



Around the Hearth

By JENNIE ALLEN MOORE

"I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes over me
That my soul cannot resist."

FROM MY WINDOW.

"I DO not wonder that you are inspired to write, looking out at the view from this window," my friend remarked, as she seated herself comfortably in the platform rocker in front of my desk, beside the study window. She gazed long at the vast sheet of blue water, across which darted sail-boats and tugs, and the more stately freighters and steamers; then looked beyond them to the cape and islands in the distance. The sun dancing upon the wavy breast of the waters by day, or the moon's reflections by night is equally entrancing. Even when storm-swept and raging, it holds the eye and sways the soul.

Then we look over the house-tops from our position on the brow of the hill. They are all colors, sizes and shapes, and often, as the twilight of an early winter evening closes into night, we watch the lights twinkling from the windows in those homes and wonder what is taking place in them. What life tragedies are being enacted under those roofs, what joyful events are being celebrated, what happiness or woe is being lived out by the inmates of those structures of wood, and brick, and stone? Is there a happy homecoming in one, a sad departure from another, a wedding and a funeral side by side, gayety and sadness divided by a narrow street? And thus I sit and muse in the quiet hour. "Between the dark and the daylight, when the night is beginning to lower."

Coming closer, I watch the street car, and the carriages, the automobiles, and the pedestrians, and wonder whence came they, and whither going. Men, women and children hurrying along, all seemingly anxious for some destination, men with brisk step and business air, tired women toiling along with still more tired children by the hand, or wheeling fretful babies, hastening homewards to prepare the belated meal. My heart aches for the little ones, and I wonder if grown people ever stop to consider as they keep up their own pace, that the young legs trying to cover the same ground are forced to maintain a speed really endangering to health. The parent walks briskly, the child is obliged to run, and that with one or both arms held at an upward angle that must be tiresome, if not even painful.

"I'll carry you, but remember I'll warm you well when we get home," said an inhuman father to his little three-year-old, who was crying with sheer tiredness one night about ten o'clock. Why wasn't that little chap in bed and asleep for two hours at least, why will parents tote mere babies around with them shopping on Saturday night, and then whip them for being tired? I know it cannot always be avoided, and that women are obliged to take their babies sometimes, but they usually sleep in their carriages, often uncomfortably to be sure, especially in those new-fangled go-carts, with the little legs dangling in the cold, and neck awry, but the wee tottler that has to trudge alongside has my sympathy. That man never knew how near an indignant feminine voice came to crying from the window, "Shame on you! How dare you, coward?"

I SEE great loads of lumber and other heavy freight being carted up the toilsome slope of hill, watch gay automobiles dash by regardless of the speed limit law, gaze with frightened eye at the wild prancing of steeds which have not become accustomed to the horseless carriage. But the fashionable equipage with the tight check rein, holding the poor horse's head in the most unnatural position, always causes me pain, and I long for authority to prevent the cruelty by a word. Some claim that horses delight in being held up so, but I think that restless tossing of the head means that their yoke is hard to bear. The poor dumb brutes are at our mercy!

It is up-hill work passing our house, and many times I have witnessed drunken brutes of men bringing down the stinging lash on a willing horse's back, again and again belaboring it with the whip, and the beast using its utmost speed, fairly flying along. Now do not laugh when I tell you what I say in those cases, because it may sound rather foolish, not to say vicious. I break out with, "Well, if there be such a thing coming back to earth in the form of some animal, I hope the powers will let my soul inhabit a horse, because I want to have revenge on some men. If I were being driven like that, and doing my best, I would let both feet fly with terrible vengeance into those demon faces, then smash everything to pieces, and run away." I warned you it would sound wicked and vengeful, but "Oh, you poor horse!"

Here comes a carriage full of sightseers off the boats. They pause at the top of the hill to take in

the view. I fancy one has travelled all through Europe, and he says, "This is like Naples," and a lady quotes, "See Naples and die." More than he have made the same comparison. Now a farmer's wagon drives by; a moving, with the cow reluctantly following the caravan of household effects, then the carts of butcher and baker, the doctor's rig, the postman, newsboy, a rousing dog fight, a hoarse whistle from the bay, a child crying! Dear me! did my friend say she did not wonder I could write, sitting at this window? Why the marvel is that I can shut out this view, and this moving, shifting panorama long enough to write.

A SLIGHT drizzling rain has started. A couple pass, he holding the umbrella so her broad hat is entirely covered, and careful to adjust his step to hers. I am sure they are not married, else the man would be striding a pace or more ahead of the panting woman trying to keep up, and the umbrella held so that occasionally it would jab into her headgear, while his own Panama would be quite well protected.

But what means this other pair standing in earnest conversation? Do my eyes deceive me when I see her wipe her eyes, and watch his fist come down solidly in the other palm? They walk a few steps in opposite directions, and then she apparently has called to him. He turns and again addresses her, his head giving force to his words by emphatic nods and inclinations, and, fiend that he must be, he shakes his fist at her. Then he rounds the corner out of sight, and after pausing a moment to look after him, the woman comes slowly towards my window and is crying. Who is that man, what has he said to her, is he her husband? Of course he is; no man would dare to act like that to any but the one he has sworn to love and cherish. Is there any other pledge such a mockery?

A poor half-witted boy rushes up the walk, pursued by six or eight tormentors. He gives a wild shriek, as one clutches his coat, but he escapes with the rabble of idle, thoughtless boys yelling after him. The fable of the boy and the frogs is brought to mind, and I am sure that what seems pleasure to those lads means death to the poor imbecile, who can only see the wickedness of their fun. Alas, that such cruelty should exist, that children are not taught to help such poor creatures instead of teasing and ridiculing them! A young man once said to me, "My father seldom whipped me, but once he caught me tormenting a poor foolish boy on the street. I did not see him coming, so was well caught in the act, and that was the severest punishment I ever received from his hands." That carries its own moral, and would it were more universal!

One Sunday afternoon a group of little girls were just beneath my window. There was much whispering and bobbing together of little heads, for they were tots of five or six. I noticed one sweet little face was not taken into the confidence, but she stood apart. Finally one child approached her, and in an outspoken manner tried to atone by saying, "We were just saying that you were a nice little girl, and your dress is very pretty, but your mother does make you wear such sloppy-looking hats." How that dear tender little heart must have throbbed with pain under that unkind speech, for she loved her mother, and had such faith in her choice of clothes, and this vain little minx, who probably heard far too much along the line of style and fashion had dealt a blow that made her wince, and question her mother's taste in selecting pretty things for her. If mothers would only teach the little ones to be kind, and instil less silly pride into their young minds about dress, how much better it would be. One dear little girl I loved said to her mother, "Oh, mamma, I saw my little velvet dress on 'Ouisa, and I just said, 'Hallo, 'Ouisa' and looked the other way." The milk of human kindness flowed in that baby's veins, she could not hurt the little girl by recognizing the dress.

IT is four o'clock, and the great army of school children trip by, "glad in the thought of school let out." The Collegiate pupils with arms full of books follow in more dignified fashion, feeling the weight of home-work imposed on what should be their hours of recreation. But there! I must not launch out on that subject, for I have already given you my idea of home-work as it is handed out in our educational institutions, and which I believe to be injurious both physically and mentally—a national evil, I call it—so will stay my pen.

The bells are ringing six, and the dinner-pail brigade pass by. Grimy, dusty men, after their hard day's work are going to their homes or stopping-places, where little children run to meet them, and

all unheeding the blackness, clasp father's hand, and twine the soft little arms about his neck. Somehow I would like to feel that each one of these hardy sons of toil was sure of a welcoming smile and an appetizing supper. But we know that many of them will be regaled mentally on current gossip and family trials, and bodily on tasteless viands, just as will be the case in more pretentious homes.

Two young girls pass by in the twilight, leading by the hand a little mite of three. She took a notion in her baby head to turn down a certain street where the girls had not intended going. Instead of taking time to make a true explanation, or coaxing the dear child, they informed her that "there were a whole lot of bears down that way, and they would eat her up," and they hauled her along as fast as her little legs could fly, to pretend they also were afraid. Why are little ones deceived in that way? It is so unfair to tell them wilful lies. It is sinful to rob pure, innocent young minds of the sweet trustfulness natural to childhood.

Up over the hill stagger two young men, boys rather, for they do not look more than eighteen. They are holding each other's hands, and jolting along, swaying now to the right, now to the left. Some poor mother will watch for their approach, some poor heart grow sick as she watches the unsteady step of what only yesterday, so it seems, was her laughing baby boy. Poor mother! I have no words to express the anguish I feel for her, it is a deep silent pain that lies heavy, oh, so heavy, as I ask myself which would I have for that noble boy, who, when just launched into his teens was carried away over the hill these poor boys are trying to climb—the lonely mound by the winding river, or the living cross to carry on my troubled heart.

The trend of my thought has changed, my interest wanes, I am living other scenes, looking out of eyes that no longer observe the moving throng, still

"I see the long procession,
Still passing to and fro;
The young heart hot and restless,
And the old subdued and slow."

A Lady of Halifax

CANADA is the birth-place of several women who have distinguished themselves in the realm of scholarship. Among these is Dr. Eliza Ritchie, who was born at Halifax in 1856. She was educated chiefly at home, and when Dalhousie College was opened to women, attended first as a general student and subsequently as an undergraduate, obtaining her degree in 1887, with first-class honors in Philosophy. In the same year, she was appointed Fellow in Philosophy at Cornell University, and in 1889 received from that institution the degree of Ph.D., publishing a thesis on "The Problem of Per-



sonality." In 1890, she was appointed Instructor in Philosophy at Wellesley College, Massachusetts. During 1892-93, she studied at Leipzig and Oxford and in September, 1893, resumed work at Wellesley, where, in the following year, she was appointed associate professor.

During last year, Dr. Ritchie gave six lectures at Dalhousie College on Italian Painting and her division of the various schools, according to local reports, was admirable, treating of Florentine, Umbrian and Venetian.