

leading to a state of indifference and insincerity. To such as these, Emerson came, preaching anew, not only the Gospel of the loving Father, but of the power in each individual soul to respond to that love.

Quoting again from his son: "Not only did the best young spirits of Cambridge find that the Turnpike road led to a door, only thirteen miles away, always open to any earnest questioner, but from remote inland colleges, from workshops in cities of the distant states, from the Old World, and, last, even from India and the islands of the Pacific Ocean, came letters of anxious and trusting young people, seeking help for their spiritual condition. And these letters were answered, and often, long years afterwards, the writer himself came. The burden of these letters is in almost every case: 'Your book found us in darkness and bonds; it broke the chain; we are thankful, and must say it. You will still help us.'"

This power of Emerson's to teach, encourage and strengthen has been felt indirectly by even the children. Louise M. Alcott has done more, perhaps, than any other writer for the young to develop the moral natures of the growing boys and girls in a healthy, happy way, and she bears witness of the great debt she owes to the man who was her cherished friend. "Mr. Emerson did more for me," she says, "as for many another, than he knew, by the simple beauty of his life, the truth and wisdom of his books, the example of a great good man, untempted and unspoiled by the world, which he made better while in it, and left richer and nobler when he went."

Many another has paid tribute to the singular beauty of his character. A noted Englishman records: "It was with a feeling of predetermined dislike that I had the curiosity to look at Emerson at Lord Northampton's a fortnight ago; when, in an instant, all my dislike vanished. He has one of

the most interesting countenances I ever beheld—a combination of intelligence and sweetness that quite disarmed me. I can do no better than to tell you what Harriet Martineau says about him, which I think admirably describes the character of his mind. 'His influence is of an evasive sort. There is a vague nobleness and thorough sweetness about him which move people to their depths, without their being able to explain why. The logicians have an incessant triumph over him, but their triumph is of no avail. He conquers minds as well as hearts wherever he goes, and, without convincing anyone's reason of any one thing, exalts their reason and makes their minds of more worth than they were before.'"

One secret of this sway over the minds of those with whom he came in contact was his devotion to truth, and his childlike humility of character. No one ever felt more truly that the words he spoke came not of himself, but from the father that dwelt in him and all his fellow-men.

Hawthorne said "that it was good to meet him in the wood paths or in the Concord Avenues, with that pure intellectual gleam diffused about his presence like the garment of a shining one; and he so quiet, so simple, so without pretension, encountering each man alive as if expecting to receive more than he could impart.

A less distinguished neighbor bears similar testimony in more homely phrase. Mrs. Storer relates that her mother, Madame Hoar, seeing Madame Bennis, a neighbor who came in to work for her, drying her hands and rolling down her sleeves one afternoon somewhat earlier than usual, asked if she was going so soon. "Yes, I've got to go now; I'm going to Mr. Emerson's lecture."

"Do you understand Mr. Emerson?"

"Not a word; but I like to go and see him stand up there, and look as if he thought everyone was as good as he was."