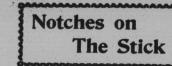
PROGRESS, SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1898,



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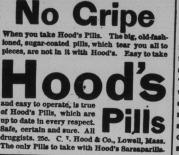
It was in the power of a missive from the editor of the Home Journal (N. Y.) to induce a sigh, and to determine my evening meditation. It was to inform me ovening meananton. It was to inform me of the death of my venerated friend, Ray. Dwright Williams. Was it indeed time for him to lay aside the garment of mortal-ity preparatory to his celestial initiation into the mystery our heart chiefly craveth ? It must be even so ! And yet, I give thanks for the assurance that, except in the mortal seeming, it is not for such as he to die.

When such depart, though we hasten to make our record, that is often futile. It is the record they have made that availeth. To be missed and mourned and regretted by those whose source of light has waned, whose moral and social comfort has fallen away-this is tribute before which all our eulogies and elegies are but dewless and faded flowers. For, though it belongs not to me to do it, and I may but arrogate the task, it may be justly said that our friend's life is well expressed by the term, GOODNESS. His was innoncy of life, which, by excellent practice and the following of the christian ideal, had matured to virtue. I can testify that his pure and genial influence touched with brightness and warmth those who were privileged to come only within its outermost sphere,-for so did it touch me. The term of our acquaintance has been brief, (some five years), and my impression of him was remotely received; and yet I believe the truth of what I assert: he was a good man, excellently gifted.

In casting about for terms fit to describe him, the words of Crabbe occur to me; where he speaks of Isaac Ashford : where he speaks of Isaac Ashford : "Noble he was, contemning all things mean, His truth unquestioned, and his soul serene; Shame knew him not, he dreaded no disgrace; Truth, simple truth, was written in his face; Yet, while the serious thought his soul approved, Cheerful he seemed, and gentleness he loved; To bliss domestic he his heart resigned. And with the firmest had the fondest mind; Were others joyful, he looked smilling on, And gave allor ance where he needed none; Good he reinsed with future ill to buy, Nor knew a joy that caused reflection's sigh; A friend to virtue, his unclouded breast. No envy stung, no jealously distressed; He felt humanely, and he warmly loved." With all his sweetness and saintliness his

With all his sweetness and saintliness his character was full of flavor. His mind was enriched with the choicest treasures of literature and art, and well he loved to discourse upon such themes. He helped to make life pleasant, to make it hopeful. He was a blessing to his household mates ; and they who know him most intimately knew him most favorably. Dr. Manly S. seated in his easy chair against a back-Hard a minister prominent in the Con-nexional society of church extension of our church, told me, when recently at our Annual Conterence, that he had long been his friend and household intimate, and that me those occasional notes, those confifrom such an actual character he had dential and brotherly letters, and those shaped his idea of the divine Saint John.

ject to our record, are few and brief. That there before me, my friend, till the light life began in the beautiful village of Ca- shall fade from mine eyes. I will still dream zenovia, N. Y., April 26, 1824; where it was terminated, June 13, 1898. He was the son of Elijsh Williams and of Sophia still haunts the shady walks of thy natal Brigham and was descended from English ancestors, who came to America in 1635. pleasant and poetical to me. Still maintain His great-grand-father was a soldier in the French and Indian wars, and an officer in French and Indian wars, and an officer in the war of the Revolution.—having been from living, as thou hast done. moted at Ticonderoga. His grandfather



ed, which will testify to the talent and in dustry of this gifted and good man. His work appeared in many papers and magazines, but most frequently, perhaps, in the two Christian Advocates published in his native State, and in the Home Journal.

For his domestic life, he found and lost a loving woman, and lived for some time in loneliness, but with loving friends ever near him. Of four children three survive to cherish his hallowed memory,-Dwight Williams, Jr.; Miss Susan B. Williams, and Mrs. R. Vernam Barto.

I take down from their place from their shelf above my desk two booklets, the gift of my friend, and neatly bound by his own deft and busy fingers. Can it be that they are busy no longer ? These white pages hold his rondeaux and sonnets, and are beautifully printed. They picture the avenues and green lawns about "Owabgea" the poetical Indian name of Cazenovia Lake; Elfin Dell, with its "delicious water fall that breaketh o'er the mossy wall;' the "Bar of the Columbia," with its "pathe "paths ot all flags." haunted ever by the "wings of white gulls," and many another de-lightful scene. One of those booklets is dedicated to his son with the simple lines :

"Thy thought takes color, mine seeks rhyme, But tint and tone are still one chime. "Thy pencil and thine easel tell What I could wish to write as well.

The other is dedicated to his daughter,

sion of fatherly love :

sion of fatherly love : "My child, thy love to me is as a star That shineth through the distances screne, And thus it drew me to fair Peget's sheen, To look with these across the wondrons bar Where come the ships, stormed-bruised with strain and jar, To rest like me behind the mountain-screen, Harbor to me in thy sweet eyr-light seen With gorgeous vision from the outline far; A thousand leagues from path 1 only knew, What revelations far beyond my dreams Of the Pacific world with vistas through, That led my soul to new, unthought-of themes, Thou wert the magnet child, that fouly drew Me thence. In love's Northwest the star still gleams."

I turn to the opening page, whereon is imprinted the figure of my gracious friend, ground of books and drapery. He holds in his hand a paper, which he seems to peruse intently. Is this the study in the eminary of Cazenovia, whence came to souvenirs, now so choice and precious that The incidents of his life among us, sub- I can never add to their number ? Sit of thee as living,-for living thou art,and I will believe that thy gentle presence village, whose very name has something the noble ascendancy thou hast over my

by the Players in 1898." . Next to a human life, or that of an innocent and helpless animal, I hold sacred the life of a tree. If it be one of noble

stateliness, or venerable age,—one of "Those green-robed senato's of mighty woods,"-I look with the deeper disfavor on whomseever will lift an axe to do it needless harm. To cut down a tree that stands for shade and ornament, the pride stands for snade and ornament, the price of many an eye, is an impiety to be re-sented; it is wantoness, or a barren theft; it argues insensibility,—a barrenness of the heart and of fancy, a want at once of sen-

timent and of tenderness. I love to greet my neighbor; I love to lift my hat in deference to a lady; but when she has slain

her brother in his green leaves, I look askance at her. Such a lack of reverence for our kinsmen, and our superior in age, is ill-seeming in a man, but expressly so in a woman. Therefore we shall not be first to welcome on her not be nest to welcome on his return that masculine spinster who be fore leaving for her summer vacation doomed without reprieve, though many a ples had been offered, one of our magnific-

cent elms, because it could not avoid her roof, and would cast its moisture on her shingles. She acknowledges no error, discourses eloquently of what she terms "holiness," is well versed in the sacred science of eschatology, and would do about right to her fellow-man; but I fear she cannot be convinced of her duty to a tree, with only a dryad for a soul. But I, who lapse so often, and have so tremulous a liver, would as soon have slain my grandmother. I, even I, who am versed in that art, would have taken a public collection to hire the moss scraped from her roof, or to replace the rotted shingles, and I feel to replace the rotted shingles, and I feel sure the community would have supported my laudable efforts. The roof-tree may be caused quickly to grow again; but how shall her withering brow sur-vive it unconscious shame, and witness the return of what she could banish in a time bar of the state of the bar of the state of the stat

"It I have caught a vision clear, May I translate it to thine ear ?"

single hour ! Shade of George P. Morris Mrs. Barto, and begins with this expreswe summon thee to avert such another vandal act. But, alas ! she who would not sing a profane song, nor listen to it, must miss your sweet moral, and can never know your mind on the subject: Coleridge points out the imaginative

vigor of a really sublime passage in that

nearly forgotten poem, --usually diffuse in its topographical minuteness, --the "Poly-olbion" of Drayton. The English forests of his day had been decimated, and poetlike he expresses his resentment : "Our trees so hacked above the ground, That where their lofty tops the neighboring count-

ries crowned, Cheir trunks like aged tolks, now bare and naked stand. for revage to heaven each held a witheted

With the comning of these verses, we m to see the ghost of our vanished elm, lifting, up his arms making his silent appeal

Our cheerful correspondent, Mrs. Bryan discourses pleasantly of the forest country of Indiana : "The country about Memphis nev er looked so beautiful. Both Silver Creek and Rlue Lick have been brimming nearly all the springtime, and their wide valleys are fresh, green, and flower-strown. Oh. wish your poet-friend, who sang so sweety of The Woods of Maine; might see our Southern Indiana woods in the sweet June-

'The woods of Indiana, How pleasantly they rise,' sang Mrs. Sarah R. Bolton, many years ago. But, alas ! I have forgotten the

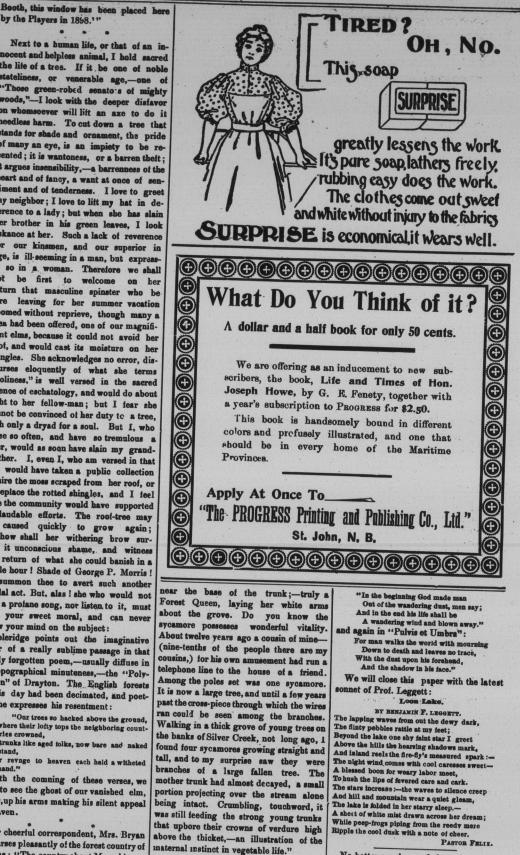
song,-can only recall four more tines:

Our friend, Dr. Benjamin F. Lesgett,

said there is a resemblance to the above,

though Carman, it is likely, wrote earli-

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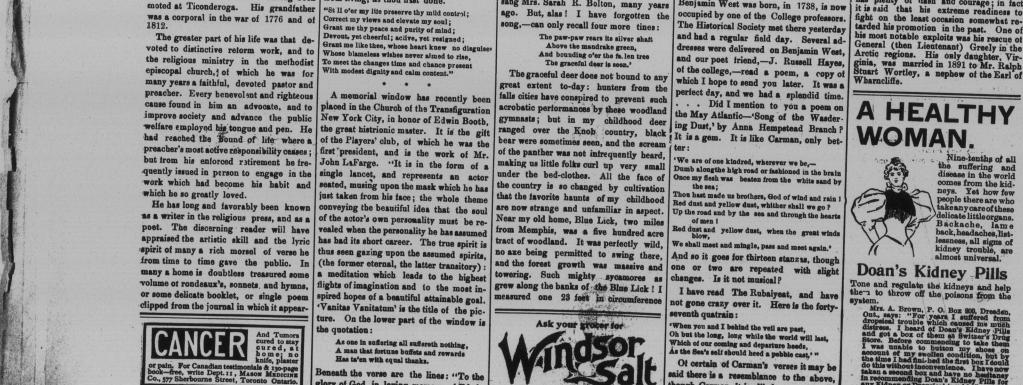
AX

No better cough remedy is on the market than Dr. Harvey's Southern Red Pine. Only 25 cents a bottle.

ontemplates withdrawal from the work of Commodore Schelv teaching, at Ward, Penn.,-it may be to Commodore Schley, the commander of devote himself more exclusively to the literary vocation. "Yesterday I attended" the American "Flying Squadron," is a jovial, opened-hearted man, free and easy he writes in a recent letter, "the meeting he writes in a recent letter, "the meeting | in manner, and lotd of the manner of the Delaware County Historical Society, at the West House on the Swarthmore seen a good deal of active service. He College grounds. The old house where Benjamin West was born, in 1738, is now College grounds. The old house where Benjamin West was born, in 1738, is now occupied by one of the College professors. The Historical Society met there yesterday and had a regular field day. Several ad-dresses were delivered on Benjamin West, and our poet friend, -J. Russell Hayse.

en & see

Ty Ridney or Dropsical trouble. Price 50c. a boz, 8 for \$1.95, all 1 he Doon Kidney Pill Co. (Const.



neath the verse are the lines : "To the glory of God, in loving memory of Edwin

For Table and Dairy; Purest and Post