

THE SUM OF LIFE.*

Only four score of summers, and four score
Of winters, nothing more,
And then 'tis done.
We have spent our fruitful days beneath the sun;
We come to a cold season and a bare,
Where little is sweet or fair.
We who, a few brief years ago,
Would passionately go
Across the fields of life to meet the morn,
We are content, content and not forlorn,
To lie upon our beds and watch the day
Which kissed the Eastern peaks, grow gradually gray.

Great Heaven, that Thou hast made our lives so brief
And swiftly spent!
We toil our little day and are content,
Through Time, the Thief,
Stands at our side, and smiles his mystic smile.
We joy a little, we grieve a little while;
We gain some little glimpse of Thy great laws,
Rolling in thunder through the voids of space;
We gain to look a moment on Thy face,
Eternal source and Cause!
And then, the night descending as a cloud,
We walk with aspect bowed,
And turn to earth and see our life grow dark.

It is a pain
To move through the old fields—even though they lie
Before our eyes, we know that never again,
Where once our daily feet were used to pass
Amid the crested grass,
We any more shall wander till we die;
Nor to the old grey church, with the tall spire,
Whose vane the sunsets fire,
Where once a little child, by kind hands led,
Would spell the scant memorials of the dead—
Never again, or once alone,
When pain and time are done.

I have come to the time of the falling of breath;
I have reached the cold threshold of Death!

Death! there is not any death; only infinite change,
Only a place of life which is novel and strange.
Change! there is naught but change and renewal of
strife.

Which make up the infinite changes we sum up in life,
Life! what is life, that it ceases with ceasing of breath?
Death! what were life without change, but an infinite
death?

As I lie on my bed, and the sun, like a furnace of fire,
Burns amid the old pines in the west, ere the last rays
expire,
Can I dream he will rise no more, but a fathomless
night
Shall brood o'er creation forever, and shut out the
light?

It is done, this day of our life; but another shall rise,
Day forever following day, in the infinite skies,
Day following day forever!

Day following day, with the starlit darkness between;
Or, may be in a world where dawn comes, ere our sunset
has been;
Day following day forever!

Forever! though who shall tell in what seeming or
where?

In what far-off secret space of God's limitless air?
It matters nothing at all what we are or where set,
If a spark of the Infinite Light can shine on us yet,
Life following life forever!

MARK TWAIN.

CHARACTERISTIC PASSAGES FROM HIS LAST
BOOK, "A TRAMP ABROAD."

I have found out that there is nothing the
Germans like so much as an opera. They like
it, not in a mild and moderate way, but with
their whole hearts. This is a legitimate result
of habit and education. Our nation will like the
opera, too, bye-and-bye, no doubt. One in fifty
of those who attend our opera likes it already,
perhaps, but I think a good many of the other
forty-nine go in order to learn to like it, and the
rest in order to be able to talk knowingly about
it. The latter usually hum the airs while they are
being sung, so that their neighbors may perceive
that they have been to operas before. The
funerals of these do not occur often enough.

In Germany they always hear one thing at an
opera which has never yet been heard in Ameri-
ca, perhaps, I mean the closing strain of a fine
solo or duet. We always smash into it with an
earthquake of applause. The result is that we
rob ourselves of the sweetest part of the treat;
we get the whisky, but we don't get the sugar
in the bottom of the glass.

I am told that in a German concert or opera
they hardly ever encore a song; that, though
they may be dying to hear it again, their good
breeding usually preserves them against requir-
ing the repetition.

Kings may encore; that is quite another
matter; it delights everybody to see that the
king is pleased; and as to the actor encored,
his pride and gratification are simply boundless.

The King of Bavaria is a poet, and has a poet's
eccentricities—with the advantage over all other
poets of being able to gratify them, no matter
what form they may take. He is fond of the
opera, but not fond of sitting in the presence of
an audience; therefore it has sometimes occurred
in Munich that when an opera has been con-
cluded and the players were getting off their
paint and finery, a command had come to
them to get paint and finery on again. Pres-
ently the king would arrive, solitary and alone,
and the players would begin at the beginning
and do the entire opera over again, with only
that one individual in the vast solemn theatre
for audience. Once he took an odd freak into
his head. High up and out of sight over the
prodigious stage of the Court theatre is a maze
of interlacing water-pipes, so pierced that in case
of fire innumerable little thread-like streams
of water can be caused to descend; and in case
of need this discharge can be augmented to a

* From "The Ode of Life." By the author of "The
Epic of 'Hades' and 'Gwen'."

pouring flood. American managers might make
a note of that. The king was sole audience.
The opera proceeded; it was a piece with a
storm in it; the mimic thunder began to mutter,
the mimic wind began to wail and sigh, and
the mimic rain to patter. The king's interest
rose higher and higher; it developed into en-
thusiasm. He cried out:

"It is good, very good indeed! But I will have
real rain! Turn on the water!"

The manager pleaded for a reversal of the com-
mand; said it would ruin the costly scenery and
the splendid costumes, but the king cried:

"No matter, no matter. I will have real
rain! Turn on the water!"

So the real rain was turned on and began to
descend in gossamer lances to the mimic flower-
beds and gravel-walks of the stage. The richly-
dressed actresses and actors tripped about singing
bravely and pretending not to mind it. The king
was delighted; his enthusiasm grew higher. He
cried out:

"Bravo! bravo! More thunder! More
lightning! turn on more rain!"

The thunder boomed, the lightning glared, the
storm-winds roared, the deluge poured down.
The mimic royalty on the stage, with their
soaked satins clinging to their bodies, stopped
around ankle-deep in water, warbling their
sweetest and best; the fiddlers under the eaves
of the stage sawed away for dear life, with the
cold overflow spouting down the backs of their
necks, and the dry and happy king sat in his
lofty box and wore his gloves to ribbons ap-
plauding.

"More yet!" cried the king: "more yet;
let loose all the thunder, turn on all the water!
I will hang the man that raises an umbrella!"

When this most tremendous and effective
storm that had ever been produced in any
theatre was at last over the king's approbation
was measureless. He cried:

"Magnificent, magnificent! Encore! Do it
again!"

But the manager succeeded in persuading him
to recall the encore, and said the company would
feel sufficiently rewarded and complimented in
the mere fact that the encore was desired by his
majesty, without fatiguing him with a repetition
to gratify their own vanity.

During the remainder of the act the lucky
performers were those whose parts required
changes of dress; the others were a soaked
draggled and uncomfortable lot, but in the last
degree picturesque. The stage scenery was
ruined, the trap doors were so swollen that they
wouldn't work for a week afterward, the fine
costumes were spoiled and no end of minor
damages were done by that remarkable storm.

It was a royal idea—that storm—and royally
carried out. But observe the moderation of the
king; he did not insist upon his encore. If he
had been a gladsome, unreflecting American
opera audience he probably would have had his
storm repeated and repeated until he drowned
all those people.

Whatever I am in art I owe to the best in-
structors in drawing and painting in Germany.
I have something of the manner of each and all
of them; but they all said that I had also a
manner of my own, and that it was conspicuous.
They said there was a marked individuality
about my style. If I painted the commonest
type of a dog, I should be sure to throw a some-
thing into the aspect of that dog which would
keep him from being mistaken for the creature
of any other artist. I wanted to believe all
these kind sayings, but I could not. I was
afraid that my masters' partiality for me and
pride in me biased their judgment. So I re-
solved to make a test. Unknown to any one I
painted my great picture, "Heidelberg Castle
Illuminated" my first important work in oils—
and had it hung up in the midst of a wilderness
of oil pictures in the Art Exhibition with no name
attached to it. To my great gratification it was
instantly recognized as mine. All the town
flocked to see it, and people even came from
neighboring localities to visit it. It made more
stir than any other work in the exhibition. But
the most gratifying thing of all was that
strangers, passing through, who had heard of my
picture, were not only drawn to it, as by a load-
stone, the moment they entered the gallery, but
always took it for a "Turner."

What a red rag is to a bull, Turner's "Slave
Ship" was to me, before I studied art. Mr.
Ruskin is educated in art up to a point where
that picture throws him into as mad an ecstasy
of pleasure as it used to throw me into one of
rage, last year, when I was ignorant. His cul-
tivation enables him—and me, now—to see
water in that lurid yellow mud, and natural
effects in those lurid explosions of mixed smoke
and flame and crimson sunset glories; it re-
conciles him—and me, now—to the floating of iron
cable chains and other unfloatable things; it
reconciles us to fishes swimming around on top
of the mud—I mean the water. The most
of the picture is a manifest impossibility—
that is a lie, and only rigid cultivation can
enable a man to find truth in a lie. But it
enables Mr. Ruskin to do it, and I am thankful
for it. A Boston newspaper reporter went and
took a look at the Slave Ship floundering about
in that fierce conflagration of reds and yellows,
and said it reminded him of a tortoise-shell cat
having a fit in a platter of tomatoes. In my
then uneducated state, that went home to my
non-cultivation, and I thought here is a man
with an unobstructed eye. Mr. Ruskin would
have said: "This person is an ass." That is
what I would say, now.

We were at the Rigi-Kulm hotel on the Alps.
It was night. We wanted to see the sun rise in
the morning. We curled up in the clammy
beds, and went to sleep without rocking. We
were so sodden with fatigue that we never stirred
nor turned over till the booming blast of the
Alpine horn aroused us. It may well be imagined
that we did not lose any time. We snatched on
a few odds and ends of clothing, cocooned our-
selves in the proper red blankets, and plunged
along the halls and out into the whistling wind
bareheaded. We saw a tall wooden scaffolding
on the very peak of the summit, a hundred yards
away, and made for it. We rushed up the stairs
to the top of this scaffolding, and stood there,
above the vast outlying world, with hair flying
and ruddy blankets waving and cracking in the
fierce breeze.

"Fifteen minutes too late, at last!" said
Harris, in a vexed voice. "The sun is clear
above the horizon."

"No matter," I said, "it is a most magnifi-
cent spectacle, and we will see it do the rest of
its rising, anyway."

In a moment we were deeply absorbed in the
marvel before us and dead to everything else.
The great cloud-barred disc of the sun stood just
above a limitless expanse of tossing white caps,
so to speak—a billowy chaos of massy mountain
domes and peaks draped in imperishable snow,
and flooded with an opaline glory of changing
and dissolving splendours, while through rifts
in a black cloud-bank above the sun radiating
lances of diamond dust shot to the zenith. The
cloven valleys of the lower world swam in a
tinted mist which veiled the ruggedness of their
craggs and ribs and ragged forests, and turned all
the forbidding region into a soft and rich and
sensuous paradise.

We could not speak. We could hardly breathe.
We could only gaze in drunken ecstasy and drink
it in. Presently Harris exclaimed: "Why,—
nation, its going down!"

Perfectly true. We had missed the morning
horn-blow, and slept all day. This was stupe-
fying. Harris said:

"Look here, the sun isn't the spectacle—it's
us—stacked up here on top of this gallows, in
these idiotic blankets, and 250 well-dressed men
and women down here gawking up at us and not
caring a straw whether the sun rises or sets, as
they've got such a ridiculous spectacle as this
to set down in their memorandum books. They
seem to be laughing their ribs loose, and there's
one girl there that appears to be going all to
pieces. I never saw such a man as you before.
I think you are the very last possibility in the
way of an ass."

"What have I done?" I answered, with
heat.

"What have you done? You've got up at 7.30
o'clock in the evening to see the sun rise, that's
what you've done."

The next morning, however, we were up be-
fore daylight. Fully clothed and wrapped in
blankets we huddled ourselves up by the win-
dow with lighted pipes and fell into a chat,
while we waited in exceeding comfort to see how
an Alpine sunrise was going to look by candle-
light. Bye-and-bye a delicate, spiritual sort of
effulgence spread itself by imperceptible degrees
over the loftiest altitude of the snowy wastes—
but there the effort seemed to stop. I said, pre-
sently:

"There is a hitch about this sunrise some-
where. It doesn't seem to go. What do you
reckon is the matter with it?"

"I don't know. It appears to hang fire some-
where. I never saw a sunrise act like that
before. Can it be that the hotel is playing any-
thing on us?"

"Of course not. The hotel has merely a pro-
perty interest in the sun, and has nothing to do
with the management of it. It is a precarious
kind of property, too; a succession of total
eclipses would probably ruin this tavern. Now,
what can be the matter with this sunrise?"

Harry jumped up and said, "I've got it! I
know what's the matter with it! We've been
looking at the place where the sun set last
night!"

"It is perfectly true! Why couldn't you have
thought of that sooner? Now we've lost another
one! and all through your blundering. It was
exactly like you to light a pipe and sit down to
wait for the sun to rise in the west."

"It was exactly like me to find out the mis-
takes, too. You never would have found it out.
I find out all the mistakes."

"You make them all, too, else your most
valuable faculty would be wasted on you. But
don't stop to quarrel now, maybe we are not too
late yet."

But we were. The sun was well up when we
got to the exhibition ground.

HEARTH AND HOME.

SOLITUDE.—Oh, solitude how sweet are thy
charms! To leave the busy world and retire to
thy calm shades is surely the most ecstatic
pleasure the contemplative mind can enjoy.
Then, undisturbed by those who are fond of
splendour and who prefer pomp and ease to solid
pleasure, it may enjoy that peace which is rarely
to be found in the courts of the great. Solitude
affords us time for reflection, and the objects
around us incite us to contemplate and adore.
In solitude the contemplative mind enjoys a
variety of pleasing sensations, which improve it,
and render it alive to all the various beauties
which we find displayed in the great book of na-
ture. Blest solitude, may we never forget the ad-
vantages which may be derived from devoting a

part of our time to thee, but continue sensible of
thy great value.

I WAS ONCE YOUNG.—It is an excellent thing
for all who are engaged in giving instruction to
young people frequently to call to mind what they
were themselves when young. This practice is
one of the most likely to impart patience and
forbearance, and to correct unreasonable expecta-
tions. At one period of my life, when instruct-
ing two or three young people to write, I found
them, as I thought, unusually stupid. I hap-
pened about this time to look over the contents
of an old copy-book written by me when a boy.
The thick up-strokes, the crooked down-strokes,
the awkward joinings of the letters, and the
blots in the book made me completely ashamed
of myself, and I could at the moment have
buried the book in the fire. The worse, however,
I thought of myself, the better I thought of my
backward scholars; I was cured of unreasonable
expectations, and became in future doubly pa-
tient and forbearing. In teaching youth remem-
ber that you once were young, and in reproving
their youthful errors endeavour to call to mind
your own.

INTERFERENCE.—It is the people who need
interference with their conduct or mode of action
who resent it most bitterly. In all headlong
doings, there is a resentment of any outward
check. There are, however, two classes of mind
that are patient of interference—those of the
equable, yielding order, who have no
passion for their own way, who can look at both
sides of a question, who are not carried away,
who can deliberate if liberty of action remains
to them, who can submit to external pressure as
a thing to be, when powerless to resist it; and
those who are so strong in their own judgment
and intention, so confident in their ability to
carry their conclusions out that they are not
afraid of it. In fact, some opposition is welcome
to such minds as making them feel their strength
and imparting a sense of power. They can ac-
cept even unjustifiable intervention from other
people, as feeling that no external influence can
have weight or force beyond what they choose
to give it. All angry feeling against interference
is the result of weakness of some sort—weakness
of position and of circumstances (a case which
excites sympathy), rendering the victims of
meddling no longer masters of their own affairs;
or weakness of moral ground, the weakness of a
mind not in harmony with itself.

THE EDUCATION OF THE MOTHER ON THE
CHILD.—In education, science may do a little;
classic erudition a great deal; moral philosophy
more; but religion most of all; and yet religion
is icy or ferocious without a heart; and were we
called upon to record our suffrages in support of
any one of these several popular modes of educa-
tion, we should without the slightest hesitation
give our unqualified vote in favour of the heart.
To you, O ye mothers! is confided the office of
the heart—ye, to whose eye we look up as it
were to the heaven of our happiness and the
heaven of our hopes—ye, in whose bosom we
have nestled, and in whose lap we have reposed
in infancy, and to whose sympathising breast we
have imparted the griefs or follies of our maturer
years. Abandon not, we beseech you, O ye
good mothers! the noblest functions of the
State; dismiss not your darlings to the merciless
schoolmaster, the mercenary tutor, and the dis-
solute usher, of whom you know nothing save
his name and title; nor, for the sake of heading
your table, or presiding with distinction in the
silken drawing-room, leave the hungry, innocent
minds of your children to feed upon the depraved
tuition of a housemaid, a servant girl, and that
most invaluable of all earthly creatures, an ex-
acting, frowning head-nurse. Take the educa-
tion of your children into your own hands, and
abandon everything else for their sakes; it will
amply repay you; and if you object that conduct
such as this would break through the conven-
tional modes of society, and be regarded as an
act of folly, we can only reply by making an
appeal to your heart.

DESIGNS have been accepted by the Admiralty
for a table which is to be made for the Queen
from the timbers of the Arctic exploring ship
Resolute, which has been broken up at Chatham
Dockyard. A copper bolt from the same vessel
is to be rolled into a plate to be let into the
table, and to bear a suitable inscription.

THE obelisk on the Thames Embankment is
to be furnished with certain artistic accessories.
The Metropolitan Board of Works has fixed a
plaster cast of a sphinx, coloured to look like
bronze, at the base of Cleopatra's Needle, in
order to judge of the effect produced, prior to
the casting in bronze of the two sphinxes which
the Board have decided to place on the pedestal.

THE two maps made by Joliet, co-discoverer of
the Mississippi, to illustrate his journeyings
have never yet been printed. A third map, how-
ever, which is regarded as of earlier date than
others, has just been published by M. Gabriel
Gravier, president of the Norman Geographical
society, and author of several works dealing with
early American exploration.

WORKINGMEN.

Before you begin your heavy spring work
after a winter of relaxation, your system needs
cleansing and strengthening to prevent an at-
tack of Ague, Billious or Sping Fever, or some
other Spring sickness that will unfit you for a
season's work. You will save time, much sick-
ness and great expense if you will use one bottle
of Hop Bitters in your family this month. Don't
wait. See other column.