

begin to realize the mischief this latter day invention is destined to work. Among the more serious charges, may we not arraign the rocking chair as the cradle of American revival hymnology; as responsible for the swaying measures that harrow the musician's soul?

What are these but dreamy recollections of negro melodies, snatches of operatic airs heard in the past, and then thrown into new combinations by the motion of the rocking chair, just as each shake of the kaleidoscope forms new prisms from the one collection of glass fragments.

Look at the elders of a church where these tunes obtain, and you may observe during singing the upper part of the body describe the exact curve of the chair rocker in tune to the melody. Thus extremes meet. So motion and emotion are one. A homely union. But an alliance productive of more baneful and wide spread effects is that of the rocking chair with the newspaper paragraph.

Probably when psychic knowledge is more exact and profound, it will be discovered that the average American brain is checked off into compartments, like the squares on a go-bang board, of just sufficient size to contain a paragraph, and that the precise dynamic force requisite for its registration can be supplied only by the *volt sedent*. Sailing through life on a chopping sea and with brain like a fifteen puzzle, what marvel is it if our neighbours over the border be a restless people.

That tendency of the mind whereby it continues to do that which it has been doing, the tendency to repetition, which has been recognized by science as the source of rhyme, music, and crime, is responded to charmingly by the motion of the rocking chair.

It recalls too, the routine and perpetual energy of the universe, at once restful and bracing.

A Poet Laureate has confided to his public that his most propitious moments for prevailing on the muse to bear him company were when he had adjusted the outer man to such a state of ease that it ceased to assert its existence, and so allowed his psyche unrestrained movement.

What medium more conducive to this end than the rocking chair?

Spurning the earth and gently wafted through space you are carried out of yourself. Consider the arc of the globe upon which your throne oscillates. For it is a throne and you a law unto yourself. You merely kiss the earth as the sole acknowledgement of the all dominant law of gravitation.

But yester eve I passed a little cabin. A mature woman of six years was chanting rhythmically "Rocked on the cradle of the * deep oh," (her father is a railway porter) while she wooed the baby to sleep: the mother taking the chance to prepare the father's evening meal. A common picture, yet think of it.

The child had forgotten the fatigue of baby-tending; the infant was oblivious to the bewildering pains of life: the mother assisted in her endless toil: the ideal fabric of home, a web to be fresh spun each new day, awaited the man's return; and the Rocking-chair was the mainspring that set all the cheerful machinery agoing, till the cottage was filled with "peace upon peace like wave on wave."

As the grate fire to England, the opium pipe to the East, so is the Rocking Chair to America, the epitome of comfort. With instinctive respect for ancestresses of the hoop and farthingale, few well bred people but deny this graceful curveteer the dignity of a place in the drawing room.

And yet what room is complete without this article of furniture, although to so name it is all one as if we categorized Juno, Boadicea or Queen Bess as elderly females.

The sentimentality surrounding "The Old Oaken Bucket," or "Grandfather's Clock" must sicken and die, but as long as man is ordained to work, woman to gossip and babies to sleep, the Rocking Chair can never fail of due regard.

It is the friend of reverie and the enemy of thought. Reverie is the frayed edge of a worn out mental web, composed of slender threads of thought in the warp, and of memory in the woof.

Sitting in your rocking chair you care not even to apply the sharp point of the intellect to darn the wasted strands, but are content to caress the soft fringe and

* The American pronunciation of the word depot.