



New Every Morning.

Every day is a fresh beginning,
Every morn is the world made new;
Ye who are weary of sorrow and suffering,
Here is a beautiful hope for you;
A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over,
The tasks are done and the tears are shed
Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover;
Yesterday's wounds which smarted and bled
Are healed with the healing which night has shed.

Yesterday now is a part of forever,
Bound up in a sheaf which God holds tight,
With glad days, and sad days, and bad days, which never
Shall visit us more with their bloom and their blight,
Their fullness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Let them go, since we cannot re-live them,
Cannot undo, and cannot atone;
God, in his mercy, receive, forgive them
Only the new days are our own,
To-day is ours, and to-day alone.

Here are the skies, all burnished brightly,
Here is the spent earth, all re-born;
Here are the tired limbs, springing lightly
To face the sun and to share with the morn
In the chrism of dew and the cool of dawn.

Every day is a fresh beginning;
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
And spite of old sorrow and older sinning,
And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,
Take heart with the day and begin again.
—Susan Coolidge.

Nugget's Church.



AND they were coming down the mountain from the sluice-head—little Nugget and her father, Thane Meadows—the one a frail child hindered by a withered foot, and bearing upon her thin neck a head seemingly too large, but as golden as a little buttercup; the other a tall, heavy-framed, broad-breasted miner, with blue eyes, tangled yellow hair, and a beard that covered his chest like a russet mat.

The miner smiled down into the eyes of the child with a fond and listening look. Her thin little fingers were clasped about one of his big grimy ones, as she half swung and half ran beside him.

"Oh, papa Thane," she cried, stopping and pointing toward the west, "ain't the sunset nice to-night?"

Back of them, and on the right and left, the mountains of the California Coast Range rose against a pink-gray sky. The whole gorgeous landscape, soft and sea-like with redwood forests dropped downward in long, sinking waves, until, sixty miles away, it smoothed out into dim, glimmering wastes of ocean. Faintly there they could descry the town of Eureka, and beyond that the vague curve of Humboldt Bay.

"Yes, Nugget," said the man, with a deep breath, "God don't often hang out pictures like that for men to look at."

"He hangs that on the outside of Heaven so we can see what it is like on the inside, don't he, papa Thane?"

The man's lips twitched slightly in his beard, but he said nothing.

"If men were better, papa Thane, would He hang more of them out, and nicer ones?" she asked.

"I reckon not, Nugget," he said; "but if men was better I have an idee they'd see 'em oftener."

They went on a little further in silence, then the child's voice came again: "Why ain't men better, papa Thane?"



"Oh, I guess it's because almost everything's wrong, Nugget."

"But you are good anyway, ain't you, papa Thane?"

"Not so very, Nugget," he said, unsteadily, "if it wasn't for you I'm afraid I'd be purty bad."

The child searched his face a moment with wondering eyes. "How do I help you, papa Thane?" The man reached down, swung her upon his big arm, and held her against his breast.

"It's 'cause you're good, and I like you so, Nugget," he said, huskily. "You're all I've got, and I like you so!"

They came to a point where the trail dropped sharply off into a vast gulch, out through which Mad River pours noisily from the inner Range, and in a few moments reached a little cabin near the bottom. It was rude enough—a sort of human swallow's nest, plastered in against the mountain—but with a clean, inviting air. At one side a small spring leaped out of the bank, and slipping down upon the floor of the valley, buried its bright waters in a tiny garden.

Over the entrance to the little structure, whose whole front was a flaming tangle of California creeper, the prongs of a red deer's horns protruded, and just inside the doorway lay a decrepit old mastiff, who, at the approach of footsteps, thumped the floor with his tail in hearty welcome.

"Well, we're back, Buck," said Meadows. "I see you took good care of things." He swung the child down lightly upon the step, and she embraced the old dog affectionately.

The man turned about and looked up the gulch. The wild beauty of the picture did not attract him. He was looking above it all, where, away along the heights, a ring of pines stood around a cup-like dent in the mountain-side. He could see, in fancy, the spring-fed lake which lay so brown and

quiet there, and hear its waters hissing down through the iron mains to a huge red gap in the cañon's side below, and his brow drew itself into an angry knot.

"It's mine if the law did give it to him," he thought. "If I had that water, with what I have now, into my claim—well, Nugget and I and Buck wouldn't be many years longer in these diggin's. One thing he won't forget soon, though, I reckon, an' that's the blow I give him last summer up there by the pond.

"But I hadn't ought to let him go as I did," he thought. "He took the law, and—well, if I had him there again with my fingers round his lyin' throat, I'd—why Nugget!" he burst out suddenly, looking at the little girl.

"Don't, papa Thane! don't!" she said. "You're thinking of Dack Burton again. Your face looked just hard, like a rough bowlder. Don't, papa Thane!"

The man took the child upon his knees and clasped her to him, while she took his big tawny head upon her little chest and smoothed and kissed it. The soft and loving touch of the child's hands upon his head eased him of his dark humor like magic.

That night, when Nugget slept, or he thought she slept, he came out with his pipe and sat down on the threshold. Noises from the big plank saloon among the trees across the river came faintly to him, and he could see, in fancy, the groups of rugged miners about the tables, gambling for one another's "dust," or drinking at the bar.

"We are all a pack of fools and thieves," he muttered, and sat a long time, with the fire fallen dead in his pipe, thinking of his plans and defeats, the wrongs others had done him, his attempts at retaliation, and his gradual merging from a careful, scrupulous youth into a manhood hard and embittered with strife, and believing in the sheer necessity of violent deed.

"Papa Thane!" came a little voice from within. The man laid down his pipe and entered the cabin. Buck thumped the floor with his tail where he lay by Nugget's bed in her tiny room, and the child's eyes were wide open. The man sat down on the bed and took her hand.

"What is it, little darter?" he asked. "When we was coming down the mountain, you said I helped you to be good, and that other men would be happier if they was better; why can't I help them, too, papa Thane?"

