

leading a simple, quiet life, his home opening its hospitable doors to guests, to strangers and to teachers; having for all a kind word and a cheerful welcome. For several years he was a trustee of the Academy, and in 1877 President of the Board. As long as age and strength permitted, he was a regular attendant upon the exhibitions and anniversaries, and both students and teachers will long remember his kind words of encouragement. In his religious life there was no wavering or uncertainty. With him the inward light grew brighter and brighter into the perfect day. In his personal care of of this plain, unadorned meeting house, in sunshine and in storm, he exemplified the words of one of old: "I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of the Lord than to dwell in the tent of wickedness." Of such a life it has been written, "At evening time there shall be light." So it was with Isaac Baker. Three days before his death he said to the writer, in speaking of his great age, "I have nothing to complain of." A common place remark, yet revealing the peace that floweth like a river. Taken suddenly ill on Saturday afternoon, in twenty-four hours he passed away. Tuesday, after remarks by John Cornell and Margaretta Walton, of Philadelphia, a little informal procession without bell or ritual, moved in silent step to the Friends' Burial Ground of early times, and laid away all that was mortal of the beloved husband, the tender father, the upright citizen, the honest man. After life's long service Isaac Baker rests in the place he had chosen a week before—a fitting associate in these modern times for the pioneer Friends who lie in unknown graves, resting as sweetly under the buttercups and the daisies as those who sleep beneath monumental marble.—[From a local paper.]

It has been asserted in the Paris Academy of Medicine that tobacco smoking is the real cause of the depopulation of France.

## THE MOTHER.

[By W. W. Campbell, in Harper's Magazine.]

## I.

It was April blossoming spring,  
They buried me, when the birds did sing;  
Earth, in clammy wedging earth,  
They banked my bed with black, damp girth.  
Under the damp and under the mould,  
I kenned my breasts were clammy and cold.  
Out from the red beams, slanting and bright,  
I kenned my cheeks were sunken and white.  
I was a dream, and the world was a dream,  
And yet I kenned all things that seem.  
I was a dream, and the world was a dream,  
But you cannot bury a red sunbeam.  
For though in the under-grave's doom-night  
I lay all silent and stark and white,  
Yet over my head I seemed to know  
The murmurous moods of wind and snow.  
The snows that wasted, the winds that blew,  
The rays that slanted, the clouds that drew  
The water-ghosts up from lakes below,  
And the little flower-souls in earth that grow.  
Under earth, in the grave's stark night,  
I felt the stars and the moon's pale light.  
I felt the winds of ocean and land  
That whispered the blossoms soft and bland.  
Though they had buried me dark and low  
My soul with the season's seemed to grow.

## II.

I was a bride in my sickness sore,  
I was a bride nine months and more,  
From throes of pain they buried me low,  
For death had finished a mother's woe.  
But under the sod, in the grave's dread doom,  
I dreamed of my baby in glimmer and gloom.  
I dreamed of my babe and I kenned that his  
rest  
Was broken in wallings-on my dead breast.  
I dreamed that a rose-leaf hand did cling;  
Oh, you cannot bury a mother in spring.  
When the winds are soft and the blossoms are  
red  
She could not sleep in her cold earth-bed.  
I dreamed of my babe for a day and a night,  
And then I rose in my grave-clothes white.  
I rose like a flower from my damp earth-bed  
To the world of sorrowing overhead.