

Nose, mouth, and chin have characteristics of energy, purpose, and resolution. She is tall and spare in frame—the Motive temperament of her father being impressed upon the bodily contours, and conspicuously influencing her mental organism. She is more powerful in thought, more earnest and thorough-going as a worker, than she is delicate and symmetrical. Her convictions are deep and controlling, giving her character for independence. Her intellectual faculties are generally active, and being strong and well disciplined, she has a much broader comprehension of the matters relating to life than the average. Few persons, whether men or women, are more steadfast in opinion than she.

Firmness contributes emphasis and positiveness to her conduct, supporting the impressions or conclusions obtained through the intellect.

As a member of society, judging from the portrait, she is not known for an easy disposition to conform to fashion and custom, but rather for originality of view and practicality of motive. She believes in being true to one's impressions of truth and duty; admires spirit and zeal in those who have work to perform for themselves or the world; warmly appreciates kindness, charity, and sympathy for those who deserve it. As for formalism in Church, State, or social life she has comparatively little time or regard to give in that direction.

“TIRED, WEAK, AND DISCOURAGED.”

So tired—so tired. Poor heart! take rest, take rest;

And drop the weary burdens down that fret and strain you;

Shall God who bears the worlds upon His breast,

Fall, in your hour of need, oh, doubter, to sustain you?

Take rest! Take rest!

So weak, poor heart, so weak! But One is strong

And able all the thrusts of Evil powers to parry,

To fix the balance between right and wrong,

And lift the heavy crosses that you can not carry—

In God be strong!

Discouraged—oh, poor heart—take cheer! take cheer!

Let the full eye of hope these dismal shadows banish;

Go forward and the tangled way will clear,

The terrors that you tremble at will turn and vanish—

Take cheer! Take cheer!

A. E. M.

THE PURITAN CHILD.

BEING AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY—THE LOVE HOME.

IN a little cottage set like a pearl in emerald, lived a young man and woman who were truly husband and wife. Neither were twenty-three, and both were eminently handsome as were the Puritans in general. They were of a generous make: he six feet “in his stockings,” and she something less, erect, and of commanding carriage, for dignity of manner was essential in these early days. He was of the choicest Pilgrim stock, while she traced her pedigree to the Huguenots

exiled from France in Queen Elizabeth's time.

The home had four rooms on the ground floor—a garden in front—the gable of the house fronting the county road. In the garden grew lilies and roses; tall holyhocks, london-pride, mallows, and love-lies-bleeding, with a wilderness of pansies, known as the “lady's delight.” On two sides of the cottage was a grove of aromatic pines, somewhat somber perhaps, and full of suppressed

whisperings, but loudly resonant when the elements were high. Here were found the trailing arbutus, which the Pilgrim dames tenderly named the Mayflower, and the berries of the winter-green, like rubies, and Indian pipe, like a pearl blossom.

No neighbor lived nearer than a mile, hence the young wife with her single servant, more companion than servant, was much alone during the absence of her husband, who, as a matter of course, had already risen to the dignity of captain of a vessel in which he was part owner, called the *Ranger*.

It was a sequestered, Arcadian spot, removed from ordinary ambitions, but replete with domestic tenderness, and that pervading comfort which is found among all old families, for the Puritans were "good providers." Books were not wanting of a religious and polemical character, relieved by history, biography, and the journals of the day.

Here three daughters were born to the young pair, of which I was the second. When I was nearly forty years old, I took occasion to visit this pretty cottage in company with my lovely son, Sidney. As a coincidence I here found a bright young mother living quite alone, and three little girls; as in my mother's day. The mother was pleased with the notice I took of her children, and remarked:

"My house has an interest of itself; you must know that a poet was born here in this very room."

I was pleased at this and gave her my card, at which she grasped my hand warmly, saying:

"I must know just how you look," and she studied my face with pleasant scrutiny.

In this oasis of verdure and heavenly peace I was born August 12th. I was called a fine large baby, which is not an unusual thing, of course; and soon grew to be fair of complexion, with golden hair inclining to curl.

Of my father I have but indistinct recollection, I being little more than two years old when he perished at sea. Still,

as an evidence of early impressions, when I was two years of age I remember distinctly sitting on my father's knee, he in a high-backed arm-chair, and my sister on his other knee. My father had a fine tenor voice, and he sang to us, touching his chin now upon one child's brow and now upon the other's, at which we both giggled as children will.

Somewhere about this time there was through the country a great revival of religion, and both of my parents became what is called converted. This was natural among a people always thoughtful, and who had been trained under the fearful teachings of Jonathan Edwards. My mother used to dwell upon the prevalent state of feeling at that time with great solemnity. My father being an earnest man, suffered for many weeks, from that morbid sense of ill-desert, which characterized what was called conviction; but at length taking down the Bible he said: "Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines: the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no fruit, and the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stall, yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation."

Taking the hand of my mother they knelt down, and my father poured out his soul in prayer with a divine rapture.

I belong to a long-lived stock, and one untainted by disease of any kind, mental or bodily. My paternal grandfather lived to be ninety-seven—as his father was eighty-nine at the period of his death, and was born just a hundred years after the landing of the Pilgrims, and his father lived to be ninety-nine, my great-grandfather might have talked with the *Mayflower* people.

My maternal grandfather never had a day's illness till he was struck down with fever and died at eighty-seven. What was quite remarkable was the fact that he cut a third set of teeth when about seventy years old, which were white and sound at the time of his death.

I was born at half-past nine on the eve-

ning of the 12th of August, and I have amused myself by casting my horoscope, which has proved strangely coincident. Those old astrologers were wonderful for the religious awe with which they strove to penetrate the secrets of nature, and study out the laws of life, and causes of its many mutations. They certainly anticipated many of the results of modern science.

My mother says I was observant beyond other babies—was very gentle in temper, rarely crying. As she was of a bright, cheerful make, diffusing sunshine around her, I apprehend a cross child would have been summarily cured of the infirmity. She was a fine conversationist, often eloquent, her fine eyes lighting with animation. She sometimes vividly described the great eclipse of the sun which occurred on the 16th of June before I was born, in the following August. She preserved the following among her papers, as a record of a deeply impressive event:

“At the point of greatest obscuration, the air was so chill as to make an overcoat desirable. A short time before this, the darkness in the west assumed the appearance of an approaching thunderstorm. A luminous ring surrounded the moon after the sun was totally hid. Such was the darkness that the time could not be determined by a watch. The number of stars visible was greater than at the full moon.”

An account of the scene in Boston thus describes it: “The morning was ushered in with the usual hum of business, which gradually subsided as the darkness advanced. An uninterrupted silence succeeded. A fresh breeze which had prevailed, now ceased, and all was calm. The birds retired to rest: the rolling chariot and the rumbling car were no more heard. The axe and the hammer were suspended. Returning light reanimated the face of things. We seemed as in the dawn of creation, when ‘*God said, Let there be light, and there was light!*’ and an involuntary cheer of gratulation burst from the assembled spectators.” — *Monthly Anthology*, 1806.

I think I have a leaning to the occult. Life on the surface is apt to be so commonplace and prosaic, that I am fond of detecting beautiful tendencies, and intimations, and meanings in the phenomena of nature which an observant religious mind may detect.

LEARNING TO READ.

I can not remember the time when I could not read. I had a sister two years older than myself, who was sent to a school in the neighborhood, where she was treated with great tenderness and regarded as quite a phenomenon. I missed her so much at home, that an arrangement was made for me at two years to go with her. The good teacher often let me sleep upon her bosom, and laid me on her bed for my daily nap.

When my sister stood up for her lesson, I used to stand beside her, and listen with amazed interest to the mystery of A, B, C, and the subtleties of a-b, ab. I never opened my mouth to pronounce a word, but with my two little hands tucked under my arm-pits, stood a marvel of quietude, intent and solemn eyes fixed upon the book till the lesson was done. No one supposed I was learning anything; but one day when my mother was rather exulting over the proficiency of my sister, I quite astonished the family by saying:

“I can do that, too.”

“You? let us see,” and all laughed.

I took the book and read with perfect ease. At first it was thought mere imitation, but on further trial it was found I could read as well as my sister. I do not think this altogether pleased my mother, who had a natural love and pride in her first-born, and did not like to see her eclipsed. I remember I saw this, and had a feeling of shame as if I had surreptitiously obtained book-knowledge. As at that time I acquired without labor, I saw there was little merit in what I obtained.

In the meanwhile my father died, and my mother married again, and we two children had new, and to us some unge-

nial, experiences. We went to a country school at Cape Elizabeth, where the family moved. I well recollect the amusement with which the big boys and girls listened to my reading—I, less than six years old, out of the same books that they lumbered through. The teacher would stand me in the center of the room, so that my small voice might be heard. I had a lisp at that time, which greatly mortified me, but which made me a pet with the big scholars. They would try to tempt me to repeat some choice paragraph abounding with the obnoxious *s*, by all sorts of choice things, but as I was not easily flattered, and never covetous, and felt my lisp a great defect, they could not prevail upon me to exhibit it, except upon dire necessity. I was not to be cajoled out of my little proprieties.

At this time I could repeat innumerable chapters from the Bible, and all the poetry I could find. All the catechisms also, which gave rise to much mental questioning, and some very strong protests even at this early age. I had learned whole dictionaries, to say nothing of geography and grammar, of which I was very fond, and thought I understood.

I pondered over "Foxe's Book of Martyrs" with a shuddering interest. It began early to shape my character, and combine itself with those growing ideas of steadfastness to truth and duty, which were early a part of my mental furnishing. I read Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" again and again with delight, and expounded its meaning to my little mates with great earnestness.

MYSELF.

This writing about myself I find very pleasant; not that I am pleased with myself, far from it; Puritan children never are. As a child, I was truth-loving and stout-hearted, despite of delicate nerves and acute sensibilities. I never quarreled nor did mean things, and was rather apt to despise those who were guilty of them. I was a tremendous moralist, watching my own doings with severe scrutiny; ob-

servant of the shortcomings of those about me, but more in sorrow than in anger, for very early I learned that the love I applied would not do for all. I like to talk about myself, for though conscious of many infirmities, I am in the main of a wholesome make. We do not talk so much of the entire, acknowledged beautiful as we do of that which deviates from the ordinary track. In Central America is a plant which unfolds the perfect image of a dove, the divine Paraclete; this is something to think about, more than the praise we award to rose or lily.

I have in my cabinet a large fly from Brazil, known as the Lantern fly, because it carries upon its head a pouch which emits a beautiful bluish flame. It is bright enough to illuminate a large space with a steady, not flickering, light. We talk of this creature when we should not waste a word upon the common house-fly. So it is with me, I like to talk about myself, not that I am anyway wonderful, but having a way of my own, and none the worse for having it, I conceive a record may not be amiss.

From the age of five to ten, I may call the blossoming time of my life; no after-period ever having developed me so rapidly. I was no precocious *Mirandola* nor *Crichton* nor *Montaigne* talking Latin and dealing with the learned; but I recall, even now, with pain, my eager quest for knowledge and the insufficiency of supply. My perpetual questioning, and yet no child ever had a fuller life or more replete with childish delights. I coursed down hill and snow-balled in the winter. I had a numerous family of dolls, and a full paraphernalia for childish house-keeping. I sang and danced, I read and declaimed, and prayed, and instructed my little mates with a zeal that never tired. I could not conceive that any one should ever demur at doing what seemed the needful thing to be done. I would feel my blood rush to my face and choke in my throat as I knelt to pray or read to strangers; yet I never once shrank from what was before me, while at the same

time, when my mother wished to make a display of my proficiency in elocution or knowledge, I was silent. This was bad in me, but somehow I found it impossible to please her in this way. I lived two lives in one: that of the mere common child, and that of the spiritualistic, knowledge-seeking, earnest, conscientious young creature awed by the mystery of life, and concealing, as far as possible, this life from all others, for I was sensitive to ridicule, and often had things said to me that wounded my self-love.

My mother was a little proud or vain of her two children by the first marriage, and seeing me, I suppose, with a weird, abstract face, sometimes would say to me: "Now don't be wool-gathering, Elizabeth. Keep your thoughts upon what is about you. Pay attention. You really look as if you were not bright, sometimes."

She did not say this unkindly, but it gave rise to a painful misgiving on my part, and I used to reply: "Ma, I do not think I am bright."

At which she would give a quick laugh and say, "Nonsense!" but never indorsed my mental capacity. I used, hence, to compare my mental status with that of other school-children, which led me to conclude they were even worse off in this respect than I was. The religious biographies, also of pious children, which I read with contempt at what seemed mere silliness, helped to reinstate my self-respect.

THE DICTIONARY.

I am not writing this as any remarkable record, but because I think many

children who suffer as I did, are little understood, and repulsed when a more cordial recognition of childhood would greatly enhance its brief period of felicity.

My search after meanings made a dictionary in constant requisition. I read everything I could lay my little hands on; and when there was nothing to be had, studied dictionaries. I used to write words upon slips of paper or in the palms of my hand, to be looked out and the meaning found. I remember when scarcely six years old I was reading the records upon the stones in the cemetery at Cape Elizabeth, where we then lived, when I came to one intended to commemorate the departure to another world "of Mahitable Higginbottom, *relict* of Deacon Higginbottom."

"What does *relict* mean?" I eagerly asked of all the girls with me.

Nobody knew, and we all began to hunt among In Memoriams, in hope of solving the problem. All in vain, and I started for home at a full run of nearly a mile to consult the dictionary, which told me that *relict* was the remainder; and remainder, a *relict*, what is left. I next appealed to my mother, who replied:

"When your father died, I was his *relict*."

My poor little brain was sorely distressed at the incongruous ideas that crowded into it. I pondered over the matter more or less for years, and do not doubt it was this infantile experience that later in life evolved in my mind the subject of the equality of the sexes.

ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

"GEORGE ELIOT"—MARY A. EVANS CROSS.

SO much misrepresentation and so many misstatements have been made concerning this author, that it seems necessary to gather the facts and present them to that numerous class of readers who are interested in her history.

Mary Ann Evans was born at Griff, near Nuneaton, November, 1820. Rob-

ert Evans, her father, was surveyor and land agent to five estates in Warwickshire, among them those of Lord Lifford and Lord Aylesford. He was highly respected, and considered thoroughly trustworthy. Mr. Evans was twice married. The first wife left a son and a daughter. Of the three children of the second wife

Now we have shown that it is not the wealth of the country which takes care of its wards, but the hard-working, struggling, middle class; and we can all see how the numbers of the drunken, idle, and vicious are increasing year by year—and it is a question which every philanthropist would do well to study—this question as to how long the able-bodied and industrious can hold out against the demands of the great army of political and corporate vampires.

We women have a policy, which, had we a voice in all political issues, and an equal part in legislation, we should certainly endeavor to carry into effect. A portion of this policy would be the industrial and moral training in our public schools of *all children*—a plan by which every child should come up with educated *eyes* and *fingers* as well as brains; where every child should be taught the sacredness of his body, and the imperative lessons of *self-control*, *self-respect*, and *self-support*. These lessons should be as thoroughly inwrought into our systems of education as the alphabet and multiplication table, and children should be taught to consider idleness as one of the chief of crimes. If all the waifs of the streets were gathered into schools of this kind, and the children of the rich were taught lessons of the same character, a few years would suffice to stop the recruits which now keep the ranks of criminals and paupers overflowing. This would be one of woman's preventive measures, had woman free scope, as men have, to act in all departments of life. Nature seems to have constituted woman as the power which

should prevent evil, while man more naturally punishes the evil-doer; both united could gain the mastery over poverty, idleness, and crime.

Women in legislation would join the army of reformers already at work to revise our system of unjust taxation—for women have so long felt the injustice of "taxation without representation," that they would put heart, energy, and brain into their efforts toward reform. The back that has felt the lash knows well the sting, and women have groaned under the injustice of unfair assessments and unfair representation until they are all ready to do their part in the great battle for right.

Prison reform is a great and grand work, in which woman's influence, if rightly directed, would be of inestimable value; but a greater work than prison reform, or asylum and pauper-house reform, is the inauguration of a system which shall check the development of crime and indolence in the children who are to be the men and women of the next generation.

Now there is a constant demand for more and larger institutions, more and larger appropriations, to meet the needs of the mighty multitude of vagabonds who infest the community; who poison our moral atmosphere; who people the earth with creatures worse than themselves; and who would, if not checked, at no far distant period stultify all the efforts toward moral and intellectual growth which the better classes are making.

MRS. HELEN M. SLOCUM.

THE PURITAN CHILD.

BEING AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

ASKING QUESTIONS.

I LEARNED very early to doubt the opinions of others. The old Pilgrim theology, when I was no more than half a dozen years, gave me a sense of horror. That little children should be such ter-

rible creatures—"in hell only a span long," born with nothing good in them, I stoutly denied, declaring that "*I was good*, and always was, and always meant to be," at which people laughed, of course, or warned my mother that I needed

looking after. Others exclaimed, "Oh, you strange child! don't talk in this way; don't bother your brains about what is beyond you." My mother would tell me that it was an improper way to talk, and bade me be silent. In these dilemmas I used to go to the Bible, a child of six years "searching the Scriptures," and remember, as if but yesterday, the light and comfort I found when I first was arrested by the passage, "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth abundantly, and upbraideth not."

What a comfort were these words, "upbraideth not," to a little child so often repulsed! I took heart at once. I carried up all my ignorances, and impediments, and imbecilities to the Great Audit, and found help and comfort; and what was more, patience to *wait*; but still I suffered a great deal by this deferred knowledge, and sometimes would say: "I don't think it right to keep little girls ignorant, when they want to know so much."

I began to think grown-up people must know but very little, or they would answer me, especially when I would add, and often I did, "I will never forget, and when I grow up I shall know."

I had a young aunt, very fair and handsome—Eliza Prince—who looked upon this asking of questions on my part as an impertinence. Sometimes she would say to me: "I will take you out with me, but you must promise not to ask questions."

Now I dreaded of all things to make a promise, because I was thus under bonds, and might break them. I remember once we were walking across a pasture lot of the farm to visit some relatives on the mother's side. I was under the interdiction, and dared not ask. Scattered here and there we passed several boulders of granite, worn perfectly smooth by the action of primeval currents. This peculiar drift had worried my mind not a little. I had wondered at their roundness, and place above the soil. I was six years old, and ought to know the why.

At length one larger and smoother than all others so tortured my curiosity that I could no longer resist. I laid my small hand upon it, and with some fear said: "Aunt, just this once, please tell me where did this great round rock come from?"

She regarded me with a look of impatient pity, and exclaimed: "Elizabeth, are you a fool? Where do all rocks come from?"

"That is what I do not know, aunt; nor why this should be round, and up out of the ground."

"Oh, child, you are a fool!" and she bade me come on.

"I think I am not bright, aunt," I said tearfully, "but I so want to know things."

As I pen these little incidents they seem puerile subjects for an article, and yet I think it well to preserve them. Could we have the record of a few minds from early childhood, written honestly by persons of tenacious memory like mine—for I recall after this lapse of time, not only events, but the exact words, looks, and attitudes of those connected therewith, the locality, period of the year, kind of weather, also—I am sure some psychological intimations might be obtained in aid of education. Grown people need the help of children.

Children are far more penetrating than is generally thought, and detect a false ingredient as by natural instinct. They are made false in the nursery, and go out into the world with conventional rather than moral ideas. I do not believe in perpetual teaching, coercion, and reprimand; much may be left to spontaneous insight.

My grandfather Prince never rebuffed me in my search after ideas, but answered me with conscientious tenderness. I got to thinking he knew everything. Judge, then, of my surprise when he once honestly said, "I do not know." I had been gathering flowers in the corn-field, and came home with my hands filled with the delicate silk of the Indian corn. Grandfather was reading, but as I placed my-

self at his knee he stroked my head tenderly. At length, observing what I held in my hand, he exclaimed, "Ah, child, do you know what you have done? There will be no corn where you have pulled out the silk."

"Why, grandpa; why will there be no corn?"

"I can not give the reason, child; I only know the fact from observation."

It must be remembered that Botany and Geology were then in their infancy.

I do not think I was what is rightly called a precocious child. I seemed to myself very dull, not to know more in some way or other.

Once an elderly lady, thinking to please me, gave me a book of riddles. I was not more than six, and was reading Milton. I was shockingly disappointed, and my poor tell-tale face showed it.

"Don't you like the pretty book?" she inquired.

I was in a strait between truth and politeness, but answered manfully, "When I was a little girl I did not like riddles, and now I am too old for them."

"A little girl! What are you now, I should like to know?" At which I was alive with shame.

When I was a mere baby, for some misdemeanor I was put into a dark closet. I remember crying out, "Oh, whip me; don't shut me up"; for cold and darkness were from the first a terror to me, and lack of space became a horror. My entreaties were disregarded, and I was shut in. I sank down upon the floor in silence. I was never a child to scream and cry, but I remember I felt as if the hell about which people talked had got me shut in for the burning. I became insensible, to the horror of my young mother, who opened the door to find me in a dead swoon.

CHILDHOOD NOT A HAPPY PERIOD.

Children take matters far more deeply to heart than is generally considered. I do not think childhood a happy period. It is true everything is limited and puerile, but children are restive because

of these. They suffer to the full amount of their capacity to endure. I, being of a sensitive make, had much to endure, and this endurance without complaint was the germ of something heroic, though on a small scale. My surroundings were peculiarly desirable—no contentions, no excesses, no vices, no cruelties—all was orderly, pious, genial; and yet I used to go away and shed unchildish tears, from emotions I did not understand, and over ignorance which it seemed to me would remain forever.

My lisp also was a sore trial. Once I was sent on an errand for a bit of coperas, as the family was coloring. I delivered my errand in this wise: "Aunt Thawyer, ma wanth to know if you will lend her a thmall piethe of coparath."

The response to this was a burst of laughter and a shower of kisses. I went home thoroughly disgusted with myself, and, rushing to the nursery, repeated the obnoxious paragraph till I found out the secret of the mispronunciation. I soon discovered that I put my tongue to my teeth in soundings; so I put some of my beads into my mouth, and found it very nearly a remedy.

FROM FIVE TO TEN.

This was the blossoming of my life. I was happy in my own way. I was conscious of mental and moral growth. I read, I wrote; and though nothing of any moment, my bits of rhyme were not marvelous, neither were they contemptible. I could write legibly; could spell very nicely. At first I had been compelled to print my writings. I would take paper, and cut and bind into miniature volumes, print my stories and poems therein, and delight my little friends by reading them to them. I was pleased with their applause; pleased to hold my generally noisy auditors spell-bound to listen. This was ambition, and not ignoble in kind, for I was not long satisfied with my efforts. Books, written with zest, would soon revolt my growing taste, and were consigned to the flames. Sometimes I would have quite

a library of my nicely-printed books, which I would review now and then, and really weep to find them so poor. Then I would write another, and exclaim: "Now, this is a good, pretty book, and I will keep it," but I outgrew my work, and to the flames it went. The sight of a library of books distressed me; I considered how many books the writers must have destroyed before they would be willing to keep so many.

STINTS.

Puritan children were rigidly held to a routine of duty varying little from day to day. First, every child was out of bed and dressed by rise of sun, at all seasons. Ablutions many and often were in order, for my mother believed in the bath, and the shower-bath at that, to be used at least once in the week. At my grandmother's this thrilling and breath-taking operation was considered a cruelty, and remonstrated against in my case, I being thought delicate. Every child was carefully inspected by the mother's eye, to be sure that no rents were to be found, and no strings or buttons missing. We all knelt in the nursery at prayers—the Lord's Prayer. It was a pretty sight, a family of six to eight children at the breakfast table, each one bright, and white, and nice to the last degree.

We appeared after breakfast before my mother, and took what was called our stint, which was an amount of knitting or sewing to be done through the day, whether we went to school or not. This stint was exacted from the time I was four years old till I was in my teens, and as there were three and four girls in the family, a considerable amount of linen was made up by us. Later in life I learned that this unvarying toil was bad for me, as I became afflicted with a "busy devil," that would not let me rest. I could not be idle, even when I would. I must have work, reading, writing, when others were at play. In this way I have done much for the poor, which otherwise I might not have found time for. I have passed hardly an idle hour in my whole life, and

have rarely been disabled, having never had any organic disease.

DUTY.

In doing my stint my strong early sense of responsibility manifested itself. I never on any occasion permitted anything, however tempting, to divert me from this duty. My mother was not exacting, but it being a thing enjoined me was enough, and I allowed nothing to distract me. I used to be greatly distressed to see my mates eager at their play and their task unfinished, while I, like a little machine, sat with busy fingers till all was done. I would often, after completing my own work, take up my sister's and do it, rather than have her fall under blame. Once, however, I observed she not only allowed me to do this, but on occasion expected it of me, at which I was greatly indignant, and utterly refused to help her, from an instinctive feeling that I was injuring my dear sister by fostering meanness and selfishness in her; but I went away and prayed God to help her and forgive me for being angry.

Duty before pleasure thus became the law of life with me. Sometimes I have thought with what talents I may have possessed I might have achieved more but for this inexorable law in all my members. Responsibilities, however incurred, however repugnant, must be redeemed at any cost.

WAS I PECULIAR?

I do not think I was, for I believe that the selfishness and indifference of parents have the effect to obliterate essential lines in the character of the child. Worldliness would stretch them all upon a Procrustean bedstead, and a strong will reduce to the desired form all outstanding shades.

My mother recognized the bent of my mind, and her strong Puritan proclivities rather inclined her to foster my tendency to something akin to asceticism, especially while I was an infant in years. She read a great deal herself, and was

pleased at my inclination in this way. With my doll in my lap, my needle in hand, and book beside me, I troubled no one, made no noise nor litter, and was no trouble, except in asking questions, with my childish threat when unanswered, "I will remember it as long as I live, till I do know."

My mother had a prodigious memory. She never forgot anything. She could recite the whole New Testament, all the Psalms and Prophecies, much of the Book of Job; indeed everything poetic in the Bible;—thus she expected much from us children, and was annoyed if our memory proved treacherous in any way. Dullness irritated her, and Aunt Beckey said to her, "Sophy, in your eyes dullness is the unpardonable sin."

I do not think I was peculiar. I had a strong self-consciousness, and could not bear to abandon a train of thought, and used to sort of threaten to "keep on thinking till I could understand," whereat people laughed.

Often and often, I, a child of less than half a dozen years, have risen from my bed, and, standing at the window, have gazed at the silent stars (I did not much like the moon), my poor little brain seething with thoughts too mighty for me. My mother sometimes found me thus, and would put me into bed with a sigh, but did not kiss me. I wanted the kiss, which I dared not ask for, and remember sometimes I felt in consequence a foolish pity for myself. But my mother was wise in this and many other ways to counteract my excessive sensibility.

SENSE OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

To this day I can not fully understand the exceeding pleasure I experience from the shape as well as the aroma of the rose and the lily. As a child I was comparatively indifferent to other flowers. The odor of the hyacinth, honeysuckle, lilac, and all others of pungent sweetness, affected me to faintness. I have often fallen into a swoon from no other cause. The rose and the lily stand purely apart to the senses correspond-

ing to some archetype yet to be revealed to us. So strong was this impression of pure loveliness to my mind that I could not bear to see those flowers cast aside and trodden upon.

Later in life I have been pleased at having strangers spontaneously present me lilies, as once did a beautiful youth in Broadway, who bowed and said, "Acceptez," with a lovely blush. In my novel of "Bertha and Lily," in which I wished to delineate an ideal character, though one stained, I made use of several of my experiences in this way.

Of personal beauty I had an instinctive admiration. Children devoid of beauty pained and distressed me. Deformity filled me with something akin to terror, for in my childish theology I thought somebody had been wicked, or such a thing had not been. I disliked black eyes and black hair. My sister's face pleased me, except I thought her upper lip a trifle too short; but then her nose was just right, and her eyes wonderful, with such a sweet smile. Everybody looked common and unhandsome beside my mother.

IMPERSONALITY.

I used to gravely discuss like a little casuist the proportions of evil-doing, and how some might do one way and some another, and yet God would love them both. He would not expect children to do just like me, for somehow I could not stop thinking about things, and wickedness was worse in me than in them. Other children might do as my sister did, who was quite perfect, but I was a little different, and perhaps an idiot about some things.

There was one in the neighborhood with bleary eyes and slovenly mouth, who was a misery to me. I never for a moment felt that I had anything akin to her; but as I was a little different from my sister and others, I could not define wherein the mental difference consisted, and once quite shocked my mother by asking "if I had not had good care I might not have been like her."

It will thus be seen that children need a great deal of help in solving their mental problems. To incur paternity is to incur the responsibility of not only training, but of comforting the misgivings of the child. They are called dull or irritable when the only thing required is that they should be revealed to themselves. Their heart questionings, their perilous misgivings are as real to them as to children of a larger growth. Mothers should merge all considerations into the interests of the household, most especially to the vital claims of the child.

Had I written any great poem, I am

sure I should have traced its origin to the days of my childhood. I read Milton so early that other poets dwindled into insignificance. I was magnetized from the first by the personal greatness of the man, and believed, as he did, that the true poet must be the man himself. Had Milton written nothing but the great sonnet upon his own blindness, he had done the work of others, and more, as a poet. Shakespeare was an aftergrowth to my mind. Till I was fifteen years old I had not read a single play of his, and doubt much whether I should have enjoyed the reading.

ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

THE YOUNG FOLKS OF CHERRY AVENUE.

CHAPTER XI.

HOW THE INVALID SPENT HIS TIME.

TAL slept well that night, but daylight revealed an eruption on his face and hands which told unmistakably that it was measles.

"Oh, dear me!" said he, ruefully looking at the red dots on his hands, "but, Auntie, must I stay in when I feel just as well as ever?"

"Yes, my boy. Most people are required to go to bed when they have your complaint, and take sweat-medicines, but you won't need such treatment, and will soon be over it."

"Well, I 'spose I'll have to grin and bear it—anyway I shouldn't want to go out and show myself with this red face. When will the spots get off, Auntie?"

"In three or four days they'll be pretty much gone, I think."

"Oh, dear, and I knew my piece so well; I could speak it right off. I wonder who'll do it now. There's Dave Hanford, I guess, could, but he said he'd rather look on."

"I am sure they will miss you, Tal. But what do you want to do after breakfast?"

"I'd like to read my library book—but

I can't do that, 'cause mamma said I must not use my eyes much now."

"I will read some to you, and Clara will too."

"Thank you very much, Auntie. There, I just thought I'll have to fix up my fish-lines so as to have 'em all ready, and I've been thinking a long time I'd like to make a windmill for the chicken-house, if you'd let me whittle here, Auntie?"

"Yes, my dear boy, you can lay down a newspaper on the carpet, and that will catch the chips."

"I've been wanting and wanting to go about that windmill ever since I saw one over at Will Halsey's, and somehow, Auntie, I couldn't find time. Now I'll have plenty, and I'll make a first-rate one. Horace will get me the wood, and I'll commence it this afternoon. I think it's real fun to be making things, don't you, Auntie?"

"Yes, it is a pleasure to be occupied with things we like to do."

"I'll paint the cross pieces, that the wind turns, you know, with red and blue stripes. I've got a good deal of those paints you gave me last birthday in a