

the arduous labors of the past, seemed supremely happy.

We were sitting in the parlor at twilight one evening, when Billy Webb, our little neighbor and errand boy, came in with Mr. Corydon's mail. I noticed a startling expression of countenance as his eye rested for a moment upon one of the letters. Alice did not observe it, for as he went toward the window to look over the superscriptions, she said, "wait a moment, Elbridge, dear, till I light the lamp," and by the time she had returned, his manner was the same as usual. He could control himself wonderfully, and all through the evening was unusually talkative, josting in playful badinage with Alice, and in his arch way repeating graceful compliments and tender words. I knew there was a warfare in his soul,—that his mirth was counterfeited,—knew it as well as when the next day he said that he must leave on the afternoon train to meet an artist-friend in Boston, who had unexpectedly returned from Europe.

That was the last time we ever saw Philip Corydon. Alice received three letters from him afterward, which I read. He pleaded business engagements which were imperious, and making it necessary for him to be absent from the United States a year. His professions of love I knew were sincere. Alice held a place in his heart that no other woman had ever occupied; but early sins had poisoned the well-spring of his life, and tangled the weaver's rich and silken web. "How great a thing it is to be a man!" My christian sister had been in the furnace of trial before, but now it was "seven times hotter than it was wont to be heated." I write the words with reverent joy, that she walked not alone; there was One beside her like in form unto the Son of God, and day by day her purified spirit reflected his likeness more perfectly.

September had come; the summer grasses and leafy frillings upon the boughs told unmistakably that thoughts of death were in her heart; the red and golden skies had a cheating brilliancy; her winds were the plaintive, solemn chants she had breathed at the summer's burial. Alice lay in a darkened chamber; her cheeks whiter than the pillow they pressed; and her eyes lustrous and tearless like the eyes of the dying. I stood by the bed-side with her hands in mine. She had looked outward over the wide and boundless fields of eternity, backward upon the narrow limits of time, and turn-

ing her gaze to the fair, beautiful babe beside her, exclaimed, "I must go,—Susan, that child!—*the child!*" Another movement and she had joined the white-winged throng.

It was after the burial. The orphan babe was sleeping, wrapped in the delicate garments upon which his mother had wrought through the long summer hours. To us had been delegated the responsibility of directing a human life. I knelt and prayed as did Solomon, "Great God, give wisdom!" It was granted; through the succeeding years, my great love for the boy did not hinder the administering of reproof and discipline, though often given amid tears.

Very proud was I when he lisped his first word, "Auntie," which I had been for weeks teaching him, as was I all through his childhood from hearing the commendations he would receive at school and Sabbath school.

Philip Elbridge, (the name his mother called him by,) was very unlike other children of his age. Sometimes I thought him a marvel of maturity and precocity. His esthetic nature developed finely, and though he was passionately fond of the paintings and portraits his father had executed, yet he was very far from becoming an artist. His soul had other and higher riches; the voices that called to him were from men of mighty purposes—men upon mountain heights, who sway into paths of their own marking the multitude beneath them.

I remember one day when Philip was in his thirteenth summer, as I sat in the dining room, about to look over some plums for preserving, which the Doctor's wife had sent me, he laid his head in my lap, saying, "Now, Auntie, please magnetise me, my temples throb so hard." As I brushed back the dry curls from his forehead, he told me that all through the night he could hardly sleep for the bright hopes and visions that thronged about him. He repeated them, and it gave my heart a new unrest. Partly to conceal this, I said, "Come, Phil, you must get up; we're to have company this afternoon and I must make my preserves, tidy up the parlor, and you must finish weeding the strawberry bed." "O, Auntie, let's talk a little first—I've a question to ask," he pleaded. "Well, what is it my love?" and fixing his large eyes on my face, he said in calm, measured tones, "Auntie, do you suppose I can ever go through college? Chatterton's favorite expression

was, that 'God has sent his creatures into the world with arms long enough to reach anything, if they choose to be at the trouble.' Are the words true?" "Chatterton, my darling, is not a safe pattern,—he deified intellect, he owned not the power of grace over the heart, and never confided in God's love and wisdom. Had it been otherwise, the marvellous boy might have become the perfect man, and instead of dying of sorrow and madness at nineteen, history would have written him the happy poet and the christian philosopher."

"Auntie, what would have pleased my mother best?" said Philip, after a little pause.

"That you should become a good man."

"And my father?"

"The same," I added, though with some hesitation. Then I told him more of his parents than he had before known,—of my own family,—of the grave beside the Pacific waters,—designing to teach him thereby that all things earthly are unsatisfying and insecure,—that only the hopes anchoring within the veil are worth the tireless pursuit of our lives.

Alice, his mother, was very fond of literature. Often when I was busied with making or mending, she would read to me from the histories and thoughts of the gifted, and I had observed this,—that men and women of genius reach by paths of wondrous suffering the heights from which we view them,—that their sorrows outnumber and outweigh their joys,—that their heart-throbs are oftener born of grief than gladness. Yet, I dared not dissuade the boy—dared not think to allay the fever-thirst upon his soul with other than wisdom's waters. An hour passed and we quitted our conversation.

During the three succeeding years Philip received a good deal of encouragement and assistance from George Wilton, our minister's son. He was a young man of fine talents, and had characteristics that would distinguish him in any circle—that would elevate and sustain him in high positions. Added to these was a mastering ambition,—a will-power that would subjugate every hindrance in an upward path. The breathings of his spirit upon Philip's were a mighty influence. New hopes were born in the boy's soul whose pinions were strong and tireless; beating through the bars of present circumstances, they would flit away on and on into a future as grand as the pencil of youthful prophecy could portray. "O, Auntie," he would sometimes say, "I shall one