

diers, statesmen, and poets, but intelligent and amiable women. And in this rare assembly did that beautiful young girl imbibe that steady reverence of virtue and talent, which no intermixture with the ephemeral of the day could ever after displace or impair. By having learned much, and thought more, she proved in her conduct that reflection is the alchemy which turns knowledge into wisdom. Now, while there are but few comparatively who can bring to their homes guests of such merit and distinction, yet in one sense nearly all may imitate this good lady, for we may all enjoy communion with great minds, though we may be denied their living presence, through their *books*; in the works of sci-

ence and art, they speak to us. Sisters, do not despair; for though we are clothed with a woman's nature (which we would not change if we could), there are inviting fields which *we may till and sow and reap*. Science, Art, and Literature stretch out inviting hands to us, and *if we will*, we may enter their sacred penetralia, and write our names with those of our fathers, husbands, and brothers, upon the scroll where lives are marked by *deeds, not words*.

With woman rests the solution of the heaviest problems of our civilization. When they attain the nobility of character possible to them, we may look for the dawn of the golden era—the millennial time.

MRS. ETTIE H. DAVIS.

THE PURITAN CHILD.

FROM the first I was a dainty child, as I believe Puritans are apt to be, partly from their habit of following the Mosaic injunctions as to what is admissible for food, and partly from a pure intellectualism, that forbade animal grossness. For instance, I never ate eggs cooked in the ordinary method of boil or fry, etc., till after I was a married woman. Mothers thought them improper eating for girls and boys. I never had a hankering for *pickles*, so common with girls, and have thought a not improbable theory might be evolved for this on the basis of Puritanic proclivities.

I ate little or no meat when a child, living mostly upon fruit, fresh and dried, nuts, raisins, milk, and what were called Medford crackers, a delicate, crisp kind of biscuit. I enjoyed these with an exquisite relish. The poets are fully justified in their laudation of the delicious aromas and luscious sweets of fruit and spice, and the more delicate instincts and finer sensuousness inherent in a sound and healthful organization. Milton makes the mouth water as he describes the dainty feast prepared by Eve for her angel guests, and Keats no less in spreading the mys-

tic board of the trembling lover on the eve of St. Agnes.

My mother, as may be inferred, was exact in the training of her family, not only in moral and religious ideas, but in polite manners. She had a little old book called "The School of Good Manners," which we read over and over again. It was the same as the one from which the mother of Washington taught her children. The regulations were hardly so primitive and minute as those left us by Erasmus, but were sufficiently elaborate to constitute a complete system.

MISSIONARIES.

When I was eight or nine years old New England people were deeply moved on the subject of missions, exercised thereto by the departure of Harriet Newell and the beautiful Anna Judson as missionaries to India. To convert the heathen Burmese became an absorbing subject to our people, few of whom knew anything about Buddha, but were familiar with the doings of the East India Company. Societies were organized; students planted fields, the produce of which was to go to the missionary fund.

We children all joined the *Cent Society*, one condition of which was that we should deny ourselves some luxury and put its value into the missionary box. My sisters and myself agreed to go without butter, and on Saturday afternoons we carried ten or more cents to the missionary box.

Suddenly it occurred to me that this was not exactly the truth on my part, and with some shame I told my mother I did not think I was doing the right thing, "For you know, ma, I do not care for butter, while I dearly like sugar; so I will deny myself sugar." This I did, which was indeed a sacrifice to a child having "a sweet tooth," as I had.

SOCIAL PROCLIVITIES.

I was troubled very early at seeing the social differences between those about me, and questioned whether it was right for me to dress as I did while so many children were denied not merely what was pretty, but what was essential to comfort also. It was not quite satisfactory when my mother shut me up by saying, "Little girls must wear what their mothers provide," etc. I vexed her by surmising that Christ would have us sell all and give to the poor. Persistent little Puritan that I was: supposing that if we were Christians we should practice what the great Founder taught.

I was visiting the family of a pious Friend where there were two girls a trifle older than myself, I being nine years old. I discussed this matter with them, saying often, "I do not think we ought to dress so much better than the other school children." I soon brought them over to my way of thinking, and one morning, on our way to the village school, we all three took off our nice stockings and slippers and hid them under a bush by the wayside.

We went on manfully through the dust and over stones that bruised our unaccustomed feet, and never shall I forget my amazement *when the little boys and girls pelted us with stones and followed our*

virtuous intents with jeers and laughter. We went solemnly and resolutely onward, however, when I unluckily stepped upon a *bumblebee*. The pain was intense, but I was disciplined in self-control, and "gave no sign." I simply told Julia, "I think a bee has stung me," but on reaching the school-house, I fainted away on the threshold.

Great was the commotion and outcry as I was carried home, followed by half the school, and covered with shame. I was, of course, reprimanded, but what set me most seriously to doubt and re-pine, was the being told that I "was punished for my willfulness and disobedience for not caring to dress like a little lady, but choosing to have my own way, and go like a little beggar." The defection of my young proselytes, Julia and Sally, caused me more pain than the sting of the bee, for they both said to me:

"You are a fool, Elizabeth; you'll never get us into such a scrape again."

How often I had been called a fool! But I quite broke down when a young collegian in the family inquiring into the merits of the case, burst into fits of laughter, but declared, "That's no fool of a child, I can tell you."

GETTING ON SLOWLY.

Notwithstanding my many defeats, failures, and mistakes, which seemed rather to increase as I got older, I was a favorite with children and grown people. Invited much to visit, my opinions gravely asked, and judgment submitted to, I found my way to perfection beset with thorns nevertheless, and many an out-of-the-way place became audible to my earnest prayers, and my no less earnest self-reproach. In all this I was silent and reserved in the presence of others, unless mentally called upon to express myself by way of rebuke or advice to my mates. Wednesday and Saturday afternoons were holidays at our school, and during these periods we were allowed to have the children of the neighborhood to play with us, and these play-times were often converted

into little prayer-meetings, which was not considered at all peculiar in those days of pervading religious feeling, and the children enjoyed them as much as doll-playing, swinging, etc. ; it was a feature of the prevailing Puritan blood.

When about nine years old, in searching for something to read, I found several papers entitled "Religious Experience of —." These were in the handwriting of several of my uncles, to be read preparatory to their public confession of faith as members of the Church, which they all joined. These papers were spotted with tears, the testimony of their sincerity. I read these documents, carefully written and religiously preserved, with a deep feeling of distress. These were all good men, who nevertheless spoke of themselves as the vilest of sinners. I rebelled against it all. It contrasted with my equally sincere belief in my own worthiness, and I saw somebody, one or many, must be in the wrong ; but I was fast growing less critical, as I was beginning more and more to see how impossible it was for me to be able to master the many questions that crowded upon my mind.

DRESS.

In this matter I regret to say I was not an agreeable child. Spring and autumn were serious periods in the family, when each member was fitted out with garments suited to the coming season. My sisters were full of childish delight over their new dresses, but I disliked the change ; I disliked to be fitted, and though not sullen in the matter, I made my mother see the whole thing was irksome to me, and when I one day seriously asked her to let me have a Quaker bonnet and plain dress, she was much hurt, saying, "I do not see where you ever got such notions, child."

And yet this was the natural outcome of the Christian reading and teaching which I had absorbed with my mother's milk.

SCHOOL LIFE.

I am now getting well on to a dozen years. I am not now discomfited at being called a pretty child, and when young gentlemen go out of their way to make me a bow, or bring me beautiful flowers, I am not displeased ; still I have great misgivings that I am on a retrograde track, and have great spirit questionings. I am now going to school to a most lovely, most estimable teacher, who understands me better than all others, and I am drawn to her by the tenderest cords. As I leave school Wednesdays and Saturdays, I pass several married ladies, each with books in hand, who enter the school-room as we children come out. This is a mystery which my mother explains to me in confidence. "These ladies are studying with Miss Folsom, because in early life their education had been neglected." This seemed eminently proper even to me ; seemed just what I would do under like circumstances.

I must say a more explicit word about this beloved teacher, a gentle, pale, thoughtful woman, who died early. There was something holy in her sweet face, and endearing in the slightest touch of her hand, that made me feel as if angelled. Scrupulously just, she treated all her pupils with equal kindness, but I felt she loved me best of all. Sometimes she would say :

"Elizabeth, stop after school, I have something to say to you."

This gave me great pleasure. I knew she would put her arm around my waist and draw me to her side, and caress my long curls and tell me my faults so sweetly that it was almost a pleasure to have them.

Every week "A Reward of Merit" was bestowed upon the pupils, which I received with something like shame, for they were obtained without effort on my part, while I saw other little girls studying hard, and trying in every way to deserve these testimonials. I had one day been requested to stay after school, when the following conversation ensued :

"Elizabeth, dear, do you know you talk too much in school hours, and laugh, which is not a good example?"

"I know I do, Miss Folsom; but I have so much to say."

"But you should wait till after school."

"Oh! I should forget the fun of it, and it isn't worth waiting for."

"But I want you to take the best prizes, and you can do so if you try."

"That is just what I want to speak about, Miss Folsom. I should try to do right if there were no prizes. I do not like to be hired to be good."

"But you wish to please me?"

My answer to this was a kiss, which she returned very gently; I went on.

"I will tell you how it is, Miss Folsom. Eleanor wants the first prize; she and other girls study hard, and do not break the rules of the school. They will deserve it more than I do, because they *try* to win it, and are not like me, for I do not want reward for goodness."

"You always have your lessons, and are a pleasant child, dear."

"That comes to me. I do not try for it as the girls do. Don't you think that those that try for a thing deserve most to have the reward?"

"But why not try?"

"I don't know. I think I am not very good. I want to learn, and want to please you, but somehow I do not want to be paid for it."

"Elizabeth, you would *strive* to do what is right?"

"I obey—I learn—I am never false!"

"Certainly, dear; you *strive* to do right."

"No, Miss Folsom, little good *ways* come to me, but I am afraid I do not understand what it means to be good. I am just what comes."

I remember the sweet, earnest look with which she regarded me; then she closed her eyes and laid her cheek to mine. She said nothing more, only kissed me tenderly.

The term closed. Parents and friends came to the examination, and the tempting prizes of beautiful books were spread

out before all eyes. *The highest prize for demeanor, excellence in study, and correct morals, was given to me.*

I took it with a burst of tears, and lingering till all were gone, besought my beloved teacher to erase my name and write therein the name of my good, pains-taking step-sister. She positively refused, and I carried the prize to my mother, with a sense of not having earned it, because I had made no effort; that feeling neutralized my triumph.

I had ere this learned that my severer virtues passed unnoticed, while they were the ones which cost the greater effort. I was praised for my neatness and orderly habits, and the readiness with which I learned the words of a lesson, while my unchildish casuistry subjected me to severe reprehension, and I saw, caused my mother much anxiety, and thus I early learned contempt for ordinary praise.

TEACHER OF A COLORED SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

When twelve years old, some young gentlemen of the higher class in the city, organized a Sunday-school for the blacks, who were, by public feeling, excluded from the white school. I was invited to take a class in this enterprise, which I did to the satisfaction of all. My pupils were greatly interested, and committed to memory an incredible number of verses from the Bible, often amounting to two hundred. As my class was large, and I wished to explain the meaning of what they learned, I was obliged to limit their recitations. For two years or more I continued to teach in this Sunday-school, and years afterward my pupils showed their appreciation of my efforts, most especially when the Anti-Slavery question assumed a preponderating influence.

THE LAST EFFORT OF THE PURITAN CHILD.

I was now twelve; delicate in make, but in good health, and beginning to attract attention in many ways. My mother no longer complained of my dreamy, far-

away look, but grew proud of my appearance, and the comments of those about me. I somehow felt as boatmen do who have struck the rapids and begin to feel the downward current.

I began to have dreams of the future, and was by no means content with my acquired knowledge. What I had learned was thoroughly learned, but it was so little, and I saw boys were sent to college, while the girls of a family of the same age were married, and that was the last of them. A second cousin of mine, then in college, read one day to me one of his compositions, which seemed poor to me, and had errors in grammar besides, which I pointed out to him.

The result was, I taught him Lindley Murray, and he read Virgil to me, and more, he vexed me by expressing the most extravagant admiration of me.

I told him "I was only a little girl, and had no thoughts that way, but my sister was much handsomer, and when she came home he would think no more of me."

This proved to be the case, and his attachment for her became a most unfortunate thing for him, as he left for Hayti, and there died.

I passed many an hour cogitating plans by which I might more fully educate myself, but hesitating to name them, as I could see my mother was planning to marry her daughters, and that while they were very young.

One night I slept with her, and with a timid voice told her I wanted to tell her a plan I had. She assented, and I went on as follows :

"Will you let me take some scholars and earn money? I will save it up till I get enough to pay one term in college, and then I will go down to Brunswick, and board with one of the professors, and learn all the lessons that the young men learn. I will work, and pay my own way, and when I know enough will keep a great school for girls. I will graduate just as my cousins mean to do, and then I shall not feel so ignorant as I now do."

She listened with an ominous silence, and when I closed, simply said :

"Go to sleep, child; no daughter of mine is going to be a school-ma'am."

And thus the dreams of the Puritan child came to a close, and thus down the rapids inclined my little barque. It was no sudden, irresistible descent. With a weird feeling of "what's the use," I felt myself impelled, and yet cast longing eyes toward idealisms, vast and undefined, which I was not permitted to grasp. I was Puritan, blood, bone, and soul; by long descent forced to question; by long descent trained to obedience. Filial obedience was no sentiment merely to the Puritan child. A parent was in the place of God, and an implied wish had the force of a command. I, a cautious little elephant, felt the platform shake beneath me, and there was nothing for me but to take to the water.

PROGENITORS.

As I recall the experience of my childhood, my struggle after perfection, my preparation for martyrdom, and those solitary midnight aspirations which were features with me while yet a child, who had not seen her first decade, I should imagine myself the reproduction of some remote ancestor, whose life was devoted to fastings and prayer, who died for the faith that was in him. I did not know that the Puritans were an austere people, and that religious speculation was the breath of life to them.

All my progenitors bore Bible names, and I was early in a muddle on this ground. Other little girls were called Angela and Julia and Josephine, while my darling sister was named Hephzibah, which was a trial to her. Often she would ask me to let her take my name for a day, as the prettier of the two, which I did, and our mother being duly informed of the arrangement, humored the tender little whim.

I had cousins named Deborah, Rachel, and Rebecca; we had no Uncle George, Henry, or Charles, but a plenty of Davids

and Pauls, Zenas, Elias, and Cornelius; a Bible patent of nobility, in fact. It must not be inferred that we were morose, taciturn, or bigoted from all this; on the contrary, despite of great order, diligence, and prayerfulness, there was a vein of humor pervading the stock, and my grandfather Prince, Pilgrim to the backbone, more than once relieved himself of his contempt for the narrow prejudices of the times and the Church by satirizing them in rhyme. He was not popular with the "minister," Rev. Mr. Smith, who was obliged to tolerate his Hopkins proclivities because of his wealth and influence in the community, while he naturally feared his superior intelligence.

THE PURITAN MAIDEN.

"I should be ashamed to hear a daughter of mine talk about falling in love. It is time enough to talk about love when she is properly married."

I heard this more than once said by my mother to persons who commented upon the attentions which my sister and I received. Could the experience of a young Puritan girl be plainly and honestly written out, it would be an interesting, lovely idyl, sweeter than anything to be found in any book.

The whole modern ideas of flirtation were unknown to her. Life was earnest, true, sacred, to her mind. Industry was a duty, not a disgrace. There were no lazy, disorderly, disobedient girls to be found anywhere with good Puritan blood in their veins. Mothers carefully put them in the way they should go, and they did not depart from it.

There was no talk about affinities in those days. Young men were trained to use all their faculties of body and mind to the best purpose, and the girls were not slow to observe their excellencies, as is apparent in the case of John Alden, where the smart girl says to him so pithily, "Prithee, John, why do you not speak for yourself?" It will be remembered that a friend, too foolishly bashful to present his own case, was so unwise as to send the handsome John Alden to do it

for him; the fatal result to him is a part of history, and so is the Puritan maiden's rejoinder.

These affinities consisted in a mutual sense of responsibility; in intelligent forecast; in decorous conduct toward men, and reverence toward God. Their manners might not be courtly, nor their tongues flippant in repartee, but they were all from a good stock, and therefore not boorish nor dull in speech. Both sexes conjoined themselves to the Church early in life, mostly from religious conviction, partly because the social and civil state of opinion required it of them. Without church membership there was no influence, and companionship was straitened. A hundred years ago the Church was the dominant power. Revivals, as they were called, came with the advent of each generation, but were orderly and quiet, for it was in the blood of the people to be religious, and every youth and maiden considered themselves, in the language of Jonathan Edwards, "held by a spider's thread over the flames of hell by the very hand of God, till they cried out for mercy." The population had become mixed by immigration when the preaching of Whitfield electrified the country. The old Pilgrim stock were safely housed in the ark of the Church early in life. Consequently the Puritan Child, when little over thirteen, became a church member, partly from invitation, and in part from a tender love for the Divine Teacher who had asked his followers to "do this in memory of me." It seemed a beautiful tribute of affection, for I certainly had none of that stress of seeking and finding described by others. Notwithstanding this, and my unconcealed repugnance to many dogmas, I suppose I was thought too much of a child to have any dissents worthy of consideration, for I was cordially received, and remained several years a member. But I was not satisfied with myself or others. My code was severe, and my questioning not to be stifled. Life began to press too heavily at this period upon my unmaturing judgment.

With my natural and acquired self-control, I kept much of this to myself. I think that for all these years I was wretched. I felt that my position was a false one in many ways, that my Puritanic proclivities did not harmonize with the

real about me. I was expected to be one thing, and felt I was another. I wanted study, thought, idealism, and saw that the poor, little scrutinizing elephant was propelled over the bridge, though she felt it shake beneath her.

ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

THE SEWING-GIRL.

WHERE the vast crowd with many feet,
Like a huge monster in the street,
Has it a human heart to beat

With hope and pity ?)
Creeps slowly on from rosy morn,
Untill the moon has filled her horn ;
There moved a maiden humble born
In the proud city.

This orphan earned her daily bread
With the swift needle and its thread ;
Her cheeks grew pale, her eyes grew red
As sunset skies.

She stitched her life into the seams,
On silk more radiant than her dreams ;
And late toll dimmed the soul-lit beams
Of her soft eyes.

Broidered with skill and beauty rare,
With silken lines, fine as her hair,
Were daffodils, and daisies fair,
And buds of snow.

The purple palpitating skeins,
That made the modest violet's veins,
Shriveled as though they felt the pains
Of want and woe.

How cheap her life, how dear her bread,
Oh, had you cut the pulsing thread,
It seems that then it must have bled
Like an artery.

On the rich figures worked by art,
The brittle thread spooled from the heart,
Will snap with overwork and part,
In sore agony.

GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

FOR THE GENTLEMEN.

I HAVE witnessed long enough with sorrowful heart, how these poor dear creatures are neglected in this all-important matter of dress. I can bear it no longer. In this article I shall, if possible, try to make amends to some extent. There is hardly a paper that does not, under the head of "For the Ladies," give most minute and delightful particulars regarding ladies' dresses; but how the gentlemen are to find out whether their pants should be gored before or behind; whether they should be plaited or ruffled; whether open half-way up the left side and closed with old gold or steel buttons on the right, or *vice versa*; whether to trim with velvet, silk, fringe, lace, or beads; whether they shall be *bouffant*, draped high or low, much or slightly; whether to have them trail, or just clear the ground; whether there shall be sixteen flying ends with a tassel on each, or one lone point, front and back; how the gentlemen are to find out

all these things without columns devoted especially to them, is a mystery to me.

It is too bad for them to be left in ignorance on such momentous questions, and finding in a fashionable paper some hints, which, with a little modification, will answer for the neglected sex, I have, in the sympathy of my heart, determined to fix them over for the gentlemen, hoping they may be induced to make the much-needed improvement in their dress which these hints suggest.

Hint first: "A dress that is so peculiar as to be striking, either from its brilliancy of color or any other cause, should be adopted only by a woman who has many changes of raiment, and so may wear it occasionally, or the sight of it becomes a bore, even if at first it is interesting from its novelty."

Excellent idea! You see from this, gentlemen, that if you can't afford a new suit once in three or four days, you