

THE POET'S LEGACY

The house hid itself behind a high wall from the evil days that had overtaken it.

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FIRST AID TO THE INJURED POND'S EXTRACT FOR BURNS, SPRAINS, WOUNDS, BRUISES OR ANY SORT OF PAIN.

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face is the whole world's now—the face of a woman, as Lady Madge had said, drooping, delicate, oval, with half-lidded eyes, a long, straight nose, lips like a Cupid's bow, but a domelike forehead amid masses of curls.

"You played at revolution with him—yes," the crony would say, "because you knew that in your gown of white poplin embroidered with silver shamrocks none could resist you. You remember the balcony in Sackville street, when he flung his seditious pamphlets, and you kept handing him others as those were scattered?"

"I remember. Somewhere, unless that mix, Cecilia, has rid me of better things, should be a stack of his rubbish. I will say for him that he lashed Casterbagh with his tongue! A pretty fellow—a pretty fellow; but I take shame to myself for the part I played. He had more than one wife, in the truth were told; and I showed myself with him only to madden my lovers."

Cecilia had heard the tale, and many another such, smiling absently to herself about them. The stack of the mad poet's seditious essays had not gone the way of morality. She knew where it lay in a chest lined with sandalwood that bore a date of 1607. She had been minded to turn them out once to make way for Lady Madge's perishable fancies, but she had spared them for the sake of the poet who had written beautiful things, as even she knew, yet nothing to be compared to Tom Moore and his melodies.

It was true that both Lady Madge and Mr. Humphrey De Moleyns had lived too long. A day came when Mr. Humphrey did not appear. Lady Madge was in a tremor, as though, at last, she was aware that Death's lean fingers were knocking at her door. Cecilia must go at once to Streamstown to inquire.

Cecilia went, as fast as trains could carry her. She found Mr. Humphrey in his dressing-gown, shivering over a handful of embers, a bowl of whey at his elbow. He looked blue and pinched, but greeted her with the gallant manner which should be his till his death. A touch of aqua-blew away the talk of his illness; he would be himself again presently, and would be at Lady Madge's and Miss Cecilia's service.

Old Terence, Mr. Humphrey's man, drew Cecilia aside as she would have left the house and whispered a word in her ear. The man was as pinched as his master.

"I would die here and be eaten by the rats to save His Honor's pride," he said. "I can't see him starve." Cecilia's eyes dilated in a whitening face.

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Streamstown yet sent him the Morning Post. She picked it up and smoothed it out with mechanical tidiness, shaking it daintily free of the dust it had contracted on her white floor. Her eye rested on a paragraph; read it would comprehend, read it again comprehending. It was an account of a sale at Sotheby's. Then she flew to the oak chest where the mad poet's seditious pamphlets had lain so long, lifted it, and looked. The tall stack was still there undisturbed. A light dust lay on the topmost title page.

She had heard of bookworms and such creatures. In the ancient unused libraries of the Irish country-houses it was common enough to find a book riddled by their devastations. She lifted a pile of the pamphlets. Thanks to the sandalwood chest, they were as intact as the day they were printed. In a sudden passion of thanksgiving she pressed her lips on "An Address to the Irish People."

The treasure-trove did all but reduce its own value in the market. However, it brought a great price, its several parts finding their way to the libraries of American millionaires chief among the collectors. When the mad poet's "Address to the Irish People," some hundreds of copies of it, had been sold, there was no more need for Cecilia to press her aching brows for a solution of the problem as to how she was to find bread for her helpless flock of old people. Why, she and they were suddenly rich! Old Lady Madge, when her niece informed her of what she had done, took the transaction calmly. "The English are always mad," she said, "as mad as their poets. He was never comparable to Tommy Moore—indeed, his verses were poor things to my mind, except those he addressed to myself. His Mary was as mad as himself. His Harriet was a housemaid. As for his Emily * * * Pooh, he never loved but me!"

However, the romance of Cecilia's life was not to be bound up and finished with those old people, for, some two years after the address to the Irish people had proved golden, there appeared on the scene a certain Lawrence De Moleyns, a blue-eyed, sunburnt, cheery giant of a young man, who claimed to be Mr. Humphrey's grandson. And Mr. Humphrey had no sooner laid eyes on him than he fell into his arms, declaring that he was Jasper come alive again. So that there was no need of proof of identity, and that was as well, since the digger who had taken Jasper's widow and Jasper's child to his own but and had kept them in a jealous secrecy and worked for them with a silent and passionate devotion, had only yielded up the secret on his deathbed.

Anyhow, the young man came into the house where he stayed every one had been glad to see Cecilia, old and quiet, like a great wind from the mountain-tops. His putative father had done him no more injustice after he had robbed him of his kin, but had made him rich and reared him as a gentleman and sent him to college and surrounded his tender years with lessons of honor and honesty, the more scrupulously, perhaps, because he felt that he had failed in both.

One of Mr. Lawrence's first actions was to pay off the charges on Streamstown and hand it back to Mr. Humphrey, free and unburdened. His next was to restore the glories of the old mansion, and this occupied him all one long, happy winter, during which Cecilia must be as much at his beck and call as hitherto she had been at the old people's, and it was surprising how patient the old boy Jasper had been about it, even the exacting Lady Madge forbearing to grumble. As for Cecilia, the winter wind through which she drove, wrapped warmly in rugs of regal fur, by the side of Lawrence De Moleyns, seemed to blow the most exquisite roses of youth and joy into her face.

The Island of St. Christopher's Oh, glad green valleys that no winter whitens With blight or snow, Oh, flaming gardens where the wind that frightens Forgets to blow, What need have ye of poet's song or singing.

What need of praise, To whom the sweet wind comes, forever bringing Immortal lays; Immortal murmurs of the soft sea's longing, And, from the hills, The immortal laughter of the plam trees thronging About the hills? Fair as the morning, sweet beyond comparing Thy fields of green; And sweet thy wandering meadows — shoreward faring — Which no man glean: Only the Wind is reaper; whence he bloweth No creature saith, Sower is he and Gatherer; where he goeth Is dim as Death. Lo! all thy days are lovely as the flowers That take the sun; Fragrant with dew the long moon-haunted hours Till night is done, Let us shake off the dust of town and travel, Forget the toil, And seek no more strange problems to unravel That fret and foil; Learn once again to wonder up at heaven. Rejoice and be Strong with the wind's sharp wine, The sun's sweet leaven, Glad with the sea! —By G. L. Lounsbury in Century.

A Prayer for a Mother's Birthday Lord Jesus, thou hast known A mother's love and tender care; And Thou wilt hear, while for my own Mother most dear I make this birthday prayer. Protect her life, I pray, Who gave the gift of life to me; And may she know, from day to day, The deepening glow of life that comes from Thee.

As one upon her breast Fearless and well content I lay, So let her heart, on Thee at rest, Feel fears depart and troubles fade away. Her every wish fulfill; And even if Thou misest In anything, let Thy wise will A comfort bring such as had mothers use.

Ah, hold her by the hand, As once her hand held mine! And though she may not understand Life's winding way, lead her in peace divine.

I can not pay my debt For all the love that she has given; But Thou, love's Lord, wilt not forget Her due reward—bless her in earth and heaven! —Henry Van Dyke.

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