

CHAPTER II.

BALTIMORE TO CHICAGO.

OUR next visit was to Baltimore. It is a fine city, with more of the air of Old England about it than most cities in the States. It derives its name from an English nobleman, and traditions of the olden time seem to hover over it, as if loath to depart. We had a particularly warm reception from the friends who entertained us in Baltimore. They represented a family of some mark that had been long settled in the city. We had made their acquaintance in Switzerland some years before. We could not but recall the family of Philip the evangelist, but instead of four daughters who were virgins our host had seven, and instead of prophesying they were all busily engaged in Christian labours of love.

The city has a wonderfully fine park—Druid Hill. It was in great beauty, greatly improved since our first visit. I believe it was formerly the property of some scrubby old man that would let nobody into it; now it belongs to the citizens, and they do enjoy it, from the least even to the greatest. A well-frequented park has a great social effect, drawing a community together, and forming a bond between rich and poor. And the gold of the evening sun, stealing through leafy thickets, and transfiguring all with heavenly glory, has a thrilling effect, one would hope a good effect, sluggish though human beings are to respond to the silent influences of nature.