AN HOUR WITH THE EDITOR

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

Women have not played nearly as great a part in the history of America as they have in that of Europe. Three centuries have elapsed since the settlement of this country by Europeans began, and it is noteworthy that, much as Americans have claimed to have done towards the emancipation of women, it is difficult to select a single name belonging in the same category as those of the great women, whom Europe has produced during the same period. Doubtless the reasons for this are not far to seek, but it is foreign to the purpose of this series of articles to discuss sociological problems. We are dealing with individuals and their effect upon their times or their representative character. In Harriet Beecher Stowe we have one who may profitably be considered in both aspects. She represents a type of woman, in a certain degree peculiar to America, and her influence upon the history of her country was undoubtedly profound.

She was born in 1812. Her father was Lyman Beecher, who was also father of Henry Ward Beecher. Before her marriage she taught school. Her husband, to whom she was married when she was twenty-four years of age, was Calvin E. Stowe, who was afterwards a professor in Bowdoin College in the State of Maine. She died in 1896. She wrote several works, but her fame rests upon "Uncle Tom's Cabin." As a writer she displayed a great fund of humor and remarkable powers of description. In her almost forgotten story "Dred" there are passages of remarkable power. This is about all that need be said of her biographically.

Not very many people, in Canada at least, read "Uncle Tom's Cabin" nowadays. The name is associated chiefly with weary-looking so-called bloodhounds, and Little Eva's going to heaven to slow music. But there was a time when it was read almost as a duty by hundreds of thousands of people. The days of American slavery are past, but there was a time when the horrors of that institution were only too awful It would be a mistake to suppose that there was no bright side to slavery. Mrs. Stowe with perfect frankness shows us that as well as the dark side, but she demonstrates that the brightness is only superficial, while the darkness is fundamental. In this remarkable story the talented author portrayed conditions in the slave states just as they existed. If she depicted with vivid brush the brutalizing of the traffic in human flesh, she also showed how it was possible for persons of gentle nature to soften the hardships of bondage and hold their slaves by chains of affection. She did not idealize the negro type, but showed that there were bad and good among them as among white people. She impressed upon the public mind that there is no difference in point of intellect or moral responsibility between a white man and a negro. She exposed the hollowness of the professed love of some northern people for the slaves. The strength of her work lay in its fairness. This it was that enabled her to arouse the conscience of the nation by it, that of the South no less than that of the North, for the slave-owners felt the terrible truth of her indictment, and became bitter in their determination to maintain their cherished institution.

It is interesting to note how the careers of nations are influenced by apparently insignificant incidents. When the young girl, Harriet Beecher, went to Cincinnati with her father to teach school, it could hardly have occurred to any one that her change of residence would have any influence outside of a very small circle. She was one of a thousand more girls, whose parents sought employment in what was then the West. But at Cincinnati she met and conversed with many runaway slaves and learned from them something of the misery and suffering of the unhappy people. Yet she became wife and moved to her New England home without having given any public evidence that her soul had been stirred to its depths by what she had learned. About 1850 the controversy between the slave-owners and the opponents of slavery, was approaching a climax. Strong men were coming to the front. Speeches were delivered with a fervor and eloquence that have never since been equalled in America, and in the very heat of this controversy, soon to become one of the sword, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" appeared. It is not too much to say that the English-speaking world was taken by surprise. The sale was enormous. Translations into other languages appeared promptly. Edition after edition was printed. It is perhaps correct to say that no other book that was ever written attained so great a circulation in the same space of time or so profoundly affected the minds of people. One of Mrs. Stowe's biographers says: "It would hardly be a figure of speech to say that the Northern Army in that war (the war of secession) or the the force that made the heart of that army—had been nurtured in boyhood and youth on 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and carried the book in their hearts."

In personal appearance, Harriet Beecher Stowe could not be called handsome. Her features were strong and somewhat masculine, her nose being larger and of what is called the Roman type; her mouth was large, her chin was not prominent and her forehead, though full, was not notably high. Her expression was very pleasing, and her best portrait shows her hair hanging in ringlets about her face. Her character was lovable. She was a devout Christian, but not specially strict on doctrinal points. She lived in a humble way, taking care of her own babies, of whom she had her share, and looking after the affairs of her household. This remarkable woman, who did more than any one person to influence the history of the United States, was an unassuming wife and mother, who seemed hardly conscious of the tremendous work she was doing for humanity.

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

The following question was once asked of a minister of the Gospel: Suppose that a man had heard the Sermon on the Mount, and had gone to his distant home in some fastness in the highlands of Asia and told his associates about it, and suppose that they had been greatly impressed by the expression, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God"; and suppose that as a community they had so ordered their lives that their hearts were pure, and they lived and died in the full expectancy of seeing the Deity and all that is therein implied, also let us suppose that a century or so afterwards some one had visited that community and had told the people that it was their duty to accept some particular form of belief, not contained in the Sermon, and they had refused, would they thereby incur eternal condemnation? To this the minister replied that according to the logic of the creed in which he had been taught, he was obliged to answer that they would be, but he added: "I don't believe they would."

There are two accounts of the Sermon on the Mount. One is in Matthew's Gospel and is contained in three chapters comprising in all one hundred and eleven verses. The other is in Luke's Gospel and takes up thirty verses of the sixth chapter. Possibly they are not accounts of the same incident, for in one case the sermon is said to have been delivered by Jesus, while seated upon an elevation, and the other while standing on a plane. The similarity is thought and language suggests, however, that both accounts refer to the same occasion. Both are disconnected, and there are certain passages which do not appear to have any bearing upon the lesson of the discourse, and this suggests that in each case some one has written down from memory the salient points of what seems to have been the most important public address of Jesus. In neither account is there anything that can be called doctrinal, or anything more than advice as to manner of living. If we sought for a word to express the fundamental principle of the discourse, perhaps "unselfishness" would do as well as anything else. The rules of conduct laid down are not materially different from those prescribed by other great teachers of humanity who lived before Christ, and that we should expect, for we find Him saying: "I am not come to destroy the law but to fulfill," and if we accept this as a reference to the law of righteousness, that is of right living, we find confirmation of the thought advanced above in what He said on another occasion, namely, "Love is the fulfilling of the Law." Love, as the expression is used in the Gospels and generally in the New Testament, means unselfishness. Hence we find that the Gospel which Jesus Himself preached was the Gospel of Unselfishness, and this He seemed to think sufficient for the needs of mankind. It is the one thing which the world needs today. Strife began when man first asked himself: "Am I my brother's keeper?" and it will continue until we learn that the answer to this question is in the affirmative and that it is impossible for us to make life what it ought to be until we realize that we are responsible to and for each other. Modern civilized society is founded on selfishness. It needs the Gospel of the Sermon on the Mount quite as much as the benighted savages of heathendom. Through the acceptance of this and by that means alone can society be saved.

There are those who say that without the impulse which selfishness gives there would be no progress, because it is the desire to benefit ourselves that leads us to strive for progress. Undoubtedly there is much truth in the latter part of this proposition, but there is nothing inconsistent with perfect unselfishness in a constant effort to reach better conditions. It is not necessary to pull others down that we may build ourselves up. There can be competition for the general benefit as well as for our individual aggrandizement. Ambition, competition, personal advancement—these things are not wrong in themselves. On the contrary, they are right. The trouble with society is that they have been for the most part applied to efforts which had their origin and purpose in self. We hold that there would be just as great material progress, just as great comfort and prosperity if men ordered their lives according to the Sermon on the Mount as there is today, and it would be far more generally distributed, and it would be offset by far less misery and unhappiness. The weak point in most religious teaching is that it lays too great stress upon articles of faith and not enough upon "the fruit of the Spirit which is Love," that is unselfishness. When we learn to think of others, not necessarily always before ourselves, for we each have some rights, but as well as of ourselves, then we will appreciate how true it is that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." But what is of more importance is that we will aid in setting in motion the mightiest force in all the universe. There is an old song which says:

"'Tis love that makes the world go round."

We may take the phrase and apply it in a wider sense than its author intended. Unselfishness would, if it had free scope, alter the very nature of humanity. It would wipe out all suffering and sorrow; for even death can have no sting for those whose lives have been ordered according to this essential principle of divinity.

SOUND

If a tree falls in the forest where there is no living thing to hear it, does it make any noise? This question is not quite as silly at it looks. It is only a method of drawing attention to the apparent paradox that sound is noiseless, or in other words that what we call sound or noise is the effect of it upon the ear drum and the nerves connecting that organ with the brain. Sound is due to the expansion and contraction of air particles. Put several billiard balls in a row, or, if you do not happen to have them at hand, common marbles will do as well. Let the balls or marbles touch each other. Now roll another ball or marble so as to strike one end of the row. The row will remain stationary except as to the ball or marble at the other end, which will roll away. The force of the impact at one end of the row is transmitted to the other end by a minute expansion and contraction of each member of the row. This is the way sound is transmitted. Something, the head of a drum, the vocal chords, the wires of a piano, or whatever you like, is put in vibration. This vibration is necessarily communicated to the surrounding air particles, which by minute expansion and contraction pass it on until the resistance counterbalances the force of the original impact. If at any point within the radius of the vibration an ear happens to be, that ear detects the vibration and passing it on by the nerves to the brain the possessor of the ear is conscious of a noise.

Let us note a few simple things about sound. In the first place there can be no sound where there is a vacuum. We must have air or water, or some solid substance, if we are to have sound. The first person who is known to have demonstrated this is Robert Boyle, who lived more than two centuries ago, but the experiment which is usually accepted as establishing the fact was made by Hawksbee in 1705. He hung a bell in the receiver of an air pump and as he exhausted the air the sound grew fainter and fainter until it was almost imperceptible, but not quite so, because he could not produce a perfect vacuum. About thirty years ago Warren de la Rue constructed an apparatus by which, after as much air as possible had been drawn from the receiver, hydrogen gas was allowed to enter. When this had been withdrawn a nearly perfect vacuum was created, and a bell hung inside the receiver then gave forth absolutely no sound. As the air was allowed to pass slowly in a faint sound was heard and as the density of the air increased so also did the sound.

The speed at which sound moves varies under various circumstances. For practical purposes 1000 feet a second may be said to be its speed through the atmosphere under normal conditions, or, say, a mile in five seconds. Therefore if a peal of thunder follows a flash of lightning at an interval of five seconds it may be accepted as proved that the flash occurred a mile away. Through water sound travels four times as fast as through air, through a piece of pine about ten times as fast and through iron seventeen times as fast. A very simple and interesting experiment in the transmission of sound through solids may be tried by any two persons. Let one of them tap very lightly with a pin at the end of a long piece of wood to the opposite end of which the other holds his ear closely. The sound, which perhaps the person who does the tapping may not hear, will be distinctly heard by the other. We all know that sound is carried a long distance through a tube although most of us forget it and shout through a speaking tube when an ordinary tone would do just as well. A French philosopher, named Biot, carried on a conversation in a low tone through 3,210 feet of empty water pipes. The lowest possible whisper could be distinctly heard. At the conclusion of his experiment he had an assistant hold a lighted candle at one end of the pipe. He then fired a pistol into the other end and the report put out the candle.

Sound is reflected just as light is. If a concave mirror is taken and its focal point is ascertained, that is the point at which rays from a distant light reflected from the mirror converge, at that point the sound from some object, such as a watch, situated in the same place as the light will be perfectly audible, although it may not be so at a point nearer the object producing the noise. Echoes are reflections of sound, and the above illustration explains why an echo can be heard in one place but not in another close at hand. There is a place on the Tobique river in New Brunswick where the repeated reflection of sound is strikingly illustrated. It is at what is called Blue Mountain Bend. The "Mountain" consists of two summits about 1,600 feet above the river, with a deep narrow valley between them. If a gun is discharged at a certain point on the river bank, a sharp echo comes back from the foot of the opposite cliff, and after a short interval the echoes begin to come back from the sides of the valley, and they come so rapidly as to blend with each other in a prolonged roar, which gradually dies away. The celebrated echoes of the Wetterhorn and Jungfrau are often spoken of. In these the sound of a horn is softened and becomes flute-like. There is an echo in Woodstock Park, England, which repeats seventeen syllables by day and twenty by night. The Whispering Gallery of St. Pauls' is well known, but perhaps not the fact that in Gloucester Cathedral there is an octagonal gallery which carries a whisper seventy-five feet across the nave. In Carisbrook Castle there is a well two hundred and ten feet deep, and if a pin is dropped into it the sound of its striking the water can be distinctly heard.

Musical sound is due to the regularity of the sound pulsations. Take the case of billiard balls above mentioned as an illustration of what is meant by pulsation. It is a pulsation which cause the ball at the further end of the row to roll away. When the pulsations in the air are irregular the sound is harsh; when they are regular they are musical, no matter by what they are caused. Of course in either case the pulsations must be rapid to cause sound.

Ancient Teachers of Religion and Philosophy

By N. de Bertrand Lugrin.

PLATO AND HIS PHILOSOPHY

Plato's philosophy is said to have been the inspiration of most of the great poets and philosophers that have lived since his time. In fact his writings rank with the sublimest literature that has ever been produced. It would be impossible to systematize his philosophy, but all of his writings teach the loftiest moral truths. He asserts the supremacy of soul, ideals, reason and design over matter and body.

"For Soul is Form and doth the Body make."

Through deep thinking and profound reasoning we arrive at "The Idea of Good," from which comes all truth and enlightenment and which he symbolizes as the Sun of the intelligible world. In his Republic he undertakes to prove that virtue brings its own reward and needs no other recompense now or hereafter. This Utopia, that he plans, is to have division of labor, the limitation of the right of private property, the industrial and political equality of women, the improvement of the human breed by artificial selection, the rule of public opinion, the prescription of unwholesome art and literature, the reorganization of education, the kindergarten method, the distinction between higher and secondary education, the endowment of scientific research and other equally wonderful laws and institutions. In reading of the plans of this Republic one might almost fancy it to be the work of some socialistic thinker of the twentieth century, who is a little in advance of his time.

In his description of incidents in the life of Socrates, Plato is particularly eloquent, and in the "Trial of Socrates" he draws for us a picture of this strange uncouth man of wisdom, that appeals to us through all the eloquent, and in the "Trial of Socrates" he draws for us a picture of tried and condemned to death for "corrupting the youth of Athens" by his unsettling doctrines, and so eloquently and with such grand simplicity has Plato made his beloved teacher speak that the words conjure up for us the scene of that long ago trial. We can see the crush of people assembled, the friends of Socrates white-faced and eager-eyed, his enemies cynical and sneering; we can feel the impressiveness of the hush over the listening throng; we can see the judges bending from their chairs in an attitude of rapt attention and before them we can see the figure of that brave old philosopher, his dimming eyes steady with a little gleam of irony in their depths, his voice clear and kindly as he addresses the people, in his last hour among them, with death awaiting him, giving utterance to the great truths that he has endeavored to impress upon them through all his long years of teaching. "When the generals whom you chose to command me, Athenians, placed me at my post at Potidaea, and at Amphipolis and at Delium I remained where they placed me, and ran the risk of death like other men; and it would be very strange conduct on my part now if I were to desert my post from fear of death or any other thing when God has commanded me, as I am persuaded that the has done, to spend my life in search of wisdom, and in examining myself and others. Wherever a man's post is, whether he has chosen it of his own will, or whether he has been placed at it by his commander, there it is his duty to remain and face the danger, without thinking of death or of any other thing except dishonor. For to fear death, my friends, is only to think ourselves wise, without being wise; for it is to think we know what we do not know. For anything that men can tell death may be the greatest good that can happen to them; but they fear it as if they knew that it was the greatest of evils. . . . If you, therefore, acquit me now and say to me: 'Socrates, we will let you go; but on this condition that you cease from carrying on this search of yours, and from philosophy' I would reply: 'Athenians, I hold you in the highest regard and love; but I will obey God rather than you; and as long as I have breath and strength I will not cease from philosophy, and from exhorting you and declaring the truth to every one of you whom I meet, saying as I am wont, 'my excellent friend, you are a citizen of Athens, a city which is very great and very famous for wisdom and power of mind; are you not ashamed to care so much for reputation, for the making of money, and for honor? Will you not think or care about wisdom and truth and the perfection of your soul?' . . . For know well God has commanded me to do this. And I think that no better piece of fortune has ever befallen you in Athens than my service to God. For I have spent my whole life in going about persuading you all to give your first and chiefest care to the perfection of your souls, and not till you have done that to think of your body or your wealth, but that wealth and every other good thing that men have whether in public or in private comes from virtue.".

He is found guilty and condemned to die.

"You have not gained very much time Athenians. If you had waited a little while your wishes would have been fulfilled in the course of nature; for you see that I am an old man, far advanced in years and near to death. . . . I have been defeated because I would not plead before you as you would like to hear me plead, or appeal to you with weeping and wailing, or say and do many things which I maintain are unworthy of me. But when I was defending myself I thought I ought not to do anything unmanly because of the danger which I ran, and I have not changed my mind now. I would very much rather defend myself as I did and die, than as you would have had me do and live. . . . But, my friends, I think that it is a much harder thing to escape from wickedness than from death; for wickedness is swifter than death. And now I, who am old and slow, have been overtaken by the slower pursuer; and my accusers who are clever and swift have been overtaken by the swifter pursuer, which is wickedness." He then prophesies to the Athenians, who have condemned him that a far greater punishment than death shall overtake them, but those who would have acquitted him he bids to be of good cheer, that no harm can come to a good man in life or in death. Death is either an eternal and dreamless sleep or it is a journey to another and better world. In either case it is not an evil, but a good.

The description of the death of Socrates is one of the most beautiful and touching pieces of prose that was ever written. It is of great length, as are all of the different writings of Plato.

It is quite impossible to do justice to this philosopher and his philosophy in a short article, only a very few points can be touched upon. He very beautifully tries to show us that

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting
And cometh from afar."

We all know that youth is the time of ideals and of the dreaming of dreams. With manhood and womanhood comes the realization that all of our hopes and ambitions have been of too perfect a nature to ever become anything more than lovely visions. It has been so with human nature ever since mankind has attained the self-conscious or intellectual state. We have all of us known what it is to find men and women and states and conditions quite different to what we have anticipated and hoped for. We have perhaps not been able to understand why it is that we have the capacity to plan ideals and an ideal state of things that are quite impossible of materialization. How and from whence did our ideas come? Why should we have them, if such ideals as we have imagined can never have an existence? Plato answers these questions by telling us that our highest hopes and aspirations come to us as a result of our still retaining a dim memory of a prenatal state when we were cognizant of what was beautiful and good and true. And a counterpart of what was beautiful in that prenatal existence we find in some measure here visible upon earth, in the glory of the skies, the smiling of the broad green earth, the beauty of the human form and the exquisite loveliness of pure living, of gentleness and kindness. So the knowledge of true beauty is a guide to all that is good and true.

THE STORY TELLER

A story is current concerning a professor who is reputed to be slightly absent-minded. The learned man had arranged to escort his wife one evening to the theatre. "I don't like the tie you have on. I wish you would go up and put on another,' said his wife. The professor tranquilly obeyed. Moment after moment elapsed, until finally the impatient wife went upstairs to learn the cause of delay. In his room she found her husband undressed and getting into bed. Habit had been too much for him when he took off his tie.

The Veracious Verger—In this far corner lies William the Conker; b'ind the orgin where you can't see 'em, are the tooms of Guy Fox, Robin 'Ood and Cardinal Wolsey. Now, does that guide book, as I sees you 'ave in your 'and, tell you who is lyin' here, sir?

The Sceptical Tourist—No; but I can guess.—London Opinion.

"So you want my daughter?" said the stern parent.

"Yes, sir," answered the young suitor, modestly.

"Huh!" grunted the old man. "Got any money?"

"Yes, sir. How high do you quote her?"—Cleveland Leader.

Have you heard the story of Mr. Jacob Astor and the man he met at Niagara? When Mr. Astor went to view the Falls—so the story goes—there was a man near him who groaned in a most alarming fashion on seeing the water. Mr. Astor asked him if he were unwell.

"Oh, no; but what a waste of water!"

"Perhaps you are an engineer, and would like to turn this waste water to power?"

"No, it isn't that," replied the other. "I'm a milkman."

She was a pompous lady who, having inherited a fortune, had bought a country seat, where she delighted to play the hostess.

"What beautiful chickens!" exclaimed a guest, who was being shown the poultry farm.

"Yes, they're all prize fowl," was the lady's reply.

"O, really; do they lay every day?"

"O, they could, of course," said the purse-proud lady, "but for people in our position it is not necessary for them to do so."—London Daily News.

Henry C. Frick, the steel man, was once a guest at a dinner when he was unexpectedly called upon to respond to a toast. Recovering somewhat from his surprise, Mr. Frick said that his situation reminded him of the case of a Pennsylvania man who fell into the water while fishing. With no little difficulty he was rescued, and after he had regained his breath and was in a fairly comfortable condition his rescuer asked him how he came to fall into the water. "I did not come to fall into the water," replied the unfortunate man; "I came to fish."

The position of librarian in some of our city libraries often calls for qualities which would at first thought occur to one as indispensable to persons of the Sherlock Holmes persuasion rather than to those busy in the field of library work.

For example, in one of the crowded districts a little boy appeared at the desk one morning and demanded a "book by a feller named Dirt." Suspecting a discrepancy somewhere, the librarian searched the catalogue in vain, then had recourse to cross-questioning. This proved equally futile, and a note was sent to the boy's mother, asking her if she would be kind enough to write the name of the book she wanted. In about half an hour he returned with a slip of paper on which was written:

"Please send something by George Sand."

"There was a barber in South Bend, who, having been out late the night before, had a shaky hand the next morning and cut a patron's cheek four times. After each accident the barber said, as he sponged away the blood, 'Oh, dear me, how careless!' and laughed and let it go at that.

"The patron took all those gashes in grave silence. But when the shave was over he filled a glass of water, and with compressed lips proceeded to shake his head from side to side and to toss it up and down.

"'What is the matter?' the barber asked. 'You ain't got the toothache, have you?'

"'No,' said the customer, 'I only just wanted to see if my mouth would still hold water without leaking that was all.'"—Washington Star.

A tattered, forlorn miss of fifteen summers entered the office of a young real estate man the other day. Ordinarily he is the politest of individuals, but this day day he was so busy that he didn't know 'where he was at.' So, with a quick glance out of the corner of his eye, he said rather sharply:

'Well what do you want?'

'P-p-p-lease, mister, won't you buy a ticket on our cuckoo clock?' replied the girl, heselitatingly.

'Buy a ticket on your cuckoo clock? What would I do with a cuckoo clock even if I should get it?'

'Oh, you won't get it, mister. Please buy a ticket.'

He bought.—Milwaukee 'Sentinel.'

"Ticket," said the collector, as he opened the door of the carriage in which sat a man who looked as if he was anchored to his seat. The man handed over the required pasteboard, which was duly inspected. Then, looking around, the collector said: "Is there another gentleman in the carriage?" "No." "Is that other portmanteau yours, then, too?" "Other portmanteau?" "Yes: on the floor there, by the other." "Those," said the traveler, with dignity, "are my feet."

An English merchant was a daily customer in a well-known restaurant, and always honored the waiter in a most generous fashion, as he liked him for his attentiveness: One day, to his surprise, another waiter served him. "The other waiter is here," said the new one, "but he can't serve you." "Why not?" queried the astonished diner. "Well you see sir," was the reply, "we played cards the other evening, and after he had lost all his money, I had the good fortune to win you."

Justin McCarthy tells a reminiscent story of the late Henry Ward Beecher. Mr. Beecher entered Plymouth Church one Sunday and found several letters awaiting him. He opened one and found it contained the single word "Fool." Quietly and with becoming seriousness he announced to the congregation the fact in these words: "I have known many an instance of a man writing a letter and forgetting to sign his name, but this is the only instance I have ever known of a man signing his name and forgetting to write the letter."

CURRENT VERSE

My Soul

My Soul stood bare to the sight of men,
My Soul stood firm, it knew no fear;
For the blame of man could not be just,
The mind of man could not understand.

My Soul stood bare in the sight of a child,
It stood condemned, for it stood perceived,
For the blame of a child is the blame of Truth
Tho' the heart of a child may not understand.

My Soul stood bare in the sight of God;
And my Soul rejoiced in its helplessness,
For the blame of God was forgiveness,
The mercy of God could understand.
—Edward P. Gilchrist in Harper's Weekly.

Four Gifts

I heard, or dreamed I heard, four mortals pray,
The first: "With gift of gold I would be blessed;
And I will take unto my latest day
My chances for the rest."

The second to his God: "Lord, grant me fame,
Wide fame, as 'twere with flaming, fiery pen
Athwart Thy highest heav'ns to scroll my name
Before the eyes of men."

And one the gift of love: "God, grant me love,
Which every smaller blessing doth enfold,
To bind my life as with a chain whereof
Each link is purest gold."

And one apart, did bow himself and pray—
The lowliest he of all—that God would send,
To bless the measure of his earthly day,
One kind and steadfast friend.
—Elizabeth May Montague, in Harper's Bazar.

The Long Trail

We do not know, O little friend,
The road we have to travel through,
What are its dangers, where its end,
Or if I'll journey it with you.
The road that toward Tomorrow leads
Is dark—so let us, if we may
Go backward to our words and deeds,
Along the Road to Yesterday.

It were an easy thing to feign
That some time, in the bygone days,
You were a castle's chatelaine,
And I the bard that sang your praise,
Perhaps I won you with my rhymes,
And fled with you—who knows? (They say
Such scandals happened oftentimes,
Along the Road to Yesterday.)

And then, a thousand years before,
I think we lived in Arcady
(Or Thessaly, or Latium or
Among the meads of Sicily.)
Daphne's your name. The great god Pan
Heard the rude tunes I used to play
To you. Ah, to be maid and man
Along the Road to Yesterday.

Before that—well, I think I brought
Strange presents to your rock-hewn cave
For you I slew and wrought and fought—
At once your master and your slave.
Perhaps I died for you—perhaps!
To save you from some beast of prey.
(Ah, we were very strenuous chaps,
Along the Road to Yesterday!)

Ere then—nay, I refuse to go
To simian days of tail and paw,
Ere souls were born. We cannot know
Of "lesser breeds without the law."
But, since love grew a human thing,
We know our hearts were joined for aye,
Far, far beyond remembering,
Along the Road to Yesterday.

Tomorrow rests with Death and Fate,
But Yesterday is ours to keep!
Today's a tale we shall relate
When wakened from some future sleep.
But yesterday! Ah, maid of mine,
We'll gather rosebuds while we may,
And twine them as we used to twine,
Along the Road to Yesterday.
—Ted Robinson in the Cleveland Leader.

Nostalgia

Far beyond the sky-line, where the steamers go
There's a cool, green country, there's a land I know;
Where the grey mist rises from the hidden pool.
And the dew falls softly on the meadows cool.
When the exile's death has claimed me it is there my soul shall fly.
To the pleasant English country, when my time has come to die;
Where the west wind on the uplands echoes back the sea bird's cry—
Oh! it's there my soul will hasten, though it's here my bones must lie.

From the many temples tinkling bells ring clear.
But a fairer music in my heart I hear—
Lilt of the English skylark, plash of a woodland stream,
Songs of thrush and blackbird fill my waking dreams.
In each pause from work and worry it is there my thoughts will fly,
To the pleasant English country with the pearly, misty sky—
And the present's toil and trouble fade and cease and pass me by—
Oh! it's there I fain would wander, but it's here my bones must lie.

Hard and hot the sky spreads, one unchanging glare,
Far and wide the earth lies burnt and brown and bare.
Sunset brings no solace, night time no redress.
Still the breathless silence mocks the land's distress.
So my thoughts recross the waters to the Springtimes long gone by.
Passed 'mid English woods and pastures, 'neath a softer, sweeter sky.
For when death shall end my exile thither will my spirit fly—
Oh! it's there my soul shall wander, though it's here my bones must lie.
—E. H. Tipple.

Song of the Winds

The winds—they come like hounds of the night,
And they will not let me be;
Whirling the leaves in their wayward flight,
Sweeping the hills and lea.
What of their song when the branches sway,
Ere the shades lift to the dusk of day;
A ship is lost and a heart in vain
Waits and hopes at the window pane,
There by a cold, gray sea.

The winds—those trailing dogs of the night,
Hark, hark to their whispering;
They moan of a soul that has taken flight,
And never a hope they bring,
The lights of the night gleam cold, so cold,
Over the hills and the upland wold—
And yonder a night bird, lonely, grieves
For you out there 'neath the sod and leaves—
And thus do the night winds sing!
—Will F. Griffin, in Milwaukee Sentinel.