

MY LOST YOUTH.

OFTEN I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea ;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
And my youth comes back to me.
And a verse of a Lapland song
Is haunting my memory still :
" A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts."

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,
And catch, in sudden gleams,
The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,
And Islands that were the Hesperides
Of all my boyish dreams.
And the burden of that old song,
It murmurs and whispers still :
" A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts."

I remember the black wharves and the
slips,
And the sea-tides tossing free ;
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea.
And the voice of that wayward song
Is singing and saying still :
" A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts."

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,
And the fort upon the hill ;
The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar,
The drum-beat repeated o'er and o'er,
And the bugle wild and shrill.
And the music of that old song
Throbs in my memory still :
" A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts."

I remember the sea-fight far away,
How it thundered o'er the tide !
And the dead captains, as they lay
In their graves, o'erlooking the tranquil
bay,
Where they in battle died.
And the sound of that mournful song
Goes through me with a thrill .
" A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts."

I remember the gleams and glooms that
dart
Across the schoolboy's brain ;
The song and the silence in the heart,
That in part are prophecies, and in part
Are longings wild and vain.
And the voice of that fitful song
Sings on, and is never still :
" A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts."

There are things of which I may not
speak ;
There are dreams that cannot die !
There are thoughts that make the strong
heart weak,
And bring a pallor into the cheek,
And a mist into the eye.
And the words of that fatal song
Come over me like a chill :
" A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts."

Strange to me now are the forms I meet
When I visit the dear old town ;
But the native air is pure and sweet,
And the trees that o'ershadow each well-
known street,
As they balance up and down,
Are singing the beautiful song,
Are sighing and whispering still :
" A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts."

And Deering's Woods are fresh and fair,
And with joy that is almost pain
My heart goes back to wander there,
And among the dreams of the days that
were
I find my lost youth again.
And the strange and beautiful song,
The groves are repeating it still :
" A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts."

LONGFELLOW, THE HELPFUL
FRIEND.

BY ONE WHOM HE HELPED.



NOT very few of his
intimate friends,
I think, know how
kind was the dear
friend who has
just died to those
who were study-
ing to fit them-
selves for a career in literature or
music or art. But there were not a
few of those to whom he gave his
sympathy and help who felt that a
very dear father had passed away when
they heard the news of his death. I
have been sadly turning over the port-
folio which contains some scores of
notes and letter which I have received
during the last eight or ten years from
him, while pursuing the study and
practice of music at home and abroad,
signed with his dearly-loved initials.
I can hardly bring myself, Mr. Editor,
to agree to your request that I copy
some selections from his letters, and I
would not do it except that I am
allowed to conceal my name, that I
may not seem to seek publicity as
having been the recipient of his good-
ness. Delicacy requires this reticence.
It is painful to read much that is
written, and our grief would fain be
left sacred and silent ; but his good-
ness should not be concealed. It be-
longs to the world, which gives speech
to its own sorrow and asks from those
who have best known him their experi-
ence also.

Most exquisite was his tender way
of doing a kindness to others, as if he
were receiving, instead of doing the
favour. It was this which constantly
affected me with the sense of his good-
ness.

My story is not a solitary one. I
had come, a poor girl, to Boston, from
a distant part of the country, a young
writer and singer, teaching music to
defray my expenses in the continuance
of my studies, and writing bits for the
several papers in the city. One day I
visited an editor, with some verses of
greater length than usual. He said :
" This is too long for a newspaper or
magazine. Finish it, and then I want
you to take it to Mr. Longfellow." I
opened my eyes in wonder. " I go to
Mr. Longfellow !"

I had never dreamed it possible that
Mr. Longfellow would trouble himself
about a perfect stranger, and I im-
agined the editor to be making sport
of me and my poem. Three months
later I yielded to a sudden impulse,
and wrote Mr. Longfellow, and was
invited to visit his home. The day
was a golden one, for I found in him
a calm, wise counsellor. Afterward
fortune favoured me, so that I drifted
to foreign shores, to carry on my am-
bitious plans ; and even then his
thoughtful kindness followed me—now
a word of encouragement, praise, or
comfort ; which he found time to give

expression to, making its way across
the Atlantic ; ever suggesting, with-
out seeming to do so, some subject for
my pen ; begging me at all times to
write all about myself ; and offering
his help in any way that was possible.

At one time his letter before me
show him taking charge of a produc-
tion of my pen to place it in the hands
of the editor ; at another visiting the
dusty office of the paper for which I
was writing letters, to subscribe for it
with his own hand ; and the editor,
who never expected such an honour to
be paid his poor paper, immediately
begs me to consider myself engaged to
write the following year.

Again and again would he give some
little commission to do for him, as if
it were granting him a great favour,
while it is only his delicate way of
presenting me to persons who might
be interested in my struggles and prove
themselves friends.

Too proud to reply to his oft-repeated
question of whether he might aid me,
he finally visited some of my friends,
to learn my exact needs, and then one
New Year's morning I remember my-
self seated on the side of my bed, where
letters have been brought to me, the
tears rolling down my cheeks, for I
feared I must yield to the inevitable
and go home. " Only a little New
Year's gift, that will serve to buy
gloves," said his letter. Did he know
that it was bread, not gloves, I feared
I should need, and which his generous
gift supplied ?

But I copy from these letters, my
choicest treasure, a few paragraphs
which will give an idea of his thought-
fulness and kindness. In one of his
early letters he writes :

" How kind of you to write me such
a long letter. It has interested me
extremely. But the next must be all
about yourself. No so much what you
are doing, for I can imagine that, but
what you are feeling and fearing and
hoping and desiring. In short, a pic-
ture of your inner self.

" Tell me, also, how I can be of aid
and comfort to you, being assured of
my constant wish and willingness to
help you in all ways."

This bit is from another letter :
" Your tour in Switzerland will be
a great refreshment to you. But when
one is sad and sorrowful there is a
kind of terror in mountain scenery.
I have often felt it."

The following was in response to
some confidences :

" I feel now, more than ever before,
the dangers that surround you ; but I
am sure you will be strong and valiant.
Instead of giving you good advice, I
send you a song I wrote the other
day."

This song is that beginning " Stay, stay
at home, my heart and rest," the last
verse of which is :

" Then stay at home, my heart, and rest,
The bird is safest in its nest ;
O'er all that flatter their wings and fly
A hawk is hovering in the sky ;
To stay at home is best."

" I beg you, dear—, not to feel
wounded at my frank manner of speak-
ing. I cannot speak otherwise and be
true to myself and to you. And be-
lieve always in my unabated interest
in your welfare and your success, and
how truly I am your friend.

" H. W. L."

Farewell best, tenderest, truest of
friends !

CHRIST AND THE SULTAN'S
DAUGHTER.

EARLY in the morning,
The Sultan's daughter
Walked in her father's garden,
Gathering the bright flowers,
All full of dew.
And as she gathered them,
She wondered more and more
Who was the Master of the Flowers,
And made them grow
Out of the cold, dark earth.
" In my heart," she said,
" I love him ; and for him
Would leave my father's palace,
To labour in his garden."
And at midnight,
As she lay upon her bed,
She heard a voice
Call to her from the garden,
And, looking forth from her window,
She saw a beautiful youth
Standing among the flowers.
It was the Lord Jesus ;
And she went down to him,
And opened the door for him ;
And he said to her, " O maiden !
Thou hast thought of me with love,
And for thy sake,
Out of my Father's kingdom,
Have I come hither ;
I am the Master of the Flowers.
My garden is in Paradise,
And if thou wilt go with me,
Thy bridal garland
Shall be of bright red flowers."
And then he took from his finger
A golden ring,
And asked the Sultan's daughter
If she would be his bride.
And when she answered him with love,
His wounds began to bleed ;
And she said to him,
" O Love ! how red thy heart is,
And thy hands are full of roses."
" For thy sake," answered he,
" For thy sake is my heart so red,
For thee I bring these roses.
I gathered them at the cross
Whereon I died for thee !
Come, for my Father calls.
Thou art my elected bride !"
And the Sultan's daughter
Followed him to his Father's garden.

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

WHEN the hours of Day are num-
bered,
And the voices of the Night
Wake the better soul that slumbered,
To a holy, calm delight ;

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door,
The beloved, the true hearted,
Come to visit me once more ;

They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spake with us on earth no more !

And with them the Being Beautiful,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a low and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

Oh, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died !

A LADY who had been travelling in
Italy was asked by a friend how she
liked Venice. " Oh ! very much, in-
deed," was the reply. " I was unfor-
tunate enough, however, to arrive there
just at the time of a heavy flood, and
we had to go about the streets in boats."

* This was the engagement between the *Enterprise* and the *Boss*, off the harbour of Portland, in which both captives were slain. They were buried side by side, in the cemetery on Mountjoy.