



"Would your children like these flowers?"

let mother hold them for you. Thank you, miss. I'll put them on the mantelpiece in a vase—they're just too lovely."

"Dainty painted, powdered and gay,
Rolled my lady by,
Rags and tatters over the way
Under the open sky."

On the wide steps of a high building the snow which has fallen within the last hour has not been swept away. Here, in the corner of the door, partially sheltered by the wind, crouches the figure of a man, unclean and unkempt. A cap is drawn over his bearded face and shadows it. His hands are thrust into the pockets of his coat. His body is bent and his legs stretch out into the snow. He lies so motionless that the girl, who is walking rapidly, almost passes him, thinking his form a shadow, or some refuse. With a great throb her heart, which had paused for a moment, beats on hurriedly. She approaches and examines him, fearfully, in the faint light. Soft furs curve up about her winsome face, clothing rich and plentiful drapes her small figure. Warm, pulsating with youth, hope, innocence, she bends over the outcast.

"Are you ill, sir?"

"I guess not," he says, after an interval, huskily.

"Are you not cold, sir?"

"I guess not," he mutters again.

"You will freeze here."

"I guess not."

There is a pause. No one is in sight—not a footfall breaks the frozen snow—from far off comes the sound of bells.

"Will you be going on soon, sir?"

He stirs, lifts his head, "I guess not."

"Oh, is there **nothing** I can do for you?"

"I guess not."

The girl walks on.

"Flowers and dreams from country meadows,
Dust and din thro' city skies,
Old men creeping with their shadows,
Children with their sunny eyes."

Our children! The hope of the world! How amusing! How dear! What imagination! It is marvellous! It is a warm day, and looking from my study window into the neighbors' yard I see their little boy mounted on a wooden chair, which is placed on a soap box, solemnly driving a pair of hobby horses, which form part of a rocker. Strings are attached to the heads of these spirited steeds and the patient little driver occasionally shakes them and cries "Get up!" Over what imaginary roads is he not speeding them as the outfit stands there in

the blinding sunlight. A great journey it is, manifestly, for, with a show of pomp, the driver presently alights, and, taking a cord to which a towel-ring is tied as a weight, from under the chair, he attaches it dextrously to the heads of the prancing team. The outfit has arrived. But where? I question "where?" hugging myself with delight to have been the witness of such a journey. Where had the child arrived? And, oh, I thought, to mount a chair and arrive "where" I longed to be!

A little form comes from behind the curtain and leans against me, pressing closely and moving up and down caressingly.

"Is you sohwy?" asks the small voice of piercing sweetness.

"Yes, darling, and glad, too."

"I'se glad, too, and sohwy. Huh! I give te-wen-ty-five thents to the chilrun's thelter. I'd ruther buyed things wif it. Muddy said God 'ud give me more'n te-wen-ty-five thents 'stead of my te-wen-ty-five thents. I 'ull give my gun 'way when I 'ist don't yant it any more. Huh! Is you sohwy yet?"

I catch the child to my heart. He struggles, roguishly, against my kiss, and escapes.

"Storm and sunshine, peace and strife,
Over the bridge they go;
Floating on in the tide of life,
Whither no man can know."

I see a young girl, with sunny hair, and eyes haggard and dark-rimmed, standing in the morning. Behind her a door has just closed, and as it swung upon its latch an iron bar fell heavily. The girl had heard the sound and a long sigh breaks from her breast. How many hundreds of years it seemed since she had heard that bar fall to close her in from living and—good times. Now she is free. Free. She whispers the word. Where are all her chums? She will return to them—if—

"Who will miss them here to-morrow,
Waifs that drift to the shade or sun,
Gone away with their songs and sorrow,
Only the river still flows on."

Now a group of young men are standing in a well-appointed office—men of the world, well-groomed, clothed handsomely, care-free. They talk of margins, per cents., interest, deals, their eyes flashing, their minds alert and cautious. The universe is not too wide for their operations. Each sees himself within grasp of wealth and the power that wealth confers. Now they separate, flinging back words of raillery and good comradeship.

"A long head has Clifton!"

"Sure to succeed. I envy him."

Within, the man they speak of stands broodingly; his face is pallid and has aged. He springs the latch and prepares for—flight.

"Hurry along, sorrow and song,
All is vanity 'neath the sun . . ."

Ah! how the wind sweeps in accompaniment to the long notes of the music. It is blowing over grassy mounds and stones "sacred to the memory of." The sky is grey, the rain falls. A woman is toiling along the sodden path, bearing a wreath of violets. She kneels beside a mound and lays her face upon it.

A boy comes up softly and stands beside her, a little chap, with all the evidences of grief upon him. The woman looks up.

"Ah, my dear, why do you weep? You are young."

"I cry for my mother," he says, brokenly, and you—why do you cry?"

"For my child. I cry for my child."

The music falls softer, fainter, and sinks in a decrescendo.

"Until the river no more shall run."

Then I hear a buoyant voice saying,
"Thank you, Madeline. You sing beautifully, but you sing of the old order of things, and the old order changeth and giveth place to the new:

"Say not the struggle availeth,
The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

"If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the flyers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

"For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem her no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main."

"Let us have the 'Battle Hymn,'" cries my little comrade.

And as the chords sound I join in the anthem of the future:

*GLORY COMING.

"Our eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;

He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;

He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword;

His truth is marching on.

"I have seen Him in the watchfires of a hundred circling camps;

They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;

I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;

His day is marching on.

"I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel:

'As ye deal with my contemners so with you My grace shall deal.

Let the Hero born of woman crush the serpent with His heel,

Since God is marching on!"

"He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;

He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;

O, be swift my soul to answer Him! be jubilant my feet!

Our God is marching on.

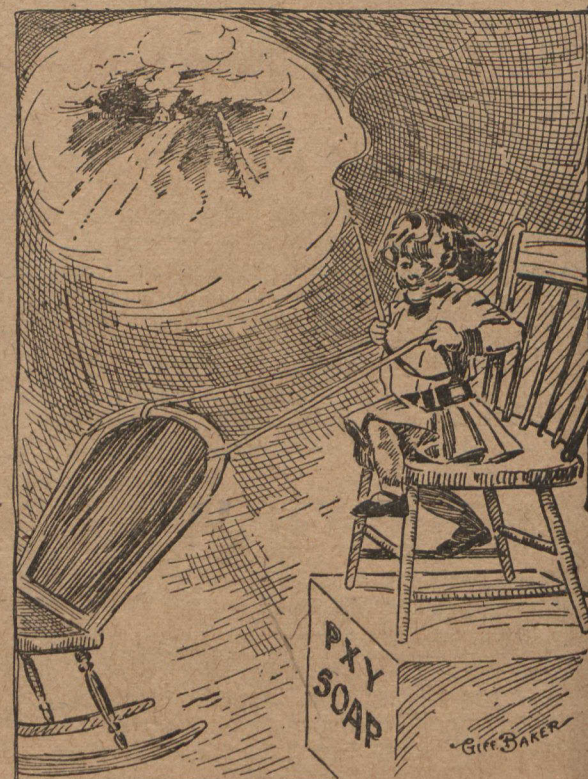
"In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,

With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me.

As He died to make men holy, so He lives to make men free,

While God is marching on."

*Adaptation by Laura B. Durand of Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of The Republic."



"Over what imaginary roads is he not speeding them."