

sser that Emerson is, nor had he the bright pictorial fancy of Curtis, nor the studiousness of Margaret Fuller, but he had great faith in, and loyalty to, the religion which was putting forth its buds and blossoms in every town and village of New England. He was stern and unyielding, and thoroughly saturated with his principles. Everything he did, he did with all his might, with all his soul. When Lloyd Garrison asked him to join the American Anti-Slavery Society, he held out his hand and said, "I am with you in that cause to the end." And he did remain faithful to the end, as long as the word *slave* had a meaning at all in the land. He sympathized heartily with the movement for the emancipation of women, and he was one of the Reformers of 1840 who met to discuss plans of universal reform.

His early life in Concord provoked a good deal of ill-natured ridicule and carping criticism, and even contempt in several rather influential quarters. He was regarded as a foolish visionary, an improvident fellow who allowed himself to be so carried away by fanciful dreams that he could do nothing but build castles in the air, and indulge from morning until night in what the Greeks called, the habit of empty happiness. For a while he supported himself during the summer months by tilling the soil, and in the winter time he chopped wood. But whether he planted or reaped in the garden and in the field, or felled giant trees in the resounding forest, his fancy still turned to thoughts of high endeavour, and his eloquent imagination pictured the airiest visions and the most lovely of all lovely things. His mind was full of quick-coming and beautiful creations, and like Wordsworth, like Bryant, like Thoreau, the friend of his youth, he listened to the songs which the brooks seemed to sing, to the lays which the birds chanted in his ear, and to the hymnal sounds and roundelays which echoed from the dark recesses of the wild woods he loved so dearly. He saw poetry in everything. To him nothing