

keep his hope alight; and the beams shining so far at sea were the links in the chain of mutual help that encompasses the world. When Celia was twelve years old her poetic longings awoke "to speak those things that made life so sweet, to speak the wind, the cloud, the birds' flight, the sea's murmur." "Ever," she tells us. "the wish grew, facing the July sunsets deep-red and golden through and through, or watching the Northern Lights, or when the fog-bow spanned the silver mist of morning, or the earth or sea lay shimmering in a golden haze of noon; in storm or calm, by day or night the manifold aspects of Nature held me, swayed all my thoughts until it was impossible to be silent any longer, and I was fain to mingle my voice with her myriad voices, only aspiring to be in accord with the infinite harmony, however feeble and broken my notes might be."

At the age of sixteen, Celia Loughton became the wife of Mr. Thaxter. Her home was changed to Appledove Island one of the largest of the Isles of Shoals. The impulse to speak the beauty around her, once yielded to, could not again be repressed. In 1872 she published her first volume. The brave, loving, trusting spirit that breathes through these poems has carried them to many homes. In 1873 a second volume came out: "*Among the Isles of Shoals*;" it is a fascinating description of the haunts of her girlhood. No one can fail to feel the charm of the sea itself, holding the Islands in its embrace.

Mrs. Thaxters other works are: *Drift Weed* 1879. A volume of exquisite *Poems for Children* in 1884, *The Cruise of the Mystic*, etc., 1887, *Idylls and Pastorals*. No more beautiful and harmless poetry for the young has ever been written. Her own childhood sheltered by family affection and open to the sweet influences of nature, full of loving interest in living things and sympathy with human life in peril has given her a power—not shared by everyone—to reach the hearts of children. It is, as if for her, the gates of childhood had never shut.

Mr. Parton, author of *Noted Women of America and Europe* and of *Poets' Homes*, says in reply to the question: How did she look? "Do you know how pleasant it is to look into a bright room full of pictures and books and flowers and colour and lovely furnishings quaint and surprising? With a constant fire upon the