivers, no morning glory to anything. It were wicked of you to say anything disrespectful of your happy girl's

winter. I am so pleased with your tone. You must not even say it is a "self-centred" life. The very first condition of the pleasure any spectator takes, in any work of art, is that it should be a self-centred whole, inaccessible to outside interruption and leading to nothing "higher." Hence the frame to pictures, and the footlights to operas, and the bars to music, and the gates to temples.

Don't think that your friends, relatives, acquaintances, and all the rest, are not affectionately devoted, because for a few years now you are left to be "self-centred" and a little alone. We are spectators of one of the most beautiful spectacles on earth. I am, dear Miss ———, for myself and all mine, an admiring spectator. Faithfully yours,

J. G. CROSWELL.

To a Brearley girl

THE BREARLEY SCHOOL,
17 WEST FORTY-FOURTH STREET,
April 21, 1910.

DEAR E.: — I enclose an official note from the Directors trying to tell you of their feelings of regret and gratitude. As to my own feelings I will not try. Like a father, I have always

thought you a ***most remarkable child!*** I have gained in watching your growth and your dependence on me just what fathers gain of their children, courage and strength to go on with life. That is what children give their elders. That I certainly owed you again and again. What else you have given, though it is much, does not equal that. And that I can never lose. It is part of my life's unalterable good.

You don't know this; and you need not. What people do of good in this world is so woven with their own natures that they seldom can see it in any detached and contemplative fashion. So perhaps I had best leave all this unsaid because my thought borders on the unspeakable things that cannot pass from one generation to another. Certainly I should be very sorry to give you the feeling that I was "making a speech" on the occasion of your resignation. *One position you can never resign.* I decline to state what that position is; but it enables me to sign myself

Your affectionate teacher,

J. G. Croswell.

To Miss Rhoades

DEER ISLE, MAINE, *August* 8, 1910.

DEAR KATHERINE: — Your two pleasant letters are here, and I am very grateful, though you may not think it of me. It is one of the pleasantest thoughts I have, the recollections of Katherine. Anybody would like to get a letter of hers, I am sure. Then I loved Venice greatly in my time too. I like to hear of it. I can't speak of Wiesbaden, not having reached as yet the Wiesbaden chapters of my life. Perhaps next summer.

I shall approve of your stay in Europe, as I suppose all of us must approve if we have to. Certainly I do wish you to go forward with your painting, even at the cost of your absence.

French also is handy to have in the house; you can't have too much. And I think talking and writing French is good for one's English. *Write me a French post-card.* I, too, have always wanted to talk French. Did n't I ever tell you my three secret wishes? (1) To write *one* good sonnet. (2) To talk, *one hour*, French with a perfect style and accent. (3) To be an Opera Tenor, right in the limelight, *for one evening only*. I could n't stand more than one of each. But I should like to try one, by way of

vacation from the artless and clumsy. "Don't you think it is a splendid idea?"

Is Italy the land of everything tremendous still? It used to be, but I am told that in fifty years more the Italians will all be over here, in search of an American livelihood. Would n't it be a joke if Italy were always full of Americans on vacations, all supported there by the labor of Italians in America?

Indeed, you are not "dumb" or "powerless," young lady. I don't think many of us make any more effect, in a room full of humans, or in a quiet corner, either.. What would you have?

You girls are intricate enough for any purpose; and yet simple enough to make the larger effects which are, after all, what count most. Why do you want to get ink on your fingers? I would n't have you a "writer."

Speaking of effects, why do our countrymen like small, spotty variety and variegation in art, so much? Is this taste for variety connected with our love of speedy motion? It is not good taste. Not even the Star Spangledest Yankee could prove that. The greatest lesson I got from Europe was the other experience of mass and simplicity and repose and composition,

which old and mediæval Europe had. Perhaps modern Europe is losing it now.

I hope your foot is well; and your head and heart are in good order, as usual, too. I do not speak of your cunning artist's hand again, though that has my prayers, even more, for its welfare.

Maine and Mrs. Croswell never were better. We are all well and happy.

I thank you again for your nice letters. Please give Mrs. Rhoades my kindest remembrances. Yours affectionately,

J. G. Croswell.

To his sister-in-law, Mrs. Donaldson

September 6, 1910.

Dear Emma: — No joy I ever had on my birthday made me so happy as this! It is most sisterly; also brotherly, to think of it. I never dreamed of possessing a Max. and Min. Copper Thermometer all my own! Alas! If I could only live fifty years longer!

Tell Harry from me that this thermometer is living a double life, however, at present, giving a different report at each end of it of the state of the weather. Is this a gentle satire on human opinions? The Optimist reports maxi-

mum; the Pessimist minimum temperature. Even so — but why pursue the personality?

I will tell you something you know already. Harry is alone worth all the rest of us put together — all your family and mine! I am sure of this. It is a calm, scientific statement, based upon careful observations, checked off by maximum and minimum temperature reports.

Your affectionate brother,

J. G. C.

To Judge Robert Grant

THE BREARLEY SCHOOL,
17 WEST FORTY-FOURTH STREET,
May 9, 1911.

DEAR ROBERT: — I hope I told you how much pleasure and profit I derived from your kindness; and I trust I did not bore you too much with my own affairs.

It always is a singular joy I derive from your conversation; and it is not too much to say that you mean a great deal more to me than most men, in memory, in imagination, and in a fond, delusive hope that I too may do something for you some day.

I'm sure you would tell me if I could.

Boston is full of nice people. I appreciate

all they are, deeply. Perhaps I do all the more because I am so thoroughly exiled and transplanted now.

If you ever come, please let me know when you are in New York.

Your affectionate classmate,
J. G. Croswell.

17 West Forty-fourth Street,
May 30, 1911.

Dear Katherine: — This is just a word to tell you: —

(1) That I got your French letter with extreme joy. "Quel bonheur igstrame pour moy," as James Yellowplush, Esq., remarks. But I think I had best not correspond with any Parisienne in that language for fear of consequences.

(2) That I thank you deeply also for your nice letter of April 27, which I have kept on my desk to look at and now to answer.

As to the flights which the Brearley may take, nobody can guess what she may not do. But we will all try to love the new Brearley. How New York does love novelty! Everybody keeps congratulating me as if it was a piece of exquisite good fortune to be obliged to move out

of our house. Is it? Do you know I really believe, if a comet appeared in the sky bearing a sign, "*This Universe is to be under New Management!*" that the New York people would all be delighted, and proceed to get front seats at the new show. We are all moving, all the time, churches, schools, banks, theatres, hotels, houses, everybody.

How are all my Parisian Brearley? Is Marion getting on? I hear of her now and then. I wish I could see your "chiefs of work." Have you done a lot? I admire your work.

Come back some time to Mr. Croswell and the Brearley.

Your affectionate teacher,

J. G. CROSWELL.

To John Jay Chapman

DEER ISLE, MAINE, *September* 6, 1911.

MY DEAR CHAPMAN: — You set the music going in me always, though I am no more than a Victor phonograph, which merely returns the melody photographed upon it beforehand. I think you are my favorite author nowadays; I can't criticise you!

D——n C.! It makes me mad to have you praise him. He is n't in the class with you at

all. Anybody can do that! You play the real lyre few can touch.

Your grateful listener,

J. G. Croswell.

December 31, 1911.

Dear Dr. Slattery: — This is from two parishioners to wish you a Happy New Year. We love Grace Church: we loved Dr. Huntington: we have been ready to love him who so gallantly picks up the work and goes on with it and with us.

But to-day we have more to say. You walked into the heart of the congregation to-day yourself with your straight talk about the ministry. We all heard a man's voice, and we shall not forget.

I am a school-teacher, as I dare say you know; so I know something of the difficulty of supporting the inner life with outward means. A school is an attempt to give culture, an inner experience of the soul, the help of institutional support in the outer world. But if that job is hard, what a great task is yours!

Please let us say we thank you for coming to Grace Church, and we thank you for telling us and showing us what a "minister"

is, which you translate so effectively deed for word.

Your friends and parishioners,
JAMES CROSWELL AND LETA CROSWELL.

GRACE CHURCH RECTORY,
804 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,
January 1, 1912.

DEAR DR. AND MRS. CROSWELL: — Your letter was a beautiful New Year's greeting, and I thank you for it more than I can tell you. I was afraid the sermon might have been too personal, and your words are a great comfort.

You can hardly know what a help you have both been to me. As I have looked towards your pew each Sunday I have felt the security of your understanding and sympathy. That is the sort of help which makes the ministry the glad thing it is.

Besides, I have known you years and years before you ever heard of me. It was one of my college regrets that you had gone from Harvard when I reached Cambridge. Then one summer I began to know Mrs. Brace. And always I seem to have heard glowing accounts from your pupils. So when I came to New York and found you to be part of Grace Church, I

was very glad. And ever since, in various ways which you little suspect, your kindness has stayed me.

And now comes this crowning act of your goodness — this generous letter. I should value it in itself, but its chief value is that it comes from both of you. I shall keep it by me, and read it over time and again, — and bless you every time!

I long ago gave you my affection; that I now have yours is a very solid happiness to me.

I *do* thank you; and I am

Your grateful friend and parson,

CHARLES LEWIS SLATTERY.

THE BREARLEY SCHOOL,
17 WEST FORTY-FOURTH STREET,
May 9, 1912.

DEAR CHAPMAN: — My piece satisfied me very little. I felt as if I were patronizing my betters all the time. And the misprints, due to my bad handwriting and hasty work, make pretty queer English of it. Some day I may send you a correct version? It was better before it got printed.

But all's well that ends well; so if you understand a little better what sort of a creature

you really are, I am glad to be able to tell you, and such other people as will listen, as well as I can, the truth about you.

I am never mistaken! When I feel in my bones certain feelings, I am as good as the Delphic Oracle. And I do feel in my bones that you are going to receive a great gift from the Muses before you finish your career. May I be there to see it!

Yours faithfully,

J. G. Croswell.

The Brearley School,
17 West Forty-fourth Street,
Whitsunday, May 26, 1912.

Dear Chapman: — I sent back to Barrytown, May 17th, all the manuscripts you let me have to read.

Well! There are those of us who love your way of saying things. I'm not sure that you are not absolutely my "favorite author" at present.

But there is much more I could say than that. The drift of your thinking along in the twilight of political and other philosophies of our time, so anxious to us all, excites me. You seem to me to be sailing where the deep tides run; fishing

in the deepest water. Sometimes you get a fish; sometimes he gets off again; but they are great fish always, even if you only get them up to the top, and not quite into the boat. I feel like a disciple on shore watching Peter making miraculous draughts. The Lord be with you!

I wish I could talk with you about that Phi Beta thing. It's very good, though I don't believe much in the oppression of the Classics by the Modernists. I think the Classics have been sold out by their own possessors and professors. Ever yours gratefully,

J. G. Croswell.

To Mr. Chapman

The Brearley School,
60 East Sixty-first Street,
November 27, 1912.

Dear Monitor: — Not even if you are a child of light yourself, do you yet guess the truth about my children of the Brearley illumination. Come up in the morning and see them. You will see not only the instruments then, but also the tortures — and you will see that the children tread securely on the lion and the adder, and suffer none at all of the things you would suffer in their place.

Don't you know that a young virgin can tame the fiercest beasts — even a schoolteacher! We fawn upon them.

Yours always,

J. G. Croswell.

The Brearley School,
60 East Sixty-first Street,
Office of the Head Master,
December 22, 1912.

Dear Chapman: — The Eliot piece is great. It is too big to launch in any shallow water. Make it a "Dreadnaught" and keep it building a while.

I wept as I read the Dyer part. That alone is a precious jewel. Don't lose it!

I must say again, you are truly my favorite author, of all men alive. I watch you, like a boy with his mouth open watching a shipbuilder. Golly! How the chips do fly! I feel a warm and happy glow, as I lay down the manuscript to return to Martin, the joy of seeing a master-workman working. It's glorious.

Yours ever,

J. G. Croswell.

THE BREARLEY SCHOOL,
60 EAST SIXTY-FIRST STREET,
April 28, 1913.

DEAR CHAPMAN: — Your criticism of English (British) translation work is very just. Translation is a cursed treachery to original work, always. I hate translations; they are all alike, *except King James's Bible.* I have always felt like writing a *History of English Translation from Greek,* tracing for example Plutarch's various adventures in English from Thomas North to Professor Goodwin.

The British do use phrases from King James's Bible to give a British meaning to Plato — to get some "life" into it. It is a sin, I know. But is this a worse sin than their use of cold, pallid, eighteenth-century English prose, full of the Sam Johnson classicality, like the English of the American Pulpit, to translate PLATO? *All* of Bohn's Translations are just like plaster casts; not marble at all. I prefer the other error if we must choose. It is awfully funny to compare Plato and Jowett. Yours,

J. G. C.

DEER ISLE, MAINE, *August* 26, 1913.

DEAR CHAPMAN: — Yes, I received your Garrison (to my mind, your high-water mark,

so far); also your Greek animadversions. Now your friendly note comes to reproach me! All this makes me ashamed of my silence. But it is the silence of appreciation and respect for your work. I don't like to break it, such a silence, with mere laudations of your work, but I should like to have a chattering hour with you to talk of your doings and feelings about Greek. We mean to come over, but it is just too far to be easy. We have had already two drownings while visiting you. A third seems dangerous. Perhaps you have a more powerful car than ours to skim the waves with. I'm sure Poseidon would lend you one!! I seem to see you in full swing: —

> *Bῆ δ'ἐλάαν ἐηὶ κυματ'*
> *ἄταλλε δὲ κήτε ὑπ' αὐτοῦ*

Not only the porpoises and jelly fish would exult beneath you, but also the Croswells' wharf and dock and kelps, if you came. Indeed I rejoice at your doings with Greek. I don't care how many translations *you* read. You are always right on the scent of the Greek original. I feel sure that Aristophanes would have loved you (and put you into a play, probably); I feel sure that he would have laughed

at you and loved you. But he would not have laughed at me and others. He would n't have thought about us at all by name. He would have described us in the Parabasis of a play called "The Fishes"; "How they go in schools"; or some such thing. He, too, disliked the long, windy misery of Euripides as you do; the "feeble side of Greek culture" he called it. The speeches and the talkee-talkee he disliked. But I always used to wonder why he did n't enjoy the *good* part of Euripides. I suppose, being a Greek of Athens, he felt the deadly error of Euripides' rhetorical self-indulgences, as an artist does (as you do), but with more sorrow and alarm. So Aristophanes could n't stop to talk about Euripides' virtues, he was always shouting, "*Fire — Athens is on fire.*" Bad taste was worse than fire in Athens. It finally destroyed her. Aristophanes believed it. But though Aristophanes might call Euripides "bad poet," I never felt that *I* could. Euripides is so big in this great part; so true to his Art; so prophetic of later drama, that you and I may well be awe-stricken and "shut up," as you say, all criticism. There is (of course) no one like Aristophanes. Where *do* these people come from? What divine voice

is there somewhere to explain such echoes as these? — of Euripides and Aristophanes? Aristophanes is the bigger Poet. He is n't half appreciated. The trouble is plainly that *he can't be put into* "English Translations." So there you are. Euripides can be translated pretty well.

I had a good laugh over your Theseus, damning the fool-son. Let me tell you Channing's immortal remark, "The thing which makes the world move forward, is the fact that fathers cannot make their sons do what they want them to."

But dear me! How lovely that Greek damning is, how gracious and how cutting! Do send me your essay — I am not at all opposed to your idea. An English translation is, perhaps, never anything better than a "Commentary" on the Greek text. But one can use them. You know what a commentary is. Alas! We need lots of comment books in the dead tongues. I use translations all the time. I'm not at all above them. God forbid I should say such a thing. The Greek books are like Merlin's Magic Book.

> "None can read the text, not even I,
> And none can read the comment but myself."

They need a wizard to manage them. I don't know if this is a wise or a foolish note. It is meant for grateful acknowledgment of your trusting your ideas to me.

Yours always,

J. G. Croswell.

The Brearley School,
60 East Sixty-first Street,
October 4, 1913.

Dear Chapman: — "Good English" is a vague and indefinite term, I think. As we generally use it, we really mean the sum total of a man's culture. If I say, "I admire his English," I mean I admire the sum total of a man's faculty, his reason, his imagination, his experience, his acquaintance with the Cosmos as it has been seen in English. *Therefore*, no book of Rhetoric can teach "Good English." One must live it. But — of course there is always a qualification to any general maxims of education — but there are such things as conventionalities or table manners, even at the banquet of the gods on Olympus. And these must be taught, albeit no "Book on Manners" will make a gentleman. Therefore I decline to admit that no rhetoric or grammar work is valuable.

Doubtless manners are best learned unconsciously and from people, not from books of Etiquette. The transfer of life from the living to the living, a sacramental office, *that* is education. Yet the printed word is miraculous even in a grammar!

Yours ever,

J. G. Croswell.

Deer Isle, Maine, *August* 25, 1912.

Dear Cornelia: — I have your nice letter. Indeed I value it very much. It is a pile of wisdom; and wise questions; and also full of humor and fancy. Of course, college is a bridge. Bridges, of course, are meant to lead somewhere. A bridge which is simply a jumping-off place, on which there is no traffic, is not much of a bridge. Even if the view is pretty and the air is fresh out there, it would not get a great many passengers. Of course, one might say, "I want to go up there and enjoy the view and the other girls." But I can imagine that the family would say, "Be sure and don't go too far; and be sure and come back on our side again." So the question really is, "Where does that bridge lead?"

I think that college does lead somewhere.

Just now, it does n't seem well for me to argue. I will only say that I do not accept the proposition that college is of no use to teachers, or to writers. But, of course, you can go to college any time in the next two or three years. Get your records carefully made up and wait for light. I won't argue now.

It is never wrong for a girl of eighteen to live in and with her family. I agree with you that your family is mighty nice. We can all talk over your distant future. I shall always be very much interested to do so.

Thank you very much for your letter. I had to laugh; you meant I should but I respect it too.

Your affectionate ex-teacher,
J. G. CROSWELL.

To a Brearley girl

1912.

DEAR LITTLE FRIEND: — I write to say that I am not unmindful of the day which brings you a recollection of grief. I shall think of you to-morrow. Words say very little; letters say very little; but I do not suppose you need to be told very much. But it cannot be wrong to write you at least a word to say that you have

in your old teacher a loving friend who is sorry for your losses and who is glad for all your memories of happiness and fatherly love, now safe from all loss forever. May I say that?

You have a family still, and very unusual experiences of family affection. You have many loving friends. And you have the support of knowing that you are eagerly anxious, even if we poor mortals do make blunders, always to do right. That is the best of all. I, too, know all these things and I know they all count, especially the last. It is the only thing that nothing can take away.

. . . .

Well, we all make many blunders in going through life. But, if in your heart there is that consciousness of loyal service to duty, that is the best of all consolers from the beginning to the end. Ever your affectionate

J. G. CROSWELL.

To E. S. Martin

DEER ISLE, MAINE, *July* 19, 1913.

DEAR MARTIN: — It pleases me that you are really going to Europe for a while. You will profit thereby; and so will she who takes you there. It is time. It is time for me to go too.

I begin to count pennies and hours to see how soon I can get there. *Bon voyage!* Thank you for ———'s *Encomium Nortoni.* Golly! I'm sure I could n't have found Athens on that road! The piece sounds to me like a piece written by the last literary Roman gent just before the vandals burnt his farm. They are not *so,* these things he says, about culture and about Athens and about Norton and about himself. It is all a piece of confectionery, and might have been written by Reginald Bunthorne. I should like ———'s languid praise much less than Jack Chapman's hearty contempt, if I have to be eulogized. I think Norton himself might prefer Chapman to ———, as an *In Memoriam,* after all is said. That's a bully letter of Chapman's. I return it with thanks.

I miss you. Do you know how? I don't like the human race as much in summer as in winter. One reason is that I don't see you. If you understand this, you will see this is not a light phrase I make to please myself. It is biography. Another reason is that I don't see my girls. Give my love to Lois. What an industrious soul she is. She will be somebody, I bet a year's pay. Bless yourself for your children!

My vegetables are all choked with weeds.

I got here too late this year. Moreover, this year there is an insect pest destroying all the spruce trees. But I rejoice in these idle hours and this heavenly climate, and in the thoughts of my friends.

Your affectionate
J. G. CROSWELL.

To Betty Brace, his niece

DEER ISLE, 1913.

August 8 a picnic to Great Spruce Head. Very calm going out. Fog settled on us at lunch. Eleanor and I made the course, however, and sailed home in a fresh breeze (south by east). We did n't see land for three quarters of an hour, and *we hit exactly on her mooring* so that we only had to get in the jib and luff.

Auntie Leta was tickled to death with that trip. So was I. We did it fine. Steering by Eleanor. All our sailing is done by Eleanor. Eleanor is a dandy. I would go anywhere with her steering. She is very wise and very clever with the boat; and brings out all the boat's good qualities — and mine too. Tell your mother so. My nieces are certainly fine. They ought to have better uncles and aunts. How is my Brearley niece? Are you having a nice

rest? Are you sleeping like a top? Are you eating a lot? Are you thinking of nothing at all? That's a good Brearley girl. *Are you getting fat?* I want you to be very corpulent when I see you next. Fat protects one against teachers and college preparation, just as little bears get fat in the summer so as to go through the winter. Auntie Leta sends her love to you all. She and Eleanor sleep out in tents. They never get up in the morning. Eleanor comes silently brushing in about 9, like a great moth caught by daylight.

To the same

DEER ISLE, *August*, 1913.

This token I send you is said to be "Hand-painted." Please remember in Europe to inquire at the Louvre and the Uffizi Gallery if the pictures are "hand-painted" or not! One can't be too careful of swindlers in Europe. This well-known scene has a Spanish motto which is from *Don Quixote*. Did you ever hear of *Don Quixote?* It is a great favorite of mine. These are the last words of the Knight. The sentence means, "In the nests of other years there are no birds this year."

The Knight's words are meant, I think, to

Somerset.

Dear Eleanor: July. 12 / 96

My paper is blue because your paper is blue. So is the water blue, which now rolls and rolls and rolls between Binkle and his niece.

1. Binkle writing a letter

2 The water rolling!

3 Eleanor reading a letter

Binkle is blue; because he thinks how the water is going to roll him about, when he comes home. That makes him feel blue!

We have no good cherries here. We eat goose-berries; we eat whortle-berries; we drink water. Some drink milk or cream. Most people drink tea; but that makes Binkle talk too much. Tea makes Binkle talk all night. Poor Aunt Croswell can not sleep, if Binkle drinks tea and talks all night. So now Binkle has to drink only water or milk. Poor Binkle.

We live in a cottage. There is a duck-pond in front The little ducks swim in the pond. Little boys throw sticks at the little ducks. The ducks say Quack! quack! Good Aunt Croswell says "Get out, little boy!" Good Aunt Emma says "Little boy! How would you like to have sticks thrown at you" He goes away. Tomorrow we shall eat one of these ducks. Aunt Croswell will have two pieces and Aunt

Emma one niece. Dear little ducks! I think we shall not eat them. "They are too pretty," says Good Aunt Croswell. "We will eat potatoes and gooseberries which are very good, but not pretty". Binkle is good but not pretty. Do People ~~love~~ eat those who are good, but not pretty? Would you eat Binkle? or a pretty duck?
Give my love to Papa and Mamma, and dear Dorothy who got cherries Cherries are good to eat. I wish I had some cherries.
Good Aunt Croswell & Good Aunt Emma send their love. So does Grandma!

Ever your affectionate BINKLE

amuse and encourage us with the thought of life. I want you to remember always to *look forward* to your happy days. There will be always new nests for your birds. Poor old Don Quixote was a lonely, romantic soul who clung to the past too much. His adventures show the comic result of trying to translate the present into the beloved past. But sunrise is lovelier than sunset. Youth is going forward always to new delight. So there will be for B. always new and beautiful things, each better than the last.

Speaking of sunrise, can you see the dawn where you are? I was up at four this morning and I think I never saw such a beautiful sky. That morning star! That half-moon in Orion. That flood of clear, cool daylight, colorless and clean, slowly, slowly turning rose and red! It was lovely! I made this verse: —

The Dawn Goddess

The quickening color flies before her presence
  Like music heard afar;
And on her pathway shines in splendor crescent
  The bright and morning star!
Hark! from the forest swept by sea-winged breezes
  Comes what sweet sudden stir;
The smallest minstrel of the dullest thicket
  Must sing, for Her!

It's rather pretty — but I don't think one ought to make verses about the Dawn Goddess, Aurora, the silent one. Do you?

To the same

DEER ISLE, *August* 19.

I think you are a good deal of a dreamer. Are n't you? Well, you have a right to be. Those lovely years, sixteen to twenty-six, which you live in now, are full of dreams. Go ahead, and have a lot of dreams. I will keep as still as a mouse; and keep everybody else still, if I can.

I dream myself sometimes, and I know how nice it is for little girls to dream.

To the same

NEW YORK, *December*, 1913.

One reason why I don't write more is that I don't yet believe any of my letters get to you. It is not encouraging to write at great length when I may be writing, not to you, but to the Chief of Police or the Pope or whoever reads the lost letters in Italy. Or perhaps the American Express will read them.

I am coming to Rome to see antiquities: as follows: —

(1) The Geese who saved the Capitol; or any other geese.

(2) The hole which Curtius jumped into and pulled after him.

(3) The False Teeth of Curius Dentatus. (I always wanted to see them.)

(4) The Place and Scene where Catiline "*Exceeded, evaded, and erupted*," after abusing our patience how long? (What a moving picture that would make!)

(5) The Seven Different Places where Cæsar was assassinated all at once, exclaiming, "Et tu, Brute," which is of course the Latin for "Here is another one, Brutus."

To Miss Dodge

THE BREARLEY SCHOOL,
60 EAST SIXTY-FIRST STREET,
November 22, 1913.

DEAR ELIZABETH: — I cannot have your enterprise go on without being in it myself! I have just written an article on Private Schools, for which I am promised $50.00. This seems to me just the thing to give now to the Y.W.C.A. As soon as I get paid, you will have it; at any rate, at the dates specified.

Good luck and God bless you.

I believe in your origins and destiny even more than in the origin and destiny of the Y. W.C.A. I wish I was a richer man and had fewer calls on me.

Your affectionate

J. G. CROSWELL.

To Miss Hand

BREARLEY SCHOOL,
60 EAST SIXTY-FIRST STREET,
February 19, 1914.

DEAR SERENA: — I have been so sorry for your illness, but you will be all the better when it is over. You will have a nice rest and grow well and young and quite *big* before I see you again. I am going off to Europe next Tuesday, over to Naples in the Franconia. I send you lots of love. Don't think about lessons or worry about your place in school. We will take care of you and excuse everything and put you back in your class next year all right when I come back. Your loving teacher,

J. G. CROSWELL.

R.M.S. FRANCONIA, *March* 7, 1914.

DEAR MISS DUNN: — This is written in the afternoon as we go floating along the coast of Algeria. It is a warm, blue day, like July, but

a gentle haze lies over the sea, which is just the color of this paper. The shore is all red hills, networked with ravines and waterfalls most beautifully.

Presently I expect to see a little ship with a sail on a yard like this [sketch]; and I shall hail it in Greek, for I know this is the country of the Lotus-eaters; and Odysseus cannot be far away.

Yesterday we spent in Algeciras; to-morrow in Algiers. But I am asleep and dreaming, I know. I have lost all reckoning of place and time. I should not be at all surprised to be told I was not alive at all in the twentieth century and that this was 800 B.C.

But I shall not believe that I have really eaten the Lotus, for I have not "forgotten my native country" like the Lotus-eaters. On the contrary. I can say "Brearley School" quite plainly still, and, like Odysseus, I am longing for the days of my return to Ithaca, New York.

Will you thank the dear girls of the School for their letters; and tell them though I saw the Straits of Gibraltar and the Moors yesterday, I was more pleased with their letters than with anything I have seen or shall see in Europe? Yours gratefully,

J. G. CROSWELL.

On board the Cunard R.M.S. Franconia,
March 7, 1914.

Dear Miss Dunn: — I expect that a letter from Algiers will get to you faster than from Gibraltar. So I have waited till to-day to thank you for your note and kind farewell. Your medicine was most effective and your thought so kind.

We have had on the whole a smooth passage. One storm only. I have not missed any meals at the table. But I never do. Seasickness seems very queer and unreasonable to me, especially on these big boats. The approach to Gibraltar was very beautiful; we arrived Friday morning last before breakfast. We had a very amusing day ashore. Also at Algeciras. To-morrow we expect to spend a day at Algiers, to which I look forward much. I have always wanted to see the Moors and the Arabs alive.

I think daily of the School. You must be having lots of problems. But when there are so many people at the wheel, perhaps the Captain can stay ashore a while! You people have spoiled me a good deal, Mrs. Croswell thinks. I shall come back wiser, better, and very grateful.

Yours faithfully,
J. G. Croswell.

To his niece in Rome

Sunday, March 15, 1914.

Dear Dorothy: — Your post-card of welcome to Europe was the first we had after our long voyage. I suppose Aunt Leta wrote you her thanks or will write them; but I want to thank you too.

We spent yesterday in Pompeii and to-day, in a heavy fog and rain, are in Capri.

If Tiberius, in a Roman toga sitting on a marble chair, had such weather as this, I don't wonder he got cross and executed a few slaves. I'd like to.

We are all well and having a high old time. We think the Italians are a pretty bad lot! Miss Caldwell keeps ahead of them. So does Aunt Leta. Her plan is simply to denounce everybody and refuse to pay anything. She scares them blue. But I am away behind. I pay double for everything and tip everybody in sight. Yesterday I gave a man, who was singing in a restaurant at Pompeii, two soldi and (by mistake) my return ticket to Naples by way of a macaroni tip. Aunt had a fit. It cost her *1 Fr. 60c.!!*

I need at least three keepers to go with me everywhere. Don't you want the job?

Can you talk back to a crowd of baggage thieves?

We sent all our baggage to Rome yesterday to the Hôtel d'Italie. Will it ever get there? Do grab it if you see it and hold on to it till we come. I want some shirts!

We are going back to the mainland to-morrow to Sorrento, next day to Amalfi. But I have had enough travelling. I want to get to Rome, I do.

Do you suppose we shall ever see New York again? Please give my love to your family, as many as are with you.

Your grateful uncle,

J. G. C.

To Betty Brace

SORRENTO, *March*, 1914.

Perhaps the weirdest thing we did in Naples was this. Leta and I went to dinner together with the A.'s, and tried to get home at midnight. Our favorite tram did not come along, so we walked and got lost. Then a cab appeared and besought us to get in. I heard him say "half a lire," so Leta let us get in. We drove about one hundred miles in the darkest streets. Then he stopped; and turned around: and made

one of the most eloquent Italian speeches I ever heard — of which I understood not one syllable. I expected to be murdered for a half franc. But Leta, who knows no fear, calmly said in English, "Drive to the steps and we will walk up"; whereupon he made a longer speech. Leta responded in English. So, for about six speeches. Finally he gave up and drove on. Leta, quite calm; I, scared blue. At last we seemed to be passing a street we knew. So I stopped him. Leta and I got out. Leta gravely tendered *50 centimes. He took them* and said, "Good-night" in Italian. Now, what do you think of that!

To-day Leta made me go down a street with her and make a call on a family whose sister married her green-grocer on Third Avenue. Mr. V. We had the greatest fun. The family were making cheeses, Maman about seventy years old, *P. R.*, his wife, the *bambino,* and a whole detachment of neighbors' children, constantly increasing as we talked. P. was a beautiful young man; and his manners most delightful.

No one understood a word of English, but we made out to inquire all round and to give each other the news. We walked out into the orange

garden and picked oranges. He gave us flowers. He gave us a photograph of the family to take to Mr. V. in America. Leta is simply indescribable in Italy. No one except Grandma Brace could equal her in *sang-froid.* I have always admired my wife, but never more than on this journey.

You see, when people or situations are preposterous she masters them by being more preposterous herself, and puzzling everybody who is trying to deal with us.

Miss Caldwell knows some Italian, and knows enough not to be cheated without knowing it. Now, Leta does n't know any. But she has a firm conviction that everybody is cheating. So she stands by, while Miss Caldwell is defending herself in Italian, and contributes general negatives, "No! No! We don't want any! We don't want to ride! We are not going to Amalfi! We don't want any rooms. We will carry our baggage ourselves!" Yesterday she got the idea that one of the "Johnny Darms," as I call the *gendarmerie,* was trying to make L. stand in the sun. He was n't. He was explaining something about the place where the cab would take us in on the sidewalk. So Leta harangued. "No! We

don't want to stand there in the sun. We want to stand 'ici' in the shade. We will stand here."

The two of them, Miss Caldwell and Leta, are just like two dogs. When one of them gets barking the other joins right in without knowing what it is about. But they are great travellers. We are perfectly well. We have had all we wanted to eat and drink. We have seen Naples, Pompeii, Capri, and Sorrento. We have been comfortably lodged. We have had a glorious, roaring good time — all the time. And we have only spent $5 a day apiece: just half what people allow, and about one quarter of what I said we should have to pay to be happy while travelling.

There is nothing equal to the Irish. Don't you feel the Irish in your veins sometimes? Even you like a fight; and even you have the Irish ardor about living.

How can I write about all we see. It is entrancing, heavenly! Everything is funny. Naples was funnier than a flock of goats. Capri was beyond its reputation. The sunny morning yesterday gave us a glimpse of heaven and the sea took on the blue which belongs to it.

But up to that day, Sunday, March 15, we have had no real fair weather except on Friday at Pompeii. Pompeii gave me great pleasure. I know the place well from my studies. And yet everything in it was full of surprises. And so many questions answer themselves at once when you really see things, not in a flat book, but in the round of nature. How the hills watch! How they have watched over the grave of the town! How they watched it in its little life! The town is much more graceful and winning than I thought. Those idiotic wall pictures are too much talked about, — I got a false impression. And no one can guess at the distinction and beauty of the site, from any picture I have ever seen. It is a very beautiful town, even now. But it is a town of devils. The bronzes in the Museum, the statues, the wall pictures are all uncanny. The lovely "Narcissus" is n't all right. He is just going to move! He's a wicked one. I can see it, can't you? They are all wicked little things like snakes; the town is a town of snakes. I crept about carefully, and I'm glad I leave them behind, forever. As to Capri, I don't feel that way there. Though I suppose "Timberio" (lovely name) was a devil, too. But the utter beauty of the

island disarmed me a good deal. And I have always felt a sneaking respect for Tiberius's contempt for the human race and for the "social uplift" of his time. He got hard measure.

I have horrible pangs of homesickness for the School. What in Pompeii am I doing here!

I saw a pitcher of pottery in Capri marked "*Bevi Zio.*" I wish I could! Is there any water to drink in Rome? — or milk?

Your happy, thirsty

UNCLE.

A postal to Betty

NAPLES, *March*, 1914.

Took letters of introduction to the fish in the Aquarium from A. Sculpin and P. Haddock of Maine. Pleasant visit.

J. G. C.

ROME, *April* 4, 1914.

DEAR MISS DEAN: — Yesterday I spent in a Montessori school with E. T. These Montessori students are crazy about their "method," but I admire the school almost without reservation. I have n't yet made out how the children are selected; or how they "discipline" them:

e.g., when a child turns out unequal to the task, whether that child is dropped from the school or what.

Please tell my Primary School that Mr. Croswell went to see the Italian school, and tell them about "Otello" as follows: —

Otello is a fat Italian boy about four years old. The room of his school was empty when I came in, except that there were sixteen little chairs and tables like our least little chairs, only not so pretty. There were sixty ladies sitting round the edge of the room to watch the sixteen children.

If sixty ladies are needed to watch sixteen children, ask Miss I. to tell the School how many visitors would be needed to watch the Brearley School.

When I came in I heard a great chattering of children outside the door; and I thought of prayers at the Brearley. But when I asked my guide if they were saying their prayers she said, "No; they were blacking their boots." They do this every morning. Some of them were being measured and weighed also, and some being washed. Presently the door opened and in walked Otello, all alone. He just reached to my pockets. But he stared calmly at me and

then reached out his hand and gravely shook mine. After a few more handshakes, he went gravely to the piano, climbed on a stool, and performed a few original scales.

The other fifteen children following Otello strolled in like grown people into a tea-party. They were mostly girls.

The youngest was an American girl of about three years old. I observed that she was very popular with the Italian children. In fact too popular. The only rule I heard the teacher give out to the school was that, "*Dorothy must not be kissed.*"

One little Italian girl, who sat near her friend Dorothy, forgot and kissed her. Whereupon Dorothy gave her a fearful frown and slapped her, a little American slap.

The only other disorderly thing I saw was this: A little Italian boy, about five, and a very pretty boy, left his chair and table to change his work and tools. While he was gone, a little girl took possession. So when he came back there was an argument.

First they both tried to sit in one chair. The girl beat him at this game. Then another girl came and helped him. Then the teacher came. Then they all whispered together. Then the

little boy got up and went away and got himself another chair and table. *Then the little girl went back to her own table!!* Now, what do you think of that! ! ! But these children kept very nice school. They were very orderly and busy for two hours. Otello was always walking around; but he did a great deal of work too, *with the exact expression of an opera tenor on the stage.* First, as I told you, he shook hands all round. Then he played some scales. Then he got a little tool and measured some sticks. Then he gravely got some colored blocks, red, grey, and blue, and green, of many different shades, and matched them so that the shades followed each other exactly. *Then a great idea struck Otello.* "Why not build a tower with these blocks," using the different colors in order? So he proceeded to build himself a tower like the Emperor Hadrian. But this tower-building was apparently illegal in school (like kissing Dorothy). At any rate, the teacher stopped it, and Otello had to do something else.

I was wondering how Montessori taught the children to keep still. But the teacher whispered and Otello went to the little blackboard and wrote: —

"SILENZIO"

— just like that. Just think of a little boy less than five *writing words* on the blackboard!

Just as soon as the children saw it, they all stopped talking and stopped working — dead still. Stiller and stiller grew the room. Some of them put their little fat hands over their eyes. Stiller and stiller and stiller, you could hear the trolley cars all over Rome, roaring, as they do all day. I never saw children so still. You could hear the sixty visitors breathing!

Then the teacher began to whisper Christian names across the room — "Maria," "Otello," etc., etc. And as each name was whispered, the owner got up and ran over to the teacher like chickens to their mother.

Finally they were all gathered together. Then they began to run on tiptoe in a line roundabout through the chairs and tables, not making any noise at all! Not a bit!! Then they sat down again.

Then Otello went off and got himself about a bushel of pieces of letter-paper from a closet, folded about half the size of this page. I took up one and I saw that each one had an Italian word written on it. Otello was having his reading. He gravely opened each and read the word and dropped the papers in a heap on his desk.

Finally he had trouble. One word was strange and queer! So he went over to the teacher with it. She did n't tell him, he had to think it out. Soon he got it and proudly returned it to his heap of papers. The most interesting thing about these little children is that they are so busy. Work and play are the same. They work when they play; they play when they work. They are as busy as bees. All you have to make sure is that the work is within their power: especially that it has a plenty of seeing, hearing, touching, smelling, tasting, and moving about, and any children will work harder than ants at it. But these little Romans are workers. I wish we grown-ups were half as eager as little Otello.

I said, "Good-bye, Otello. You will be a great man some day." He looked gravely at me, but he could n't imagine what my queer short English words meant. The children in Italy all seem to have sweet voices. A whole row of little girls met me, when I got out of the train at Tivoli; calling out, "*Tivoli, Tivoli, Tivoli,*" like little birds, like the wild canary birds I saw at Madeira: like little thrushes or robins at home.

I have been so sorry to hear of all the snow

and rain in New York. Probably you don't think so much of March as I told you to, in the Brearley, do you? Well, when you get this little letter it will be April. April half gone and school nearly over, and I am getting my passage home already. And if God will let me stay in the Brearley School, I do not think I shall ever leave it again, in term time at least.

My love to School and teachers, and especially to the Primary Class upstairs.

Yours faithfully,

J. G. CROSWELL.

HÔTEL D'ITALIE,
ROME, *March* 24, 1914.

DEAR MISS PFEIFFER:—Your kind note of March 3 is here in Rome. I need not say it is welcome. Sometimes it seems as if I could not bear to be away from the Brearley another day. I go and look over the lists of sailings from Europe and pine to return. But away with such craven thoughts.

I am filled with joyous thoughts too. Yesterday I saw St. Peter's for the first time. It was a lovely day and the scene was wholly indescribable from the cupola where we were.

My head is full of Latin and my soul is Roman. It is a great experience.

I cannot help thinking I shall be improved by it. I am learning Italian for one thing. And I am realizing more and more how the girls and teachers of the School and the graduates and directors have spoiled me. I am sure I shall improve in this regard, if I ever get home. We have seen and loved: —

Madeira	(most of all)
Algiers	(queerest of all)
Gibraltar	for the English' sake
Monaco	for a glass of milk
Naples	for the Farnese Hera
Capri	for the blue water
Pæstum	for the dead glory
Sorrento	for the oranges
Rome	for the end of the journey.

We are both half dead with travel. The self-filling fountain pen is busted. Pray excuse writing.

Leta is better, I think. She greatly enjoys the travel, and she has no pangs of conscience, as I have, to keep her awake nights. If she gets better, then I shall think I did right to go.

Do write me once a week. We shall be at

this hotel till May 1. Write to me here until April 20. After that to Brown, Shipley & Co.

I beg you to give my best love to all my friends and teachers.

Yours gratefully,

J. G. Croswell.

Hôtel d'Italie,
Rome, *April* 8, 1914.

Dear Emma: — We are very well, and full to the brim of Italy. I hardly like to begin an account of our doings.

Yesterday we all went to the Colosseum and after climbing up to the top we scrambled down and all went to the Baths of Caracalla. . . . Loring and Eleanor lectured on the ruins. Loring knows about everything there is to know in Rome now. But what gigantic buildings these heathens did put together! The things I see here, though I knew them all by name, are so much bigger and heavier than I expected that I feel as if I had known nothing about Romans hitherto. Their resolute courage in conceiving, and their power and patience in building, are far beyond my expectation. But I don't yet admire a city whose best buildings are baths and circuses. Do you?

Then we walked out five miles to the Appian Way. We picnicked under Cecilia Metella's tomb, and walked on beyond it. It was lovely, sunny spring all the way. The skylarks sang in dozens above us. I felt more friendly to the Romans. But not to the nobles, yet, who "drove in fast and furious guise along the Appian Way." Judging by the pavement they must have jounced hard over the stones if they rode, as Matthew Arnold says, "in chariots." Never mind — I like the Alban Hills and the friendly Campagna well enough to forgive the nobles; especially since they are dead and entombed there. But I do rejoice that they are dead; and I hear little voices around, from the skylarks, perhaps, singing, "Lift up your hearts: We lift them up unto the Lord, Let us give thanks. It is meet and right so to do."

With many thanks to you and love to all of the family, Yours gratefully,

J. G. CROSWELL.

EASTER DAY, 1914 [*April* 12].

DEAR MISS PFEIFFER: — *Buona Pasque!* No! I have n't been to the Protestant Cemetery, though I have been here since March 22. But Betty and I are going to-morrow. The

trouble is that I am too many kinds of a man. Rome brings out that fact painfully. I have, of course, my Roman origins to look up. Then one must also pay his respects to our ancestral Christianity. Then I have to get drunk with spring — a most intoxicating draught in Italy, a very pagan joy indeed — in the Campagna. Then I have a great deal of social occupation. This is strange in a foreign land; but we are beset with invitations from Americans. Then I have to do a deal of mere "rubbering" without purpose or end — one always does in a foreign land. And *Ecco! Ecco!* seems to be the principal Italian expression even in their own land. There is certainly good cause for it in Rome. There is literally no end to the things to stare at, from Cardinal Merry del Val (can you say it right? "Merrrrrry del Val!") on his throne to the beggar on the steps. As to beggars in Italy. They are just like fishes and ducks in the pond in the Villa Borghese. They say, "Soldi, Soldi," and the ducks say, "Quack, Quack," and they both mean no harm. I never have any soldi or any bread to give them, and so they swim away and everybody is happy. Is n't it nice?

Listen! Saturday, April 4, I lunched with an

Italian lady of the nobility in a palace. The cooking transcended my whole life's experience. The artichoke was beyond description. "They ate the honey-sweet fruit of the artichoke and forgot their native land." No, I did n't; although there were three American princesses at the table who had forgotten their days of school. One said to me, "I came here to stay three weeks — I have stayed thirty years." I was introduced to a small boy called "Principe Guglielmo R——." He is half American and half Italian. I heard him speak the language of his native land. He first spoke in Italian, asking who was ringing the telephone; then, not being answered by the butler, he said, "Who is that guy ringing the bell?"

The Italians are very interesting; a strong race both in Naples and in Rome as well as in New York. Dramatic to the last degree; and therefore still acting the part of "Modern Italy." I wonder what their real function in the Modern World will prove to be. I do not feel as if their present clothes, the clothes that Cavour cut on the English pattern so very well, really fitted them. They may take to togas again.

Palm Sunday we spent at St. Peter's among

the processions and blessed palms. That day ended, however, by going to "guard-mounting" at the Quirinal. Neither crowd seemed very enthusiastic to me. I wonder!

Speaking of politics, Leta and I are a good deal interested in Belfast, where our cousins are all drilling to resist the English Army. We don't think Ulster is worth wrecking the English Constitution for. Do you? Ulster is n't so awful much! What ails the Conservatives!

Monday we picnicked on the Appian Way under the shadow of the tomb of Cecilia Metella. It was a lovely day and the skylarks almost shouted at us. I hope they will last to Assisi. "Lift up your hearts" they sing quite plainly. I want to hear them in Assisi singing to St. Francis like my girls in Class V.

Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday we kept going to church. At High Mass at St. John Lateran on Saturday I had my pocket picked right in front of the Altar as I was kneeling and praying in Latin. Can you beat that? Would you have thought it? I went to Santa Prasside for Holy Thursday. A darling church — much bewitched in my expectation by Browning's Bishop. It is not at all suggestive to my mind of any such person, however. It is a simple

little church of the early time when you and I were Catholics too. I loved it. Also Santa Maria in Cosmedin. Also Quattro Coronata.

Good Friday evening we spent in the Colosseum. The flood of moonlight was enchanting and the ruin looked its best. But so great is the power of art that our party talked of Daisy Miller, not of Vestal Virgins or Christians. The place was crowded with tourists. N.B. There are three kinds of Americans who come abroad:

(1) Rubber necks.
(2) People not wanted at home.
(3) Students and artists.

All other kinds are so few as to be lost in the swarm. Perhaps I should add "bridal couples." But they are generally Germans. A German bride in the Sistine Chapel gave me a phrase which I now use on all occasions when I am called upon for admiration. "Ach! Wie wunderschoen mit dem Baumen!" "Ah, how wondrous fair with the Trees." She applied it to Raphael's tapestry, but it applies to nearly every picture I see and defies critics. I do not care for Roman pictures much. "Just wait, my soul," I say, "till we get to Venice." We shall be there in June.

I wish I could thank my School, teachers and girls, for going along without my official presence. My other, my astral presence, you have. "My body is in Italy, my soul is in New York." But I have to thank you for giving me this splendid holiday of body and mind. I am going to live ten years longer for it.

I wish you would give my love to every one. It would sound like a litany if I rehearsed it all. "Miss Arnold, Miss Fowler, Miss Dunn, Miss Allington, All The Saints; Class VIII, Class VII, All the little lambs."

Tell Miss Allington I am living just opposite the Scotch College and I see the good red heads emerging from their Roman cassocks as they walk abroad daily. I went in and said a Pater Noster in their church of St. Andrea de Scozzesi on Thursday. I felt as if I were one of Mary Stuart's men. Is n't that a lovely name for a church? Always your grateful

J. G. Croswell.

To Betty

Rome, *April*, 1914.

We did go to Ostia Monday. Never did Uncle and Aunt get such a jogging. "Rattle his bones over the stones, he is only a pauper

whom nobody owns." And the dust in clouds. Then the cramps. Also many Germans in the vehicle to oppress Miss Caldwell. I never had such a ride before.

But the Tevere ran side by side, — and it is a lovely river, — out of the city, a gentle winding river, in grassy meadows and sandy banks.

Ostia is a very interesting sight. There are paved streets and large, grassy squares not yet explored. There are tombs full of vases of ashes of the old dead. There are beautiful statues, one of Victory with wings, very lofty and very beautiful. (Whose victory over what?) There is a fine forum. Also barracks of soldiers round a big palæstra place full of inscriptions, generally about emperors. It is impossible to escape from Septimus Severus. That eminent nigger follows us everywhere.

There is a lovely, high-set temple. I climbed up to the platform of it and enjoyed a long look at the Alban Hills and Monte Cavo. There is a cellar full of earthen casks made for wine. There are many streets round it full of little houses. There is a beautiful little theatre just like Pompeii. Ostia must have been lovely with the river and sea washing it.

If you were here I should take you to see

the Pinturicchio Frescoes in the Borgia Apartments in the Vatican.

Auntie took me there this morning and I was in raptures. Did you get to them? If not, just keep your eyes open for Pinturicchio hereafter. I never heard of him until to-day and he is now my favorite painter. Mr. Storer took me yesterday to see an abbot who is also a professor. He is revising the Latin Bible and he lives in a cloister next to Santa Maria in Trastevere. We got on very well together; and I am almost of the opinion I shall join his order.

But — I learned that no women are allowed in his study. That would n't do for the Brearley School, and I shall *never desert the Brearley*. So like Siegfried in the opera, when invited to go to Walhalla, I said, "*Gruss mir, Walhall*"; "*Good-bye, Abbot.*"

. . . .

Last Sunday I spent in the Accademia Gallery. What lovely pictures! Those Bellini Madonnas! They beat the Florentine Madonnas out of sight.

What do you think! — there I met Miss Du Bois, Brearley teacher, who had sailed from New York the day after school closed. She told me all about the girls and their Last

Day. I had also a letter from Miss Dean. She is a perfect darling, she will be to you, as she is to Uncle, one of the best friends, the highest minded counsellors, the most valuable teachers you ever had or ever will have. Love from us all. Your affectionate uncle,

J. G. C.

Hôtel d'Italie,
Rome, *April* 19, 1914.

Dear Miss Pfeiffer: — Since I wrote you, April 4, we have lived a Roman life. Sunday we went to the Blessing of Palms at St. Peter's, a celebrated service and procession of bishops and cardinals and clergy. I stood quite near St. Peter's statue and watched the kissing of his toe. Little boys shinned up the pedestal like boys at home shinning up apple trees; little girls boosted up other little girls and baby sisters; of course the kneeling nuns looked most definitely religious, but everybody kissed it, and everybody liked it. We were much impressed by the Chief Priest, Cardinal del Val. He looked magnificent, indeed; dark and sombre and regal. Is he what he looks? I hear unending gossip in the hotels from American ladies who profess to say,

"Cardinal del Val said to me, 'Rest assured,' etc., etc." How people do go on in this town! Everybody knows everything here; and they tell such lies about the Vatican.

Betty and I like the guard-mounting at the King's palace, every evening, when the band plays. We see only Italians in that crowd; and such lovely soldier men as any little girl may like to see. The regiment marches away at full speed and she and I run after them all the way home.

Betty and I walk on the Pincian Hill also; and we feed the ducks in the Borghese ponds; and we walk in the Medici gardens. We are greatly taken with Italian gardening; and we have not attended so faithfully either on the church services or the antiquities as we have on the villas, the hills, and the Campagna.

Good Friday night we all went to the Colosseum by moonlight. It was very bright, and the walls looked very ghostly and romantic. But there were about forty thousand tourists of all nations under heaven roosting in arches and chattering like jackdaws.

The unexpected always happens. The "antiquities" are always crowded; all full of modern people. The Forum, the Palatine, and the

Colosseum sound and resound with English instead of Latin voices.

So again the church services. They seem not half so churchlike as the Pennsylvania Station does. In fact, I had my pocket picked right in front of the High Altar of St. John Lateran in the midst of High Mass — which never happened to me in the Pennsylvania Station at all — it seemed so secular.

We have seen something of Roman society at dinner and lunch: I mean the Italians themselves, with the great names. But the ladies are generally very modern and are very often Americans. And some are Brearley girls.

I don't think I have any of the affection for Rome which Betty has. She hates to leave to-morrow. But I love the North of Italy; and I love Switzerland; and I love France; and I am absolutely at home in Germany; so I shall be ready enough to start April 30, for Florence, and Assisi and Perugia, and turn my back on Rome.

Give my love to every one. I know you people have had lots of troubles. Why don't you tell me them?

Yours faithfully,

J. G. Croswell.

To Edward S. Martin

SIENA, *May* 9, 1914.

DEAR MARTIN: — My conscience would prick me that I left you without a letter except that I have had neither calm nor indeed sufficient materials for writing hitherto. To-day I have some.

I got your benediction from Sherry and we drank your health every morning in good stout coffee.

We had a fine voyage; no bad weather and pleasant people. It was a Church party. Three archbishops, one bishop, and many priests kept us interested. We had also Hon. Bellamy and Maria Storer. I have not yet joined their church, but I found them all agreeable people, in the boat and in Rome.

At Naples, Sorrento, Capri, Amalfi, Salerno, the weather was perfect and the landscape operatic.

I got rid of my rags of Massachusetts tastes and habits, and gave myself up to the Italian language and to South Italian feelings. Perhaps the two things I remember most deeply are the lemon trees on the hillsides, mixed with olives and oranges, and the Naples Museum. There is a lady in that museum — the Farnese

Hera they call her — who can tell you all about the Olympian calm, the *ἀταραξία* of the gods, if you will sit down or kneel down, as you like, for an hour before her and say nothing.

It is a very unearthly museum. The presence of the bronzes, little devils from Herculaneum, with a distinctly supernatural but not a virtuous nature, makes me feel now as if I had been with the Irish fairies or perhaps with Tannhäuser for the hours I was in that museum. The only safe person to associate with, among the ten thousand creatures in that gallery, is the good young Roman Balbus, sitting like a mounted policeman on a noble horse and watching the crew of rake-hells around him. Still, I got away. Then we spent six weeks in Rome. Just think of me teaching Latin ever since 1874 and never having seen Rome face to face. That cannot happen ever again, for modern Latin teachers all go abroad to Italy, not to Germany alone, as I did.

I thought of you again and again, and when I went to Horace's Farm, which locality is vouched for by the School of Archæology and by my own careful study, with Horace himself in my pocket as a Baedeker, I picked three

little sprigs of fern for you from the *fons Bandusiæ splendidior vitro.* Here are two still surviving. Stick them in your Horace. Can I tell you otherwise how I felt that day?

The valley rang with nightingales, the clouds ran by, the sunlight came and went over the hills; and the little brooks filled with new showers ran down the hills to water the olive roots and the grassy meadows below; and I sat all day under the trees and read my Horace again, for the first time for thirty years, I guess. Then we had bread and wine from the hills; and we wandered over the little villa, identifying the rooms, the garden, the fish-pond, the portico, and the "field which gives me back to myself" of Horace.

But this is all a recollection now. I have not been in Rome for a month. Now we are in Siena, quite a different air.

I have spent two weeks in Assisi, Perugia, Orvieto, and Siena, and other smaller places in Umbria. My worship is now devoted to Italian Primitives, to twelfth- and thirteenth- and fourteenth-century Saints and altars. Do you know about that eminent Suffragette Catherine of Siena? Read her letters.

I hear faintly the racket of 1914 in America

from the Italian papers which are very refreshing because the little they do say about the U.S.A., being couched in choice Italian, seems to have happened long ago.

The story of "Rockefella il Juniore," as I read it this morning, seemed to have happened among the Republics of Guelph and Ghibelline times. It does n't move me at all.

I read your pretty piece for the *Youth's Companion* in the Church of St. Francis in Assisi, and I thought it read very well there. So thought Francis himself. All the good men who have looked around on this funny planet we are roosting on for a few years or days have thought the same.

I think the same; at least the best part of me thinks as you do in this piece.

You always say what the best part of me thinks — except about that suffrage question!

Give my love to your family, Lois included, and especially mentioned.

Your affectionate

J. G. Croswell.

Siena, *May* 7, 1914.

Dear Miss Pfeiffer: — I have seen since I wrote you Rome, Assisi, Perugia, Orvieto, and

Siena. As each of these places would drive me plumb-crazy alone, what do you suppose the total effect is? I can't write about it; but I shall talk everlastingly next winter.

If you want to make me happy, send me one of the little paper letter files I like, made of brown paper with pockets lettered; they are about as big as a large envelope. The thing would go by Parcel Post and make me much happier than you can imagine. Send it to Venice. I keep losing all my letters all the time for want of a file.

I got away from Rome without being converted, though there is a Cardinal I loved, he was such a scholar and gentle person. He is an Englishman and a great man.

I saw Merry del Val, the great Cardinal. But Rome is so full of Americans I did n't really care for that I lay low and avoided the social whirl as well as the ecclesiastical.

Please give Miss Frances Arnold a special message. I want to show her Orvieto Cathedral and the frescoes of the Last Judgment in particular. That is my church! ! And if the Judgment Day is going to be as pretty as that, it really beats the Last Day at the Brearley. There is one angel that has just *her* expression

on the last day of School. Sheathing his sword — "Good job done."

My love to you all.

J. G. C.

SIENA, *May* 7, 1914.

DEAR MISS CHAPIN: — Will you accept this token of remembrance from *Horace's Sabine Farm?* I picked it myself.

The locality of the "field that returns me to myself" really seems to be discovered at last. The new excavations are proceeding and every moment makes it more certain that we have got it, the villa, the garden, and all. I always thought you resembled Horace in his *Curiosa Felicitas.*

May you have more and more felicity and less and less care.

Yours most faithfully,

J. G. CROSWELL.

SIENA, *May* 10, 1914.

DEAR MOTHER-IN-LAW: — As this is my wedding-day, twenty-six years ago, I take the opportunity to write to thank you for all your kind affection to me for all my happy married life.

Certainly I never expected to find myself keeping this holy day in Siena. Oddly enough it is a festival here, in honor of their great Saint Catherine. We were wakened by all the church bells ringing together, and the gay costumes and lively streets and music have seemed quite appropriate. I call it Saint Leta's day.

Leta and I have greatly enjoyed our tour, and have been very well. We have seen many pretty places and much beautiful art. But you know Italy so well you can guess what we have seen. I myself feel most at home in three places. Can you guess what? (1) The Naples Museum; (2) the *country about* Rome; (3) the Northern cities like Siena, Florence, and Perugia. I cannot feel at home *in* Rome itself; and the Southern Italian landscape seems operatic and alien to my origins. But I loved the Alban Hills and the Apennines and I adore the Italian thirteenth- and fourteenth-century history and art, in this part of Italy.

I am trying to see whether Modern Italy has any meaning to other nations in the future. Maybe it will contribute as much again as it once did. Much love to you all.

Your affectionate son,

J. G. CROSWELL.

FLORENCE, *May* 11, 1914.

DEAR FRANCES: — Please give my special good-bye for the Vacation to the girls in your room, and to yourself — my earliest pupil. I re-lived the farewells I got from them when I sailed: and I look forward specially to seeing them next fall again. Please give this message, if the letter arrives, as I hope it will, before they leave school for the summer, and you go to your Sabine Farm.

I have travelled like a drummer or a one-night-stand actor ever since I parted with you. My education has greatly advanced especially in "Italian Primitives" and other select company. I can't stand a picture now that is later than Pietro di Lorenzetti or Lorenzo di Pietro. No. But really these fourteenth-century church pictures do have a queer, wild flavor like a wild strawberry, which makes the sixteenth-century swells seem, if I may say it, like the same fruit when cultivated to market, too fine and too big and using too much sugar and cream. There is one picture of Pinturicchio's perhaps you know. Not a church picture. It is in the Borgia Apartments in Rome. It is said to represent "Saint Catherine disputing with the Doctors"; but it is

the very best picture of a college girl passing an oral examination I ever saw. They say no less a lady than Lucrezia Borgia sat for it. It is perfectly charming; her struggle and her triumph, and the examiners' expression of *malaise,* as she answers all their questions right, is done to the life. I'm going to bring it home for my study if I can.

Please give my remembrances to Miss Bender. I do hope she is well now. I have used her Italian book all the time. Won't she come over here?

Your affectionate

J. G. CROSWELL.

FLORENCE, *May* 17, 1914.

DEAR MISS PFEIFFER: — We are settled in Florence until June 2. Leta has a heavy cold, but we are very well in general.

I feel that our sight-seeing will end in Venice. It is well. We are full-up and are ready to rest.

My own tastes lean to North Italy rather than to Rome and Naples. Strange, is n't it? But there are three things in Rome which bother me: (1) The Modern Pope; (2) the tourists; (3) the cemetery-effect of so many ruins. One seems to be in a graveyard; one

smells corpses in the Colosseum and Forum, even if there is so much grandeur and beauty about you. But in the hills about, in Umbria and Tuscany, in Siena, Perugia, and Florence, there is a different sentiment. At any rate, I love these things up here more than anything in Italy.

I do not really know when we shall leave Florence: say June 2. I do not really know when we shall leave Venice: say June 15. Address there, Thomas Cook & Son. I do not really know when we shall leave Cortina: say July 8 or July 15. Then we go to Bride near Geneva for Miss Caldwell's wonderful baths and "cure." Pray for me.

J. G. C.

To Betty Brace

FLORENCE, *May*, 1914.

Here Auntie and Uncle are in Florence. My Florence. I have been walking round and round the Santa Maria del Fiori to-day. It is all there just as it was when I was here in 1882 when I was thirty years old. It is more beautiful than I remembered. The great brilliant exterior, all lovely shape and lovelier color, with that unmistakable campanile like

the stamen of the iris, shooting up out of the heart of the flower, fills me with joy. I feel like a sinner forgiven, or whatever else will describe a perfectly happy mood of mind, when I see it again. I keep going back to it. But I do other things too with Eleanor and Dorothy. This morning we went together to the Palazzo Davanzati. Is n't that great?

J. G. C.

To the same

FLORENCE, *May* 20, 1914.

I am sorry you are lonely. Everybody has to learn to be alone sometimes. But nobody ought to be alone too much. "Alone" means away from your "best" people. Still one does have to depend on one's self a good deal. Even the little birds fly alone from twig to twig. I feel as if you were a fledgling tipped out of the nest and trying her new feathers in her flight. Never mind. It will soon be time for your mother to come back. Then you can fly with her back to the American forests. Peep! Peep!

About Florence. It is full of lovely pictures; of Renaissance sculpture of the first order; and the views from the hills are almost unequalled. Moreover, it is full of Italian history especially

of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. And, as you have discovered, I lived here when I was thirty years old, when my mind was still opening. At thirty I was about as old as you are now. Boys are always slower than girls to grow up. I feel as if my two visits to Florence were like two brackets in algebra = $\overset{1882}{[} \qquad \overset{1914}{]}$ and between them lies a man's life.

A man's life is like algebra, it contains Known Quantities and Unknown Quantities. And I can see the whole of my life at once, as I stand on the Palazzo Vecchio, between two brackets; these two visits — include it all. That's what makes Florence especially thrilling to me; beside the art and the history. It is so queer to see myself this way and from this point of view.

J. G. C.

To the same

VENICE, *June*, 1914.

To-day Auntie Leta and I went through the Doge's Palace. You can imagine us, if you please, standing out on the balcony and surveying the pigeons. There are some fine specimens of Doge on the walls of that building!

So we sat and looked at them and I gave Auntie lectures on Venetian History. She fell asleep. She says she did n't, but she did! ! !

Yesterday we did the Academy pictures. That is a splendid conservatory of Venetian blossoms. I find I love the Venetian color masters as much as ever. How rich they are! How they crowd their canvases with persons and events, without being tawdry or affected! *That is the way to do.*

If I were a painter I should like to be either a Bellini or a Basaiti or a Veronese. What is the use of painting if you can't pile on colors and people the canvas!

We have been in about twenty churches and we sit evenings in the Square and listen to music and eat ice-cream.

J. G. C.

To the same

VENICE, *June*, 1914.

To-day I have been gazing at the big Tintoretto Crucifixion in "San Rocco" and the halls of the Guild-brothers of San Rocco who saved men from the plague. Nowadays we know a better way of escaping from the plague. We ought to have pictures of Dr. Flexner and

in the middle of July. Of course I expected you to come over here, so I meant to skip August letters. You were on holiday, you ought not to hear of business or of the firm in August. Now I begin again.

We had a delightful time, mountain-seeing in Cortina and the Dolomites. Not until we were clear of the Tyrol did trouble begin. The day we reached Botzen, July 23, Austria declared war. I wanted to make for home then; but the ladies who ran my tour laughed at me for "cowardice" and "pessimism." I do not understand optimism at all, but I bow to it, always. So we went along "optimistically" on our regular route to St. Moritz. There we collided with Destiny, on the warpath, at last.

On August 1, the banks refused to honor our letter of credit. The Swiss mobilized and our landlord went to the war. Everybody left our hotel, which his wife kept "open," for us, without much food, however, and no servants. About August 9, I found an old friend in another hotel in another village. To this we moved. It was very nice; and we were well fed and trusted for our board, although we had n't paid our last hotel bill, not even our

washerwoman, who kept calling on us for her dues!! So we paid her with our last francs and I gave up smoking, and Leta took to washing in our bedroom, like a warrior as she is; and so we drifted along about a week till the money from Merrill came and we paid up everybody and sent out our wash again. But I still can't afford tobacco!

Then we had to wait for money for the nieces. At last we got some; and we have now drifted down to Lake Como to wait for a good cheap boat from Genoa. If Italy goes to war, a thing possible but not probable, and if our boat is stopped from sailing, we shall wait till we get a chance from France or England. We still have a stateroom engaged on the Minneapolis for October 3, though I doubt if we could use it. But we shall do well enough somehow. If I have to wait till October 15 before sailing, I know you will all help the School till I return. I am coming!

What would n't I give to hear of the School! We have not had one letter of any kind from America since August 3. That is to say, no news from any friend or any relative since July 23. We had the money from the Union Trust Company August 16. We had a telegram

from Dorothy Bull (with answer prepaid, but with no date to it), which we got and answered about August 14. We had a cabled request from Mr. Jay for news, which we answered August 25. That is all, till yesterday, when we got a letter from Mr. ——— ———, written August 13.

But I don't know if there is any Brearley School for next year. I shall not know, I suppose, till I get to New York. I don't really know if you sailed to Europe August 1. Perhaps you did. Perhaps you are imprisoned near us here. God forbid! I need you at 60 East Sixty-first Street. Never mind writing now.

As to the Brearley teachers, I can only hope they too are not in Europe. Miss ——— wrote me from Florence last July, but I can't find her now, though I have tried. Give them all my love. Ah! How fond of them I am!

Here the great nightmare overshadows us always. The greatest sorrow I have is that I feel Germany must have, somehow, betrayed her trust! ! Of course the Germans will never think so; but I do, and I fear the world will, at last say, "Germany made the war." The Emperor's proclamation of war to his people made

me think of my poor lost friend. My friend, too, like the Great Germany of my youth, had a strong mind, a high spirit, a fair and honorable career. But he fell a victim, just as Germany has fallen, to the heavy weight of his work. His tired nerves began to see "enemies" in every direction. He felt them around him. Hallucinations followed. Perfectly innocent people were enemies, dangerous enemies. He became a dangerous man himself, arming and looking for trouble. We have to confine him. He too has "declared war" with God on his side, and, all the rest of it, just like Germany, against the world.

Do you believe a nation can have delusions like a man? I think so, and I wish somebody could have put the Kaiser into a sanitarium, till he felt better, last month. Or was it the Crown Prince?

Germany is the greatest nation in the world, with a terribly hard job to do; though it has the strongest kind of intellect, Germany has not calm nerves. I love Germany; I am very, very sad over its fate. Will she save herself at last?

Yesterday I read in the paper of the death of a dear German friend at Namur, "killed

by a shell." Yes. And he was himself firing guns at the time. He was a sweet, quiet, lovely nature, of whom I like to think. But he always had that "fear" about the necessary war which had to come. Now he is a victim to the hallucination.

It did n't have to come. It was *not* a necessary war. Germany's own dreams brought it on the world. This is the tragedy. Well— Here I give you my best remembrances. Leta adds hers. Au revoir.

J. G. CROSWELL.

THE BREARLEY SCHOOL,
October 23, 1914.

DEAR CHAPMAN: — You have a way of saying what I think, only always better than I can. Your only danger is in saying things too well to be true.

In general, I greatly approve and assent, except that I do not like the unreserved accusation of yours that the "German Government" has "nursed hatred" as a "policy." The statement spoils your pretty case. It is not put right. Germany is nowadays like a clever man with an excitable nervous system, whose job for thirty years has been too hard for him.

Germany is showing the effects of overwork. His nerves have given way. He is overdone. You say it all excellently. 'Way back in 1880 my colleagues at Bonn, the boys in college, used to tell me in secret about the dreadful dangers from Russia and France, about the "Three Frontiers," and in secret about "England's rottenness" and decadence. "England is like Holland, she has grown old. Touch her with our army! She will collapse." But these things did not come from the Government; they came from the professors of history and the philosophers among the students and the newspaper people. The Government exploited these feelings now and then, always to help the army and navy taxes. They are widespread feelings, however. But Germany could not stand this kind of nervous strain. Moreover, the army and the universal service in the army made the nation nervous and belligerent in her nervousness. At last they collapsed. The assassination of Franz Ferdinand broke them up finally; and Russia finished the job. Hence the "holy" war, and the pious uprising of the nation!! Delusions of persecution attack whole crowds; and this nervousness is quite characteristic of intellectual people.

Hence the professors' talk scared Germany into fits. But the Government is only partly to blame. I often see hallucinations of persecutions among groups of girls during the excitable age. The Germans are like adolescents in their nerves. They play no games to get it off their nerves. Germans are not phlegmatic; they are very excitable. Since the time of the Migrations, when the Goths appeared begging and fighting for refuge from the Huns, the Germans have never been phlegmatic, or wholly at ease in the Roman Empire. Look at the Crusades, the Holy Roman Empire, the Reformation, the Thirty Years' War!! Now they have another!!

You say all this awfully well. But there is much less "policy" in the matter than you describe. The military crowd, of course, has used these feelings in its business. That is another matter. There is no national "policy" and no statecraft involved, however.

To answer your note — I like the introduction; its plan and purpose; and I admire as I always do the wonderful phrases which come to you. Yes, do publish it. It is fine. But you do tend to personify and invent mythical people like "German writers," etc.,

etc., "German politicians," and "German professors" that nobody believes in. Do take out these phrases and say it all as said so well on the first pages. In the genesis of their madness, while no one denies that the "military party" has existed and does deliberately preach terror to get a stronger army voted by Parliament, yet I think you overstate the docility of the people and power of the clique. *The people believe in war*, private and public. And they have a splendid army. Now their nerves are gone and they are using the army as a crazy man uses his gun to protect himself against his "enemies." This is "not psychology." Do you read Tarde?

Yours admiringly,

J. G. CROSWELL.

To Miss Dunn

December 22, 1914.

This is to thank you. I wish I had dared to thank you publicly as I wanted to do this morning, but I thought perhaps I ought to obey your orders strictly.

I tried to obey you by going to the rear, but when I got there I found I was too far away to help when called. But I did see the charm-

ing little group in the *crèche*, very well, and the tableaux of the village too, as you asked. The whole thing was so exactly right. That's the way!! It was A-1.

Again I recognize the kinship of Italy of the Quattrocento and the fourteen-year-old Brearley. Yes! so looks the Blessed One, and so sing the Angels of Lorenzetti and Boccati. I listen, and I sit by, like a King, with awful eye.

To-night I got two Christmas cards from Class V girls with Latin texts: *Qui diligit ex Deo natus est.* That finishes me. I am in a condition I cannot describe of rapture and repentance.

I feel like one of the little pictures of donors smuggled into the corner of an altar-piece by the painter. You are the painter of this. I am in the corner. That's why I wanted to stand by the piano this morning. I would have knelt there, had I dared, and prayed, "Little children, ye are of God and have overcome, because greater is he that is in you than he that is in the world." Does n't that sound like the Italian Primitive? Does n't it sound like Plato? It is St. John, of course.

To Mrs. Scott

February 15, 1915.

DEAR MILDRED: — I hate to be outside and indifferent in appearance when you are overtaken by calamity. You know that nothing which happens to you is indifferent to me. Leta and I grieve for you, truly and deeply, and fain would help you if we could. It is not for me to console you. You know more than I do about life and death, too. But I have found in sorrow, even in the great, gigantic, unspeakable, and unbearable sorrows of life, some drops of water to cool my tongue in the mere surface expression of affection from my dear pupils. These are mysteries. At any rate, if my expression of affection seems superficial, you know the affection itself that I bear for you is not superficial. So let me say, first, I am sorry, so sorry for the loss of your brother; I grieve with you and with your family. I beg you to take consolation in the widespread sympathy and sorrow of his friends, and especially of your own friends and of all who love you and your family of old. We all grieve truly at the ending of that promising life on earth.

Your affectionate teacher,

J. G. CROSWELL.

THE BREARLEY SCHOOL,
February 17, 1915.

DEAR CHAPMAN: — If you want my opinion *now*, I think this is all as unripe as a green apple, but yet a fine fruit, and a very distinct addition to your "works," and to the history of Harvard in the 80's. I am a very poor "adviser" about your stuff. Its grace and artistry distract me from the various political questions anent its publication. But I think Norton himself would have greatly enjoyed this, even as it is, and I think many of his good friends will enjoy it too.

Yours always,
J. G. CROSWELL.

THE BREARLEY SCHOOL,
March 6, 1915.

DEAR KATHERINE: — Mrs. Croswell and I paid our respects to the exhibition. We found much pleasure in it; although, as with Wordsworth's poetry, we find that the public loves it rather in spite of the gospel than because of the gospel preached by it. We find much beauty and grace in your work; and we congratulate you in the height you have reached; but we expect you to do something else later; and to reach much higher, both of you.

Please give my love to Marion and say she certainly is a "formidable person," a real genius.

Your affectionate teacher,
J. G. Croswell.

P.S. Your work makes me feel like a hen clucking to a pair of swans. I can't enthuse, only cluck.

WRITINGS

SOCRATES AS A TEACHER

An Address to the Schoolmasters' Association

It seems not unfitting for an association of school-teachers, once a year at least, to commemorate their patron saint. The great Athenian teacher and educational reformer should be remembered often even at the risk of saying or hearing no new thing after all. There is edification in repeating to ourselves ancient truths about education, such truths at least as are associated with this life and this name.

Socrates is especially a tempting subject, in that, though the name is so well known, the man's character and activity still remain something of a riddle. Many have described him. He challenges curiosity still. About him ever old stories possess always something of the piquancy of novelty and youth.

As is well known, two of the greatest literary talents the world has ever seen have been employed carefully and lovingly upon the Socratic biography. In the whole field of

authorship it would be hard to select two more divining and descriptive pens than those of the two Athenians whose names are associated especially with Socrates and his life. Xenophon and Plato, his near friends and his devout worshippers, wrote of their master, and in writing of their master, they have made themselves immortal.

But Xenophon, though he wrote adequately of ten thousand Greeks, with all his effort and all his pious care, could not write adequately of this one. At the end of his book we still feel that sense of baffled curiosity of which I speak. He can tell us, and does tell us, of some determining influences which issued from the life of Socrates upon his own life; he lets us see plainly that Socrates seemed to Xenophon to have made him what he was; he struggles to explain the process; he thinks too of Socrates' good advice and bright example. But at the end of the story, how much more of Xenophon than Socrates we find we have learned.

"And of all that knew Socrates, those who long for excellence miss him most until this day, for we feel that he was the most powerful influence we ever knew making for culture

in all excellence. He was, as I have described him, so pious as to undertake nothing without the knowledge of the gods, so just as to injure no man in the smallest degree, nay, rather he aided all who sought him most generously, so much the master of himself as never to choose that which was pleasant before that which was good, so discreet as never to mistake in distinguishing good from bad, able to argue and able to define, able to judge others and confute sinners, able to urge one toward ideal perfection; such he seemed to be as ought to be the best and most heavenly minded of men.

"If this suffices not any one, let him compare the character of others with that of Socrates and so judge."

An interesting and beautiful picture; hardly characteristic or convincing; it lacks definiteness. In fact, the picture seems somewhat too much like Xenophon himself. The description catches something, to be sure, of the activity of Socrates; it gives some idea of his effect on the personality of a young Athenian; but what Xenophon attributes here to Socrates, surely belongs even more to himself. The turn for moralizing and longing for per-

fection, the discreet common sense, the ability to argue, the ability to distinguish good from bad; self-mastering; the eager search for human perfectness, — all that is a picture of Xenophon himself. It is a product of Socrates' influence, perhaps, but we find its completion in reading of the "Retreat of the Ten Thousand" and in the "Cyropedia."

In this picture of Socrates' virtues it is beyond doubt that Xenophon is drawing himself as he grew under the master's hand, and is attributing his own best characteristics and ideas to the influence of Socrates. Socrates has told us something about this great function of the teacher, the bringing out of the originality of a young man, in that ironical picture of his art which he gives in the "Theætetus."

"I am barren enough myself. The reproach which is often made against me, that I ask questions of others and have not the wit to answer them myself, is very just. I am not myself at all wise, nor have I anything which is the invention or art of my own soul; but those who converse with me profit. Some of them appear dull enough at first, but afterwards, as our acquaintance ripens, if the god

is gracious to them, they all make astonishing progress. No one can imagine that they have learned anything of me; but they have acquired many noble things of themselves."

"I can assure you, Socrates," says Theætetus, "I have tried very often to answer when I heard the questions which came from you; but I can neither persuade myself that I have any answer to give nor hear of any one who answers as you would have me answer; and yet I cannot get rid of the desire to answer."

This is what Socrates' teaching did for Xenophon; but Xenophon, trying to describe his general method, has obscured it somewhat by attributing his own wisdom back to Socrates. He is filled with gratitude; all that he can conceive of good in himself or in the world, he attributes to his master. But as a direct consequence of his master's method he cannot even think of Socrates without a desire to deliver himself of doctrines and ideas that are strictly speaking of his own conception. So the Socrates of the "Memorabilia" is, properly speaking, a sort of Socratic Xenophon rather than a Xenophontic Socrates.

It is not otherwise with the far greater

Socrates described by Plato. Xenophon speaks halting prose, while Plato's thought has the wing and speed of poetry. Plato is one of the world's great imaginative artists. His mind also was awakened by Socrates. No doubt we have far more of the real Socrates as a teacher in the picture of Plato than in the print of Xenophon.

And yet here also we suspect, we feel, we have too much of Plato himself in the portrait. Artists are prone to draw themselves unknowingly in their own work. Certainly this artist has done so. He has felt the witchery of this great magician — all he has and all he knows, he owes to Socrates, and his gratitude took the same form as that of Xenophon. Plato attributes his own discovery and his own philosophy and many of his own convictions to the master. Twenty-seven "Papers on Socrates as a Teacher" you can read in the dialogues of Plato. There we shall find Socrates teaching many doctrines just as Plato's own mind went on to develop. We shall find this Socrates inconsistent with himself; we shall find the dialogues inconsistent with each other, so that students can group them by their stages of development; we shall hardly find

any clear picture of the mind of Socrates on any subject of discussion. We shall find instead many disclaimers on the part of Socrates that he has any mind on any subject.

These two men were gifted historians and imaginative writers. They were also intimate friends of the subject of their biography. It may well be guessed that if they fail, as they do fail, to reveal finally the true Socrates, later biographers could hardly succeed better.

Such is indeed the case from that day to ours; every one who sets out to write about Socrates ends as Xenophon ends, by writing about himself. From the Socratic school there sprang forth numberless shoots, differing in every conceivable way, agreeing only in tracing to the master the origin of all they produce. From the historians who write of Socrates and from the philosophers who preach of Socrates, we inevitably get their own views on life in society; but Socrates is credited with teaching all that each man holds most dear. He always talks the language of the writer. Hear Socrates talk in German: "To win a veritable world of objective thought, and absolute import, to set in the place of empirical subjectivity absolute or ideal subjectivity,

objective with rational thought, this now was the task Socrates undertook and achieved."[1]

I know what Socrates would have said to this: "If you want to see this gentleman and me run in the same race, you must ask him kindly to slacken his speed to mine, for I cannot run quickly and he can run slowly. If you want to hear Protagoras and me discuss, ask him to shorten his words and keep to the point, for discussion is one thing and making an oration is another." It is wise for us to criticise carefully every account of the purposes and intentions attributed to Socrates by any student. We all put in too much of ourselves. But some certainly may be reached.

It is a commonplace observation enough, in all studies upon Socrates, to say that when Socrates is represented, even by Plato, as an authoritative teacher, he is misrepresented. He should not be conceived as a professional teacher at all. He who moulded his generation more than any one member of it, he who affected the whole course of education after his lifetime, never was a "teacher" at all; he delighted to say that he was no "teacher." "There is no foundation for the report that I

[1] Schwegler's *History of Philosophy*.

am a teacher, though if a man were really able to instruct mankind it would be an honorable trade." So he said on trial for his life: "Not guilty, to the charge of school-teaching."

What shall we make of this paradox — the great teacher who said he was no teacher? The truth is that Socrates lived and moved in a new world of educational activity, half realized by himself. The Delphic God did not reveal to him the whole meaning of his own life; Apollo left him struggling with his inspiration. It was the inspiration to become a teacher, of so new a type, that he could not identify himself with anything existing.

Speaking of Socrates as a teacher perhaps the best single proposition to make about him is this: he was the pioneer of a new consciousness in human thinking, a consciousness of analytical processes of human thinking. In him the human race awoke to the knowledge of systematic analysis and definition. In this awakening Socrates knew that he had experience of unique value. To him it appeared a divine inspiration. The novelty of this discovery at that time is hard for us to realize; the greatness of it, I propose to dwell upon. Every word Plato tells us of the awe-stricken

reverence with which Socrates spoke of his peculiar call from God to be wise may be more than justified by studying the peculiar nature of his thought. It was a call from God, from the God who has shaped the course of human thought, and has revealed Himself more and more fully to human reason in these latter days than ever before. The Socratic method of thought is the first dawning upon this planet of conscious, logical study based upon psychological verity.

Can we wonder if the characteristics of Socrates as a teacher were obscured to the Athenian mind by the one characteristic of novelty in his method? He brought a stirring of the air, an unintelligible, exciting touch upon the souls of men. They could hardly guess the meaning of their own feelings, and Socrates' own account of the nature of his mission was no great help to their understanding. It came and went before their eyes, like an exhibition of some new X-rays to the human eyes, as yet half developed.

I do not know anything more curiously interesting than to study from the point of view of a modern teacher the intercourse of Socrates with his excited personal friends. The great-

ness of their vision, the high intention of the processes of Socrates, is so insufficiently registered in the actual conclusions reached! Even in the "Phædo," we hardly know which is the most wonderful; the greatness of the ideal of reasoning set up, or the clumsiness of the development, or the wildness of the conclusion. The dignity of the group of truth-seekers, in the face of the master's death, chasing the logical processes through mists of misapprehension, crossed by half-serious play of intellectual lightning, on to the dramatic end, is a miraculous exhibition of high-minded devotion to intellectual duty. A cloud of unconvincing arguments, and odd phraseology, receives the master out of our sight; nothing is proved about the soul, but the virtue of argument is proved.

Perhaps modern teachers are in a somewhat better position to understand the greatness of Socrates than either Plato, or Xenophon, or himself. I propose to apply to the story of the master some words drawn from our own vocabulary. For the world has thought out many of the propositions which the Athenians were only beginning to figure upon; the work has been done which Socrates only foresaw, foreshadowed; Aristotle and Bacon have lived; the whole

world has been trained in the intellectual processes of greater minds. Any private soldier knows the modern art of war of which Socrates sketched only the first campaign. But we can see now more clearly what a campaign that was. And perhaps we can describe it in the vocabulary of modern warfare. I should like to concentrate my attention, however, on a single point. If I am to speak of Socrates as a teacher, I should like to suggest how much he foresaw of the need of modern psychology, as the commanding position from which to wage the battle of education. "Know thyself" is the watchword of his activity. "Know thyself" means, of course, to him two things: it suggests ethics, but it also suggests psychology. Practical interests always enlisted his attention and directed his reasoning. Xenophon must be right about that. He was first of all ethical students and an interested politician. But his "know thyself" meant really more than that. It meant also a study of the mind in the psychological sense.

"I do nothing but go about persuading you all not to care for your persons or your properties, but first and chiefly to care about the greatest improvement of the mind."

The mind was an object of interest to him of which we do wrong to overestimate the practical application. Psychology, as well as ethics, certainly is within the meaning of his motto.

And this interest is the greater interest of Socrates to us, as I talk to you. It is the half-understood anticipation of psychology which can justify to us of this scientific generation his curious avoidance of physical science as an interest. Having in his hand the very tool of modern science, inductive logic, he laid it down and turned away to the study of man and politics.

"Socrates used to ask whether it was because they thought they knew all about the constitution of man already, that they passed on to consider the universe and the causes which produced the things in the heavens, or whether they cared not for man's interest, and thought they were acting more judiciously in considering all those wondrous things."

His inspiration seems at fault here. Science has acted more judiciously; and yet to believe that logical scientific knowledge of the mind ought to precede the use of that mind, was for Socrates not so great an error.

Astronomy, which Socrates despises, for example, outgrew and suppressed for centuries the scientific psychology which Socrates seems to dream of in a vision. Logically, the order should have been reversed. But the history of man's development has never gone on in logical steps. Though Socrates longed for a scientific study of the process of the mind, yet he failed to realize in detail what that ideal process should be. Logic outran the study of psychology which he only foresaw. Both logic and psychology, however, belong to Socrates by right of discovery.

As we talk of Socrates, then let us not to-day obscure his interest as a psychologist with talk about his civic virtues, like Xenophon, or his metaphysical conclusions, like Plato. Let us briefly sketch his work as illustrating the psychology of the reasoning faculty.

I would choose a sentence or two from Dr. James's books to illustrate the Socratic Psychology: "In reason we pick out essential qualities; essential to some purpose." "The chief of these purposes is predication, a theoretic function." "We pick out of the unanalyzed presented mass something we need for a practical end or an æsthetic end, or an intellectual end,

always an end in view." If it is not mere revery, we are voluntarily seeking along a line of thought. There is a train of suggestion: A to B, B to C, C to D, D to E; the links between these steps are general characters articularly denoted and expressed, analyzed out. "A and B need never have been associated habitually before. They need not be similar to each other. They may have been unknown in this connection with each other or in any connection whatever in our past experience." Reasoning is thus produced. "It puts things together," makes a new conclusion, as two and two put together make four. Reasoning thus contains analysis and abstraction. "The empirical thinker stares at his facts in their entirety. They suggest nothing, there is no train of thought, but the reasoner breaks up his facts and holds on to one of the pieces. This special attribute he takes as the part of the whole fact essential to his end, but this special attribute has attributes not hitherto perceived. Therefore the original whole has the same attributes." I need not carry on Dr. James's ingenious account of the reasoning process, psychologically considered.

Biologically described, the logical process

corresponds in an interesting way to what is called variation from type. Mr. Henry Rutgers Marshall has drawn out this thought in his remarkable book "Reason and Instinct." Expressed in terms of neural activity, the reason seems to him to correspond to a sort of special power in some nervous centre or group of centres to keep on acting by themselves, to continue attention till other activities die out. Just as some cells, biologically speaking, "learn" to group together into an eye and in thousands of years to see, so other cells "learn" to think. Reason differs from instinct in being more conscious of its end; like the act of will, it feels personal.

These descriptions of the reason will be found interesting if interpreted in terms of the activity of Socrates.

The process of Socrates as a teacher was essentially one of question and answer. This is meant to excite the "centres" of the pupil. The question is pointed, definite, and practical, exciting the vivacity of the part of the mind needed in the pursuit of the end in view. The train of thought is carefully directed. "Let X equal the unknown quantity" — Socrates would have delighted to possess that phrase.

Sagacity in analysis is encouraged; let us grasp the matter on the side which will lead on to the point. Examples may be chosen and almost at random from any dialogue of Plato. The description of Socrates' argument at the opening of the "Protagoras," where he discusses with the young man analytically why it is desirable to seek the company of sophists, persuading the youth by question and answer to analyze out the true meaning of his loosely held opinions, is a good case in point. Sagacity, the power to discover attributes essential to the end in view in the subject under discussion, is the one lesson which Socrates attempts to inculcate. The power to observe according to Socrates is the power to observe sagaciously.

To quote Mill: "The observer is not merely one who sees the things before his eyes but one who sees the parts that the thing is composed of. To do this well is a rare talent; one person from inattention or attending in the wrong place, overlooks the essential part of what he sees and the other sets down more than he sees, making it of what he imagines."

How does sagacity grow? Our perceptions of all things are at first vague. The thing we perceive has no parts or subdivisions or limita-

tions. But some practical æsthetic or instinct interest sets us attending to the parts; association and dis-association begin their work and analysis sets in. Some minds reflect on the process itself; some people have noticed themselves reasoning; they notice the method of their own working. This reflective analysis is the mother of science.

Socrates' greatness seems to me to be indicated most clearly by his discovery of these psychological phenomena. This is the kernel of the Socratic Elenchus. He noticed that the poet and the artist cannot reflect on the steps of their own processes. "I went to the poets," he says. "Will you believe me that I might say there is hardly a person present who cannot talk better about poetry than the poets themselves? Then I knew without going farther, that not by wisdom do poets write, but by inspiration."

"The abrupt transitions," says Dr. James, "in Shakespeare's thought astonish the reader no less by their unexpectedness than they delight him by their fitness. Why does the death of Othello so stir the spectator's blood? Shakespeare could not say why; his invention, though rational, was not ratiocinative. That speech

about the Turbaned Turk flashed upon him as to the right end. Shakespeare, whose mind supplied the means, could not have told why they were effective."

But science knows where she is going and has reflected on the steps thither. She needs and she can train her own special sagacities. Conscious analysis has taken the place of intuitive analysis.

This step, Socrates noticed; he noticed the nature of analysis; he noticed the inattention of all thinkers of his time, specially of practical and ready actors in the human drama, to the stages of the process of reasoning. The Athenians lack specially "sagacity"; strict analysis of general ideas, the identification of individuals under the general classification are wanting in their thought. "People do not know what they think they know." He desires to educate the young, at least, in the scientific process of thought, especially in this sense.

It is curious to observe how men undervalue this side of education to this day. Even under the light of modern science how incessantly we crave information; how we overvalue memory; how short-winded we are in pursuing lines of reasoning; how dull we are in detecting the

essential and valuable qualities, attributes, parts, of any matter which will tell on our ends in view. First of all, we are dull in conceiving and holding any purposed end practical or theoretic. How hard it is to order any problem rightly. How rarely we reach any practical result or even any theoretic predication by the reasoning process. We live always by general processes which have come to us by authority; even then we do not see their contents; we cannot analyze. Professor Lebon says: "The memorable events of history are the visible effects of the invisible changes of human thoughts. The reason these great events are so rare is that there is nothing so stable in a race as the inherited groundwork of its thought."

Socrates is for all times the bright example of the rarer type, the critical and sagacious type of man. So eager is he, at least as Plato exhibits him, to show the processes of reasoning to his hearers that this becomes his only end in view. He cares very little apparently about the manufactured product of his process. He will cheerfully leave an analysis defective. His actual conclusions are often negative or purposely absurd. It would be a very interesting and a very long study to criticise the want

of logic, the blunders and absurdities of the Socratic reasoning in terms of modern psychology. But one thing would certainly appear: Socrates does mean to uphold the logical process and his logical process is founded upon correct psychology. He desires to lead the world to think for themselves in every exigency; he desires to develop sagacity. Those who do not reason at all, those who reason badly, those who reason well, are to be his pupils. His process is all compacted of one effort to set and make attractive as an educational ideal, a pursuit of knowledge by analytical selection. On that he is ready to fall or stand; for that gospel he was willing to quarrel with the whole city. There should be to him no other element in education except the stirring up of the analytical faculty; no other product of education than a mind which can select for itself the essential attribute to the processes. Now, if modern psychology tells us anything it is that this selective action of the mind is the essential attribute of mental activity, that the mind that is quick to select and insinuate itself into and grasp the essential part of presented fact is the educated mind. Compared with this originality, whether trained or untrained, no

other human activity has a right to be called intellectual. Socrates, once for all, founded the teaching of reasoning processes. And yet how slow we are to believe it — our inherited basis of thought, our maxims, our sentiments, the rules and the ways of doing things that we have received from our ancestors — how we love to hand them along. How little we care to analyze. How parents love us to teach their children "what everybody ought to know." How they long to have their children's education marketable in the world they have known. How slight the instinct for discovery of unattractive and unmarketable truth.

I have always wished to know if there had been any school-teachers on the jury that tried Socrates. I imagine there must have been two types in Athens. One of them, I think, was that of the sophist who gave brilliant lectures on the current philosophy; perhaps he read "Homer" aloud, or exhibited the wonders of science. He built a garden of rootless flowers in the mind of the Athenian boy, but he did n't teach analysis. Perhaps Socrates had met his pupils; perhaps he had shown some of them that none of all this was an intellectual activity, that "what the boy thought he knew, he did not know"; that

he misunderstood the first element of intellectual process. That type of man voted for condemnation. They were many, too many alas! as always, on all juries. Perhaps another juryman may have been a teacher who had held his boys up to the painful duty of thought — never a highly appreciated duty especially by parents of children. The thinking of his pupils was of course clumsy; there were little or no direct "results." Only these boys learned to think. Parents do not always appreciate the part the teacher plays or the school plays in such a process. The boy may become a thinker; but the parent imagines he was born so, and the processes of his school appear to them unpractical, useless. The boy has learned to think; but nothing else. "Why has he not learned Persian? he might become ambassador or get a position at Sardis." Such teachers are not popular. Such an Athenian teacher might get on the jury, but he would have voted for acquittal.

In this sense the trial of Socrates and his process is still going on; you and I are tried today. The great educational questions of the time turn on this quarrel. Athenian history is in this point, as in so many others, almost like

a dress rehearsal of human life ever since. For us the story of Socrates has a personal color.

It was a brave fight and a good death that Socrates made. God trusted him, we feel, with a mission, and to that mission he was faithful. But I have tried to suggest that the description of that mission of Socrates might be restated in an interesting way in the terms of modern psychology. To me that fact seems to make his mission even more impressive than ever, especially to school-teachers to-day.

I do not know if Socrates is aware in the Elysian fields of this curious resurrection at the end of modern scientific investigation of his old interest. I do not know if his happy spirit has found the occupation he desired in the other world, whether he has been searching as he promised ever since his death into the true and false knowledge over Jordan, and finding out who is wise and who is not. "If, indeed, when the pilgrim arrives in the world below, he is delivered from the professors of justice in this world and finds the true judges there the saints of God which are righteous in their own lives here, then that pilgrimage will be worth making. What infinite delight would there be in conversing with these people and asking them

questions. In another world they do not put a man to death for asking questions, but beside being happier in that world than this, we shall all be immortal there, if what they say is true."

Certainly his questionings put him to death; more certainly they have made him immortal.

JOHN TETLOW (1843–1911) [1]

Head Master of the Girls' High School in Boston, 1885–1907

YOUR teacher was a great man, how great I do not know that I can say, but as I have listened here to-night I have perceived that that has happened already to him which is the teacher's high reward, — that the light which in his profession he cast forward on the steps of the young entrusted to his charge is already reflected back on his own figure, illustrating and glorifying his memory. Not that such an ambition could ever enter into the heart of John Tetlow. Self-illustration, it seems to me, as I remember him, was the most alien thing one can conceive of him. But it is not possible that — at the head of this great school, at the head of his profession — the light should not illuminate him as we remember him.

I cannot speak of his achievements. They have been spoken of in particular to-night, but there is another light which does illuminate a

[1] Address by Mr. Croswell at the memorial service held in Arlington Street Church, Boston, on April 8, 1912.

character, — not the light that comes from what he did, beautiful as that is, but the light that comes from what he wished to do, not his achievements, but his ideals, his hopes, his loves. Any picture of any man is imperfect without that. It seems to me that of all men the school-teacher works by his ideals even more than by his achievements; that what John Tetlow did for us was in some way to convey the inspiration of his thought, — that this was even more than what he did by the efficient and great work of his life.

I represent to-night as I can, as Dr. Gallagher has said, the Head Masters' Association. The Head Masters' Association is a body of friends who meet together once a year in the holiday season to exchange their ideals — to tell each other what they would like to do, not what they have done. It has no achievements, it has never "acted"; the membership is composed very variously; there are in it, or have been in it, men whose names are known all over the profession; there are men whose work is small. There is there, however, a spirit of fraternity, of love, of personal intercourse, which make it to those who know it one of the most powerful, one of the most useful, one of the

most inspiring of our experiences; and this society was the creation of Dr. Tetlow. He was one of the first, he was one of the last. His name stood on our programme at Christmas time, and when that time came for him, he was not. He held all the offices, — I think, every one, — almost all from the lowest to the highest. It was there that I met him. As a man among his friends and as a member of the Association, I should like to speak, if you will permit me for a few minutes, of what I learned of that good man's ideals in that way. The first impression that he made upon me was one I am sure you all know. In the first fifteen minutes of my acquaintance with him I said, "This man loves work." The next I am sure you know. In the next fifteen minutes of my acquaintance I said, "This man would love me to work." In the third fifteen minutes, and from that time on, my feeling of him was, "I should love to work with him." He had that natural leadership. He conveyed that ideal almost irresistibly, relentlessly. He was a worker and he spoke of work. He loved accuracy. He loved efficiency. He loved good work. It is no surprise to me to hear, as I have heard Professor Moore bear witness, that his pupils loved it too. He loved

reason. It seemed to me that he was himself reason. In our professional outlook there are not many people who reason or who love it. Those who do are valuable beyond price. Reasoned truth, truths that can be stated, conclusions that can be drawn, — these were dear to him, I had almost said this was his main interest in life.

Then he loved people. Many people love wisdom, but the first impression and the last impression I drew from his society was that he loved people, the human race, yes, that he loved me. Is there anything more inspiring? Is there anything that children need more than the love of their teacher? Is there anything that means more in our profession than that love and the conveying of that love from the older to the younger? I had the impression also that he loved the Past; that the things that the human race had already attained were precious to him; that he did not care to throw things away for the sake of something better and later, professionally. We need the progressive spirit, but the Future will not come by a stampede of the Present. If there is any truth in the evolution theory, the Future can only emerge out of what is strong in the Past. I speak without, perhaps,

authority enough, but it seems to me that that was Dr. Tetlow's belief. As we saw him in the hours of social interchange we relied upon him for conservatism, for *σωφροσύνη*. There too he will be missed in the profession of the educator. This, as the master passion of his life, the love of the Past, he certainly conveyed to us. Where is the place where love of humanity, love of work, love of wisdom, love of reason, all are at home? In the Greek and Latin classics. In the pursuit of these classics, in the attainment of the vision of antiquity which he in such large measure knew, it is no wonder that a man of his power, his thought, his history, was distinguished not only as an accurate and careful scholar but as a lover of those works.

Last, as I have heard to-night again, he was a lover of freedom. "Captain of the company" certainly persisted to the end. He was a good soldier in the war of the liberation of humanity. I like to think that whatever heaven is or is not to be, on the evidence of two great men we are told it is a place of freedom. "Jerusalem which is above is free — the mother of us all." Dante, also, at the end of his vision, turns to his guide who has carried him up through the circles and

says, "Thou hast guided me from servitude to freedom." It is the joy of his spirit to have stood in that struggle for individual freedom which made him the champion of the school-teacher against oppressors from above, which made him fight for freedom of thought, which made him our champion as well as our genial opponent. Whatever the other joys of heaven may be, that freedom I like to think he enjoys now.

I came here to-night chiefly for the privilege of saying the farewell in the name of his profession and his associates, that farewell of which fate cheated us in the circumstances of his death. In what words shall we give it? Latin words rise to my lips, words which would have been to him reminiscent of delightful study, —

> Accipe fraterno multum manantia fletu
> Atque in perpetuum, frater, ave atque vale.[1]

They are perhaps too cold. They are too much like an inscription. Fragments of a still older funeral hymn come back to me, only fragments, written when Rome itself was still in the cradle, written "before all time," fragments of a great hymn. In the funeral by the

[1] Catullus, 10

banks of the Ganges there gathered not the members of the Brahmin caste, for caste was still undeveloped, but the heads of families stood roundabout. Is it forcing the analogy to think of the members of the Head Masters' Association, the families in which he was so illustrious, using those words as a last greeting: "Depart thou by the ancient paths where the fathers have departed. Shake off thy imperfections. Go to thy home. Let him depart to those who are mighty in battle, to the heroes who have given their lives for others. Bear him and carry him to the world of the righteous. Let the new-born soul, crossing the gloom, gaze in wonder and go up to the high heaven once more." These are good words to speak now, in two ways. Do they not show us that the fire that was lighted so long ago has been passed on, the same fire lit at the distant funeral pyre in India? These are our ideals and his. The fire flamed on from the East, touching in Jerusalem, touching in Athens, touching in Rome, passed like a torch from the hands, now of the great man, now of the dwarf, through various obstacles to us, and from us on forever. It seems to me one may say — a friend may say — no stronger hand, no purer heart has

ever held it than his. And then in the other way too. Is it not good for us to remember that this plain, straightforward, honest man that we knew, is truly a good soldier in the sealed warfare of humanity, one of "the heroes who have given their lives for others"?

THE ONE THING NEEDFUL[1]

The task of the teacher, be it in school or in college, is not an easy one. There are a set of unpleasantnesses peculiar to our profession, of which the most unpleasant is that, as a profession, we are subjected to more criticism, just and unjust, than any other trade or profession has to endure. We school-teachers are criticised by our pupils, by their parents, by the citizens of our Republic, by all the newspapers, indeed by all those who think they can see a gap between their ideals of what we ought to do and our performance of our tasks. Like the ministers of the Gospel, we are always under fire from those we would serve, and in some sense perhaps we always deserve it.

But, like no other profession, school and college teachers are also exposed continually to shots from the rear. Our profession suffers more from self-criticism than any other; more than in any other profession, except perhaps

[1] Address by Mr. Croswell, as President of the Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools of the Middle States and Maryland, delivered at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, in 1908.

that of the artist, the humblest workers behold the glory of the ideal. We all see the hilltops of our aspiration and we observe distinctly one another's distance therefrom. Teachers collected in convention suffer from special forms of depression, in addition to our chronic despondency. We exhibit a "conventional melancholy." It is brought on or much increased by such heart-searching exercises as we have had this afternoon.

The best of us, perhaps the best more than the worst of us, are prone to utter on these occasions somewhat despairing statements over the condition of the teaching world as it exists to-day. Just at present there seems to be an unusual abundance of such pessimistic views before the public. In Professor Barrett Wendell's last book, for example, entitled "The Privileged Classes of America," I find this impressive sentence: "There are few colleges of America in which we are not often confronted with bachelors of arts who are virtually uneducated." Or this: "All over the world the traditional methods of education have been tried and found wanting." And here, again: "From my point of view, the younger generation seems hardly educated at all."

In the presidential address of last year President Woodrow Wilson made some statements of the same sort, viewing the matter from another angle. "I have had the experience (which I am sure is common to modern teachers) of feeling that I was bending all my efforts to do a thing which was not susceptible of being done, and that the teaching that I professed to do was as if done in a vacuum, as if done without a transmitting medium, as if done without an atmosphere in which the forces might be transmitted." Or this: "I wish to state these things, if need be, in an extravagant form, in order to have you realize that we are upon the eve of a period of reconstruction. I never attend any gathering of this kind (that is, a teachers' convention) that I do not hear the frankest admission that we are in search of the fundamental principles of the thing we are trying to do."

This view prevails with Mr. Abraham Flexner in his recent book on the American college. He speaks as follows: "Our college students are just as lacking in spontaneous and disinterested intellectual activity as in more strictly instrumental power and efficiency." Or this: "Our college students are and for the

most part emerge flighty, superficial and immature, lacking, as a class, concentration, seriousness and thoroughness." The drift of his arguments, he thinks, establishes the proposition that the very qualities which seem to secure the degree B.A. would secure a man's dismissal from any other business whatever.

It is small wonder that, bearing the burden and heat of the day and getting so bad a harvest, school-teachers should sometimes grow faint and weary. The prospect does at times look dark. I myself received a letter recently from a school-teacher in New York, a teacher who had been successful in every way, having done, perhaps, the best work in the city and received much reward in the good-will and affection of her scholars. She was writing on business, but her pen, straying to the general discussion of the teacher's work and its reward, summed up her experiences as follows: "Sometimes, in the last few years, I have been made to feel, considering the tortures that are applied to me, that school-teaching might be characterized as General Sherman described war."

I am here to-night to deny the validity of all such statements and all such criticisms,

long and short, if considered as serious attempts to assess the total value of American educational work of to-day, though I am willing to accept them as suggestive propositions to open up our discussion of a topic I desire to introduce.

I do not believe we are going to destruction. I do believe, however, that "*porro unum est necessarium.*" With us, as with the young man in the Bible, there is something necessary to perfection which we do not now notably possess in the American school life. With all our endeavors and success there is something missing. I propose, as well as I can, to offer suggestions which may at once account for these animadversions of our critics and do something, on the other side, toward describing the better state of things I desire to see.

In the first place, there is a misunderstanding or two to clear up. School-teaching is not heaven, either to the teacher or learner. We should not try to make our schools too blissful. The unsuccessful effort to make heavenly schools will account for a good deal of the melancholy and despair which at times settle over us. The simple fact, hard to remember

as it seems, is this, that the world in which teachers live and scholars work is a curious world of itself, full of odd geography, but it is neither hell nor heaven. It is true, many of our experiences as teachers give a certain plausibility to my friend's saying that school-teaching had some resemblance to the adventures of the Inferno, or at least we will confess that it suggests the classical Hades. I have often thought as I read the sixth book of the Æneid, that Virgil must have foreseen school-teaching. I know the wheel of Ixion; it suggests to me the routine in which I have spun round, Tuesday following Monday, Wednesday Tuesday, and so on for twenty years. Catiline has abused our patience longer than he did that of Cicero; Homer has, as the Greek epigram says, supported more lives than ever the Iliad made the prey of dogs and birds. I know the stone of Sisyphus, rolled everlastingly up hill and everlastingly bounding down again. Has it ever happened to you to hear a pupil, after two years of algebra, inquire in a startled voice, "What is an 'unknown quantity'?" As for the banquets of Tantalus, we teachers have educational luxuries set forth by publishers of schoolbooks and

makers of committee reports which evade our touch as we grasp after them in vain.

School is not heaven, but school differs profoundly from any circle of any inferno. The world of school is, beyond all worlds, the place of hope. However crude and imperfect our present arrangements, however crude our processes, however unsatisfactory our results, however deeply condemned may be the young men who take our degrees and diplomas, there is no sense in speaking in despair of the worst school that ever was known; there is always a possibility, nay, even a probability, of improvement. Hope is the great commodity of all schools. Anything may happen in a school; even the imps of the pit may in one hour become angels of light; not only become so, but remain so. A boy may turn into anything, even into a man. The worst, yes, the worst possible system of education turned in the worst possible way, by the worst possible hands, has on occasion transformed itself, slowly or suddenly, into a thing of greater and greater beauty.

But if school is not heaven or hell, neither is it earth. The common blunder in judging the world of school and college is to presume

to judge this fluctuating, adolescing mass by the fixed standards of the adult world. Such is the blunder of the critics above quoted. Men judge schools, schoolboys, and even schoolgirls, by the standards of adult males. They do not recollect that our profession differs from all others in that its business is not transacted upon their earth at all. Our world may not be in heaven, but neither is it on *terra firma*. We live and work in the borderland, the "never, never land," the limbo of the innocents. There lies the "bonny road that winds across the ferny brae" of youth. The school world is full of hope, but it is not a land of attainment. School is a place of still unrealized ideals, of loyalties to the causes that cannot be described as lost, because they have never been won. Why should we judge these half-defined cloudlands by the standards of any old man in this old world?

Such an answer I should make to most critics such as I have quoted. Such are the feelings with which the American, the schoolteacher or the schoolboy himself, is apt to answer all critics of his shortcomings. Even parents, in one of their two moods, are indulgent to these arguments. As Professor Briggs

very keenly says: "Many parents regard school and college as far less serious in its demands than business; a place of delightful irresponsibility, where a youth may disport himself before he is condemned to hard labor."

Possibly, however, we Americans tolerate childishness too long and too much in school and college. We may let our children remain too long immature, under the influence of these feelings which I have described. Our critics may be right in this regard. American teachers are not awake to the actual danger of the situation. Let us consider the matter again more carefully.

After all, more does go to the making of man than quick senses or volatile attention or the hopefulness and charm of childhood. If we have no more than that in our schools we are not contributing our proper share to the maturing of the nation. To remind us of a better ideal, let me read to you President Wilson's description of the educated man as he gave it at Haverford this month: "The nation needs not only men in the vague and popular sense of that word, that is, men who have been taken from the narrow surroundings of somewhat simple homes and who have

gone through the process of a sort of miniature world (what I have just called of the unreal world) such as the large college often is; it needs trained and disciplined men, men who know and who can think; men who can perceive and interpret, whose minds are accustomed to difficult tasks and questions, which cannot be threaded except by minds used to processes and definite endeavor; men whose faculties are instruments of precision and whose judgments are steady by knowledge. Such men it is not getting by the present processes of college life, and cannot get them until that life is organized in a different spirit and for a different purpose." These are beautiful words, and as we read them we cannot but appreciate more deeply the complexity of what we ought to do for education. One may doubt and despair if one turns his eyes too earnestly on this dazzling standard. When we contrast the elaborate finish of this ideal product with the intellectual crudity of the early stages of a boy's life, as we have them, few of us would venture to promise, by any process of our present schooling, to produce such beings as these. Very few such men get born, though such men do appear in the col-

lege world oftener than President Wilson will admit. He is such a man himself. He has, therefore, no right to say that such men are not produced at all by our educational processes. What we have to do, we will admit, is to consider more carefully the process of maturing and to improve it if we can. We must find better ways of helping the process of growth in making less the stupidities of youth. We now multiply the children's experiences of life, but we must also deepen them.

We must think with patience of this process and with hope of the result. We produce some good men now; we must produce more of them. Especially we must try to produce more mature men. It is our duty to advance the maturity of young Americans. Yet, on the other hand, in the interests of this maturity, I should say to our critics and to my colleagues, we must stay our haste and make delays. This part of the teacher's duty, to diminish the pace of life for young people, is least understood by American parents, and the American community is, therefore, impatient with us. Much of the school criticism arises simply from undue impatience. Delay in ripening is a very vital part of the ripening

process. "Before the beginning of years there came to the making of man time, with the gift of tears." And yet we talk to parents, and college presidents talk to us, as if some teachers' association, some day, would invent a process to eliminate patience and time; as if children could be matured, if we only knew how, in no time at all, as in Paradise.

I recollect hearing once of a process for maturing wine "while you wait." The inventor had figured that contact with the air was the chemical cause of the ripening of wine. As contact could only occur at the surface, consequently, if any way could be found for multiplying the points of contact between the air and the surface of the liquid, the process must be shortened by that factor. His patent or device was to take the wine to the top of a shot tower and spray it downward through the air four hundred feet, whereby raw, new port must become fine old wine in the space of about five minutes. Some of our schemes and systems for the economical ripening of youth seem to have the defects of this device, physically and psychologically.

All American life, American ideals, American practices need the slow ripening of time.

We must therefore ripen our educational processes, maturing the culture of those who control and plan them. We need a patient attendance, too, on the natural growth of our children.

Moreover, our critics need patience in their estimation of our results. A very good friend of mine, who sent me into the teaching profession thirty years ago, gave me that watchword as the result of his own successful experience. "You will need patience every day," said he; "you will need courage once a month." I have needed more patience and less courage than that. We all of us have courage enough, especially in challenging the difficulties of our educational task; probably we none of us have patience enough with ourselves and our institutions.

But the unrest of our generation of which I speak is, as a sign of the times, not to be dismissed with a mere recommendation of patience. What does it mean, that for a generation, as Woodrow Wilson said to us last year, "We have been passing through a period when everything seems in the process of dissolution"? When there is such a universal dispersion of every ancient aspect and concep-

tion of our world we must examine ourselves. There must be a cause for it. If the new renaissance is due, and perhaps overdue, patience alone will not produce it.

We need something yet to satisfy the longings alike of the hopeful and the despairing who study the educational field. There must be something more looked for to save us. And this one thing needful seems to me to be a better attitude of mind toward work. If one looks more carefully into the mass of criticism of our processes of which I am speaking one feels that they generally reduce to mistrust of the attitude of mind toward work prevailing among teachers or students, or both. As President Wilson said, we are in search of fundamental principles of the thing we are trying to do, and we must be on the eve of a period of reconstruction. Now, there is nothing more fundamental than the attitude of mind with which scholars and teachers attack their common task. It is probably our attitude toward our work as scholars and teachers which we should reconstruct. A search for the best method of doing this ought to reward us, even before we capture any more fundamental principle.

opinion prevails in America about the teaching profession we cannot rely on a great number of superior personalities joining us in our forlorn hope, certainly not enough to bring about a "New Renaissance," to get a new attitude of mind in the place of the old one by their inspiration. If we are to have among us teachers that produce scholars and lame ducks, the attitude of mind of pupils, teachers, and parents to work will never improve.

But I am prepared to say that even if by some miracle a large number of authoritative personalities were to appear in the next generation of school-teachers there would still be need of further help to produce the change of heart for which I am looking. There is something further needful than great ideals embodied by great teachers. The saying that Mark Hopkins at one end of the log and a student at the other makes a university is only in one sense true. There must be an atmosphere, an intention, an ambition on both sides of the log, which would hardly be created simply by a dominating personality. We want better reactions on the part of our students themselves, not a reaction excited merely by their interest in attractive people.

While we gladly welcome, therefore, the mystical transfer of life by the living to the living, which Thwing described as the true definition of the teacher's activity, there lies even beyond this a more maturing experience still, which every boy and girl must have deep rooted in their lives if they are to be true men and women. Our students must know work.

The hunger for work which comes to every man when he first faces the life struggle, that lonely, competitive personal struggle which we must all know, I shall once for all describe as working for the market. That is the one thing needful to make our schools alive again. Our boys and girls, our young men and women must learn to work by working for the market. This market may be man's market, where one earns one's living, or God's market, where one earns one's salvation. It is this sacramental touch of the spirit of work upon our spirits which we ought to yearn for in the lives of our youth in our secondary schools and colleges. This touch is now, it seems to me, very much wanting. Our boys and girls do not believe they are working for any market at all. If we could persuade the boys and girls in our schools and colleges that they were truly

earning their living at school by their work in school we should soon find that our American youth would rise nearer to the measure of their duty in the high schools and colleges. If it could be seen by pupils that the processes and occupations in the high schools and colleges were in any way concerned with their own marketable value as men we should soon see a renaissance begin. Nothing short of this attitude of mind will really save our schools.

I dislike the words "cultural" and "vocational," but in this connection I feel much tempted to use them. And if I use them I should say that if we wish a new renaissance we must assess the value of our educational institutions in terms of vocation. All pursuits in school should be thought of by the students as vocational pursuits. This will renew our lives. The day one feels that his work is worth more than he is, that day the boy becomes a man. I do not say that one must earn dollars or quarters of dollars, necessarily, to acquire that new feeling. When the storm of the Civil War swept over this country a most marvellous change was wrought in many an idle boy. The heroes whose names are inscribed on the walls of our institutions of learning are the names

of boys, often chiefly distinguished in college by their apathy in all matters of scholastic regimen. Why did they drill in the army who never would drill in college? It was because they saw that their output was marketable in one case and not in the other. It was cultural versus vocational activity. Many are the markets of the universe. They were earning their living who fell at Gettysburg; home they went, and took their wages.

I urge, then, greater consideration and greater esteem for the vocational ideal in school. I think this will work a great change of mind and a greater change of practice. Vocation alone can stimulate Americans to duty. We cannot, of course, deny the value of self-culture as a good in itself, nor can we tell our children that anything they do at the age of the secondary school life will be marketable in any very definite vocation. Nothing that our pupils put out, whether it be the solution of a mathematical problem or the acquisition of French or Latin, is as marketable as they are themselves. But though this be the master fact of the adolescent situation, it is not in the least wholesome for such an idea to dominate their imaginations. Cardinal Newman, I

believe, laid down the ingenious paradox of ethics, as follows: "Be virtuous and you will be happy. But they that seek happiness have not the virtue." Let me alter it! "Be industrious in school and you will be cultivated. But they that work for culture never have the right kind of industry. It is only those who work for the product's sake who truly work."

I propose, then, that we should cease to emphasize the cultural ideal of work, as we have done in the past in school and college, and should emphasize the vocational. Culture is not a wholesome ideal for youth. It is in no way a natural ideal for youth; least of all is it so in our generation. Any boy or any girl in our time must work for some social market; the nearer the market the better. It is, for example, because the playing of a football game seems to boys a true vocation that athletics have flourished so largely in the midst of the cultural vacuum, into which Woodrow Wilson describes our teaching as having passed. Can any one conceive, for example, of the hosts which assemble to behold our boys following their "vocation" as athletes assembled to watch cultural exer-

cises in gymnastics? It is the market of competition which enlivens the work of the muscles. Why not of the mind?

Let me repeat. I think that the cultural ideals of the past are not deeply rooted enough in the social life of the present and future to serve the turn of enlisting the best work of American youth. The educational ideal of Athens, for example, on which our ideals of culture generally rest, contemplated an aristocracy whose perfections, mental and bodily, rested upon slave labor and a social ideal of life now outworn. It fails to interest the modern world; our boys misunderstand it. Perfection of the Oxford culture, defined as Professor Jowett described it, teaching "the English gentleman to be an English gentleman," this, too, fails to meet the demand of our time in our country. "A gentleman's mark is 'C,'" was the immortal statement of an ingenuous college youth at Harvard. Why not? But no boy would ever believe that a "C" alegbra, offered in any market, was worth more than "A1" algebra.

In what way can we bring the more wholesome market ideal more closely before the eyes of growing boys and growing girls? In

what way can we make the new technical studies serve the test of humanistic ideals, the ideals of work? For this is far more necessary than the reverse. In two ways, it seems to me.

The true market of adult life can be suggested in the work of the earlier years by increasing the number of vocational studies and vocational schools in our community. Let us have trades taught universally. Let us, even in childhood, learn things which we know even in childhood can be taken to market. Open the trade schools, if we are to have them, to all comers. From them will spread precisely that seriousness about the process, that value in the product, which I desire to see increase in the life of American school boys. This will uplift our cultural ideals. Taking the market as it is, even with all its narrowness, let us see that our children get into it earlier than they now do. Let them learn to work with their hands, even though it were hunting and fishing. All the yachting and canoeing and boat-sailing, all the gardening and farming, into which hungry children throw themselves with such avidity, will increase and multiply the centres by which this vivacious ideal of

the meaning of work, the true, new attitude of mind, may spread.

A second way in which this same end may be reached seems to me important for us American school-teachers to consider. Should we not multiply trainings for new vocations in our schools? Why must we narrow our vocational schools to the teaching of trades already at work in the market? Because they see no direct connection between school work and any definitely established trade or profession, parents forget that their sons may be called upon to be pioneers in new vocations. We forget that America has to establish new trades and new professions as well as pursue the old ones, and that trade schools alone will not train a man even for the life of trade and commerce. In this connection I should be glad to tell you a story told me by Frederick Law Olmsted of his own beginning and his own experience. He it was who designed and mapped out Central Park, in New York. He told me that when this undertaking first began to be realized he was forced to spend nearly the whole of his days in persuading citizens and officials of New York that they needed a park there. His nights he gave to the pro-

fessional work involved in making it. So in our work we must cultivate the demand for ourselves as a condition preceding our efforts to satisfy it.

Another thing we can do, if we wish to produce a more inspired industry in our secondary schools, is a thing which is close at hand. We might try to give more of their proper vocational values to such studies as actually exist in the present high-school curriculum. We treat all our studies in the high school and college too often with no regard to their vocational possibilities. We treat them as cultural subjects exclusively and they droop. But all the cultural subjects in our curriculum began originally as vocations. Vocations are older than cultures. Any culture study has more to gain from being true as a vocational study than it has to lose. For instance, it was not until Latin ceased to be of marketable value as a language that it posed as pure culture. But by treating it merely as a culture we are killing it off. Let us now treat it again as vocation. Mr. Wendell suggested that he studied Latin simply as a nauseous means of cultivating the voluntary attention. But why not learn Latin? Why not pursue it as a

thing of vocational meaning? It can be done; it ought to be done. It is a language, after all.

Or why not learn some French in our schools? The new method of teaching modern languages has just the vocational meaning. Under the cultural methods of treating the subject one is supposed to value the intellectual culture involved in studying French grammar, rhetoric, and literature more than he values the incidental French he acquires. Suppose one postpones all this to the acquisition of a working knowledge of French or German as languages. Would not the attitude of mind in our modern language classes improve? Are they not languages, after all?

Or consider mathematics. Why make that very practical subject so essentially into a setting-up drill of the intellect? Is it necessary to have three years of arithmetical culture, two years of algebraic culture, one year of geometric culture, all separated by logical classification from each other? Is there any good argument for this arrangement? Is there any vocation known in which geometry exists simply as an exercise in logic, independently of arithmetic or algebra?

Or consider the problem of instruction in

English. Where would the cultural ideal conduct us finally if we pursued it in the study of English to the exclusion of vocational English entirely? Shall we be able to speak English? We have not made or we have lost too far the vocational connections in our school work.

When I plead for the vocational ideal as a new means of inspiration in our American schools, I am not speaking, of course, solely of the money value of acquisitions or talents. Money values may easily be overestimated, though money value is a pretty faithful index of market value. A boy or girl who receives wages for work feels most vigorously, most strongly, that he is at last enlisted with the colors. It is a great experience, one that I should like every boy and every girl in our country to have, to work for money, as regularly as all European boys serve in the army, if only for two or three years.

But it need not be money values that we propose to consider when we speak of vocational work in school. Much social service is done, and always will be done, which cannot be paid for in money. It is sufficient that a boy's work is recognized by the worker and his comrades as service. It may be service to

the school, the college, the family, or the community. Work done in the sight of the host has its uplifting inspiration. Why not idealize the word "vocation" and make it appeal in more general ways to our scholars?

If our schools create this vocational atmosphere even in culture studies, great improvements must follow. Two of our greatest problems would probably be solved at once. Under no vocational ideal of school instruction could the absurd proposition maintain itself that every child, in every public school, must study every subject. This superstition sprang out of the old ideal of a rounded culture to the end of school work. This is already a hopeless ideal; it never had any vocational meaning.

Moreover, the other enemy of good work might vanish. If it were understood that the value of the product was to be considered, which each child can present to the world at the close of his school life, we should hear less of overcrowded high schools and overburdened taxpayers. Pupils who could not "make good" from the vocational point of view in pursuing their college and high school subjects, who could not produce any marketable commodity in any subject of learning, necessarily would

receive no consideration from the taxpayers. Our democratic indulgence to incompetency in our public schools would be cut at the root.

These random suggestions seem to me to point out the road on which we may march; they do not pretend to be a developed scheme for immediate realization.

We need a new attitude of mind. I think we must search for the new attitude of mind by making our school and college work appeal more and more to the constructive ambition of American youth. James Russell Lowell was fond of saying that school and college should be the place where "nothing useful was studied." He put it somewhere in another way, that we should respect and provide for the growing of roses, not less than cabbages, in our academic field. No one will deny the deep meaning of these poetic imaginations. Our new attitude of mind cannot controvert them; but both roses and cabbages, after all, grow best when grown for the market. I confess, for one, that I think there is more danger in idly contemplating our cabbage field than in attempting to make roses useful. We must interest our boys more in the market values

of their intellectual product. This is good modern pragmatism.

We must judge the schools with more severity from the standpoint of public market. Things are tolerated good-naturedly in American schools which would not be tolerated in Europe, where market values are more considered. We are too gentle, for example, with bad English if produced in school by a nice boy. The one thing needful is a new and severer attitude of mind, which would arrive automatically among both pupils and teachers if vocational ideals should be more considered, even at the expense of the cultural atmosphere.

As this convention is now housed in a church, I hope it will be permitted me to remind my audience of the New Testament story from which we have derived our phrase, "The one thing needful." The rich young man asked the Master what he must do to be saved. He rehearsed his great possessions and detailed his culture. But the answer was, "Sell all that thou hast." Does this not mean to take all that we have to market? This application of the parable is not fanciful, I think; it is good Christianity. Here shortly follows another parable which proves this. At the Day of

Judgment, we are told, one set of mankind will appear before the bar of heaven, appealing to their cultural experiences. "Lord, we have eaten and drunk in thy presence, and Thou hast taught in our streets." They have been in the presence of great things and great men; they have seen them idly; they have passed by. We are also told that they will be judged by a vocational test: have they done anything for "the least of these my brethren"? and those who have only eaten and drunk in the presence of the Lord, who have never brought their talents to the market test, will be invited to depart with the other children of selfish culture to the place where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth.

Vocation is a word to conjure with in modern America. I want to use it, with its associations, to cover the whole ground of a boy's experience in his school life. I want it to bring about a new attitude in work. Do not mistake me. I have no desire to make radical substitutions, say of laundry work for Latin. I do not wish the higher experiences of the soul to give way to the lower. But high or low are dangerous words to use of human education. Let the rose follow the vocation of the

rose, and the cabbage of the cabbage; they are both in honor. Good laundry work well done is higher than bad Latin. Even for the cultural studies one may desire to win the connotations of the word vocational. There is no telling by what lowly door the Lord of Life may enter in.

Let us persuade our students to take their talents and their culture always in the spirit of service. Let us so teach them how to work and why to work and what work is, from the market point of view. That is the one thing needful, I think, to fill again the idle sails of American schools and colleges.

THE MERCHANDISE OF ALLAH

BY the Word of Allah, all creatures are — the jewel after his kind, and the dark coal after his kind. In a moment His Word makes and unmakes all things; and His Word is spoken by His Prophet and by His children alike.

Long years since, a merchant dwelt in Bagdad. His traffic was with princes, and his gains, the spoils of kings; for in the secret places of his house lay jewels of great price, such as monarchs in their splendor wear. Far and near he sought for them, the rubies of Asia, the diamonds of Africa, the pearls of the seas that lie between. In their quest he endured hunger and fatigue; in their winning he had trod both dark and dangerous ways. For this man would possess the most secret and most lordly jewels of the world, such as lie hid in the cabinets of emperors, or blaze on the diadems and sword-hilts of conquerors and kings.

Many a great prize had he won, and his soul exalted itself when he gazed upon his match-

less treasures. But his heart grew hard; so that he left the kindly intercourse of man with man; yea, he sinned the sin of the lonely and the proud. He thought only upon his treasure; men died to add to it; yea, for it, this man sold all he had of manhood, and of all life's good. And the treasure heaped itself, in sullen glory, in his house.

Then, in an hour, his dream vanished. For, by the wisdom of Allah, an evil enchanter passed over his house, and he cast a spell upon it. And lo, the spirits of air and fire, which abide in all jewels, were, by that spell, cast out from those stones, so that their glory departed from them and died. And when the master arose to look upon them, the jewels of his treasure-house were no longer jewels, but dark and gleaming coals.

Then his soul died within him, for he thought not upon Allah, who by a word makes and unmakes all things. So he said in his heart, "Lo, my jewels were not jewels! I am the sport of the spirits of Evil, and the chief of fools! These were but gleaming coals, for which I have given my life. Verily, I am wasted, even as water is poured in the dust."

In his misery, he found no comforter. And

he cried aloud. But the Clement and Merciful One, looking down upon the sons of men, beheld his sorrow. Therefore He, in whose counsels lie the coming and the going of men, made to pass that way a wise and holy man, who, hearing the lamentation of the despairing one, entered the house; and, inquiring of his trouble, said: "Peace be to thee, my son! Why wailest thou so?"

And the merchant answered and said: "Behold my life and the hours of my youth are wasted; I have labored and fasted and these are the treasures of my labor and the reward for my denial of joy. I took these stones for jewels, and they are but coals! Surely I have been the plaything of the Spirits who are mightier than men. My hours are wasted as water is poured in the dust."

Then answered the sage: "What is wasted and what is saved, Allah alone knoweth; and His judgments shall determine. He maketh the diamond, coal; and in His time, the coal, diamond. And from the same earth as the diamond and the coal, He hath made thee and me."

Then said the merchant: "Yet these were my labors and this is the wage of my labor. I have labored for jewels, and I have received coals."

Then said the sage: "Allah hath given to Man labor and wages. Praise Him for both. But take now the coals, which thou hast received from Him, down to the market-place; and do with them as is fitting. But if it be possible, give of them to the needy wayfarers. So shall even these coals be a blessing, yea, beyond the sullen glory of the jewels which thou hast, it shall come to thee. And in the blessing of the poor shall the message of Allah be heard."

So the merchant made his coals into sackfuls and bagfuls. And he took them to the market-place. And he sat down to sell. Then as he sat, there came by many. Some saw him not; and others mocked him, saying: "Once thou didst deal with kings for jewels; but now thou art glad to traffic with slaves for coal." And his heart was heavy within him, for he heard no message from Allah; and the day waned.

Then at last came gently the footsteps of a child. And she paused and gazed at his sacks of coal and at him, as the man sat at his merchandise. And when he saw the child, straightway he forgot his lost jewels. For in the eyes of a child lingers the light of that heaven whence children come; and there is neither diamond

nor pearl which shines with their ineffable light. So the man looked, and the child gazed at his sacks and at him. And lo, the spell of the enchanter was broken, and the sin of the merchant's covetous heart melted away. And there arose in him a longing, not for the jewels of earth, but for the service and the care of the children who are the jewels of God. So he said to the child: "Little one! I am but a merchant of coal, but take of me what I have to give. My coals may warm thee in the days of storm and cold; they may feed thee, when thou and thine shall hunger. Take them and bless thy Father and mine."

And the child laughed and answered: "Coal merchant, why dost thou sell diamonds and pearls for coal?"

And lo, as she spoke, he beheld the splendor of the jewels returned to them; and the sacks of coal were filled again with rubies, with emeralds, with jacinths, with diamonds, far beyond the glory of the lost jewels.

Then understood the man that the message of Allah had come to him, and that in the market-place, among humble men and children, the merchandise of Allah is lost and won.

Praise be to Allah, the Clement and Merciful, who maketh of one earth the coal and the diamond; and of one soul, Hope and Despair. Out of the mouth of babes has He ordained His praise, to still the Enemy and the Avenger. Praise Him, all ye jewels and coals; O ye children of Men, praise Him and magnify Him forever.

ADAM AND EVE

On a hill at sunrise stood Adam and Eve. Like children who fear, not knowing what they fear, they cling together, watching their new and dreadful world. After the night of wrath and tempest which had overhung their banishment from Eden, the sun was rising again in peace. Nature, after her wild alarms, was returning, as is her wont, to her friendly calm; and the evil shadows of the dreadful midnight were now melting into the dawn of hope.

But even in the peace of the dawn, yes, because of the sweetness, the empty sweetness, of the scene, there was a pang more poignant than the terror of the Flaming Sword.

They were alone. Henceforth alone. Henceforth aliens in their own house. All happiness is to be bounded by this grief; all satisfactions edged by this despair.

So brooded the lost pair, taking up the new burden of the fate of mankind to come.

Then in their lonely sorrow they became aware that they were not alone. For there

stood at their side a Being, strange among the angelic faces they knew in Paradise, yet seeming no stranger as he smiled and presently spoke: —

"Your tears are no longer due to your destiny, children of earth! Cease to lament. Dread not. Trust wholly to this new earth. There is that here which Paradise itself did not contain. Ye shall know here the comfortable joy of human life. Behold me! I am to be the companion of your future life and its solace.

"My name is Delight. Like yourselves I am made of the Dust of the Earth. I will open your eyes to the pleasant things of this world. Sounds shall be sweet, sights shall be pleasant, odors shall spring for you from the flowers of Life. Look not at the majesty of the sky; live comfortably below it, where the Sun doth shine on the evil and on the good. Stare not upon the mountain tops; trust the friendly valleys.

"Delight yourselves in the little world. Let fade the memory of Paradise; the thunder-scarred gates are shut. Yes, cast away the burdensome knowledge of good and evil, which has cost you a world. By small delights, by pleasant senses, by comforting habit of experience, so shall the sons of Earth hereafter live.

This shall be your home; with such companionship as mine, even the curse of Adam may be borne; and the Doom of Eve shall bring after it a train of happy delight in hearth and home."

Then said Adam:—

"Spirit! Thou hast not touched my sorrow. Not labor's burden, nor the travail of body and soul to come to motherhood, crushes the life of our souls. In the craft of my hand, in the sweat of my brow shall come a triumph, like to God's. Even the birth and bearing of the Child to come is full of hope and glory, shining through the danger and despair. Not these are the curse of Man. Not these visions affright my heart.

"Delight? I do delight in this new, strange, glorious world. I do believe that, for its sorrows, its joys are potent consolation enough. The new sun warms us; the blue sky covers us lovingly. I well believe that earthly life is filled with comfort. I and my children shall possess the earth and learn, by the strong tie of living, to love it.

"But the Agony of Man's Spirit is not this. It cannot yield to spells like thine. For I brought with me from Paradise a Longing, eternal, unearthly. Can the Delight of Earth

satisfy the Soul's hunger for that which is not earth? The hunger of the Soul is eternal and insatiate; can the hunger of the Body torture like this? The Nakedness of the soul, blown upon by the cutting winds that move through the Void, what earthly shelter can cover? What earthly friendliness can warm?

"What shall thou and thy charm profit us, O Spirit? Who can comfort with the sweetness of Earth, for loss of Heaven? Shall Death yield to thy spell? Shall the Darkness of Eternity be lit from earthly fires?"

Then grew pale the color which played about the wings and head of the beautiful Spirit. Yet he lingered about the pair, telling them again and again of the sweet comfort earthly kindness may bring, of earthly hungers that earthly joy may satisfy, of earthly hopes that earthly labors may fulfil. But as the twain sat silent, behold, in the eyes of Eve, which were looking afar, there kindled a great light. For she beheld approaching an Angel of the Heavenly Host.

His face was shadowed; and in the shadows lay deeper shadows still. His countenance was sad; his stature terrible; and he was armed as a Man of War.

Yet over his forehead shone the light of interstellar spaces. His eyes were glorious within. And on the brightness of the sunrise he descended; and at last he spoke.

"Children of earth," he said, "who are also children of the Highest Heaven, I bring you rescue from Death."

And as he spoke, they heard; and their inmost hearts knew that this was true; and they worshipped God. And the angel said: —

"Behold I am come from the home beyond Death of your longing souls. Not Paradise could contain me; not Earth could name me; not Death can tame me. I am Love Himself the Unconquered.

"No comfortable delight do I bring you; I bring but longing for that which is not. No easy satisfaction do I give my servants; only despair, desire and hope for their portions. For I come from afar off. In the longing for something greater than that which is, in devotion to it, in unflinching loyalty shall be felt my power over Man. So in my name, Man shall love, and ruin himself, and save the World. Parent shall give himself to Child; Friend shall serve Friend; Lover shall die for Lover; and all shall find Heaven. I bring not

happiness; but cast ye yourselves in the waves of my power, which roll through the universe, and find the Bliss from which I came.

"By my great Drama, this little Earth shall be ennobled among the stars. For though I enact my life on earth, I am from the court of the King beyond the World.

"Yet, to the end, Earth shall not understand me. For I have no earthly reality. I tell of that which is not. My home is not that planet which God made in six days; for that is ruined. I am of other source and striving. I am the Unknowable forever.

"Like Man himself I am here a stranger; He and I alone in this world are not of this world. We are of God. Therefore my children, love to end of time and to the uttermost hope. Ask not life for delight of earth; follow me to Heaven. For I am Heaven."

Then fell a silence on the world, and the creatures of life stood still. And Eve whispered, "Bringest thou not delight nor comfort?"

And he said, "Delight beyond all delight; and pain beyond all pain."

And Adam said: "Mighty Angel, shall weak souls of men follow in thy train without perishing?"

Then said the Archangel: "It is thy fate, to follow me, oh mystery of earth, creature of dust, inhabitant and child of Eternity."

Then said the Man: "Shall I not blench and fall back, again a traitor to my Destiny?"

Then said the Archangel: "Look me in the face; follow me to the end. For Love alone can give power to see Love and live."

And as they looked they saw the Vision of the Beatified World. And thus faded the lonely sorrow of the morning; and they rejoiced. For even Paradise had no such song as the song of Human Love, eternal, triumphant, victorious; and even Paradise had no such light as shone about the head of the Angel of the Vision.

A TRANSLATION

Professor N. S. Shaler, of Harvard University, says in an article on "Volcanoes" in "Scribner's Magazine" of February, 1888: —

"This translation I owe to my friend Professor J. G. Croswell, who has given a better and more lively rendering of the text than can be found in any of the previous versions."

(Pliny's Letters. Book 6, 16.)

Gaius Plinius sends to his friend Tacitus greeting.

You ask me to write you an account of my uncle's death, that posterity may possess an accurate version of the event in your history....

He was at Misenum, and was in command of the fleet there. It was at one o'clock in the afternoon of the 24th of August that my mother called his attention to a cloud of unusual appearance and size. He had been enjoying the sun, and after a bath had just taken his lunch and was lying down to read; but he

immediately called for his sandals and went out to an eminence from which this phenomenon could be observed. A cloud was rising from one of the hills (it was not then clear which one, as the observers were looking from a distance, but it proved to be Vesuvius), which took the likeness of a stone-pine very nearly. It imitated the lofty trunk and the spreading branches, for, as I suppose, the smoke had been swept rapidly upward by a recent breeze and was then left hanging unsupported, or else it spread out laterally by its own weight, and grew thinner. It changed color, sometimes looking white and sometimes, when it carried up earth or ashes, dirty and streaked. The thing seemed of importance, and worthy of nearer investigation to the philosopher. He ordered a light boat to be got ready and asked me to accompany him if I wished; but I answered that I would rather work over my books. In fact, he had himself given me something to write.

He was going out himself, however, when he received a note from Rectina, wife of Cæsius Bassus, living in a villa on the other side of the bay, who was in deadly terror about the approaching danger and begged him to rescue

her, as she had no means of flight but by ships. This converted his plan of observation into a more serious purpose. He got his men-of-war under way, and embarked to help Rectina, as well as other endangered persons, who were many, for the shore was a favorite resort on account of its beauty. He steered directly for the dangerous spot whence others were flying, watching it so fearlessly as to be able to dictate a description and take notes of all the movements and appearances of this catastrophe as he observed them.

Ashes began to fall on his ships, thicker and hotter as they approached land. Cinders and pumice, and also black fragments of rock cracked by heat, fell around them. The sea suddenly shoaled, and the shores were obstructed by masses from the mountain. He hesitated a while and thought of going back again; but finally gave the word to the reluctant helmsman to go on, saying, "Fortune favors the brave. Let us find Pomponianus." Pomponianus was at Stabiæ, separated by the intervening bay (the sea comes in here gradually in a long inlet with curving shores), and although the peril was not near, yet as it was in full view, and, as the eruption increased,

seemed to be approaching, he had packed up his things and gone aboard his ships ready for flight, which was prevented, however, by a contrary wind.

My uncle, for whom the wind was most favorable, arrived, and did his best to remove their terrors. He embraced the frightened Pomponianus and encouraged him. To keep up their spirits by a show of unconcern, he had a bath; and afterwards dined, with real, or what was perhaps as heroic, with assumed cheerfulness. But, meanwhile, there began to break out from Vesuvius, in many spots, high and wide-shooting flames, whose brilliancy was heightened by the darkness of approaching night. My uncle reassured them by asserting that these were burning farmhouses which had caught fire after being deserted by the peasants. Then he turned in to sleep, and slept indeed the most genuine slumbers; for his breathing, which was always heavy and noisy, from the full habit of his body, was heard by all who passed his chamber. But before long the floor of the court on which his chamber opened became so covered with ashes and pumice that if he had lingered in the room he could not have got out at all.

So the servants woke him, and he came out and joined Pomponianus and others who were watching. They consulted together as to what they should do next. Should they stay in the house or go out of doors. The house was tottering with frequent and heavy shocks of earthquake, and seemed to go to and fro as it moved from its foundations. But in the open air there were dangers of falling pumice-stones, though, to be sure, they were light and porous. On the whole, to go out seemed the least of two evils. With my uncle it was a comparison of arguments that decided; with the others it was a choice of terrors. So they tied pillows on their heads by way of defence against falling bodies and sallied out.

It was dawn elsewhere; but with them it was a blacker and denser night than they had ever seen, although torches and various lights made it less dreadful. They decided to take to the shore and see if the sea would allow them to embark; but it appeared as wild and appalling as ever. My uncle lay down on a rug. He asked twice for water and drank it. Then as a flame with a forerunning sulphurous vapor drove off the others, the servants roused him up. Leaning on two slaves he rose to his feet,

but immediately fell back, as I understand, choked by the thick vapors, and this the more easily that his chest was naturally weak, narrow, and generally inflamed. When day came (I mean the third after the last he ever saw) they found his body perfect and uninjured, and covered just as he had been overtaken. He seemed by his attitude to be rather asleep than dead.

In the mean time my mother and I at Misenum — but this has nothing to do with my story. You ask for nothing but the account of his death. . . .

(Book 6, 20.)

Gaius Plinius sends to his friend Tacitus greeting.

You say that you are induced by the letter I wrote to you, when you asked about my uncle's death, to desire to know how I, who was left at Misenum, bore the terrors and disasters of that night, for I had just entered on that subject and broke it off. "Although my soul shudders at the memory, I will begin."

My uncle started off and I devoted myself to my literary task, for which I had remained behind. Then followed my bath, dinner, and

sleep, though this was short and disturbed. There had been already for many days a tremor of the earth, less appalling, however, in that this is usual in Campania. But that night it was so strong that things seemed not merely to be shaken, but positively upset. My mother rushed into my bedroom. I was just getting up to wake her if she were asleep. We sat down in the little yard, which was between our house and the sea. I do not know whether to call it courage or foolhardiness (I was only seventeen); but I sent for a volume of Livy and quite at my ease read it and even made extracts, as I had already begun to do. And now a friend of my uncle's, recently arrived from Spain, appeared, who, finding us sitting there and me reading, scolded us, my mother for her patience and me for my carelessness of danger. None the less industriously I read my book.

It was now seven o'clock, but the light was still faint and doubtful. The surrounding buildings had been badly shaken and though we were in an open spot, the space was so small that the danger of a catastrophe from falling walls was great and certain. Not till then did we make up our minds to go from

the town. A frightened crowd went away with us, and as in all panics everybody thinks his neighbors' ideas more prudent than his own, so we were pushed and squeezed in our departure by a great mob of imitators.

When we were free of the buildings we stopped. There we saw many wonders and endured many terrors. The vehicles we had ordered to be brought out kept running backward and forward, though on level ground; and even when scotched with stones they would not keep still. Besides this, we saw the sea sucked down and, as it were, driven back by the earthquake. There can be no doubt that the shore had advanced on the sea and many marine animals were left high and dry. On the other side was a dark and dreadful cloud, which was broken by zigzag and rapidly vibrating flashes of fire, and yawning showed long shapes of flame. These were like lightnings, only of greater extent. Then our friend from Spain attacked us more vigorously and earnestly. "If your brother, your uncle," said he, "is alive, he wishes you to be safe; if not, he certainly would wish you to survive him. Why, then, do you delay your flight?" We said we could not bring ourselves to think

of our own safety while doubtful of his. So, without more delay, the Spaniard rushed off, taking himself out of harm's way as fast as his legs could carry him.

Pretty soon the cloud began to descend over the earth and cover the sea. It enfolded Capreæ and hid also the promontory of Misenum. Then my mother began to beg and beseech me to fly as I could. I was young, she said, and she was old, and was too heavy to run, and would not mind dying if she was not the cause of my death. I said, however, I would not be saved without her; I clasped her hand and forced her to go, step by step, with me. She slowly obeyed. Reproaching herself bitterly for delaying me.

Ashes now fell, yet still in small amount. I looked back. A thick mist was close at our heels, which followed us, spreading out over the country, like an inundation. "Let us turn out of the road," said I, "while we can see, and not get trodden down in the darkness by the crowds who are following, if we fall in their path." Hardly had we sat down when night was over us — not such a night as when there is no moon and clouds cover the sky, but such darkness as one finds in close-shut

rooms. One heard the screams of women, the fretting cries of babes, the shouts of men. Some called their parents, and some their children, and some their spouses, seeking to recognize them by their voices. Some lamented their own fate. Others the fate of their friends. Some were praying for death, simply for fear of death. Many a man raised his hands in prayer to the gods; but more imagined that the last eternal night of creation had come and there were now no gods more. There were some who increased our real dangers by fictitious terrors. Some said that part of Misenum had sunk, and that another part was on fire. They lied; but they found believers.

Little by little it grew light again. We did not think it the light of day, but a proof that the fire was coming nearer. It was indeed fire, but it stopped afar off; and then there was darkness again, and again a rain of ashes, abundant and heavy, and again we rose and shook them off, else we had been covered and even crushed by the weight. I might boast of the fact that not a groan or a cowardly word fell from me in all the dreadful peril, if I had not believed that the world and I were coming to an end together. This belief was

a wretched and yet a mighty comfort in this mortal struggle. At last the murky vapor rolled away, in disappearing smoke or fog. Soon the real daylight appeared; the sun shone out, of a lurid hue to be sure, as in an eclipse. The whole world which met our frightened eyes was transformed. It was covered with ashes white as snow.

We went back to Misenum and refreshed our weary bodies, and passed a night between hope and fear; but fear had the upper hand. The trembling of the earth continued, and many, crazed by their anxiety, made ludicrously exaggerated predictions of disaster to themselves and others. Yet even then, though we had been through such peril and were still surrounded by it, we had no thought of going away till we had news of my uncle. . . .

POEMS

THE WHITE BULL

A SULLEN guardian o'er the bay
   Of gentle islets full,
Fronting the Ocean's outer verge,
   Standeth the wild, white Bull.

Behind him range his brown-backed herd,
   He faces full to sea,
His weatherbeat and storm-scarred head
   Lowered to the billows free.

Above his back plays down the sun,
   The strayed sea-swallow rests;
The slim winged gulls glance in the air,
   Watching their lonely nests.

The straying rockweed strokes his side
   And lulls his summer sleep;
He mutters hoarse, half angry still,
   To the slow-heaving deep.

He dreams the whirl of volleying storm,
   The rush of seething waves;

MR. CROSWELL'S HOUSE AT DEER ISLE, MAINE

His strong head tosses high the surf;
  That hoarse throat roars and raves.

Come, leave him in his lonely grove,
  Firm set to the attacking sea. —
Full many a fairer form, old friend,
  Is not so fair to me.

Casco Bay.

THE UNSEEN STARS

I read how in the outer space
  Beyond our farthest ken,
There roll majestic starry shapes
  In paths unseen of men.

The heavenly glory of their light,
  The melodies they chime,
Come scarcely through long years of years
  To reach the sons of time.

And all the worlds we know; our own —
  The motions of our earth —
Bend in their course obediently
  To power that there has birth.

I know not how; but so awhile
  My heart is swayed away

To some compelling hope beyond
  The orbit of my day.

Holding my path, I feel a life
  That woos me to its side,
Compelling, yearning, charming mine,
  As moons draw up the tide.

I feel in all the noisy war
  Of battling forces' strife,
Through all the shifting circumstance
  That makes and mars my life,

A nobler, stronger, sweeter soul,
  A star of clearer shine,
Higher in heaven and fairer set,
  Yet strenuous, seeking mine.

'T is but a happy dream; and yet
  Some sudden moment's course,
Flashing with light of that fair world
  May show the hidden force.

Where high among the powers that rule
  The spaces of our sky,
Shall dawn at last that orb divine,
  Whose satellite am I,

Then, like the searchers of the sky,
By that long-hidden light,
The riddles of its wavering world
My soul shall read aright.

April, 1889.

THE SHEER MIRACLE

Oh, desert isle, not desert where thou art,
Small nest from earth withdrawn, where dwell thy dreams,
Thither I bring my galleys also; all that seems
For this dull world too dear, joys of the heart,
Thoughts beyond speech, visions above all Art, —
This is the freight they carry down the streams
Of drifting fancy, lit with heavenly gleams
From long-remembered days where thou hadst part.

Wilt thou not hold them, dear? They are for thee,
My treasures, for the sovereign of the isle,
And though the work-day world shall never see
My galleys hasting to the sunset land,
Yet I may call thee, with thy happy smile,
To lean against thy tree, and understand?

Deer Isle, Maine,
January 1, 1909.

"IT IS NOT PAINFUL, PAETUS"

"*Non dolet, Paete.*" Hark, the mortal cry,
Echoing in great halls of Roman fame!
The Stoic, laurel twines about her name;
That wife, who taught a Roman how to die!
Still unforgot, 'neath our barbarian sky,
Great Spirit, whom an empire could not tame
Thou beckonest us who weary of this frame,
"Death were not painful, in a world awry."
Then, to rebuke, rise up the visions of lives
Not less than hers; hearts of another tone;
Patient of living, cheerful, resolute wives,
Bearing the harder part, whate'er betide,
Not Roman death, but Yankee life, their
crown
And life itself pains not, while they abide.

BREARLEY SCHOOL,
October 21, 1903.

WRITTEN IN A GUEST BOOK IN DUBLIN, NEW HAMPSHIRE

HERE we set our name and hand,
Vassals of this House and Land.
High the Field, but not more high
Than our Love and Loyalty.
By the enchantments of the Lake,
Where the visions form and break,

By the Vigil of the Hill,
Hidden, faithful, patient, still,
By the Light of Heaven that falls
Gently on these lovely walls,
By the burning Stars that go
Night by night in friendly row,
By the Welcome, heavenly sweet,
Waiting here for weary feet,
By the love of friend for friend
Here begun to know no end, —
Here assembled, Youth and Age,
Here on this enduring Page,
Write our Oath of Fealty
To the sovereign Ladies Three;
All our Prayers to all the Powers
Who shall bring them Happy Hours,
Blessings full, in bounteous store,
Forevermore, forevermore.

ALCMENA'S LULLABY

(From Theocritus, Idyl 24.)

Sleep, my babies, sweet and light,
Sleep, my soul, unharmed this night;
Safely my little brothers two,
Till the dawn awaken you,
Blessed, sleep the livelong night,
Blessed, come to morning light!

RECOLLECTIONS AND APPRECIATIONS

To the Editor of the Evening Post: —

SIR: Last Tuesday the funeral of James Greenleaf Croswell was held in Grace Church. Old men were there who had watched and encouraged his work, very little children, pupils, graduates, and teachers — and no one was there who did not love the head master of the Brearley School. At such a time as this, it is appropriate for us who have served under him to express our deep affection.

Of what Mr. Croswell was in his private life, of the part he played in the educational life of this country, it is not yet time to speak; but between the two was the Mr. Croswell whom his teachers knew. It is, perhaps, too soon to measure what he was to us. Yet our sense of his wisdom, his flashing insight, and his tenderness has not needed death to bring it to consciousness. Most of us have taught under him for many years; but these years seem few and a great opportunity slighted.

What was it that this head master did? He rarely visited classrooms: he found it a rather painful and embarrassing task; detailed discussions of work bored and wearied him. Hours

we spent in his study were seldom given entirely to school reports. His mind was a crucible: a few words gave all that he needed; his decisions seemed always creative. Routine over, the rest of an appointment might be given to Herodotus or Italy, or, more rarely, he gave us some glimpse of himself, of the child who, in a frugal, New England home, caught his love of Latin from his mother; of the shy, awkward boy, who made his first connection between poetry and life as he read "The Clouds" — "I looked out of the window and there were the same clouds that Aristophanes was talking about"; and of the last revelation of himself, that he had found in the Siennese Primitives, who expressed, he said, all that he had felt during a long life. It was so he taught us. In his hands the art of indirection became genius. "He sits in his office with the door closed and fills the whole school," said an alumna. It was true. At teachers' meetings he often buried his head in a book; reports seemed unheard, until a quick question was asked here, or a comment made there. A month later, a year later, he could crystallize a child's personality and capacity, summarizing the many reports of that past

afternoon, and through that interpretation, making the whole true and vital. His mind omitted partial products: the child who took some question to his office was probably conscious that the tall, kindly man took great pains to meet her demand, but before she left the room, the little girl had herself written some pertinent and worthy record in Mr. Croswell's mind. His charm with children was great. If the interview happened to be of a punitive nature, we had every reason to think that the culprit withdrew believing that the head master had committed the crime. During the past winter he gave, every Friday, readings from the Greek: Homer, Plato, Theocritus, the Epigrammatists, and Aristophanes. They are not to be forgotten, those hours, when he half read, half acted "The Clouds." New York has never seen before a hundred little girls, laughing like a hundred little Athenians, over a wit that flashed through the keen, colloquial, running-translation: poetry and philosophy are not generally so taught in secondary schools.

His criticisms to his teachers had to be caught in glancing asides: "Of course, you may have sounded a little ironic"; "It is just

possible that the child thought your displeasure was personal," for tenderness toward failure was a marked characteristic: he saw weakness, but ignored it when he might; he brushed aside the fault to emphasize the virtue. One of his own masters had said: "He is most my friend who demands my best, and will give me no rest until he gets it." "I am a survival," he said this year; "Kant and Emerson had said it all before me." Other lessons he taught us: lessons of suspended judgment, of amused tolerance. His wisdom was the harvest of much silence, touched with the light that comes from high places. Hardly more than a month ago he said: "The time has come now when I am getting experience together to leave as a bequest to my school. These sunset hours are the loveliest of the day."

That bequest to us is his spirit that stripped convention and sophistry from formula, and revealed truth and wisdom and love. To teach under Mr. Croswell meant to live in touch with a man of vision. If we can carry out the marching orders his life gave, we need no other decoration.

ONE OF HIS TEACHERS.

NEW YORK, *March* 19.

BY LEBARON RUSSELL BRIGGS

JAMES CROSWELL, or "Jim" as his friends called him, was a member of the First Class at the Cambridge High School in 1868-69. Classes recited in rooms where other classes were studying; and, as I remember it, the boys in the First, Second, and Third Classes who were "fitting for College," occupied the same room. However that may be, the First College Class recited in Vergil at the front of the room while the Third College Class tried to study at the back. Thus I as I sat at my desk first saw and admired the boy who became my life-long friend.

He was tall and loose-jointed, with the same whimsical, sensitive, and altogether fascinating individuality which in later life marked him always and everywhere. Naturally it had not the deepened sweetness, the seasoned strength, that came to it from the intense experiences of maturity; but even then it made us younger boys feel his personal distinction. "W. is the first scholar," we said, "but Croswell is the best [by which we meant 'ablest'] in the class."

Few of us thought seriously of Vergil as a

poet: we had to read him and to know the principal parts of his verbs. If we had heard of culture we regarded it, no doubt, as an advanced stage of affectation; but somehow we grasped the fact that Jim Croswell got more out of his Vergil than other boys and that his getting it proved his intellectual superiority. It now seems strange that this man, whose presence was like the living presence of the finest literature, wrote so little. Some men express literature in their writings; others in their lives.

His appreciation of literature did not prevent him from being a normal boy who would play baseball, or "scrub," or "knock-up" every afternoon. Day after day we played with happy unskilfulness, he and his brother, I and mine. Simon Croswell, my own classmate, was an unusually clever and lovable boy, with a quick, clear mind and a wit that was quite his own. The breaking down of Simon was one of the keen and abiding sorrows of Jim's life, a sorrow which he accepted with endless self-sacrifice and with unembittered patience.

At College I saw little of Jim; but the friendship was steadfast then and always. When

he was a young teacher at Harvard and I was a still younger one I saw more of him. He would lean back in his chair and with eyes half closed talk as no man has talked before or since. I believe there was never a more charming impromptu talker, whimsical, witty always with an underlying seriousness, adventurous always; yet never foolish or cynical or unrefined, never anything but his natural, spontaneous self. Such profound observations as "Appreciation of beauty may be catching; but you can't vaccinate with it," fell from his lips as easily as platitudes fall from the lips of others. In those days he was retiring and in danger of becoming unsocial except to his intimate friends; there was something exclusive in knowing him well: but he had to meet his classes, and he could not meet them without revealing himself and thus winning their affection. When his work in New York forced him to conquer his shyness, new persons discovered him every day and with new and peculiar delight. The mere thought of him did much. "He sits in his office with the door shut," said one teacher, "and fills the whole school."

Such adoration as he received is dangerous to man or woman. He took it as he took his

sorrows. His was a nature too fine for the world to coarsen, too sweet for grief to embitter, too large for discipleship to spoil.

Let me end with part of a sketch read soon after his death to the Tavern Club of Boston, of which he was a non-resident member.

As a teacher of Greek James Croswell drew students to the study of Greek because he taught it. He was wholly without that pushing quality whereby a man advances himself and extends the limits of scholastic knowledge, or at least of scholastic controversy; one cannot imagine him warring with a German about text criticism; but he let the most fascinating mind we have known here play over every subject that came before it, casting on each subject new lights of fancy and of wisdom. Here lay his intellectual charm. Our colleges are still so misguided as not to reckon such a man among their productive scholars. If it be productive scholarship to leaven every life with which you come into contact, to approach every question with the fine scholarly appreciation of a mind sensitive, penetrating, and fertile, to reveal new truth in what men have blindly passed by, James Croswell was a productive scholar of a kind sorely needed among

the teachers of to-day. Few men have achieved larger results in the minds and hearts of those about them.

The heart as well as the mind, for his own heart was true, simple, and strong. Naturally retiring and subject to depression, he schooled himself to meet every social demand and to bear with steadily increasing sweetness and courage burdens that would have crushed many a man who began life with a temperament more cheerful than his. His wit, though brilliant, was kindly; his speech was at once light and deep. He was unlike any man we have known or shall know; and there were few finer privileges than to be his friend.

BY MILDRED MINTURN SCOTT

I REMEMBER very vividly my first sight of Mr. Croswell. We were having our geography lesson, the lowest class of little Brearley girls, in our sunny back schoolroom, upstairs, in the brown-stone house where the school had its beginnings. Mr. Brearley's death had not greatly affected us, and I do not remember wondering who would replace him, or imagining that our visitor that morning might be his successor. Still, I must have looked at

him with especial interest, for the picture of him, as he appeared then, to be so clearly fixed in my mind after all these years.

We were, as I said, deep in geography, when the door opened and one of the older teachers came in with a tall young man who looked keenly at us and then settled down on the opposite side of the room to listen and watch. He was a very tall and very thin, not to say lanky, man, with rather untidy brown hair, eyes with a tilt to them, which were already surrounded by delicate wrinkles, and a large, sensitive, and very expressive mouth, from whose finely cut lips a whimsical smile was never long absent. He was a very awkward young man, whose clothes hung limply on him. He did n't seem to know what to do with his legs, so he twisted them round each other as he sat on a desk and listened to our class and watched us with his kindly, humorous eyes. I remember thinking it odd of him to sit so casually on a desk, and odder still when I was told afterwards that our visitor would probably be the new head master.

I have no recollection of my first talk with him. My next memories are of him established in the rather dark central room that was

his first study, and my going to see him during my free time. It began, I think, in my complaining about a stuffy schoolroom; I expressed my ideas firmly, and he must have been amused, for he encouraged me to talk; and I seem to remember going fairly often to see him there in the years that followed. No matter what the ostensible cause for my visit, it always ended in a conversation about things in general, a conversation in which we seemed by some miracle of sympathy to be exchanging ideas as equals; and yet I was even then dimly aware that he was guiding me by a thousand delicate touches and hints and inferences to a comprehension of his own supremely humane and sanely poised view of life. He never openly criticised or checked one's opinions. I could come down as flat-footed as I would, his affectionately quizzical smile was usually the only sign that he was not altogether in agreement. I was never in awe of him. He treated me with respectful courtesy tinged with a humor that never hurt, as grown-up people's humor often does hurt children. I think his manner with children was a quite perfect interpreter of his real feeling about them, the profound respect he

had for the sanctity of childhood and for each individual child's personality.

I remember another talk in his study in the new school, or rather I suppose I should call it the "middle school," though it seemed wonderfully new and bright and grand to us when we moved there from the house in Forty-fifth Street. What business we had been talking about first I do not know, but he suddenly said: "Tell me, Mildred, do you think there is any meaning at all in Mathematics as we teach it?" That was the delicious quality of Mr. Croswell's mind. It was so wholly unexpected, it kept its almost childlike flexibility and openness after years of teaching, so that it was ready at any moment to reconsider elementary things and humorously envisage "scrapping" all the accepted dogmas.

I did not have the joy of being regularly taught by him until my last year at school, for it had been decided that I was not to take the college examinations, and therefore not to do classics. But he used occasionally to burst in on our regular routine. I remember one day when Miss Winsor announced that we were not to have our English lesson, as Mr. Croswell wanted to talk to us. He came in,

stood by the blackboard, wrote the word *Lyric* on it and asked the class to define it. No one could. *Ode* followed; then *Idyll;* and when he found how ignorant we were he began to talk about poetry, and finally produced a little volume of Greek verse, from which he translated to us. There was some Theocritus, and I think Sappho. It was the first Greek poetry I had ever heard. I can see him now with the little book in his hand, trying to convey to us — a class of young and raw New York school-girls — the golden beauty of the verse he loved so well.

During my last year at school I read Virgil and Cicero with him. With his help and encouragement I had prevailed on my mother to let me try the Harvard examinations. It meant eighteen months of cram, for I knew no Latin. Mr. Croswell gave me the best coach in the school for private lessons and used to follow my hare-brained race with amused and somewhat horrified sympathy. He never quite reconciled to his conscience having allowed me to scamp the foundations of classical learning as I did; but it entertained him to watch me flounder ahead, and he let me come into his advanced class when

I was still struggling with the elements. I have always been grateful for that. After the regular lesson and our halting translations he used to give himself and us the pleasure of hearing how the thing might be done; and the gracious verses will always be associated in my mind with his vivid and human rendering. He went at a good pace, we following the text and not bothering about grammar or construction. Without those readings my brief excursion into the classics would have been indeed arid; but he showed us what it was all about.

I have said that his moral teaching was all done indirectly. In my case, however, there was one exception to the rule. Frances Arnold and I had been behaving foolishly for some time. We were grown-up girls and ought to have known better than to break rules for the mere fun of the thing. After a peculiarly childish escapade, Mr. Croswell sent for me, and to this day I have not forgotten my one direct preachment from him. It was severe and searching. It showed that in spite of his indulgent manner he had observed and followed my special failings with acute insight, and when the moment came he could speak with unsparing New England directness.

The examination week came and passed. I remember the little note he wrote me telling the result. It began: —

DEAR MILDRED, —

Hurrah! Here are your marks: —

. . . .

Your affectionate teacher,

J. G. C.

School-days were over and college-days began, but I think we hardly felt the leaving school as much as would have seemed natural in girls whose whole childhood and youth had been spent in surroundings so perfectly harmonious and happy. For we went together, ten of us, and there was no break in the affectionate interest our teachers felt for us. Indeed, I think my friendship with Mr. Croswell grew in depth and richness from the time of my leaving his immediate care. He wrote to me charming little letters, hardly more than notes, but I knew that everything that happened to me interested him. I always went to see him when I was in New York and he came sometimes to Bryn Mawr. His fostering care was always there in the background of

one's life, a thing assumed and accepted, without at first conscious gratitude, as a mother's care is assumed and accepted.

He was pleased with our little successes, but life and human relations always meant more to him than scholarship, though he was himself so fine a scholar. That was why some people doubted whether he was a whole-hearted supporter of the higher education of women. He distrusted mere bookishness, and he saw how empty and absurd examination standards and tests were. For his girls he wanted nothing less than the best life could give, and when he felt us in danger of being absorbed by the petty preoccupations of our small academic world, he would make some smiling comment that made us wonder whether after all he valued as he ought that wonderful thing, "A college education."

I remember the note I got from him the day after the European Fellowship had been announced, an event as important in our world as the publication of the Senior Wrangler's name at Cambridge.

I knew I had not deserved it myself, but I was feeling a little sore still, when an envelope in his familiar writing was handed to me. He

had pasted on a sheet of paper the newspaper cutting giving the name of the successful candidate, and underneath it he had written, "Congratulations, dear Mildred, that it was not you."

The golden thread of his friendship and tenderness was woven into the pattern of all the years that followed, with an ever-increasing realization on my part of the exquisite beauty of his personality and gratitude for it as an element in my life. He was different from other people. His was a world of real values, the clear golden world of Greek thought warmed by Christian feeling; and to people whose lives were for the most part spent in dusty ways he brought an indescribable sense of relief and moral liberation. He always, in spite of his human sympathy and whimsical humor, seemed just a little remote. It was the remoteness of the eternal, imperishable beauty of the world in which he lived.

BY MARGARET STICKNEY KENDALL

MRS. CROSWELL has asked that I should write "of the effect which Mr. Croswell had upon my intellectual life."

When I attempt to do so, I find that I cannot think of intellectual life apart from him.

He came to New York and to the Brearley when I was just fifteen; and from that time he showed me what I felt to be a perfect intellectual attitude. The things he knew were part of him, and there seemed to be no end to what he knew. Information flowed from him deliciously on every subject, freshening even the most arid ground. His point of view combined all the maturity of cultivation with an unfailing freshness of approach, binding the new life always to the beauty that had lived before it. What he said seemed to me related to the wisdom of the ages, as deep as it was broad. I can recall no instance of a disappointment in his treatment of the endless problems which for so many years I always took to him — problems of my own actual life, as well as those presented by every subject that engaged my thought and feeling.

I left the school soon after he took charge of it, and for three years I had the privilege of reading Greek with him. Two or three afternoons a week he gave me, sometimes only fifteen minutes, sometimes three hours at a time. I think I may say truly that my work

with him was the most wholly satisfying thing that life has brought me. It was clear joy, the joy of being perfectly directed by one whom I could trust entirely, in a way of study of which I never had to doubt the value. He taught, it seemed to me, by virtue of his love of what he talked of. I cannot tell how far the inspiration of his teaching lay in the love which he himself inspired in his pupils. A Harvard boy who had been in his Greek class told me that if you did not know the lesson you could start him by a question, and turn the recitation period into a lecture. By girls who worshipped him, this amiable weakness was not abused, as their chance of pleasing him lay in the excellence of their own work.

Through those three years I only listened spellbound, and studied with the whole of my intelligence to win his approbation. It was only when I went abroad and left him that I began to know his quality in friendship.

I found one morning in my mail a wholly unexpected letter from him, very long and entirely delightful — the beginning of a correspondence which ended only with his death. I had never, till that time, imagined he had

any interest in me apart from my capacity for learning Greek; and I had not dared speak to him of my own ambitions and ideas. His letter set me free to talk to him — and from that time we talked, either in letters or in meeting one another, of everything there was to talk about. To get a letter was almost as good as seeing him — better in one way, for I had it to read over. I could not wait with patience, for opportunity to answer, in my eagerness for the discussion he invited — for although I always felt and trusted the wisdom of the things he said, we almost never thought alike on any subject. I am even perplexed to-day to understand why, since I never could agree with him, it should have been, to me, essential. always to submit to him any idea the worth of which I wished to test. But I knew that anything he disapproved could not be right.

"The effect he had upon my intellectual life"? Surely it is not often given to man or woman to possess, from childhood unto middle age, a perfect friend — one in whom confidence may be reposed on every subject, who knows all of one's past and yet will trust one's future. As I look back, it seems to me that I

have known an ideal human being, and have known him well.

How, with that knowledge, is it possible ever to doubt of good or consciously to side with evil? Such influence as he exerted cannot end until the world shall end, and any life it touches must be, to some extent, transmuted to a higher value.

BY JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

JAMES GREENLEAF CROSWELL was a tall, lank New Englander with a very gentle voice, whose broad shoulders had a stoop in them. His quietude and his smile were full of inward amusement. His habit of standing and looking down, his long straight nose, the gleam in his eyes, which still had a little of the benevolent Mephistopheles in them, always reminded me of some imaginary old actor, lawyer, or diplomat, who knew everything and had seen everything, — the man-of-the-world, the civilized being, the wise citizen, — Garrick retired, or Rossini in the foyer of La Scala.

A man-of-the-world he undoubtedly was, for he was head master of a fashionable girls' school, and his daily life was taken up with problems of organization, personal equations,

social expediencies, moral tensions, educational plans. No one, however, who fell into conversation with him would be apt to guess his profession. His leisurely finesse suggested something Academic to be sure. It suggested the garden of a scholar, or the old rampart of a small city where philosophers might meet to exchange thoughts. You could not surprise him with a paradox. He would cap it out of Aristophanes or illustrate it with an anecdote from the classics. For he was a good Greek scholar and had mused himself into a close acquaintance with Greek literature. The strange thing was that he had never known leisure or foreign travel, had never been anything except a hard-working schoolmaster who earned his bread by the sweat of his brow and plucked his ideas from the brambles that lay along the hard path of experience.

Croswell belonged to a distinguished Cambridge family. When I was in college he had got as far as being an instructor in Harvard. He was, at that time, a starved, sensitive, perpendicular, smiling, saintly Yankee youth — and looked like the poor tutor who had never had a square meal or a robust compliment in his life. Nevertheless, his general cultivation

was well known even then, and his distinction of character could be seen for a quarter of a mile.

Harvard at this period was not a kind nurse to those who loved the humanities. Croswell was one of those burgeons of personal talent — the little new leaves of a fresh learning — that were rubbed off the vine at Harvard by accidents of the world. He was more effectively needed elsewhere. I remember his disappearance. A vague wave of regret passed over the undergraduate mind, and we knew that we had lost a friend.

Croswell became Head Master at the Brearley School, where he taught for twenty years during which he blossomed into the very remarkable being whom we all knew. I suppose you would classify him as a Humanist, but Humanism would never account for his influence. This was of a personal kind, and seems to have gone out to all sorts of people — pupils, parents, teachers, men of the world, writers, educators. At the time of his death the air was filled with testimonies, many sorts of people appeared and proclaimed their debts to him. Nothing was more remarkable than his funeral. The church was banked with

flowers, and was, of course, filled to overflowing with women of all ages, most of them in tears. The service was more than a symbol, it was an outpouring of love and gratitude by people whose great friend had been taken from them. It was the last meeting of that mystical society which had sprung up through love of the man. His coffin became an altar and the hymns were pæans. No one except a schoolmaster can have this kind of a funeral, for the pupils drag with them the hearts of their parents and of their children. A school is a great family and a schoolmaster becomes, in time, a priest and a patriarch.

Croswell had the gift of intellectual sympathy. He had it in a greater degree than I have known in any other, and in a more specific form. His mind ran before yours on the search for truth as a pointer runs before the sportsman. He found the bird, he gave the word needed, he flashed the illumination, and yet they were your own bird, your own word and illumination. He would look into a mind as a clock-maker examines a clock, adjust it and give it back to the owner in better running order. There was an element of genius in his power, because the nature of the power was

undiscoverable. His extreme impersonality and detachment of feeling, his perfect unconsciousness of what he was doing, made him walk invisible, — for he always imagined that he was merely thinking about various truths for their own sake and had no idea that he was using any skeleton keys in unlocking other people's thought.

Toward the end of his life I saw a good deal of him, wrote to him often, and often asked his aid in literary ventures. I thus became, in a sense, one of his scholars; and it is this that gives me the impulse to speak of him. I wrote many papers and verses for his eye, and in so doing I became anxious to please him. So deep was the experience that I have written nothing since without writing it largely for Croswell. Shortly before his death I enlisted his interest in an article which I was bent on writing about Greece and the Greeks — a subject with which I was quite unfitted to deal, because I knew very little Greek. Yet I had ideas and convictions, and I knew that Croswell would prevent me from making a fool of myself. I knew I should get aid, but I could not have believed that his mind would enter so far into mine as it did. He unravelled and

essayed: he rearranged and suggested; and he did these things without seeming to do them. He was there in your thought, but you could not touch him because he had, for the time, become a part of your own mind.

I have no doubt that in dealing with his school-girls Croswell made use of the same sort of impersonal magic that he did with me. His devotion to them stopped little short of adoration; I think it was this adoration of the young that gave him his quality. People who live with the young move in a heaven of their own. The schoolmaster is more apt to retain the plasticity of his feelings than the College professor, because his material is plastic. The souls of children are inchoate and live in limbo. They cry for help with voices which are inaudible save to the saints. And in the end they endow their teachers with second sight. To his pupils Croswell perhaps owed as much as he gave them. The spirit of a growing girl is as complex and vaporous a spirit as exists; and perhaps it was Croswell's contact with growing girls that gave him his lightness of touch. Indeed, the thing was done with no touch at all; but, as it were, with vision merely.

The power to enter into the souls of others

is the gift that makes teaching divine. Other ambitions must be laid down at this gate, for to gain an entry, the teacher must be merely an angelic messenger. Those who can do these miracles need to do them; they find their own fulfilment in the mystical assistance which they bring to other men. They may walk voiceless to their graves; but they have filled the air with choirs that sound behind them.

H. D. SEDGWICK, IN THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JAMES GREENLEAF CROSWELL was by birth and descent a New Englander. He was the grandson of old Simon Greenleaf, a professor of law, who taught in the Harvard Law School some seventy or eighty years ago. Professor Greenleaf wrote a book on the law of evidence, which at once took rank as a classic, and stands on every lawyer's bookshelf next to Kent and Blackstone. Greenleaf is to the law of evidence what Cicero is to oratory, or Molière to comedy; his name is known wherever the English race has carried the Common Law. There is a tradition, piously handed down at the Harvard Law School, that old Greenleaf was endowed with many social gifts, — entertaining, humorous, witty and delightful, when out of the

lecture room. He is entitled to be kindly remembered, for he put all his dryness into his book, and bequeathed the graces of his mind to his grandson.

The part of the schoolmaster is anomalous. It belongs to a category of its own. Nature creates the relation between child and parent, brother and sister, niece and spinster aunt, and feels her responsibility; she strengthens the bond by instinct on the one side, by dependence on the other. The ties between friend and friend are wrought by mutual attraction and voluntary choice; they need no tending, no corroborant artifice. The relation between schoolmaster and pupil is of a third sort, created neither by Nature, nor by voluntary choice. It is rarely enriched by affection, or made capable of enduring beyond graduation day. The relation is difficult because it is anomalous; and at best seldom attains to the fine perfection of which it might be capable. The reason for this maladjustment is, that the business of a schoolmaster is neither a trade nor a craft; it is an art which requires a delicate sensitiveness, a half-divine intuition, and a self-consecration, hard to find among men and women. Now and again there is a favorable juncture of the stars, and a

schoolmaster is born. That is a rare event and should be celebrated with rejoicings.

Is there a scene in one of Plato's dialogues — or does a misty memory of undergraduate Greek lead me astray — in which Socrates and his friends discourse upon the one person necessary to the welfare of a state? One speaker declares that the priest, who performs the sacred ceremonies and hands down the sacred traditions, is the one necessary man. A second maintains that it is the general who defends the State from its enemies; a third, that it is the poet whose verses shall glorify the City to aftertimes. But Socrates says that the one man needful is the schoolmaster, since he combines the functions of the other three: he defends the State better than the general, because he forms that which is the real strength of the State — the character of its people; he prepares for the future glory of the City quite as well as the poet, for he instils decorum and breeding into the parents of future citizens; he exercises the functions of a priest, for day by day he ministers to the souls of his pupils. And (if I am right) Socrates goes on to say that the teacher must be rich in insight and wisdom, firm of character, kindly in disposition, gentle in manner, quick

to praise every excellence, slow to blame any fault, a lover of innocence, beauty, and unselfishness; indeed a man who loves these qualities so much that, like a bee hunting for honey in a hollyhock, he comes out covered with their golden pollen.

Such a schoolmaster was James Greenleaf Croswell. How did it come about? How did Nature so happily divine the needs of hundreds of unborn girls, and bestow upon a youth, long before their birth, the qualities that should make him their spiritual guide, their worldly philosopher, their tender friend? How much did he owe to old Simon Greenleaf and his Puritan progenitors? How much to the New England atmosphere? How much to Harvard College and familiar intercourse with the Classics? His education — if the tree may be judged by its fruit — was admirable. He was bred on Homer, Plato, and Aristophanes; he was on terms with the Bible, that to a modern youth would seem of fanatical familiarity; and upon this cultivation, like jewels enhanced by their setting, sparkled his native humor, irony, and genial human sympathies.

The habit of his mind did not seem like that of a native New Englander. One would have

thought he had been born in Ephesus and had paced the Ionian shore with Heraclitus, watching the dark purple outline of Samos against the golden glory of the setting sun, and discoursing on the universal flux of things. Or, he might have been a pupil of Plato, meditating upon thoughts of the master in company with seekers after truth from Argos and Thebes, or serenely holding the balance while they disputed with southern heat upon the nature of the soul. Socrates would have rejoiced in him. One can see in the mind's eye that ugly, awkward, inspired old man, just back from a hot walk to the Piræus, pausing on the threshold of a disciple's house to survey the assembled guests with an eager eye, hoping to discover Croswell among them. Must we not believe that Pythagoras was right? Did not Croswell once sit in that immortal company, bandying wit, exchanging playful or daring hypotheses, and unravelling the high concerns of the spirit?

Croswell was an admirable schoolmaster because he was an admirable friend; he was serious and inspiring in the weightier concerns of friendship, and nimble as Quicksilver in performing its lighter obligations. His company metamorphosed a walk in the city, so that on

coming home you vaguely felt that you had been strolling down a country lane; it would have made a dentist's parlor a place of agreeable expectancy; at a teetotal dinner, if talk, imagination, and hilarity are evidence, it turned water into time-honored Falernian. He was supremely indifferent to the vulgar prizes of life; he probably did not know whether you possessed them or not; he was taken up with the knowledge that you and he were companions in the marvellous experience of life, and that you were in need of stimulus, appreciation, encouragement. He gave prodigally of his best; and displayed a lowly and surprised gratitude for any sympathy returned. He imparted wisdom, as fire its heat, by mere proximity. In his friendship and daily behavior, there was no trace of his profession; nevertheless he taught everybody who knew him one great lesson, — a lesson emphasized by that sad, interesting, noble face which recalled the effigies of Lorenzo de' Medici, — that pain, heroically borne, is the greatest of teachers, and that without its lessons the education of the soul remains incomplete.

Our civilization lays stress on things quite different from those on which Socrates and

Plato laid stress; it seldom recognizes schoolmasters as the most important men in the State; it does not care overmuch for simplicity, modesty, or indifference to notoriety and applause; it pays little heed to the sower who quietly sows the seed of what men live upon; it values other things more congenial to it. So Croswell departed from us quietly, modestly, as he lived; leaving hundreds of girls and young women with richer lives because he lived, and many men wondering at their good fortune to have had such a friend, and rejoicing in a wealth of happy memories.

BY WILSON FARRAND

Of all the relations in which we knew Mr. Croswell there is none that stands out so clearly in the minds of those of us who were privileged to share it as that of the Head Masters' Association. The reason for this is to be found in the character of the Association. Limited in its membership, and bound together by the ties of common interest and a common purpose, it forms a particularly close and intimate group. When one recalls the names of Bancroft, Keep, Tetlow, Coy, Robinson, Bradbury, — to mention only a

few of those who were active in former days and who have already gone, — any schoolmaster will realize that here was no ordinary gathering of teachers. The intimacy and freedom of the annual meetings, when we all live together in the same hotel, have been especially aided by two rules, one written the other unwritten, but equally binding by the force of common consent and tradition. The unwritten rule is that no resolution expressing the opinion of the Association on any educational matter will ever be passed. The written rule is that no report of the meetings or of anything that is said at them can be given to the newspapers. Only the bare programme can be published.

The result of these rules has been a freedom and intimacy of discussion that have been most unusual, and altogether delightful. Men can speak even their half-developed thoughts, can tell their most personal experiences, without the fear that they will later be confronted with them in cold type, or that their words will be interpreted to mean support of some scheme in regard to which they are only seeking light.

In this atmosphere of freedom and inti-

macy, among men whom he loved and admired, and who admired and loved him, the flower of Croswell's wit and personality flourished exceedingly. It is hard to say, as we recall him year after year at those meetings, whether we cherish most warmly his part in our more formal discussions, — if indeed they could ever be called formal, — his talk as we sat at breakfast or luncheon together, or gathered in groups in the intervals between sessions, or those inimitable speeches at the close of the dinner that always bring to an end the meetings of the Association. I presume that it was seeing him in all three aspects so nearly at the same time that made us feel that we knew him better in the Head Masters than anywhere else.

In the regular discussions of set topics he was not one of the active debaters. He never engaged in a controversy, and he seldom acted as if he were trying to make one side or the other prevail. As the debate grew warm his interest would increase. Once in a while he would interject a few words — a keen comment, or, more often, a pregnant question. Finally, when he thought the subject was threshed out, he would rise, and in his inimitable way would close the discussion. He

seldom argued, but simply set before us what was passing through his mind. "When he spoke at the meetings of the Head Masters," writes one of the veterans of the organization, "the members always settled back for a treat while he played with a subject or showed its absurdity — once I recall that he did not even debate it — just showed how impossible it was." When he sat down, the discussion, by common consent, was ended. No one cared to speak after him, and he usually left the subject as it was well to leave it. Once, I remember, I spoke after him, in order to call attention to some overlooked point, and apologized for doing so, saying that I realized that for any one to speak after Croswell was an anti-climax. That evening at the dinner he "came back" at me, and when he was called on to speak poured forth his grief and indignation that one of his best friends had called him a "climax," something that he had never been called before! But that chance word proved a most fruitful text for one of those witty, suggestive dinner speeches that will be a tradition in the Head Masters as long as any who heard them remain to tell the tales of the past.

The same man whose remark has already been quoted also wrote of him: —

"There was a freshness, at times a quaintness and felicity of expression that would have charmed had his treatment been conventional, but he loved to present his views by contrasts, pictures, analogies — anything that would arrest attention and make the dull follow him. His mind was keenly analytical; he dissected with the intelligence and precision of a master in surgery. He loved to startle by iconoclastic remarks, for he knew that nothing heretical could harm such conservatives as schoolmasters, and he might possibly make them think.

"How wonderful he could be! I recall this occasion. The Head Masters had discussed a painful subject and then dropped it. Some member evidently (or apparently) had a morbid liking for it and reopened the subject. Croswell sprang to his feet, eyes flashing, and said words to this effect, 'I thought that we had dumped that stuff and disinfected the room.' The effect was magical; the man sat down and the subject was never again discussed."

Of Mr. Croswell's charm in conversation this is perhaps not the place to speak. His talk in the corridors at the Head Masters'

meetings had no more distinctive charm than in the lounging-room of the Century, or indeed wherever one met him, but still one cannot think of those meetings without recalling the little groups of which he was always the centre. What was his charm? He certainly never talked for effect. No one ever heard him deliver a monologue. In fact, he did not even talk much. I am not sure but that often the rest of us did most of the talking. But always he was the centre, and always it was what he said that stuck in our minds.

I do not think that the secret of his charm was that he was a good listener, although he certainly was that. Rather it was the suggestiveness of his comment, the pregnancy of his response. Often he would suggest a topic or a line of thought. While we talked he would be thinking as well as listening, and when we paused he would simply reveal what was passing through his own mind. I suppose that we had a child-like pleasure in seeing the quaint fancies and the far-reaching ideas to which our words apparently gave rise. And over it all was the charm of that genial kindliness, and that humorous, whimsical idealism that was so characteristic of the man.

But above all it was in his after dinner speeches that he shone, and for which he will be longest remembered. That he should always be one of the speakers at the dinner became a tradition of the Association. Probably every President of the Head Masters for the last ten years received more than one note requesting that Croswell be asked to speak at the dinner. He often demurred, but he always consented, for no President would take No for an answer from him. And never once did he fail to make good!

By tradition he was always the last speaker at the dinner. The first speaker was usually a guest, frequently a distinguished college president. Woodrow Wilson, Taft, Garfield, Hibben are among those that come to mind. Then would come two or three short speeches by members of the Association, and last Croswell would be called on. There was always a burst of spontaneous applause, and every eye would brighten in anticipation. The task assigned to him was to sum up the impressions of the meeting, to bring to a focus the discussions, and to formulate the dominant ideas. He made no formal analysis, no cut-and-dried summary, but with unerring skill

went straight to the heart of the matter, seized the elusive idea for which we were all groping, and set it clearly before us, expressed in those incisive phrases, and illumined with that suggestive wit, that made the hearing a delight, and the memory a lasting joy.

Who of us that heard it can ever forget that speech in which he told his dream of having died and gone to heaven, and recounted the various occupations in which he found us engaged? The man who was always hammering at the unreasonableness of college requirements, was going around complaining that it was growing harder and harder to get into heaven, while eternity was no longer than it had always been! The opponent of the old traditional subjects of education was trying to introduce new occupations among the angelic hosts; the advocate of the certificate method of admission to college was trying to persuade Saint Peter that a man should be admitted on his own signed statement of fitness, and so on through the list.

My memory is not clear as to whether it was at a dinner of the Head Masters or of the New York Schoolmasters' Association that he made his famous speech on the Penguins.

He told how he had been interested in reading in Captain Scott's travels the accounts of the behavior of the Antarctic penguins, how great flocks of them, without any apparent reason, would suddenly fly off in one direction; later, would as suddenly reappear, and shoot off toward an entirely different point of the compass. Then he said that what we in America, and particularly in New York, were suffering from was "Penguinity." With one accord and at one time we were all rushing to see the Sorolla pictures, to save Saint John's Chapel, to try to understand Herbart, or to follow whatever happened to be the particular fad of the moment. It was in the same speech, I think, that he said that thinking was the hardest work that a man could do. He made it a matter of religious duty to think ten minutes a day, and if by any stretch of his will power he could force himself to think twenty minutes a day, he was sure that inside of a month he would have New York at his feet.

While it has no connection with the Head Masters, I cannot help recalling a dinner of the New England Society of Orange in celebration of Forefathers' Day, at which I had persuaded him to speak. The subject assigned him was

"The Puritan Maidens," and the quotation under his name on the programme was, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

It was on a Saturday night. Croswell was the last speaker on the list. The dinner was slow in serving, the earlier speakers were interminable, and it was almost midnight when the President called on him to speak. The audience, to most of whom he was unknown, settled back in resignation. Croswell rose deliberately, drew out his watch, looked at it, and then solemnly remarked that it had always seemed to him that when Priscilla finally lost her patience, and burst out with that immortal question which had been given him for a text, it must have been on a Saturday night, about ten minutes before the beginning of the Puritan Sabbath. With that he sat down, and the audience literally rose at him. That was his first dinner speech in Orange, but it was not his last. The first is still quoted as a classic.

As I have been writing this little sketch, I have realized with steadily growing clearness how impossible it is to reproduce in cold type even a faint suggestion of the charm of his talk and of the unequalled wit and wisdom

of his speech. A well-known writer said to me the other day: "I always liked to talk over my work with Croswell. He seemed to understand what I was trying to get at, and to know what I really thought better than I did myself." No one who did not know him can adequately appreciate him, but to those who knew him their memory of him may serve to interpret these random recollections, and perhaps in the light of that memory they may explain what one of our number meant when he said, "The Head Masters have lost their Master, and the charm of the gathering is broken."

E. S. MARTIN, IN THE HARVARD BULLETIN

JAMES GREENLEAF CROSWELL, '73, Head Master of the Brearley School, in New York, died unexpectedly on March 14. After graduating at Harvard he studied at Leipsic and Bonn, taught for a year at St. Mark's School, Southboro, and was Assistant Professor of Greek and Latin at Harvard from 1883 to 1887. He was highly acceptable as a teacher of the classics at Harvard, and would naturally have gone on there, but Samuel Brearley, after starting a school for girls in New York, had

died on the threshold of his work, and there was a sudden call for a man to take up his task. To that duty President Eliot sent James Croswell, thereby taking away a remarkable teacher from young men at Harvard and bestowing him upon girls in New York.

For the rest of his life, twenty-eight years, James Croswell taught girls in the Brearley School. There were those who thought he should have been teaching men, but he did not feel so. That half of life which is girls seemed to him at least as well worth what he had to give it as the other. He was recognized and appreciated as a notable schoolmaster, and served his turn as president of the Schoolmasters' Association, and other like organizations, and he spoke and wrote often on matters relating to his profession. But the most of his mind he gave to his girls, making each year acquaintance with a new band of them who came to him at nine or ten, and stayed with him from five to eight years. While the girls studied under his guidance what was thought to make for education or what the colleges expected, he studied the girls, and studied in their interest the rapidly changing life that was passing, and their changing relation to it.

His relation with the Brearley girls was a wonderful thing, not to be contemplated without emotion. Many of them never let go of his good hand. In school and after, still they took counsel with him, and in due time many of them brought him their girl children to learn from him what they had learned.

Here was a great fatherly spirit, refined and endowed by an unusual scholarship, full of talent, full of perception, full of humor, disciplined by some sore misfortunes and the stronger and sweeter for that discipline, working steadily for twenty-eight years to contribute what he could of civilization to the barbaric development of New York.

Happily there was that in New York that well appreciated what it had got. Croswell was greatly beloved and honored. Among men (as was said in a notice of him) he was a favorite depositary of the thoughts of thinkers and philosophers, who loved him because he could understand them, and found a profit in him because their own came back to them from him with something added that was new to themselves.

HENRY OSBORN TAYLOR TO THE CENTURY ASSOCIATION

A RARE soul severed temporal relationships with many friends on earth when JAMES GREENLEAF CROSWELL died. A descendant of preachers and teachers, he came to New York in 1887 to take the headmastership of the Brearley School for girls. Hundreds of the best young women in the city will testify to the sensible discipline, the sanity of life, the enlarging suggestion, which came to them from one whose understanding of girlhood was unique and delightful. It is for us to speak of what he was to men.

Croswell was an intellect; not a creative one in the way of bookmaking, but one rejoicing in things intellectual and the entertaining subtleties of human temperament. He was a lovely scholar; not a tremendous or repelling one. His mind, disciplined and furnished with classical standards, ranged unvitiated throughout the ill-regulated world of literature. So well equipped with knowledge, gifted with sensitive and friendly sympathy, Croswell was one from whom his friends were sure of an appreciation which might be overkindly, and yet was always

on the right point. Frequently he saw more than the other man had been conscious of intending. His criticisms were suggestions. And praise from Croswell never shamed the giver or receiver. His mind played caressingly about the productions and personalities of his friends; it was busy with its sympathies and appreciations, never with itself. Most of us know what egotism is, and have to recognize ourselves as filled with it. One would look far to find an intellectual man as devoid of egotism as Croswell. And how beautifully did his sweet amenity suggest to his friends that they should try to understand each other more sympathetically, and so more profoundly, with that kind of understanding which is an aid alike to him who understands and him who is understood. Those with whom Croswell was intimate will feel their lives narrowed and the significance of their work diminished through his death.

BY CHARLES LEWIS SLATTERY, D.D.

(At the Brearley School)

I AM most grateful for the opportunity to be here to-day and to say a word of appreciation of your friend and leader. He was also my friend, and I with you looked up to him.

One thing which Mr. Croswell would like to have said among the words spoken to-day is that his life was lost in the life of the School. He would like us to believe, not that the School was part of his life, but that his life was part of the on-going life of the School. It is astonishing in how short a time a School like this can acquire permanent traditions, — traditions which shall always distinguish it. A strong and earnest man can give to an institution permanent qualities. I have therefore been thinking of the characteristics of our dear friend, which through him I am sure have already become characteristics of the School which he has loved and served.

In the first place, Mr. Croswell was a scholar. Scholars are rare in any institution, especially in institutions outside the rank of universities. You recognized Mr. Croswell's scholarship because, when you asked him a question, he either said that he did not know, or gave you such exact information that you knew that you could rely upon its accuracy. Most people are content with general information, which they think sufficiently exact for ordinary purposes. A scholar has not only respect for accuracy but reverence for truth.

That you through Mr. Croswell, and that all who henceforth catch the spirit of the Brearley School, shall hold before you the ideals of scholarship, is a matter of high importance in the cause of American education.

A second quality in Mr. Croswell upon which I should like to dwell was his marvellous enthusiasm. When he described a book which he admired, you instantly wished to read it. When, on the other hand, he uttered his contempt for a book or a play, you felt that you must not read the book or see the play. It is said that many a pupil of Dr. Arnold, long after his days at Rugby, held his hand back from an unworthy deed because it came over him how Dr. Arnold would look if he could see his old pupil at that moment. So I can imagine that many of you, in the days to come, will go through some hard and brave duty, seeming to see the smile of Mr. Croswell flashing to you from the unseen. Or you will withhold yourself from some unworthy act because you will see again his flash of scorn. An enthusiasm for the right and the beautiful is a significant mark of any school.

Only one other characteristic may I mention, and that was his joy in life. It was not

many years ago that devout people apologized for their sense of humor. We now know that humor is one of the supreme qualities of the saints. No one can be sanely and normally serious without it. Mr. Croswell found all through experience mirth and gladness. And how we loved to investigate with him the foibles of people in life and in books! Never with bitterness, always with kindness, he was a man of laughter and joy. Mr. Jay has already spoken of Mr. Croswell's description of himself when, returning to you last fall, he called himself a perfectly happy man. To be happy naturally and simply through all the vicissitudes of life, is not only a gift from heaven, but a gift through man to the world.

So Brearley School must carry on through its history these qualities of its great Head Master, — reverence for scholarship, enthusiasm for the best, and a joy in life which cannot be daunted.

THE ALUMNÆ OF THE BREARLEY SCHOOL

(*To Mrs. Croswell*)

At this first meeting of the Brearley League since the loss of our beloved Head Master, our hearts turn with deep sympathy to you whose loss is so much greater than our own.

We are met to-day to honor his memory and to mourn his loss, but we lift up our hearts in thanksgiving that it was our lot to know him and to be children in the school that he so dearly loved.

By grace of the precious inheritance he has left us, we pledge ourselves to the Brearley of the future with the prayer that countless unborn children may receive that heritage of truth and honor and gentleness that is so dear to us.

MINUTE ADOPTED BY THE DIRECTORS OF THE BREARLEY SCHOOL, MARCH 30, 1915

JAMES GREENLEAF CROSWELL, for twenty-eight years Head Master of the Brearley School, was born in 1852 in Brunswick, Maine, son of the Reverend Andrew Croswell and Caroline Greenleaf Croswell. A graduate of Harvard in the Class of 1873, he afterwards studied at Bonn, taught for a time at St. Mark's School, and from 1883 to 1887 was Assistant Professor of Greek and Latin at Harvard. When Samuel Brearley died, in the third year of the School which he had founded, Mr. Croswell was called from Cambridge to New York to take up the work which his friend had so notably begun.

Since 1887 the Brearley School and Mr. Croswell have seemed inseparable and identical.

His service to the School has been of inestimable value. Himself a classical scholar of rare attainments, he has kept the Brearley free from the vices of superficiality and sham knowledge, and has given it a standard of real and sound scholarship. Rare and excellent in his humanity as in his learning, he has also saved the Brearley from ever becoming a mere educational machine. He had only limited faith in any given apparatus or process of education. He knew that by devious ways the human mind and spirit may come to their own, and he was willing to have all possible ways open. With a sympathetic and personal knowledge of every pupil, he made the Brearley a place where the individuality of each could grow and be enriched and develop into the fulness of life. To him the School owes its position in the community during the last quarter of a century. To the inspiration of his personality was due the successful move from the old building and the recreation of the Brearley, on the new site, as a permanent institution which will stand as his living monument.

His service to the teachers of the School has

been a precious one. As a friend, a sympathetic critic, a leader under whom it was an inspiration to work, he taught them insight, tolerance, and kindliness; he stripped convention and sophistry from formula and revealed to them the way to truth and wisdom and love. To teach under him meant to live in touch with a man of vision.

His relation with his pupils was one of peculiar beauty. He had for the little girls of the Primary affectionate and humorous tenderness, for the older students sympathetic understanding and guidance, and for his graduates friendly counsel during many later years and even after they had sent their own daughters to learn from his wisdom. Eager to convey to each mind the inspiration of sound scholarship and broad human interest, he wanted each woman to develop to the best of which she was capable. No shadow of condescension ever marred his attitude towards his girls. Nor did he need to think of discipline. His personality permeated and unified the School; its wisdom, its quaint humor, its shrewd wit, its kindly tolerance, its peculiar common sense, its exquisite friendliness, constituted the spirit of the Brearley.

Not only by his work at his School, but also by his speeches, his writings, and his widespread personal influence, Mr. Croswell aided greatly in raising the education of New York girls to a higher standard of thoroughness and sanity. To the whole teaching profession, moreover, his character added distinction and dignity. For these great services the City of New York owes him gratitude.

The Directors of the Brearley School here record their deep sense of the grievous loss caused by his death, and of the great and permanent contribution to the School made by the twenty-eight years of noble service during which he instilled into the Brearley a spirit of truth and of wisdom, of kindness and of breadth of vision, that will last as long as the School shall endure.

HEAD MISTRESSES' ASSOCIATION

At the death of Dr. James Greenleaf Croswell the City of New York paused to pay loving tribute to a life spent ungrudgingly in the service of its children. Among many others, the Head Mistresses' Association affirms and records its gratitude for fellowship with him and expresses its deep sense of loss in his death.

A rare scholar and a humble student, a great teacher and a generous and faithful critic, Mr. Croswell consistently upheld the beauty of simplicity and the value of the aim at perfection. The flash of his humor was brilliant and keen, but never destructive; it illuminated the truth and left the vision of it clearer in the soul.

His reverence for each personality led him to shield the young lives he touched from undue pressure and interference, and he never exalted methods and results above growth and development. The breadth of his sympathy and the sanity of his judgment gave him remarkably quick and true insight into the natures of those under his care.

Marvellously free himself from confusion of ideals, he left as his legacy to other teachers the inspiration of his life, an inspiration so to carry on his work that the children he guided, protected, and loved may not too greatly miss his earthly presence.

HEAD MASTERS' ASSOCIATION

It is always difficult for one teacher to appraise adequately another teacher's character and service. In the case of James G. Croswell it is quite impossible for the reason that his

qualities of mind were unique and because he, more than any other schoolman that I have known, successfully withstood the conditions and resisted the forces that narrow the thinking and blight the imagination of the man that spends his life in the school.

In breadth of vision this wonder-working man, as I think, had no peer among the head masters. He could see things in the large — in their due proportions and right relations. He thought of education in terms of life rather than in the terms of subjects of study. Napoleon once said that men of imagination rule the world. To my mind this same priceless power was Mr. Croswell's dominating characteristic. It was the key to his character. Because of it, in all of our deliberations he engaged in no controversies. Because of it, no one attacked his theses or questioned the truth of his vision. Because of it, he was an illuminating speaker, taking us to the mountain tops where the vision is broad and clear. This gift of the seer gave him preëminence and leadership among schoolmen and made him the great teacher that he was. It may be said that inimitable humor and ready wit chiefly characterized his thought and speech; but no man lacking in

imagination can command through the years, as Mr. Croswell did, the rapt attention and ready assent of critical hearers.

Mr. Croswell's unique and pervasive influence among his colleagues and over his students was also due in no small degree to the fact that by inheritance and training his chief interests in life were scholastic and intellectual. From the point of view of the teacher he studied the social and political life of his time, and all the more eagerly and effectively because of the illumination derived from his extensive study and knowledge of classical literature and Greek philosophy.

This man, whose absence from our midst to-day is so keenly felt, undoubtedly *inherited* much of the intellectual and moral power that distinguished his life and service. His father was an Episcopal clergyman in a little village in the State of Maine. His mother was the daughter of Judge Greenleaf, Professor of Law at Harvard, whose book, "Greenleaf on Evidence," has been studied by generations of lawyers. The formative influences and intellectual stimulus of such a home are forces beyond the reckoning, when we come to measure the lives and achievements of men who devote

themselves, as Mr. Croswell did, to the noble work of human betterment.

Richly endowed by nature, he was equally favored in his *nurture*. Prepared for college in the Cambridge Latin School under the incomparable Head Master Bradbury, graduated from Harvard College in 1873, he taught a year in St. Mark's School and then served as instructor of Latin and Greek at Harvard until 1878, when he went to Europe for further study. Returning in 1881, he was appointed Assistant Professor of Greek at Harvard where he remained until 1887, when he was summoned to New York to establish the Brearley School for Girls. In this position he continued until the day of his death — a period of twenty-eight years.

This, gentlemen, is the bare outline of the life of a scholarly, cultured, and high-minded man who with generous purpose and unflagging industry consecrated his life to the education of the young — an undertaking than which no task is more subtle, more baffling, or more necessary to the welfare of man.

This man, with whom intellectual contact was so stimulating, and social intercourse so delightful — this man whom we all revered and

loved, met, as it seems to me, all the requirements of President Eliot's definition of a cultivated man.

"He had a liberal mind and generous heart, he had comprehensive interests and sympathies, he had a wide range of vision, and he found the great satisfactions of his life in pursuing truth and rendering service."

CHILDREN'S COMPOSITIONS

WRITTEN BY GIRLS OF THE BREARLEY SCHOOL, ABOUT FIFTEEN YEARS OLD

Mr. Croswell was a person who whenever you met him you invariably knew that the kindly eyes that beamed upon you had an unmistakable twinkle in them. I think that the school meant to him not only a great body of girls, but when he thought of it, he thought of it as composed of all of us and he took a deep interest in each girl. Last year when I was sick he wrote me such a nice understanding letter. He made you feel (at least he did me) that lessons were n't the all-important object of school life. I associated him with my Sundays as well as with my school days for he always used to sit in front of us in church, and from the time when I was a tiny girl and he was pointed out to me as my future head master I have always had a feeling of ownership for him. I remember quite well when I swallowed a marble in church, amidst a series of loud, gasping chokes, wondering with shame what he must have thought of

me. I am so glad and proud that I have been able to be under the influence of so great a scholar and man, and I hope that my memory of him will never grow dim, and I know that my affection for him can never lessen as the years go on.

SERENA HAND, V.

THE last time that I saw Mr. Croswell he impressed me as being more splendid than I had ever seen him before. It was before school, and I had gone into Miss Pfeiffer's room to speak to her. Mr. Croswell was in there, and when I had delivered my message I looked at him for a second. He seemed very tall, much taller than usual, and very noble. He smiled at me and said, "Good morning," and I went out. He always seemed to know me, and he called me by my name as if I was a very good friend of his, and it pleased me.

He always saw the fun in things, even in racing downstairs in the middle of a period to get a sweater. I did that once, and I met him on the stairs; he got out of my way (I was going awfully fast) and smiled at me as I raced past, as if he would like to do it too, but could n't.

I was having an exam. once when he came into the room. I looked up, but was thinking of a terrible example that I could n't do. He looked at me as if he understood how horrid it was. He must have hated exams. when he had them; anyway, I hope he did, they are so horrid.

He was very human, and very different from what I expected a head master to be like. I thought he would be a horrid person with glasses and a beard, who was always scolding, but I found him to be a very sweet, fatherly sort of man who remembered his girls' names, and did not forget how horrid exams. were, and how nice it was to race downstairs.

He did n't forget, and I admired him and was proud of him because he did n't.

DOROTHY STEWART, V.

WHAT it was in Mr. Croswell that fascinated and made me admire him, and love him, and trust him, is hard to define. I did not meet him often about the school and rarely spoke with him, and only now do I begin to realize to a full extent how wonderful a man he was. Yet it is certainly the proof of extraordinary personality that from the slightest

contact with such a person one should perceive how much greater is his scope of power and influence than what is shown you at the moment. And that Mr. Croswell possessed this personality, who can doubt? Or who can estimate how much his work and unbounded interest has meant to the school?

Of the many things Mr. Croswell did for the school the two that gave me the most pleasure were the remarks which he often made in the mornings at prayers, and his Friday lectures. The former were on many and varied subjects. One year he asked for contributions from all the classes and arranged a School Calendar with an event for as many days in the year as possible. On these anniversaries he talked of the historical happenings that had taken place, or the life of a great man whose birthday it was, or something of the kind. Sometimes he read us an interesting passage or told of some amusing incident; or he would explain and discuss some thought or problem in which the school might be interested, as for instance, loyalty. I remember he devoted several mornings to this subject, and what he said was always thoughtful, valuable and true.

The Friday talks were lectures on ancient Greece whose aim, as Mr. Croswell said, was to make the lives of the ancient Greeks appear more real and vivid than history alone could paint them. But they were not lectures in the ordinary sense of the word. Mr. Croswell did not discuss archæological theories, or merely describe the country, as it is or as it was, or quote some modern author. It was through the literature of the Greeks themselves — their own expressions of their own thoughts — that Mr. Croswell sought to give us a glimpse of Hellas two thousand years ago, — of its spirit and its people. He read us selections from the "Frogs" and the whole of the "Clouds" of Aristophanes. This last he acted enough to illustrate how it was originally performed, putting in little touches of his own to explain the scenery and characters, modernizing ancient jokes and Athenian slang, greatly to the amusement of the school. Several of the lectures were given to short extracts from biographical authors, containing amusing anecdotes, epitaphs on household pets, sketches of daily Greek life, and a few others were about Socrates. In all of these Mr. Croswell carefully pointed out any similar charac-

teristics and sympathies between the people of to-day and the people of that distant past. And we cannot be too grateful to him for these lectures in which he established a link between our advanced present and those far-off times which have come down in history as among the most wonderful the world has ever known.

JEAN FLEXNER, VI.

ONE of the highest tributes paid to Mr. Croswell was each girl's personal regard for him. Every one who knew Mr. Croswell had the deepest affection for him. I know that each girl in the school regarded him as *her* Mr. Croswell, because she loved him so much, and was unhappier over his death because of this love.

Although Mr. Croswell's great spirit filled the school, and made the school, and was the school, yet there was a distinctly personal atmosphere about him that was one of his greatest characteristics. It gave me a wonderful hot feeling to pass him on the stairs and have him speak to me by name. Having once connected a name and a face, he never forgot them. This also gave a sense of particular

friendship to those to whom he spoke in passing.

So all through our life, we shall remember Mr. Croswell as one of our dearest and wisest friends, and the memory of his loving words and kind face makes us and will make us better and stronger people.

CLARINDA GARRISON, VI.

MR. CROSWELL was a man who commanded great respect from his girls. He, unconsciously, both to the girls and himself, exerted his influence over every one in the school. His smile was for everybody alike, and one always felt better after seeing it.

The picture which remains in my mind most clearly was on the day which the school opened in the new building, and when the small primary children came for the first time. After prayers, a tiny child carrying a great pile of books and pencils in her arms, stood in the middle of the aisle, very much frightened and uncertain what to do. It was then that Mr. Croswell, looking very tall beside the little children, came down the aisle to where this little girl stood. He looked at her and smiled, but the little one was so thoroughly

frightened that books and pencils dropped with a bang. Then Mr. Croswell, tall as he was, stooped down and carefully picked up every book and pencil, put them in her hands, and courteously bowed to her as he would to any lady. Most head masters would have felt it beneath their dignity to have performed this service for a small child, and would have passed on with a smile, leaving the child to pick up the books herself.

I think that that little girl will always remember the kind man who picked up her books, and I am sure that every older girl who saw this incident will remember it, and the lesson in courtesy so unconsciously given.

HELEN N. SMITH, VI.

WE were all very much excited as we filed slowly down into Miss Eaton's room. It was our first commencement. The room was filled with people and flowers, as we took our places in the front row of seats. Suddenly there was a whispering down the line, and the girl next to me said, "Mr. Croswell wants you to sit beside him, 'cause you're president."

I never shall forget how excited and particularly scared I was as I stumbled up to my

seat beside the "great Head Master." Great in every way was exactly how he seemed to me, of course. I was pretty small and awfully scared until he suddenly looked down at me, smiled, and said in the kindest tone possible, "Don't you think Commencement is lots of fun? Pretty soon our great class eight will come, and then we must all stand up when the flag comes in." Every bit of scaredness left me, and my heart went out to this big, kind man who had such a nice voice and smile, and in a few minutes we were chatting away just as if he was my age — or perhaps rather I felt as if I was his.

Then class eight came down and the exercises started. All through I watched Mr. Croswell hard, laughed when he laughed, and realized dimly that though the graduating class sat up on the platform and did most of the talking, somehow the Head Master seemed to be the centre of everything.

Then came the eight's class song and my most vivid remembrance of Mr. Croswell, perhaps because it was my first, and some striking impressions, received when a child, always stand out and never seem to lose any of their reality. The song ended with a salute,