

FOREWORD

seclusion, and a greater antithesis to prison walls than is afforded by this aerie can hardly be imagined.

Here all things that on lower planes so cruelly vex the spirit seem far away and beneath. If only no publishers—however benevolent—had entered this Eden, what a paradise it could have been to me! However, in spite of these dread task-masters, my soul drank deeply of the elixir so bountifully held to my lips; and when in the golden autumn all the noble woods about robed themselves in such glory as may be seen nowhere outside my beloved native land—and perchance nowhere here more ravishingly than in these Hudson Valley uplands—the rapture of my heart, so long starved within the narrowest and cruelest of confines, turned adoringly to Him who has made this world so beautiful for His children's eyes.

I need hardly be at pains to say to my