

high-chair put close by him at table, he must 'a' been dreamin' somethin', though nobody ever knew what. He'd never had chick nor child of his own, as fur's anyone knew, and he was a hard, harsh kind o' man. But they tell me there was a terr'ble soft, lovin' sort o' look would come all over his featur's sometimes when he looked at that chair—jest a plain, cheap wooden one, you know, but a child's, and high.

"Deacon Levi, as they called him, who used to go to the door on dark stormy nights and hold up a lantern's if he was lightin' some one home, and call out so kind o' pitiful, 'Mary, Mary;' old Mis' Prentice, over in Bradley, a real meek, softly little woman, who allers declared to the last that she'd been a pirate years ago, but was a changed woman now; 'Perpetual Motion Neddy,' from acrost the river; Dr. Weaver, that shet himself up the tenth o' every month, and wore a woman's bonnet from sunrise to sunset—they were all a-dreamin', dreamin', every soul o' 'em.

"They have different names for sech folks. They say they're 'cracked,' they've 'got a screw loose,' they're 'a little off,' they 'ain't all there,' and so on. But nothin' accounts for their notions so well to my mind as to say they're all jest dreamin'. It's the way o' the world to laugh at 'em, and it allers was, back to the time when Joseph's brothers got together and whispered about him, and said, 'Behold, this dreamer cometh.' But they'd be missed, I tell you, out o' the village they live in—they're mostly country folks, you know—more'n some o' the wide-awake ones. I'm sure I rec'lect some o' them I've known for years back better than any other folks, and I think o' 'em more frequent. And I'm glad—I ain't ashamed to say it—that they never waked up this side o' heaven, 'till the day breaks and the shadders flee away,' 's Scripiter says. And what's more, I believe—when they look back on those soothin', sleepy, comfortin' idees o' theirs, that somehow helped 'em along through all the pesterin' worry and frettin' trouble o' this world—I believe, I say, that they're glad too. You'll think I'm no more'n a dreamer myself when I tell you that sometimes as I set here, thinkin' I can 'most hear 'em, one after another, speakin' from 'way up there somewheres and sayin', in the words o' Scripiter, 'I awaked and beheld, and my sleep was sweet unto me.'"

SO MANY.

AMONG so many can He care?
Can special love be ever, where?
A myriad homes—a myriad ways—
And God's eye over every place?

I asked: my soul bethought of this;
In just that every place of His
Where He hath put and keepeth you,
God hath no other thing to do.