

AN HOUR WITH THE EDITOR

A CHOSEN RACE

Among the traditions of mankind one of the oldest, most interesting and most influential is that which assigns to the descendants of Abraham a specially favored place in the plans of the Almighty. The account given in Genesis is that when Abram, as he was then called, was ninety years old, the Lord appeared to him and made a covenant with him in these words: "As for me, behold my covenant is with thee, and thou shalt be a father of many nations. Neither shall thy name be called Abram, but thy name shall be Abraham, for a father of many nations have I made thee. And I will make thee exceedingly fruitful, and I will make nations of thee and kings shall come out of thee. And I will establish my covenant between me and thee and thy seed after thee. And I will give unto thee and to thy seed after thee the land where I know thou art a stranger, all the land of Canaan, for an everlasting possession, and I will be their God." Then follow certain other promises, among them one relating to Ishmael and his descendants, but it is expressly stated that the covenant applied to Isaac, a son who was subsequently to be born to Sarah, Abraham's wife.

The date usually assigned to the birth of Abraham is about 2000 years ago, but it is proper to add that existence as an historical personage, just as doubts have been thrown upon the existence of Homer as an individual. The idea advanced is not that the whole Abraham legend is a myth, but that the founders of the race, that subsequently was called by such names as Hebrews, Jews, or Israelites, have been personified in an individual to whom tradition ascribed wonderful qualities and a direct intimacy with the national deity. A very remarkable expression occurs in Exodus VI. It is verses 2 and 3, and reads as follows: "And God spoke unto Moses and said unto him, I am the Lord; and I appeared unto Isaac, and unto Jacob by the name of God Almighty; but by the name Jehovah was I not known unto them." It has been suggested that this implies a less complete monotheism in the times of Abraham than was professed by the Israelites in the times of Moses, and that the patriarch's western migration was due to a revolt on the part against the idolatrous practices of the people among whom he spent his early life. It is suggested by other writers that he really left Chaldea for political reasons and was at the head of a considerable band of warriors. However this may be, he was undoubtedly a native in Genesis and as preserved in the various traditions is altogether too circumstantial to sustain the contention that he was not an historical personage. He differs from all other characters in history because associated with his name is the promise above mentioned. This is not the only form in which it appears in Genesis. In Chapter XII the Lord is represented as saying to him: "I will make of thee a great nation; and I will bless thee and make thy name great. And I will bless thee and make thy name great. And I will curse thee and curse thee, and the families of the earth be blessed." In Chapter XV we have this promise: "And I will make thy seed as the dust of the earth, so that if a man can number the dust of the earth, thou shalt be numbered." In Chapter XVII we are told that the Lord appeared to Abram in a vision and commanding him to look at the stars said: "Look now toward heaven and tell the stars, if thou be able to number them." In Chapter XXII we have the promise repeated in these words: "I will multiply thee, and in multiplying, I will multiply thee, as the stars of the sea shore, and thy seed shall possess the gate of his enemies; and in thee shall all the nations of the earth be blessed, because thou hast heard my voice. From that day to the present some, at least, of the descendants of Abraham have held fast to a faith in the promise, although there have been times when its fulfillment seemed utterly impossible, as indeed it seems to be now for those who are the universally recognized descendants of Abraham, through Isaac, in which line it appears the covenant was to be carried out. Abraham had other children; how many we do not know. The principal branch of the family, except the descendants of Isaac, were those who were sprung from Ishmael, but the promise did not apply to these.

But some, who may read this and who may not accept the Bible narrative as of historical value so far as details are concerned, may ask if we seriously expect them to believe that the Almighty ever made no such promises are made nowadays and there is no no such promises are made nowadays and there is no no more reason for believing that God was more communicative to men thirty centuries ago than He is today. We think we may freely grant the latter part of the objection, for as we know there was no more likelihood of such communications then than there is now; but we have yet to be convinced that the Divine Power does not speak to men today; not only by the voice of nature, but by direct personal communication. If there is any one thing upon which there is any approach to a consensus of opinion among all mankind, it is as to the possibility and comparative frequency of just such communications. We can well believe that in a certain sense men of the type of Abraham were in closer touch with the Divine than the great mass of their contemporaries or of the present day, but we should be very sorry to believe that there has ever been a time in the history of mankind when the race was without such a bond of union with the Maker. Men who are absolutely materialistic will naturally deny the possibility of intercourse between the human and the divine, but those who accept the doctrine of the spiritual nature of God and admit that men are in the possession of at least a spark of the same quality, will find no difficulty in conceding the possibility that men may have divinely appointed missions to perform. It is not necessary to argue in favor of personal appearances of the Deity to certain individuals. Allowance must be made for the imagery which tradition among all races surrounds every narrative. Strip the Arabian legend of all such features, and there will remain the exceedingly interesting fact that there has come down to us from a date that may have been thirty centuries ago the legend of a Divine promise to this great leader of men—a promise which is cherished by millions today and is an active factor in the affairs of mankind.

THE BUILDERS

(N. de Bertrand Lagrén.)

The term "builders" has a broad significance. We are all as builders in one way or another, building to the betterment or to the depraving of mankind, as our work be worthy and perfect or useless and slavish. And as the term is such a broad one, it will, perhaps, not be amiss to deal in this article especially as one class. The designers and the executors of the designs and building are of course distinct from one another; and yet one implies the other, as without a plan of architecture there could be no building, and without building is simply architecture carried into execution. Therefore it seems very natural to consider the two elements together. Upon the work of those who build, the stone masons, the carpenters, the plumbers, the painters, the painters and the decorators, depends the perfection or the imperfection of the completed edifice, just as much as it depends upon the skill of the

architect's drawings. Each workman has it as his privilege to contribute to the beautiful completeness of the whole, and to each and every workman belongs the credit for the task nobly done.

We all know that man must have begun building as soon, if not indeed before, he began to be civilized. We have evidences of some sort of human constructions in the Neolithic period. Ten thousand or more years ago the early Lake-dwellers and the first inhabitants of the shores of the Baltic built their villages upon piles in the water. Discoveries show us that the ancient cities of Babylon which flourished some seven thousand years ago, boasted creditable architecture. The early Babylonians discovered the arch and installed in their buildings a splendid system of drainage. The buildings of a country are the evidences of that country's enlightenment and development. They show the inclination of the national mind. If we had, instead of written records, only the pictures or the remains of a country's architecture we could read from the latter a very fair history of the people of that country. We are told that "Architecture, as a practical art, has for its object the application of the principles both artistic and scientific of architecture to the elevation of national and individual character, and the increase of the physical comfort and well-being of mankind." It must follow therefore that each of us who contribute to the making of the buildings of a country is promoting the welfare of that country and raising the standards of its ideals, or undermining its prosperity and enfeebling its spirit. The part of its citizens to aspire to greater enlightenment.

There is something very uplifting to the uninitiated in the watching of the progress of a building, be it of small or of vast design. The beautiful precision and method involved, the mathematical exactitude, even the smallest quota of the work done, from the preparing of the ground and the laying of the foundation, to the last sweep of the brush across the lovely exterior—lovely matter how unpretentious and plain if the workmanship be of the best, makes it not hard to realize that the laborers are following the wonderful system of laws formulated for them by Archimedes, Galileo, Descartes, Pascal, Newton and the discoverers of the laws of mechanics. Ruskin, who has probably written the most beautiful work on architecture in the English language, gives what he calls the "Seven Lamps of Architecture" for the guidance of those who design, and the Seven Lamps are as follows:

The Lamp of Sacrifice,
The Lamp of Truth,
The Lamp of Power,
The Lamp of Beauty,
The Lamp of Life,
The Lamp of Memory,
The Lamp of Obedience.

While Ruskin wrote the above for the benefit more directly of the Architect, the least of the builders may illumine the Lamps as his own guides, for when they illumine the work, no carelessness, no shoddiness, nor any conceit can exist, and the smallest of the tasks shall be free from imperfections. Do we ever pause, we who are the builders, to realize what a responsibility is ours? We are all laborers under Him, who is the Master-Builders, who has made this wonderful temple of the earth for our habitation, and given us those other worlds, the wonderful universe, for our inspiration. A task well-done is a tribute to Him who has made perfection possible if we follow out the laws He has laid down.

We hear much of the wrongs of labor; but none are so great as those which labor inflicts upon itself. It makes wages, not perfection of workmanship, its ideal. It is because of the amount of the wage rank higher in so many minds than the quality of the work, that so many suspicions are aroused and so many grievances arise or are invented. A recent poet thus speaks of the riots in Rome, which precipitated the downfall of that empire.

"Their sober, sane life put to shame
Because the noisome, drunken band
That howled in Labour's sacred name,
Nor wrought, nor even lifted hand
Save but to stone and mock and maul
The others who but asked to toil."

Just so long as our eyes are blinded to the real issues, the real questions, we shall put poor work into unworthy edifices, which instead of standing as monuments to our country's development and our own enlightenment, shall represent the degeneracy of our country and our own dishonesty.

The following words of Ruskin's only voice a truth that we have probably all been taught, but some of us may have forgotten it, and anyway the writer has expressed it so beautifully that it is worth the reading. "It has just been said that there is no branch of human work whose constant laws have not close analogy with those which govern every other mode of man's exertion. But, more than this, exactly as we reduce to greater simplicity and surety any one group of these practical laws, we shall find them passing the mere condition of connection or analogy, and becoming the actual expression of some ultimate nerve or fibre of the mighty laws which govern the moral world. However mean or inconsiderable the act, there is something in the well-doing of it, which has fellowship with the noblest forms of manly virtue; and the truth, decision and temperance, which we reverently regard as honorable conditions of the spiritual being, have a representative value in the movements of the frame, and the action of the intellect.

And as thus every action down to the drawing of a line or the utterance of a syllable, is capable of a peculiar dignity in the manner of it, which we sometimes express by saying it is truly done (as a line or a line is true) so also it is capable of dignity still higher in the motive of it. For there is a nobility of slight, nor so mean, but it may be done to a great purpose and ennobled therefore; nor is any purpose so great but that slight actions may help it, and may be so done as to help it most, most especially that chief of all purposes, the pleasing of God.

Therefore in the pressing or recommending of any act or manner of acting, we have choice of two separate lines of argument: one based on representation of the expediency or in expediency of the work, which is often small—the other based on proofs of its relation to the higher orders of human virtue, and its acceptableness, so far as it goes, to Him who is the origin of virtue. The former is commonly the most persuasive method, the latter assuredly the most convincing; only it is liable to give offence, as if there were irreverence in ascribing considerations so weighty in treating subjects of small temporal importance, I believe, however, that no error is more thoughtless than this. We treat God with irreverence by panishing Him from our thoughts, not by referring to His will on slight occasions. He is not the finite authority or intelligence which cannot be troubled with small things. There is nothing so small but that we may honor God by asking His guidance of it, or insult Him by taking it into our own hands; and what is true of the Deity is equally true of His Revelation. We use it most reverently when most habitually; our insolence is in ever acting without reference to it, our true honoring of it is in its universal application. I have been blamed for the familiar introduction of its sacred words, I am grieved to have given pain by so doing; but my excuse must be, I wish that those words were made the ground of every argument and the test of every action. We have them not often enough on our lips, nor deeply enough in our memories, nor loyally enough in our lives.

The snow, the vapor, and the stormy wind fulfil His word. Are our thoughts and acts lighter and wilder than these—that we should forget it?"

JOANNA BAILLIE

The life of Joanna Baillie covered nearly the last half of the eighteenth and more than the first half of the nineteenth century. She was born in 1762 and died in 1861. She was one of the first of Scotland's daughters to win a place in literature, pure and simple. She did not deal with history or biography, nor did she seek to hold a mirror up to contemporary life, but in the quiet of her own home she gave her imagination full rein and produced poems and plays of conspicuous merit. Her father was a Presbyterian clergyman. Highly educated himself, he saw that his daughter enjoyed the best advantages in the same direction. He had a son, who was educated as a physician and went to London, where he established himself in a fine practice. When she was quite young her father died and Joanna joined her mother in London and the metropolis was her home throughout the remainder of her long life. She was greatly liked, and her home was a place where literary men and women were always glad to assemble. There was hardly an incident in her whole career that can be described as a failure. Her striking, and her life was singularly happy, even the severe criticism to which she was at times subjected, failing to disturb her serenity and spirit. She seemed protected by the armor of her own gentle nature, which was so attractive that her harshest critic, Jeffrey, became one of her warmest friends and most devoted admirers. She never married, and for several years she was alone. Miss Baillie's studies were chiefly in English literature, and she was an enthusiastic admirer of Shakespeare, and perhaps it was this fact which more than any other caused her to direct her attention to the writings of the great dramatist. She herself says that she thought that she could write drama came upon her suddenly one summer afternoon as she sat sewing with her mother. As a playwright she followed a plan of her own. She set very little value upon plot or incident, but relied for her success upon the strength and clearness with which she depicted the characters. Nothing whatever turned upon "situation" which are the chief features of so many dramas of today. It is the chief feature of her work, which excited the satire of Jeffrey, who insisted that the object of a drama was the entertainment of an audience, not its instruction, and yet he said of her "she cannot write a tragedy or an act of a tragedy without showing genius and exemplifying a more dramatic conception and expression than any of her modern contemporaries. A point of popularity her most successful play was 'Constantin Palloglogos,' the hero being the last emperor of Constantinople. Her chief dramas, and they were really her greatest achievements, were contained in three volumes issued in 1800, 1802 and 1812, respectively. Later she brought out a volume of 'Miscellaneous Plays.' Sir Walter Scott thought her best play was 'The Family Legend' and he said of it 'You have only to imagine all that you could wish to give success to your play, and your conceptions will fall short of the complete and decided triumph of 'The Family Legend.' Perhaps the fact that it was founded on the tragic history of the Campbell clan may have had something to do with Sir Walter's praise.

Miss Baillie wrote poems as well as plays, the latter being of a religious nature. Her poems have a light and easy grace, but being chiefly in Scotch dialect they will have quite as much attraction to those who are born south of the Tweed as to their more fortunate northern readers. Among them the best known are 'Wood and Marigold' and 'A Tale of a Morn when we were Tiring.' 'Fy, Let us on a Morn of satire runs through most of them, but it is never cruel. The first stanza of one of them may be cited to give an idea of her flowing style.

"Fy, let us on to the Wedding,
For they will be lifting their
For Jock's to be married to Maggy,
The lass with the golden hair."

With easy lines like these the song runs on for twenty odd stanzas, the story of the wedding, the supper and the dance, told in a very pretty and in advance, and the whole closing by a repetition of the first stanza. Her poem to her friend, Mrs. Siddons, is a splendid tribute to this great actress, and at the same time a consummate analysis of her wonderful powers. Her writings do not lend themselves very easily to quotations, for just as in her plays she avoided laying stress upon incidents, so in her poems she avoids climax.

She had very many friends among distinguished people, and might easily have become prominent in brilliant society, but she preferred the quiet triumphs of friendship to the glittering successes of social life. Among those who were her visitors were Mrs. Siddons, Maria Edgeworth, Madame de Staël, Scott, Lucy Aldin, Mary Berry, Robert Martin, Jeffrey, John Kemble, and in fact all the leading lights of literature and art, who made England conspicuous during more than half a century. She grew old gracefully. In her seventy-fifth year she wrote to a friend: "May God support you and me, and give us comfort and consolation when it is most wanted. As for myself, I do not wish to be one of those who say 'I am old' and have no desire, were it possible, to begin life again, even under the most honorable circumstances. I have a great cause for humble thankfulness and I am thankful." Harriet Martineau said of her: "A sweeter picture of old age was never seen. Her figure was small, light and active; her countenance, in its expression of serenity, harmonized wonderfully with her gay conversation and cheery voice. Her eyes were beautiful, dark, bright and penetrating, with the full innocent gaze of childhood. Her face was altogether comely and her dress did justice to it. She wore her own silver hair and a mob cap, with its delicate lace border fitting closely around her face. In her whole appearance there was always something for even the passing stranger to admire and never anything for the most familiar friend to wish otherwise. It is pleasant to read that 'she died without suffering, in the full possession of her faculties, in the nineteenth year of her life.' In the long list of literary women there is surely no more lovable character than Joanna Baillie.

Uncle Henry's Experience

"It's all nonsense and a waste of time," said Uncle Henry, "to tell a young man what kind of wife he ought to pick out when he gets ready to marry. Nine times out of ten he has picked her out already, and if he hasn't, he doesn't need anybody's help."

"What do you know about it?" he was asked. "I know something about it by observation," he answered, "and a little by experience. When I had reached the age of twenty-five, with a fair income and good prospects, I thought it was time for me to marry. I had almost decided to ask a certain Naomi Hawthorne, but didn't altogether like the family, and was in an uncertain frame of mind about her, when some of my friends began to take it upon themselves to assist me. They told me that Naomi was the very girl for me—that I couldn't find a better wife if I were to hunt all over the country, and so on. In short, they praised her so highly that I made up my mind to follow their advice. I began paying attention to her, and in a few weeks I 'popped the question.'"

"Well," said Uncle Henry, with some reluctance, "she said she wouldn't marry me if I was the last man on earth.—Youth's Companion."

THE STORY TELLER

The priest of the struggling little parish had done all he could to clear off the debt and pay for building the church, but he and his people were poor and the struggle was long. At last all the money was raised but a certain sum, for which he pleaded in vain.

One July Sunday, at the close of the morning service, he locked the door of the church and put the key in his pocket. "My children," he said to his congregation, "none can leave till he has paid the sum of 10 cents. Those who have no money can borrow from their friends."

There was a faint murmur, but none thought of rebellion. Many people paid the 10 cents at once. Those who had no money borrowed, but a quart of a dollar was lacking when all the treasury resources had been exhausted. Suddenly there came a sharp rap on the frame of the open window, and a hand, with a silver quarter held between the thumb and forefinger, was thrust inside.

"Here, father," an impatient voice began, "here's the rest, and now will you tell Judy Monahan to come out of that, I'm tired waitin' for me dinner."

Barney Malloy and Mike Cairney were shingling a roof. "Barney," Mike asked, removing a bunch of shingle nails from his mouth, he asked back comfortably, "what is the difference between satisfied and content?"

"The difference? Sure there's none," answered Barney. "If you're satisfied you're content, and if you're content you're satisfied."

"That was my opinion, too, Barney, me boy, up to now it struck me sudden like as I put that last nail in that I am satisfied all right that Malloy Cairney is my wife, but I am durned sure I am not content."

James J. Hill, the railway magnate, recently said of certain rise in stock quotations: "It looks well, but I am afraid it is dubious. Yes, it is dubious. It reminds me of the Turkish bawash and his wife."

A Turkish bawash lay dying. He summoned to him the youngest and fairest of his forty-six wives, and said to her in a low, weak voice: "Put on your richest costume, your most brilliant jewels. Deck your hair with pearls, brighten your finger tips with diamonds."

"The young wife blushed. Even in her grief she was flattered. And why, my lord," she said, "do you desire me to make this sumptuous toilet?"

"So that Death, when he comes," the man replied, "seeing you so very beautiful, may perhaps carry you off instead of me."

A college boy, shabbily dressed, applied to the foreman of a sheep camp one fall day for some employment. The foreman looked him over somewhat critically and inquired what he could do.

"Oh, I don't know much about ranch work, but I used to be on the track at college and I can run," replied the youth.

"Well, go over on that hillside and run those sheep into the corral, and then we'll see what we can do for you," said the foreman.

The boy was gone a long time, but finally returned and reported to the foreman.

"Did you get them all in?" asked the boss as he looked at the young fellow, who seemed somewhat out of breath.

"The sheep were no trouble, but the lambs were so nimble they took most of the time, but I finally succeeded in getting them in, too," said the boy proudly.

"Lambs, lambs," repeated the foreman, "why, there aren't any lambs; you must be crazy."

"Just come down to the corral and see for yourself," said the boy.

The foreman put on his hat and went to the corral and found two jack-rabbits. He looked at the boy.

"I told you I could run some," returned the latter.

A small colored bellboy at one of the hotels was seen by a guest late the other night intent on rummaging through the big wicker hamper containing the soiled individual towels used in the wash room.

"What are you looking for there, sonny?" inquired the guest curiously.

"Oh, I'm huntin' for a d'm'on' ring," says the little bellhop.

"Some one lose their ring, eh?" said the guest, getting interested.

"No, sah," explained the boy, "no one ain't lost no ring, but every now and then somebody pulls one off their finger when they wipes their han's and some of these days they'll drop one in here and not know 'bout it. Then sah'll find it and get the reward and be a man of means."

One of the witnesses in a lawsuit, who had just been sworn, was asked to give his name. He replied that it was Hinkley. Then the attorney who had the prosecution requested him to give his name in full.

"Jeffrey Alias Hinkley."

"No, trying in this court, sir," sternly spoke the judge. "Which is your right name—Jeffrey or Hinkley?"

"Both of 'em, your honor."

"Both of them? Which is your surname?"

"Hinkley."

"And Jeffrey is your given name?"

"Yes, your honor."

"When will business have you with an alias?"

"I wish I knew, your honor," said the witness, ruefully.

"It isn't my fault."

"What do you mean, sir?" demanded the judge, who was fast losing his temper.

"I mean, your honor, that Alias is my middle name, for some reason which my parents never explained to me. I suppose they saw it in print somewhere, and rather liked the looks of it. I'd get rid of it if I could do so without the newspapers finding it out and joshing me about it."

"The Court suggests that hereafter the witness begin his middle name with an E instead of an A. Counsel will proceed with the examination," said the judge, coughing behind his handkerchief.

William J. Bryan, on his last visit to New York, declined to answer one of a Washington correspondent's questions.

"I shouldn't know my business if I answered such a question as that," said Mr. Bryan, smiling. "Every one must know his business; otherwise failure follows; and I'm sure you wouldn't want me to fail like the young salesman who had a fountain pen."

"There was, you know, a young fountain pen salesman who, to his great joy, succeeded on his first trip in persuading a stationer to order five hundred pens. But all of a sudden the stationer's manner changed to the young man."

"I countermand that order," he barked, and hurried into his private office, slamming the door behind him.

"Later in the day his bookkeeper said to this stationer: 'May I ask, sir, why you so suddenly countermanded your order for those fountain pens?'"

"The young salesman," the other answered, "booked my order in lead pencil."

Opposite the Union depot, on Canal street, in Chicago, there is a line of cheap saloons devoted exclusively to the patronage of more or less undesirable citizens.

The other day, two Swedish laborers, looking for work, came to Chicago and landed—stranded—at the Union depot.

As they started out the main entrance one of them looked across the street; a huge red sign caught his eye: "WANTED—1,000 Men to Unload Schooners."

Grabbing his friend by the arm, he dragged him across the street toward the enterprising saloon which bore the sign.

"Look, we have plenty work to do right here," Oley, he grinned, pushing his friend toward the door.

"One moment, Svensky," said the other who had lived longer in America, and spoke almost perfect English, "that is only a sign to attract persons to the bar. The schooners are loaded with beer-glasses, not ships. Let us stay out and save our energies for real ships."

And so the oldest joke in the world failed.

WITH THE POETS

Equality

I have a home, a pleasant spot,
It did not cost me such a lot.
No marble statues deck the halls,
No Rembrandts are upon the walls,
No stupid servants wait around
To hear the tea-bell's silver sound.
But 'tis a home both clean and neat,
The frontage only twenty feet.

Three meals a day I always get.
The food is plain, but good, you bet.
I have a common iron bed,
But there I rest my tired head
With every comfort. You may note
That I with just one overcoat
Am warm and happy as can be.
Why should I yearn for two or three?

I have one suit of decent brown,
'Tis true, it is a hand-me-down,
But really, anyone can tell
The trousers fit me very well.
Indeed, I should be quite content,
I do not owe a man a cent.
What need I more? For, goodness knows
I have a bed, with board and clothes.

The rich man has a noble home
With Grecian pillars and a dome.
A practiced chef is in his pay,
He gets three splendid meals a day.
His garments are of graceful style,
He wears a polished silken tie.
And patent leather decks his feet,
His whole "get-up" is simply sweet.

His bed is made of hammered brass.
We sleep in iron, as we pass.
The mattress, quite the best in town,
The comforters of eiderdown.
But still he is a man, that's all.
Like me, his vital needs are small.
Why should he proudly tilt his nose?
He has a bed with board and clothes.
—Toronto News.

Old Friends

We just shake hands at meeting
With many that come nigh;
We nod the head in greeting
To many that go by.
But welcome through the gateway
Our few old friends and true;
Then hearts leap up, and straightway
There's open house for you.
Old Friends,
There's open house for you!
—New York Tribune.

The Cynic

I say it to comfort me over and over,
Having a wearisome heart to beguile,
Never had women a tenderer lover—
For a little while.

Oh, there never were eyes more eager to read her
In her saddest mood or her moments gay;
Oh, there never were hands more strong to lead her
For a little way.

There never were tenderer promises given
Of that should guard her the ages through
As great, as earnest and steadfast as heaven—
For a week or two.

Well, and as it does, I have had it, known it:
For this she turns me to weep or pray,
Nay, rather I laugh that I thought to own it
For more than a day.
—Theodosia Garrison in The Smart Set

In Autumn Rain

What spirit is it calling in the Autumn rain,
That bids me cast my needy bid, set wide the door?
The day is troubled with its voice and on the path
The footfall of the dead that come no more.

To reminiscent languors now the gardens yield,
In Spring their ardent press—in Fall resigned they know
They have fulfilled the fate of summer—now to sleep
Beneath the lullaby or winds that stir and blow.

The drifting yellow leaves from unrelenting trees,
To weave in mellow strands along the lane and street
Vague Moorish patterns of forgotten suns and rains,
A golden tapestry for Autumn's feet.

Well hath the Spring a throbbing fever of her own,
Waking and breaking from reluctant thralls in vain,
Since all her prophecy at last is lulled to peace
In Nature's sure narcotic, Autumn rain.

O guest beloved of autumn, with its wailing wind,
For you I light the hearth, entreat your will its way,
Pile high the cones and hesitate—perchance
That haunting spirit o'er my sill should stray!

Let us elude tonight the intervening dream,
While in the leaping flame hope's drooping pinions
They have fulfilled the fate of summer—now to sleep
Beneath the lullaby or winds that stir and blow.

Until as soothing birds we cry, "Tis but a sleep,
Ere April call us by the daffodil!"
—Martha Gilbert Dickinson Blanch, in The Smart Set

Beati Possidentes

Blessed are ye, ye wealthy!
Not that your poor man whose heart is content
Longs for your gold and silver,
Or that, foolishly, he thinks

You are exempt from the toll which all
Who breathe must pay to sorrow.
No, he knows full well
That pain lives in palaces also;

Despair may drive proudly in coaches;
The jewels worn by your ladies may
Be symbols of sorrow and tears,
Bitterly wept, and in secret.

He knows it, and has for you
The bitter word of envy.
But one thing you have that he lacks;
For it you should humbly give thanks

To the gods, the givers of all.
For you may stand all aloof
From that which drags men down into the dust,
And no one ever places you
On the narrow cliff-edge of dire want

Between the nobles and the poor.
And actions vile, unworthy
Nor do you know the care and fret
That gnaws with cunning rat's tooth down
Into the very soul.

Chains loffy thought to vulgar deed,
Forces a noble heart
Into the slough of inactivity.
Till at the end of the long fight
Despair creeps on and then a man goes down,
Laden with guilt, into the darkness depths,
Be faithful to yourselves.

Not that I bid you but will, you may unto the end
Naught hinder you from being
Loyal and nobly true. Therefore,
Blessed are ye, ye wealthy!
—From the German of V. von Saar.

Vos Non Vobis

There was a garden planned in Spring's young days,
Then, summer held it in her bounteous hand;
And many wandered thro' its blooming ways;
But ne'er the one for whom the work was planned.

And it was vainly done,
For what are many, if we lack the one?
There was a song that lived within the heart
Long time—and then on Muse's wing it strayed.
All sing it now, all praise its art;
But ne'er the one for whom the song was made.
And it was vainly done—
For what are many, if we lack the one?
—Edith M. Thomas.