

hearth that sparkles, gleams, glows and illumines the whole? Just so it is to look into this face. It is one to inspire you with the belief that this is a glad glorious world. It is a face that draws children to itself." Celia Thaxter's poems may be called serene, because full of courage, faith and love; not because sorrow has never touched her but because she has conquered sorrow.

When storms raged about the lighthouse she learned to look for the bright calm to follow and this spirit of glad assurance became the temper of her life.

Now let my patient reader add to this, his and her notes on the morbid introspective tendency of many poets of the great brawling Nineteenth century, poets so much better known than this serene and cheering but humble, sweet singer. Let us all strike for more of *out door life*.

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M.

