

the name of Alcott for the reasons just mentioned. But perhaps the acquaintance which some of you may have with the family ends with the younger branches of the household. And on that account I have thought it better to say something at this time about Amos Bronson Alcott, the father of these clever Concord girls.

A wife, low sitting at his feet
To paint with tender skill
The hero of her early dreams,
Artist, but woman still.
Glad now to shut the world away,
Forgetting even Rome;
Content to be the household saint
Shrined in a peaceful home.

A mother, folding in her arms
The sweet, supreme success,
Giving a life to win a life,
Dying that she might bless.
Grateful for joy unspeakable,
In the brief, blissful past;
The picture of a baby face
Her loveliest and last.

Death, the stern sculptor, with a touch,
No earthly power can stay,
Changes to marble in an hour
The beautiful, pale clay,
But Love, the mighty master, comes,
Mixing his tints with tears,
Paints an immortal form to shine
Undimmed the coming years.

A fair Madonna, golden-haired,
Whose soft eyes seemed to brood
Upon the child whose little hand
Crowns her with motherhood.
Sainted by death yet bound to earth
By its most tender ties,
For life has yielded up to her
Its sacred mysteries.

So live, dear soul! serene and safe,
Throned as in Raphael's skies,
Type of the loves, the faith, the grief
Whose pathos never dies.
Divine or human, still the same
To touch and lift the heart;
Earth's sacrifice is Heaven's fame
And Nature truest Art.

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