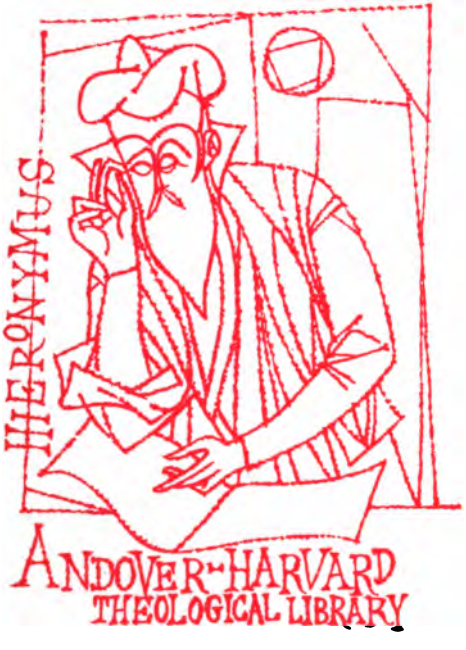
AFTER NOONTIDE

COLLECTED BY

MARGARET E. WHITE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AFTER NOONTIDE

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WITH A SKETCH OF THE COMPILER'S LIFE
BY ELIZA ORNE WHITE

For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress;
And as the evening twilight fades away,
The sky is filled with stars invisible by day.

LONGFELLOW.

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
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PREFACE.

In the preface to the first edition of "After Noontide," Mrs. White says, "The extracts which form this little volume have been collected, and are now published, in the hope of presenting a cheerful view of the afternoon of life, by bringing forward its pleasures, possibilities, and hopes."

This second edition is enlarged by some pages of fresh material that Mrs. White collected during the last years of her life, and a very few more extracts have been added since her death.

I have written the brief sketch of my mother's life, at the end of the book, in the hope that her wide circle of friends will be glad to see it, and that those who have merely known her as the compiler of this little volume will like to learn something concerning the life of one who gathered

fresh courage and joy through each of her eighty years, and made brightness and happiness for those around her, even in the later time of her impaired physical vigor.

There is no collection of extracts to reconcile us to being young, and indeed this condition is one that time is certain to cure; but, if youth is the best period for the majority, there are always the few to whom their hardest trials come then, and they may reasonably hope to find life growing wider and richer with each added year. Therefore it is to those young people who are dissatisfied and rebellious, quite as much as to their serene and well-poised elders, that this little volume is dedicated.

ELIZA ORNE WHITE.

JUNE 12, 1907.

AFTER NOONTIDE

AFTER NOONTIDE.

OLD AGE, this is Mr. Professor. Mr. Professor, this is Old Age.

Old Age. Mr. Professor, I hope to see you well. I have known you for some time, though I think you did not know me. Shall we walk down the street together?

Professor (drawing back a little). We can talk more quietly perhaps in my study. Will you tell me how it is you seem to be acquainted with everybody you are introduced to, though he evidently considers you an entire stranger?

Old Age. I make it a rule never to force myself upon a person's recognition until I have known him at least *five years.*

Professor. Do you mean to say that you have known me so long as that?

Old Age. I do. I left my card on you longer ago than that, but I am afraid you never read it; yet I see you have it with you.

Professor. Where?

Old Age. There, between your eyebrows, — three straight lines running up and down; all the probate courts know that token, — "Old Age, his mark." Put your forefinger on the inner end of one eyebrow, and your middle finger on the inner end of the other eyebrow; now separate the fingers, and you will smooth out my sign-manual; that's the way you used to look before I left my card.

Professor. What message do people generally send back when you first call on them?

Old Age. Not at home. Then I leave a card and go. Next year I call; get the same answer; leave another card. So for five or six, sometimes for ten years or more. At last, if they don't let me in, I break in through the front door or the windows.

We talked together in this way for some time. Then Old Age said again, — come, let us walk down the street together; — and offered me a cane, an eyeglass, a tippet, and a pair of overshoes. No, much obliged to you, said I, I don't want those things, and I had a little rather talk with

you here privately, in my study. So I dressed myself up in a jaunty way and walked out alone; got a fall, caught a cold, was laid up with a lumbago, and had time to think over this whole matter.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Long observation has convinced me that sixty-three is an age at which the majority of persons may be termed old; and, as a rule, we may adopt this as the epoch of the commencing decline of life.

JOHN GARDNER, M. D.

Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made:
Our times are in His hand
Who saith, "A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God; see all, nor be afraid!"

Therefore I summon age
To grant you this heritage,
Life's struggle having so far reached its term;
Thence shall I pass, approved
A man, for aye removed
From the developed brute; a god, though in the germ.

And I shall thereupon
Take rest, ere I be gone
Once more on my adventure brave and new:
Fearless and unperplexed,
When I wage battle next,
What weapons to select, what armor to indue.

ROBERT BROWNING.

The world is so full of sadness that I more and more make it a point to avoid all sadness that does not come in the sphere of duty. I only read "chipper books." I hang prisms in my windows to fill the room with rainbows; I cultivate the gayest flowers; I seek cheerfulness in every possible way. This is my "necessity in being old."

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

That phrase of "the prime of life," as applied to the years which follow the grand climacteric, is not mine. It was the careful statement of that Nestor of physicians, Dr. James Jackson, that it was in those years that a man came to the full of his earthly ability. It is there, he would say, that the two curves cross, — the curve of physical strength and the curve of profes-

sional experience. Physical strength increases, of course, as a man's body grows: it begins to decline when he passes middle life, whatever that age may be.

On the other hand, because we are children of God bound on an infinite voyage, the other curve, which represents the increase of our experience, constantly ascends in an unending parabola. According to Dr. Jackson, these two curves cross each other at about that period of life which our friend has attained (seventy), so that at that period he is at the prime of his earthly usefulness. If he cannot catch a fly or catch a ball quite so well as when he was one-and-twenty, or as my young friends who sit before me can, he can do some things and say some things which no man of one-and-twenty can do and say, and we know that he can *be* something which no man of one-and-twenty ever was.

EDWARD E. HALE.

Nor love thy life nor hate; but what thou liv'st
Live well; how long or short, permit to Heaven.

JOHN MILTON.

M. Flourens conceives he has discovered

a fixed relation to exist between the time required for the growth to maturity of an animal body, and its ultimate natural duration, all causes of premature mortality excluded.

Taking his observations from the group mammalia, of the class vertebrata, as having the closest relation to man, and such species as are permitted to live the full term of their natural lives under circumstances not admitting error or doubt, — the elephant, horse, dog, etc., — he found that their natural life extends exactly to five times the period of their growth. Applying the rule thus obtained to human life, and taking the age when the body is fully matured to be twenty years, he concludes the natural duration of the life of man to be *one hundred years.* JOHN GARDNER, M. D.

It is said of Cornaro that, He was extraordinarily sober, observed the rules which he mentions in his writings; and dieted himself always with so much wisdom and precaution that, finding his natural heat decaying by degrees in his old age, he also diminished his diet by degrees, so far as to stint himself to the yolk of an

egg for a meal, and sometimes, a little before his death, it served him for two meals. By this means he preserved his health, and was also vigorous, to the age of a hundred years; his mind did not decay, he never had need of spectacles, neither lost he his hearing. And that which is no less true than difficult to believe, is, that he preserved his voice so clear and harmonious that, at the end of his life, he sung with as much strength and delight as he did at the age of twenty-five years.

FROM THE PAMPHLETEER, VOL. XIX.

I stand upon the summit of my years.
Behind, the toil, the camp, the march, the strife,
The wandering, and the desert; vast, afar,
Beyond this weary way, behold! the Sea!
The sea o'erswept by clouds and winds and wings,
By thoughts and wishes manifold, whose breath
Is freshness and whose mighty pulse is peace.
Palter no question of the dim Beyond;
Cut loose the bark; such voyage itself is rest;
Majestic motion, unimpeded scope,
A widening heaven, a current without care.

[illegible] Course
[illegible] the shore
[illegible]

[illegible] the old
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[illegible] steeple
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mation, it would be no less rational to desire a release of the mind from those infirmities of age, which are but a long fatigue, — life's final illness. All the lights of perception and emotion flow in upon us through the colored glass of our organic frame; and however perfect the power of mental vision may remain, if the windows be darkened, the radiance will be obscured.

JAMES MARTINEAU.

As when, a lady mine, with chiselled touch,
The stone unhewn and cold
Becomes a living mould,
The more the marble wastes, the more the statue grows;
So if the working in my soul be such
That good is but evolved by Time's dread blows,
The vile shell, day by day,
Falls like superfluous flesh away,
Oh take whatever bonds my spirit knows,
And reason, virtue, power, within me lay.

MICHAEL ANGELO BUONAROTTI.

The greatest disappointment that I meet in old age is that I am not so good as I expected to be, nor so wise. I am ashamed to say that I was never so dissatisfied with

myself as I am now. It seems to me as if it could not be the right state of things. My ideal of old age has been something very different. And yet, seventy years is still within the infancy of the immortal life and progress. Why should I not say with the Apostle, "Not as though I had attained, neither were already perfect." I *can* say with him, *in some respects*, "I have fought a good fight." I have fought through early false impressions of religion. I have fought through many life problems. I have fought in these later years, through Mansel and Herbert Spencer, as hard a battle as I have ever had. But I have come, through all, to the most rooted conviction of the Infinite Rectitude and Goodness. Nothing, I think, can ever shake me from this, — that *all is well*, and *shall be forever*, whatever becomes of me.

ORVILLE DEWEY.

They advance no argument, who say that old age is not engaged in active duty, and resemble those who should say that the pilot in navigation is unemployed, for that while some climb the mast, others run up and down the decks, others empty the bilge-water, he, holding the helm, sits at

the stern at his ease. He does not do these things that the young men do, but in truth he does much greater and better things. Great actions are not achieved by exertions of strength, or speed, or by quick movements of bodies, but by talent, authority, judgment; of which faculties old age is usually so far from being deprived, that it is even improved in them. . . . Rashness, beyond a doubt, belongs to life when in its bloom: wisdom to it in old age. CICERO.

Multitude of years should teach wisdom. JOB.

As travellours when the twilight's come,
And in the sky the stars appear,
The past daie's accidents do summe
With, *Thus wee saw there, and thus here.*

Then Jacob-like, lodge in a place,
A place, and no more, is set down,
When till the day restore the race
They rest and dream homes of their own;

So for this night I linger here,
And full of tossings to and fro,
Expect still when Thou wilt appear,
That I may get me up and go.

I long and grone and grieve for Thee,
For Thee my words, my tears do gush;
O that I were but where I see!
Is all the note within my Bush.

As Birds robbed of their native wood,
Although their diet may be fine,
Yet neither sing, nor like their food,
But with the thought of home do pine;

So do I mourn and hang my head;
And though Thou dost me fullnes give,
Yet look I for far better bread,
Because by this man cannot live.

O feed me then! and since I may
Have yet more days, more nights to Count,
So strengthen me, Lord, all the way,
That I may travel to thy Mount.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

Uncertainty as to life is not peculiar to old age. The young and the active are even more liable to fatal accidents and violent diseases than the aged; and if the postponement of death be an advantage, age has already obtained it.

SIR THOMAS BERNARD.

We are *afraid!*—In this world which

our Father in Heaven has builded for us, and notwithstanding the clear warrant He has given that his power is evermore with us, we are afraid. Our souls are in the Almighty's keeping as a frightened bird in the hand of that compassionate friend who has picked it up where it has fallen, and seeks to heal its hurt. We are afraid;—not merely in the absence of evidence, but *against* evidence of the wise and kindly intent of the power that rules our ways, and of the higher possibilities opened to our spirits. We cry out that it is dark and we cannot see. We ask as the men of old asked for "a sign from heaven," and the only answer given us is that the world is already full of signs, for those who will read and profit by them.

. . . . . .

The nameless, indefinite dread of the ages of superstitious terror, that have passed, still lingers in our minds, and this we must strive to shake off. Whether or not any more specific revelation from the skies is yet to be vouchsafed to man as to his nature and destiny, the present task of the human soul to learn to commit itself into the hand of its Maker with childlike

confidence and trust, seems clear and plain.

HOWARD N. BROWN.

Whither, oh, whither wilt thou wing thy way?
What solemn region first upon thy sight
Shall break, unveiled for terror or delight?
What hosts, magnificent in dread array,
My spirit! when thy prison-house of clay
After long strife is rent? Fond, fruitless quest!
The unfledged bird, within his narrow nest,
Sees but a few green branches o'er him play,
And through their parting leaves, by fits revealed,
A glimpse of summer sky; nor knows the field
Wherein his dormant powers must yet be tried.
Thou art that bird! — of what beyond thee lies
Far in the untracked, immeasurable skies
Knowing but this — that thou shalt find thy Guide.

FELICIA D. HEMANS.

His (Stein's) words . . . show, perhaps,

something of the indifference natural to one who, by the near view of death, has grown so naturalized in the other world, that he feels himself rather to gain than to lose something when a friend enters it.

LIFE AND TIMES OF STEIN BY J. R. SEELEY.

They, whose removal is deferred till they are full of days, take with them, if they have numbered their days well, all that earth can give, and obtain before their departure a serene anticipation of which youth knows nothing, and which is hardly attainable in middle life. We speak of age as a second childhood in reference only to the helplessness and imbecility with which, in cases of prolonged decay, it is attended. But there is another and more natural point of resemblance between these stages of our earthly existence which it is consolatory to contemplate. We become as little children, in the state of sure and quiescent dependence, which we then — and hardly till then, learn to place in our Creator and Preserver. The course of nature falls in with our reason and our duty. We trust in our Heavenly Father, as a child relies upon the protection and love

of its parents; and in that trust, when the night comes, we lie down contentedly.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Ah, on the brink
Of each new age of great eternity, I think,
After the ages have all countless grown,
Our souls will poise and launch with eager wing,
Forgetting blessedness already known,
In sweet impatience for God's next good thing.

H. H.

Undoubtedly the last half of life is the best work-time. Beautiful is youth's enthusiasm, and grand its achievements; but the most solid and permanent good is done by the persistent strength and wide experience of middle age. LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

One must either die or get old.

GEORGE ELIOT.

I am not old. — I cannot be old
Though threescore years and ten
Have wasted away, like a tale that is told,
The lives of other men:
I am not old; though friends and foes
Alike have gone to their graves,
And left me alone to my joys and my woes,

As a rock in the midst of the waves:
I am not old — I cannot be old,
Though tottering, wrinkled, and gray:
Though my eyes are dim, and my marrow is cold,
Call me not old to-day.

For early memories round me throng,
Old times, and manners, and men,
As I look behind on my journey so long
Of threescore miles and ten.
I look behind, and am once more young,
Buoyant, and brave, and bold,
And my heart can sing as of yore it sung,
Before they called me old.

. . . . . .

'T is not long since — it cannot be long —
My years so soon were spent,
Since I was a boy, both straight and strong,
Yet now am I feeble and bent.

A dream, a dream — it is all a dream!
A strange, sad dream goodsooth;
For old as I am, and old as I seem,
My heart is full of youth:
Eye hath not seen, tongue hath not told,
And ear hath not heard it sung,
How buoyant and bold, though it seems to grow old,

Is the heart forever young,
Forever young, though life's old age
Hath every nerve unstrung;
The *heart*, the *heart* is a heritage
That keeps the old man young!

MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER.

It is a man's own fault, it is from want of use, if his mind grows torpid in old age.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Old age ought to be a brighter, and a calmer, and a more serene thing than manhood. There is a second youth for man, better and holier than his first, if he will look on and not back. There is a peculiar simplicity of heart and a touching singleness of purpose in Christian old age, which has ripened gradually and not fitfully. It is then that to the wisdom of the serpent is added the harmlessness of the dove; it is then that to the firmness of manhood is joined almost the gentleness of womanhood; it is then that the somewhat austere and sour character of growing strength, moral and intellectual, mellows into the rich ripeness of an old age made sweet and tolerant by experience; it is then that man returns to first principles. There comes a love more pure and deep than the

boy could ever feel; there comes a conviction, with a strength beyond that which the boy could ever know, that the earliest lesson of life is infinite, Christ is all in all.

FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON.

Did you see in the *Times* the other day about old age? When real decadence begins — and it said at seventy, and so I feel it. Every year now seems to tell more and more. New chinks appear in the poor mud cottage. May more and more warm daylight be let in, and I do hope I can say it is so; sometimes the bits of blue sky that appear look so blue, so bright, and the depths beyond so dazzling and pure, the dim eye of nature closes, only to make way for that of faith.

L. A. HARE.

And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Old age has little romance. Only some rare man, like Wilhelm von Humboldt, keeps it still fresh in his bosom.

THEODORE PARKER.

This playing of whist before dinner has [since that] become a habit with me, so that unless there be something else special to do, — unless there be hunting, or I am wanted to ride in the Park by the young tyrant of my household, — it is "my custom always in the afternoon." I have sometimes felt sore with myself for this persistency, feeling that I was making myself a slave to an amusement which has not, after all, much to recommend it. I have often thought that I would break myself away from it, and "swear off," as Rip Van Winkle says. But my swearing off has been like that of Rip Van Winkle. And now, as I think of it coolly, I do not know but that I have been right to cling to it. As a man grows old, he wants amusement more even than when he is young; and then it becomes so difficult to find amusement. Reading should, no doubt, be the delight of men's leisure hours. Had I to choose between books and cards, I should no doubt take the books. But I find I

can seldom read with pleasure for above an hour and a half at a time, or more than three hours a day.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

When we first hear the epithet "old" applied to us, we are shocked and would willingly believe it untrue; but it soon becomes familiar, and we acquiesce in the imputation as inevitable. Those of us display most wisdom who do not attempt to blind themselves to the fact, but begin without delay to consider the new wants age creates, and the new duties it imposes.

JOHN GARDNER, M. D.

The natural temperature of the body is lowest in the aged. They cannot bear the cold well, and are easily made ill by it. Therefore their clothing should be warmest, and, if very old, they should not sleep in a room where the temperature is below 50°. In warm, pleasant weather, they can be in the open air if it pleases them; in fact, the more they are out of doors, if the conditions are favorable, the better. But in very cold weather, those who are far advanced in life should be comfortably housed. As has been said, a very old person "risks death from cold stroke by even

walking out of doors when the temperature approaches zero."

We know that the powers of digestion must necessarily be weaker at seventy than in early life; hence the importance of a correct dietetic regimen. Food must be taken oftener, and less in amount at each feeding. After a person has reached the age just stated, he should take food four times a day, until he is eighty years old; then, for the next ten years that he lives, five meals each day are none too many, and his food should be simple and easily digested. There are few people near the age of ninety who have many sound teeth; therefore, during the years which follow their loss, unless false can be worn, their diet should be liquid and made up largely of milk. Beef tea and fluid extracts of beef, properly prepared, are of great assistance in feeding the aged.

NEWSPAPER EXTRACT.

O, Sir, you are old;
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine; you should be ruled and led
By some discretion that discerns your state
Better than you yourself. SHAKESPEARE.

He that hath done all his business, and is begotten to a glorious hope by the seed of an immortal spirit, can never die too soon, nor live too long. JEREMY TAYLOR.

The insular patriot, cast forth by ill-health or fortune upon the world, is chafed at first by every sight and sound of foreign things, and thinks he has left all good behind; but, as he grows to the scene around him, he is hit by many a happy phrase and won by many a graceful usage, and fairly conquered at last by a literature, and art, and national life, which reveal to him an unimagined type of human culture. The migration which thus dissipates the prepossessions of the family, the sect, the nation, we may well suppose effective against the prejudices of a world; so that Death may be but the provision for taking us abroad, ere we have stopped too long at home, and unsealing the closed inlets of wisdom, affection, and reverence, by the surprise of new light. In this aspect, Death, instead of frustrating the ends of life, becomes the great arrester of ills, — the liberator of souls, for both the visible and the invisible world. JAMES MARTINEAU.

My soul there is a countrie
  Afar beyond the stars,
Where stands a winged sentrie
  All skilfull in the wars.
There, above noise and danger,
  Sweet peace sits crown'd with smiles,
And One born in a Manger
  Commands the Beauteous files.
He is thy gracious friend
  And (O my soul awake !)
Did in pure love descend
  To die here for thy sake.
If thou can'st get but thither,
  There grows the flower of peace,
The Rose that cannot wither,
  Thy fortress and thy ease.
Leave then thy foolish ranges;
  For none can thee secure,
But One who never changes,
  Thy God, thy life, thy cure.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

My memory is not what it was, I think. Well, I must be patient. I am an old man, and so patience ought to be my special business. There is not much else for me; there is no work for me in the world. My share in life I have had, and there is no further part for me in the struggles and

successes of it. Now I have to study to be quiet, and wait for my dismissal.

WILLIAM MOUNTFORD.

As people grow older they come at length to live so much in memory that they often think with a kind of pleasure of losing their dearest blessings. Nothing can be so perfect while we possess it, as it will seem when remembered. The friend we love best may sometimes weary us by his presence or vex us by his infirmities. How sweet to think of him as he will be to us after we have outlived him ten or twelve years! *Then* we can recall him in his best moments, bid him stay with us as long as we want his company, and send him away when we wish to be alone again.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Although love of the lost gradually fades away with time, and exists more in memory than in feeling, yet the love of the friends who remain to us is increased in intensity by the bereavements to which, in the course of nature, age is compelled to submit.

JOSIAH QUINCY.

Why should sourness and peevishness of temper have anything to do with old

age? They are the vices of the narrow and selfish. The liberal and benevolent, like rich and generous wines, improve with keeping. What will turn acid in so short a life as ours, must owe its sourness to poverty of spirit and meanness of character. Nobler dispositions soften and ameliorate, and become more kind and disinterested, with length of years; acquiring a smoothness, a milkiness, a sweetness of character, commensurate to their period of existence, and preparatory to that intellectual state which they are shortly to enjoy.

SIR THOMAS BERNARD.

O God, thou hast taught me from my youth; and hitherto have I declared thy wondrous works. Now also, when I am old and gray-headed, O God, forsake me not; until I have shewed thy strength unto this generation, and thy power to every one that is to come.

PSALM LXXI. 17, 18.

We have just been getting some little rhododendron trees for our balconies, which are to flower next spring, and I do so like looking at the already fully formed buds, next year's flowers, getting ready now, showing through the old leaves that will fall off be-

fore their beauty begins. The leaves have nursed the future flowers all the year, and they will die when the flowers are ready to bloom, just as our bodies fall off and die when our souls are ready to flower in the spiritual world. One sees this clearly with the rhododendron buds because they are so large in autumn, but I believe every single leaf has a bud in its charge which it shelters all the summer, and then it dies to give its nursling air and space to grow in. The law of sacrifice and hope is read to us, you see, by every autumn leaf that the wind blows in our faces, whether they are brown, or like yours, crimson and gold. Yes! I like the crimson and gold ones best; they are like contented, happy old people who understand that the end is better and more glorious every way than the beginning, — just a going on from better to better.

ANNIE KEARY.

I have begun to look upon myself as an old man. I never did before. I have felt so young, so much at least as I always have done, that I could n't fairly take in the idea. The giftie has n't been gied me to see myself as others see me. Even yet,

when they get up to offer me the great chair, I can't understand it. But at length I have come so far into their views as seriously to ask myself what it is fit for an old man to do or undertake. And I have come to the conclusion that the best thing for me is to be quiet, to keep at least to my quiet and customary method of living, — in other words, to be at home.

ORVILLE DEWEY.

Our minds get tricks and attitudes as our bodies do, and age stiffens them into unalterableness. GEORGE ELIOT.

'T is expectation makes a blessing dear;
Heaven were not heaven if we knew what it were. SUCKLING.

In the inmost chambers of my soul
There is another world, a blessed home
O'er which no living power holdeth control,
Anigh to which ill things do never come.
There shineth the glad sunshine of clear thought,
With hope and faith holding communion high,
Over a fragrant land with flowers inwrought,

Where gush the living springs of poesy.
There speak the voices that I love to hear,
There smile the glances that I love to see,
There live the forms of those my soul holds dear,
Forever, in that secret world with me.
They who have walked with me along life's way,
Have severed been by fortune's adverse tide,
Who ne'er again through time's uncertain day,
In weal or woe, may wander by my side;
They all dwell here: nor these, whom life alone
Divideth from me, but the dead, the dead; —
Those weary ones who to their rest are gone,
Whose footprints from the earth have vanished;
Here dwell they all. FANNY A. KEMBLE.

The first question one needs to ask of his own soul is not (what many insist upon asking), "Can I see any certainty that this life is to be prolonged after death?" Great numbers of people de-

mand an answer to that question first of all, and are ready to make an oracle of any kind of affirmative response; though they can never know true peace of mind with their faith so insecurely founded. The first question to be put is, "Can I trust my life, and the lives of those who are dear to me, to that great Power which called them into being? Am I sure that the laws and changes He has ordained are right and just? Do I know that wherever He carries me, it is best for me to go, and that my final destiny is in the keeping of One infinitely better qualified to judge for me, than I to judge for myself?" Let each soul ask of itself these questions, knowing that while they remain unanswered, all faith beyond them, of which it may fancy itself possessed, is but a broken reed, and that its first concern is to win back its childlike heart of faith and trust toward that great heart and soul of all things upon which it is sheltered and sustained.

HOWARD N. BROWN.

Threescore and ten! Welcome the goal!
Time cuts no notches on the soul,
Only the body feels his blade.
Man is of spirit-fibre made.

Threescore and ten! What blessings rare,
How deep, how rich, how sweet, how fair,
Are circled by that olden span
That notes the earthly life of man!

Threescore and ten! No iron gate
Is shut and locked by cruel fate;
But golden gates are open set,
Leading to greener pastures yet.

Threescore and ten! What though the eye.
Grow dim to things that near us lie,
The lengthening vision, looking far,
Sees light beyond the farthest star.

Threescore and ten! What though the ear
Refuses every voice to hear,
'T is but to listen, calm and still,
To voices of His whispered will.

Threescore and ten! This Pisgah height
Brings the old promised land in sight,
Whose clusters rich of love and truth
Yield nectar of immortal youth.

W. P. TILDEN.

He was never a *laudator temporis acti,*

nor ever affirmed that the former days were better than these. Quite otherwise. He was always ready with examples from his own memory to prove the exact contrary. He did not live in the past as many old men do. Perhaps one reason for his retaining his mental vigor so long and so well, was owing to the intenseness with which he lived in the day which was passing over his head.

EDMUND QUINCY'S LIFE OF JOSIAH QUINCY.

I have in hand my seventh book of antiquities; I am collecting all the materials of our early history; of all the famous causes which I have defended, I am now completing the pleadings; I am employed on the law of augurs, of pontiffs, of citizens. I am much engaged also in Greek literature, and, after the manner of the Pythagoreans, for the purpose of exercising my memory, I call to mind in the evening what I have said, heard, and done on each day. These are the exercises of the understanding; these are the race-courses of the mind; whilst I am perspiring and toiling over these, I do not greatly miss my strength of body. I attend my friends, I come into the senate very often,

and spontaneously bring forward things much and long thought of, and I maintain them by strength of mind, not of body; and if I were unable to perform these duties, yet my couch would afford me amusement, when reflecting on those matters which I was no longer able to do, — but that I am able is owing to my past life: for, by a person who always lives in these pursuits and labors, it is not perceived when old age steals on. Thus gradually and unconsciously life declines into old age; nor is its thread suddenly broken, but the vital principle is consumed by time.

CICERO.

David and I are growing old. He will be eighty in three weeks, and I was seventy-two last February. But we keep young in our feelings. We are in fact like two old children; as much interested as ever in the birds and the wild-flowers, and with sympathies as lively as ever in all that concerns the welfare of the world. Our habitual mood is serene and cheerful. The astonishing activity of evil sometimes makes me despondent for a while, but my belief returns as strong as ever, that there is more good than evil in the world, and

that the All-wise Being is guiding the good to certain victory.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

"I yield it just," said Adam, "and submit.
But is there yet no other way, besides
These painful passages, how we may come
To death, and mix with our connatural dust?"
"There is," said Michael, "if thou well observe
The rule of *Not too much*, by temperance taught,
In what thou eat'st and drink'st; seeking from thence
Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight,
Till many years over thy head return:
So may'st thou live, till, like ripe fruit thou drop
Into thy mother's lap; or be with ease
Gathered, not harshly plucked, for death mature;
This is old age.

JOHN MILTON.

When age advances, may we grow
In faith, and hope, and love;
And walk in holiness below,
To holiness above.

When earthly joys and cares depart,
Desire and envy cease; —
Be thou the portion of our heart;
In thee may we have peace.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Marham. But, indeed, I am often distressed at being so useless in my old age.

Aubin. Useless! You are of great use, Uncle Stephen, you really are. How are you useful? By being a man that is old. Your old age is a public good; it is, indeed. For out of all the boys and girls, and young men and women of this neighborhood, probably not ten, and perhaps not even one, will ever be as old as you. But something of the good of old age they may all get, through sympathy with you. No child ever listens to your talk without having a good done it that no schooling could do. When you are walking, no one ever opens a gate for you to pass through, and no one ever honors you with any kind of help, without being himself the better for what he does; for fellow-feeling with you ripens his soul for him.

WILLIAM MOUNTFORD.

Knowing God's own time is best,
In a patient hope I rest
For the full day breaking.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown:
Till the light of earth is faded
From the heart once full of day;
Till the stars of heaven are breaking
Through the twilight soft and gray.

Only waiting till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home;
For the summer-time is faded,
And the autumn winds have come.
Quickly, reapers! gather quickly
These last ripe hours of my heart,
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the angels
Open wide the mystic gate,
At whose feet I long have lingered,
Weary, poor, and desolate;
Even now I hear the footsteps,
And their voices far away;

If they call me, I am waiting,
Only waiting to obey.

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown.
Then from out the gathered darkness
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies.

FRANCES L. MACE.

When I am in company with the young, I endeavor, as far as my station and time of life will permit, to assimilate my manners to theirs, and I find two good effects from it: one, that they listen with much more pleasure and attention to any advice I may see occasion to offer; the other, that I prevent, what is far more odious than any wrinkles of the body, — those *wrinkles of the mind*, as Montaigne terms them, which are so destructive of the virtues of the heart, and of the intellectual features.

SIR THOMAS BERNARD.

I find the proof of age coming upon me. I used to walk over the pebbles in my

path without stopping to take breath ; now I consider them, and sit down to rest when I have got over one or two. "As much as I can do *that* day," I tell myself.

CHARLOTTE WILLIAMS-WYNN.

One incident of our excursion to Stonehenge had a significance for me, which renders it memorable in my personal experience. As we drove over the barren plain, one of the party suddenly exclaimed, "Look! Look! See the lark rising!" I looked up with the rest. There was the bright blue sky, but not a speck upon it which my eyes could distinguish. Again, one called out, "Hark! Hark! Hear him singing!" I listened, but not a sound reached my ear. Was it strange that I felt a momentary pang? Those that look out at the windows are darkened, and all the daughters of music are laid low. Was I never to see or hear the soaring songster at heaven's gate — unless — unless — if our mild humanized theology promises truly, I may perhaps hereafter listen to him singing far down beneath me? For in whatever world I find myself, I hope I shall always love our poor little spheroid, so long my home, which some kind angel

may point out to me as a gilded globule swimming in the sunlight far away. After walking the streets of pure gold in the New Jerusalem, might one not like a short vacation, to visit the well-remembered green fields and flowery meadows? I had a very sweet emotion of self-pity, which took the sting out of my painful discovery that the orchestra of my pleasing life-entertainment was unstringing its instruments, and its lights were being extinguished, — that the show was almost over.

All this I kept to myself, of course, except as far as I whispered it to the unseen presence which we all feel is in sympathy with us, and which, as it seemed to my fancy, was looking into my eyes, and through them into my soul, with the tender, tearful smile of a mother who for the first time gently presses back the longing lips of her yet unweaned infant.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

As we discipline the mind in moral endeavor, by compelling it to speak the language and practise the deeds of virtue, though many of its impulses run at first in contrary directions, so it is proper to school ourselves in the speech and bearing

of spiritual trust and courage, till our doubts and fears can be outgrown.

HOWARD N. BROWN.

Mr. Lyttelton. I have heard, my Lord Bishop, some old men complain of want of respect. Has that been considered by your Lordship, or do you not estimate it among the inconveniences of advanced life?

Bishop Hough. I do not so estimate it. The evil lies in man, not in the period of life. The cheerful and obliging, however aged, will always receive respect and attention: while the fretful and querulous, the morose and gloomy, the sordid and avaricious, will not find respect and attention at any period of life. I was, indeed, prepared to mention the deference paid to age, among its advantages: and in good sooth I consider it as a balance for some of the pleasures of youth.

SIR THOMAS BERNARD.

What a blessing it is, my dear friend, that one's love of nature increases with age, and as other enjoyments fade away, that becomes more keen and satisfying.

CHARLOTTE WILLIAMS-WYNN.

Alone! to land upon that shore!
With no one sight that we have seen before, —
Things of a different hue,
And sounds all strange and new,
No forms of earth our fancies to arrange, —
But to begin alone that mighty change!

Alone! to land upon that shore!
Knowing so well we can return no more;
No voice or face of friend,
None with us to attend
Our disembarking on that awful strand, —
But to arrive alone in such a land!

Alone? No! God hath been there long before,
Eternally hath waited on that shore
For us who were to come
To our eternal home:
O is He not the life-long friend we know
More privately than any friend below?

Alone? The God we trust is on that shore,
The faithful One, whom we have trusted more
In trials and in woes
Than we have trusted those

On whom we leaned most in our earthly
strife;
O we shall trust Him more in that new
life!

So not alone we land upon that shore:
'T will be as though we had been there
before;
We shall meet more we know
Than we can meet below,
And find our rest like some returning
dove, —
Our home at once with the Eternal Love!

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

Live long and happy, and in that thought
die,
Glad for what was!

ROBERT BROWNING.

To know our dear friends again is not a fantastical nor an unreasonable wish; it is a hope that is quite rational, and altogether natural to us, as loving and thinking and immortal souls. Our nature is not our own making, but God's. Our souls are made so as to long and hope for sight of the lost; and so naturally do they do so, that it is as though God made them do it. So I cannot doubt our having our friends again.

WILLIAM MOUNTFORD.

If I cease to love those whom I once loved; if I cease to love them with a definite, positive, special love, I cease to be myself. MADAME DE GASPARIN.

Short is the little that remains to thee of life. Live as on a mountain. For it makes no difference whether a man lives here or there, if he lives everywhere in the world as in a civil community. Let men see, let them know, a real man, who lives as he was meant to live. MARCUS AURELIUS.

'Neath the stately tree whose branches overarch the narrow way,
He lifts with painful effort a head where falls the gray
Of life's twilight, deepening into night,
To the boughs; — the green leaves, only
Brief summer friends, — left lonely
To brave the winter's might.

Deep feeling in his aged breast by that lone tree is stirred,
Till his thought his soul o'erfills and overflows in word; —
"When my life was in its prime,
Blessings God had planted for me

Grew and threw a shadow o'er me,
Like thy leaves in summer time.

"But joyful, all unheeding of the heaven
wherein they grew,
They, the blessings branching o'er me, drew
and limited my view;
Friends whose love would brook no
doubt,
Wife and children to me cleaving,
As thy leaves so thick inweaving,
Shut the blessed sunlight out.

"But they fell as fell thy leaves, when
came the autumn wind,
Like thy leaves soon few remained, frail
quivering behind;
While from Him that caused them fly,
Rays of light from each that failed me,
Pierced the darkness that enveiled me;
Now I look upon the sky."

JOHN B. FELTON.

It were worth a man's while to consider, whether his present temper of mind be such as he would be willing to possess as long as he lives. And if, upon reflection, he finds his soul overspread with malice, pride, envy, avarice, injustice, or any other vice, let

him consider whether that be the state he desires it should be in when it leaves his body. If it be, let him acknowledge himself an atheist; if it be not, let him own himself a fool, and endeavor to grow wiser as soon as he can. CHARLES HOW.

He whose life has been filled with good deeds need not be afraid of finding old age wearisome. FROM THE PERSIAN.

Gone Youth! had I thus missed thee, nor a hope
Were left of thy return beyond the tomb,
I could curse life: — But glorious is the scope
Of an immortal soul. — O Death, thy gloom
Short, and already tinged with coming light,
Is to the Christian but a summer's night.
JOSEPH BLANCO WHITE.

The infirmities of age [may be confined] within a much smaller circle than is commonly estimated; leaving little more than what is necessary to wean us from a world which, with all our complainings, we are apt to love too well, and to prepare for the

close of life, in the same manner as the weariness, which we feel at the end of a cheerful and active day, fits us for quiet and calm repose. SIR THOMAS BERNARD.

Remember, if you please, that I am sixty-five. I am, as it happens, particularly fond of being left at peace, and of not having my daily life interfered with. Peace, and her own way, are the two possessions which a woman of my age craves, and which she has a right, I hold, to insist upon. HON. EMILY LAWLESS.

When death gives us a long lease of life, it takes as hostages all those whom we have loved. MME. NECKER.

Good, to forgive;
Best, to forget!
Living, we fret;
Dying, we live.
Fretless and free,
Soul, clap thy pinion!
Earth have dominion,
Body, o'er thee!

Wander at will,
Day after day, —

Wander away,
Wandering still —
Soul that can'st soar!
Body may slumber:
Body shall cumber
Soul-flight no more.

Waft of soul's wing!
What lies above?
Sunshine and Love,
Sky-blue and spring!
Body hides where?
Ferns of all feather,
Mosses and heather,
Yours be the care!

ROBERT BROWNING.

It is a melancholy thing to find our glass almost run out, with only a few sands left at the bottom; for we have been used to consider time as our most precious treasure; we have pleased ourselves with the thought of having a plentiful stock before us, and we must needs be dejected when that pleasure is wrested from us, and we see it shrunk almost to nothing, however careless we have been of it while not sensibly perceiving its decay.

We have indeed a small allowance of it

dealt us here, and much we have to do with it; and we should therefore husband it well, that we may lose none of those advantages and innocent amusements for which it was given us. But though our time here is soon over, yet time itself is not exhausted, having the boundless ocean of eternity from whence to replenish his glass, larger than all the sands of the Atlantic, the Pacific, and all other seas together. Having then such an immense estate of time, we need not grudge the expense of fifty or a hundred years irrecoverably gone from us: for this trifling diminution no more leaves us the poorer, than a man worth ten thousand a year would be the poorer for having lost a sixpence. Whoever bears this reflection in mind will not wish to recall the years that are passed over him, nor be so apt, as many people are, to complain that they see the rising generation growing up to shove them out of the world. The great boys do not make this complaint, because younger ones are perpetually coming in to supply their places; nor do travellers complain, on setting out again after having baited at an inn, when they see other company coming

in to take the commodious room and refreshments which they are going to resign.

ABRAHAM TUCKER.

When trembling limbs refuse their weight,
And films, slow gathering, dim the sight,
And clouds obscure the mental sight,
'T is nature's precious boon to die.

ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD.

But Life is sweet, though all that makes it sweet
Lessen like sound of friends' departing feet,
And Death is beautiful as feet of friend
Coming with welcome at our journey's end; . . .
I muse upon the margin of the sea,
Our common pathway to the new To Be,
Watching the sails that lessen more and more,
Of good and beautiful embarked before;
With bits of wreck I patch the boat shall bear
Me to that unexhausted Otherwhere,
Whose friendly-peopled shore I sometimes see,
By soft mirage uplifted, beckon me,

Nor sadly hear, as lower sinks the sun,
My moorings to the past snap, one by one.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The longer we live the stronger those ties become which attract us toward another world, and the fewer and the weaker those that attach us to this. Faith and hope then become essential parts of our nature, and thus we gain more than we lose.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

His [the old man's] affections now are greater than before; yet it is not the mere power of instinctive affection — the connubial instinct which loves a mate, or the parental instinct which loves a child; but a general, human, reflective, volitional love, not sharpened by animal desire, not narrowed by affiliated bounds, but coming of his freedom, not his bondage. Of mere instinctive affection he has perhaps less than before. That fades with the age which needs it, as the blossom falls when the fruit is set, and the leaves when it has grown. With this pure human affection he loves his venerable wife better than before; she him: they have been rising in love these sixty or seventy summers.

Once, in their spring of life their connubial love bloomed passion-red; then it grew to summer beauty; now it is autumn ripe, it is all affection; there is no romance; passion is gone. It is affection ripened by half a hundred years of use and wont; a gradual marriage sloping up to a complete wedlock of the man and woman. Now the two are one; dualism is unified in a long life. This unity and its joy — that is God's benediction on a true marriage, fifty years a-making. All the wife's spiritual womanhood is his; all the spiritual manhood of the husband is hers. Neither has lost; both have won; each has gained the whole value of what was exchanged in this matrimonial barter.

THEODORE PARKER.

Yes; we go gently down the hill of life
And thank our God at every step we go.
The husband lover and the sweetheart wife.
Of weeping age, what do we care or know?
Each says to each, "Our fourscore years thrice told,
Would leave us young." The soul is never old!

What is the grave to us? Can it divide
The destiny of two, by God made one?
We step across and reach the other side,
To know our blended life is but begun.
These fading faculties are sent to say
Heaven is more near to-day than yesterday.

S. C. HALL.[1]

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them; while the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain: in the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened, and the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of music shall be laid low; also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond-tree

[1] On the fifty-fourth anniversary of his marriage.

shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail: because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets: or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern. Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

ECCLESIASTES, XII. 1-8.

Growing old is like bodily existence refining away into spiritual life. True, the ripeness of the soul is hidden in the decay of the body; but so is many a ripe fruit in its husk. WILLIAM MOUNTFORD.

To outlive my senses, may it not be my fate,
To be blind, to be deaf, to know nothing at all;
But rather let death come before 't is too late,
And while there 's some sap in it, may my tree fall.

Chorus. May I govern my passions with an absolute sway,

And grow wiser and better, as my strength
wears away,
Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

WALTER POPE, *The Wish.*

If the thermometer would only keep pace with our years after sixty, it would be very comfortable; for I suppose a man of ninety would not have any serious objections to keep his thermometer at that level.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

He (Stein) was then a believer. He did not merely, like his contemporaries Goethe and W. v. Humboldt, look forward with hope to a future life: this indeed he did as a matter of course, and it may be remarked that he did it without effort, not as one who bears up manfully against misgivings, but easily and habitually. To him death is always the entrance to a better state of existence; as he approaches it he is gladdened not by the thought that it will relieve him of a load of weariness, but by the hope of glorious things to be revealed by it. When the bright valley of the Lahn, stretched out under his Burg, pleased his aged eye, he murmured, "How much more beautiful will it be yonder!"

. . . When he felt the approach of old age, he writes to a friend that he feels tired of life, but he adds that he yearns to be reunited to the loved ones who have laid down the burden before him.

J. R. SEELEY, *Life and Times of Stein.*

Yes, little prattlers, you may fancy heaven
A sky forever blue — a laughing sun
That knows no flitting shadows — a fair lawn
Besprinkled with your favorite flowers, and birds
Pouring around their gushing melodies;
And you, and this soft little one, and me,
Sitting as we sit now, but all enwrapt
With lustrous beauty and unearthly light.
Thus now; — but you will grow, and then your fancy
Will alter, and your heaven no more be this,
But the lone walk with one whom love hath knit
Into your very soul; while nightingale
From blos'my hawthorn's heart awakes the night
To praise — and o'er ye both, from myriad stars,
The mighty presence of the Eternal Love

Falls, as the dewy odors on the air,
The incense of the temple where ye roam.
Then life perchance will change afresh; and love
Be reft of its support, and stand alone;
And then your heaven will be a loftier thing,
A gazing on the open face of God, —
Knowledge and light, and the unbounded sea
Of presences seraphic. Then, my child,
Life will go onward yet, and will become
Labor and sorrow, and your beauty-dreams
Will have passed by, and all your high desires
Have sunk away; — and then your heaven will be
Wherever there is rest; and so the way
Down to the grave — a thing you love not now —
Will be smoothed off and altered as it nears,
Till you shall e'en desire it for its sake.

HENRY ALFORD.

There 's a sore trial in middle life, Sally. Hearts grow cold with care, and the life He gives too often seems buried, because of the load of earthly thought above it;

and then we appear to ourselves to live to this world, whilst the things of this crowd upon us, in church, and in prayer, and when we open our Bibles to read. But where the will is steadfast, and sin withstood, the true life springs forth again as the earthly tabernacle decays. Old age is a blessed time. It gives us leisure to put off our earthly garments one by one, and dress ourselves for heaven.

E. M. SEWELL.

Thou unrelenting Past!
Strong are the barriers round thy dark domain,
And fetters, sure and fast,
Hold all that enter thy unbreathing reign.

Thou hast my better years,
Thou hast my earlier friends — the good, the kind,
Yielded to thee with tears —
The venerable form — the exalted mind.

Thine for a space are they,
Yet shalt thou yield thy treasures up at last;
Thy gates shall yet give way,
Thy bolts shall fall, inexorable Past!

All shall come back, each tie
Of pure affection shall be knit again;
Alone shall Evil die,
And Sorrow dwell a prisoner in thy reign.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

No one remembers when he was born, consequently we never know when we have grown old.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

It is being quite too ingenuous to maintain that even if this world is not counterbalanced by another, the man who has sacrificed himself for goodness or truth, ought to leave it content, and to absolve the gods. No; if this is so, he has a right to curse them! For, why impose upon his credulity in this manner? Why place within him these misleading instincts of which he has been the honest dupe? Why put this premium upon the frivolous and wicked? Is he then, who does not indulge in self-deception, the man of discernment? If this be so, cursed be the gods who have bestowed their favors in such a partial fashion! I can consent to the future being an enigma, but if there is *no* future, this life is a frightful fraud.

You will observe that our desires are

not those of the vulgar herd. We do not wish to see the punishment of the guilty, nor to draw interest upon our own hoarded virtues. Neither are our cravings selfish ones. We only desire to continue to exist, so that we may keep up our affinities with the light, to carry on still farther the thought that we have begun, to learn more about it, to some day enjoy that truth which we have sought with such struggles, to see the triumph of the good we have loved. Surely nothing can be more legitimate.

ERNEST RENAN.

Ah, nothing is too late
Till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate.
Cato learned Greek at eighty; Sophocles
Wrote his grand Œdipus, and Simonides
Bore off the prize of verse from his compeers,
When each had numbered more than fourscore years,
And Theophrastus, at fourscore and ten,
Had but begun his Characters of Men.
Chaucer, at Woodstock with the nightingales,
At sixty, wrote the Canterbury Tales;

Goethe at Weimar, toiling to the last,
Completed Faust when eighty years were passed.
These are indeed exceptions, but they show
How far the gulf-stream of our youth may flow
Into the Arctic regions of our lives,
Where little else but life itself survives.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

If thou wilt be fearless of death, endeavor to be in love with the felicities of saints and angels, and be once persuaded to believe that there is a condition of living better than this; that there are creatures more noble than we; that above there is a country better than ours; that the inhabitants know more and know better, and are in places of rest and desire; and first learn to value it, and then learn to purchase it, and death cannot be a formidable thing, that lets us into so much joy and so much felicity. And, indeed, who would not think his condition mended if he passed from conversing with dull mortals, with ignorant and foolish persons, with tyrants and enemies of learning, to converse with Homer and Plato, with Socrates and Cicero, with Plutarch and Fabri-

cius? So the heathens speculated, but we consider higher. "The dead that die in the Lord" shall converse with St. Paul, and all the college of the apostles, and all the saints and martyrs; with all the good men whose memory we preserve in honor, with excellent kings and holy bishops, and with the great Shepherd and Bishop of our souls, Christ Jesus, and with God Himself. For "Christ died for us, that, whether we wake or sleep, we might live together with Him." Then we shall be free from lust and envy, from fear and rage, from covetousness and sorrow, from tears and cowardice: and these indeed, properly, are the only evils that are contrary to felicity and wisdom. Then we shall see strange things, and know new propositions, and all things in another manner and to higher purposes.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

Signs of old age are, — a tendency to cross your hands on the top of a cane; a tendency to pick up pins from the carpet; a tendency in your hat to come down on the back of your head; a disposition to sit still. When a young man sees a moun-

tain he says: "Let us climb it." The old man says: "Let us stay down here."

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Age makes leisure for reflection whether we wish it or not. WILLIAM MOUNTFORD.

My friend, thou sorrowest for thy golden prime,
For thy fair youthful years too swift of flight;
Thou musest with wet eyes upon the time
Of cheerful hopes that filled the world with light, —
Years when thy heart was bold, thy hand was strong,
And quick the thought that moved thy tongue to speak,
And willing faith was thine, and scorn of wrong
Summoned the sudden crimson to thy cheek.

Thou lookest forward on the coming days,
Shuddering to feel their shadow o'er thee creep;
A path, thick-set with changes and decays,
Slopes downward to the place of common sleep;

And they who walked with thee in life's first stage,
Leave one by one thy side, and, waiting near,
Thou seest the sad companions of thy age —
Dull love of rest, and weariness and fear.

Yet grieve thou not, nor think thy youth is gone,
Nor deem that glorious season e'er could die.
Thy pleasant youth, a little while withdrawn,
Waits on the horizon of a brighter sky;
Waits like the morn, that folds her wing and hides,
Till the slow stars bring back her dawning hour;
Waits like the vanished spring, that slumbering bides
Her own sweet time to waken bud and flower.

There shall He welcome thee, when thou shalt stand
On His bright morning hills, with smiles more sweet

Than when at first He took thee by the hand,
Through the fair earth to lead thy tender feet.
He shall bring back, but brighter, broader still,
Life's early glory to thine eyes again,
Shall clothe thy spirit with new strength, and fill
Thy leaping heart with warmer love than then.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

The number of a man's days at the most are an hundred years. As a drop of water unto the sea, and a gravel stone in comparison of the sand, so are a thousand years to the days of eternity.

ECCLESIASTICUS.

Study is the bane of boyhood, the aliment of youth, the indulgence of manhood, and the restorative of old age.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

The pain of erring, — the bitterest in the world, — is it not strange it should be so bitter? Is it not strange that growth must be attained on such hard terms? Nay, but is it not simply applying the sharpest instrument to the cutting and

carving of the finest and grandest form of things on earth, — a noble character?

The work is but begun on earth. Man is the only being in this world whose nature is not half developed, whose powers are in their infancy; the ideal in whose constitution is not yet, and never on earth, realized. The animal arrives at animal perfection here, — becomes all that it was made to be. The beetle, the dragon-fly, the eagle, is as perfect as it can be. But man comes far short of the ideal that presided over his formation. Any way it would be unaccountable, not to say incredible, that God's highest work on earth should fail of its end, fail of realizing its ideal, fail of being what it was made for. But when the process, unlike that in animals, which is all facility and pleasure, is full of difficulty and pain, then for the unfinished work to be dropped would be, not as if a sculptor should go on blocking out marble statues only to throw them away half finished, but as if he should take the living human frame for his subject, and should cut and gash and torture it for years, only to fling it into the ditch.

ORVILLE DEWEY.

There comes a time to all when work is done
And life's long day draws near the set of sun:
We sigh for home, and, groping, find before
Our straining eyes a dark and shadowy door.

Men call it death, and speak of it in fear
And doubt and sorrow, saying, "It is here
We part with all life's light and joy, and go
To endless sleep or age-long bitter woe."

Unreasoning fear! What though the door is dark?
Faith's angel swings it open wide, and — hark!
Voices in old, loved accents bid me come;
And all heaven's light shines through, and heaven is home. HERBERT WHITNEY.

Old age is not so much a scene of illness as a *malaise.* SYDNEY SMITH.

Our expectation of a better world beyond will be reasonable and helpful in exact proportion as our lives are becoming

deeper, more real, richer and purer, by the converse and discipline of earth and time. We want to build up a heavenly being, — not that little life which may well be rounded by the last deep sleep, but the heart which may well live forever; we want to gather heavenly treasure, which as it increases day by day is the earnest of the heavenly country where they who have been faithful in a few things shall be made rulers over many things. There are pauses in the busiest lives, times of weariness and of age, seasons of bereavement and of loneliness, when we inevitably look forward and strain our eyes to pierce the thick veil. We would have, if it be possible, some foregleams of immortality; but in this, as in all else which concerns our deepest life, the light beyond is conditioned upon the light within, and we see what we bring means of seeing. The good that we would lay hold of beyond and above must get its body and form from the divinest good and the purest blessedness of earth; there must be a reality of friendship here and now to prophesy of a recognition of friends in that world to come, deathless aims and expectations for

those who dare talk of immortality, a God of all hope there, because we have learned to believe in a God of all hope here.

RUFUS ELLIS.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

O Death, acceptable is thy sentence unto the needy, and unto him whose strength faileth, that is now in the last age, and is vexed with all things, and him that despaireth and hath lost patience!

ECCLESIASTICUS.

Old age is the majestic and imposing dome of human life. God makes it the sanctuary of all wisdom and justice, the

tabernacle of the purest virtues. Experience has taught the old man all things; and his personal endeavors have reduced his acquirements to that simple state, — that perfect unity, — where each conviction has its proof and counter-proof. His are the treasures of tradition, and those of acquired knowledge, — ancient lore and modern facts, in their order, practical truth, and eternal verity, the relative and the absolute, — that which helps our conduct in this world, and that which leads us to another. MADAME SWETCHINE.

Whatever poet, orator, or sage
May say of it, old age is still old age.
It is the waning, not the crescent moon;
The dusk of evening, not the blaze of noon;
It is not strength, but weakness; not desire,
But its surcease; not the fierce heat of fire,
The burning and consuming element,
But that of ashes and of embers spent,
In which some living sparks we still discern,
Enough to warm, but not enough to burn.
What then? Shall we sit idly down and say

The night hath come; it is no longer day?
The night hath not yet come; we are not
quite
Cut off from labor by the failing light;
Something remains for us to do or dare;
Even the oldest tree some fruit may bear;
Not Œdipus Coloneus, or Greek Ode,
Or tales of pilgrims that one morning rode
Out of the gateway of the Tabard Inn,
But other something, would we but begin;
For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress,
And as the evening twilight fades away
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by
day. HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

It is not by vigorous discipline, and unrelaxing austerity, that the aged can maintain an ascendant over youthful minds. The constraint which their presence will impose, and the aversion which their manners will create, if the one be constantly awful, and the other severe, tend to frustrate the effect of all their wisdom. They must assume the spirit of the companion, and the friend; and mix with the authority of age, a proper degree of indulgence to the manners of the young. Instead of

lessening the respect due to their years by such condescension, they take the surest method to increase it. Old age never appears with greater dignity than, when tempered by mildness, and enlivened with good humor, it acts as the guide and the patron of youth. HUGH BLAIR.

Lo, the old man there
Is like a slumberer; a slumberer
Is like a bucket full of precious wine,
Which one sets by in a cool, quiet place,
Hedged round with ice, — to freeze. And whatsoe'er
Man has within, poured into him by life,
The evil part all freezes out to ice,
All vulgar, common, bitter, foreign stuff, —
And in the centre is condensed the virtue
Of days, — of life. LEOPOLD SCHEFER.[1]

My liberty is only negative. Nobody has any hold over me, but many things have become impossible to me, and if I were so foolish as to wish for them, the limits of my liberty would soon become apparent. Therefore I take care not to

[1] *Layman's Breviary*, translated from the German by C. T. Brooks.

wish for them, and not to let my thoughts dwell on them. I only desire what I am able for, and in this way I run my head against no wall, I cease even to be conscious of the boundaries which enclose me. I take care to wish for rather less than is in my power, that I may not even be reminded of the obstacles in my way.

H. F. AMIEL.

To raise the great oak-trees of human righteousness you want a deep, rich soil, and threescore, fourscore, fivescore summers and winters for the tree to grow in, broadly buttressed below, broad-branched above, to wrestle with the winds, and take the sunshine of God's heaven on its top. And that is the value of long life — it is an opportunity to grow great and ripen through.

THEODORE PARKER.

Life! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part;
And when, or where, or how we met,
I own to me 's a secret yet.
But this I know, when thou art fled,
Where'er they lay these limbs, this head,
No clod so valueless shall be,
As all that then remains of me.

O whither, whither dost thou fly,
Where bend unseen thy trackless course,
And in this strange divorce,
Ah, tell where must I seek this compound I?

To the vast ocean of empyreal flame,
From whence thy essence came,
Dost thou thy flight pursue, when freed
From matter's base encumbering weed?
Or dost thou, hid from sight,
Wait, like some spell-bound knight,
Through blank oblivious years th' appointed hour,
To break thy trance and reassume thy power?
Yet canst thou without thought or feeling be?
O say what art thou, when no more thou 'rt thee?

Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'T is hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 't will cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,

Choose thine own time;
Say not Good-night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good-morning.

ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD.

But here again age has its advantages: and I must observe, as to the actual pain of death to the aged, that in a state of maturity the fruit drops spontaneously from the tree; and the separation of the immortal soul from the mortal body is of course less painful than in early life.

SIR THOMAS BERNARD.

It is not pleasant to think upon death. It would not be pleasant to any company of friends to think that the hour for parting was near. Death is a solemn and painful dispensation. I will have no hallucination about it. I "*wait* the great teacher, Death." I do not welcome it. It is a solemn change. It is a dread change to natures like ours. I do not believe that the Great Disposer meant that we should approach it with a smile, with an air of triumph, — with any other than feelings of lowly submission and trust. I do not want to die. I never knew anybody that did, except when bitter pain or great and

irremediable unhappiness made the release welcome. . . .

Do you feel that I am not writing to you in the high Christian strain? Perhaps not. But I confess I am accustomed to bring all that is taught me — all that is said in exceptional circumstances like those of the apostles — into some adjustment with a natural, necessary, and universal experience. Besides, Jesus himself did not approach death with a song of triumph upon his lips. What a union in him of sorrow and trust! No defying of pain, no boasting of calmness or strength, no braving of martyrdom, — not half so fine and grand, to a worldly and superficial view, as many a martyr's death! But oh, what a blending in him of everything that makes perfection, — of pain and patience, of trial and trust!

ORVILLE DEWEY.

All I have seen teaches me to trust the Creator for all that I have not seen.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Since Nature's works be good, and death doth serve
As Nature's work, why should we fear to die?

Since fear is vain but when it may preserve,
Why should we fear that which we cannot fly?
Fear is more pain than is the pain it fears,
Disarming human minds of native might;
While each conceit an ugly figure bears
Which were not evil, well viewed in reason's light.
Our owly eyes, which dimmed with passion be,
And scarce discern the dawn of coming day,
Let them be clearèd, and begin to see
Our life is but a step in dusty way.
Then let us hold the bliss of peaceful mind;
Since this we feel, great loss we cannot find.

SIR PHILIP SYDNEY.

It is indeed of no avail to speculate and imagine what specially the modes of our celestial being shall be; nevertheless, we must not allow ourselves in any narrowness, or fail to believe that great things await us beyond the veil. Only yesterday we were not at all. To-day what wonders of being encompass us, what miracles of

divine art, what splendors over our heads, what beauty beneath our feet! Will it be any more strange that we should be there under the new heavens and on the new earth than that we are here; any more strange that we are living again, than that we have once passed out of nothing or unconsciousness? We shall see and hear, and taste and feel; we shall lay aside only what is earthly and bestial. What the microscope and telescope are to our terrestrial seeing, that and infinitely more shall the new eye be to our celestial seeing. How amazing will be to us, when we shall reach that heavenly shore, our incredulity, our dulness, our failure to catch at least some hints and foregleams of things to come!

RUFUS ELLIS.

Not bed-time yet! The full-blown flower
Of all the year — this evening hour —
With friendship's flame is bright;
Life still is sweet, the heavens are fair,
Though fields are brown and woods are bare,
And many a joy is left to share
Before we say Good-night!

And when, our cheerful evening past,
The nurse, long waiting, comes at last,
Ere on her lap we lie
In wearied nature's sweet repose,
At peace with all her waking foes,
Our lips shall murmur ere they close,
Good-night! and not Good-by!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

I now perceive why old men repeat their stories in company. . . . When they originate nothing, they can profit their juniors by recollections of the past.

HENRY CRABB ROBINSON.

His [the old man's] religion is deeper, more inward than before. It is not doctrine alone, nor mere form. There is little rapture; he is still, and knows that God is Father and Mother of the world. His religion is love of God; faith and trust in Him; rest, tranquillity, peace for his soul. From the wide field of time, deeply labored for eighty years, he reaps a great harvest of life, and now his sheaves are with him; the eternal riches of heaven are poured into his lap. He fears nothing; he loves. His hope for this world is something small; for his immortal future he knows no bounds.

THEODORE PARKER.

Brought safely by His hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?
How canst thou want, if He provide,
Or lose thy way with such a guide? . . .
And has He not His promise passed,
That thou shalt overcome at last?

JOHN NEWTON.

When a young man even plants an oaken forest, or lays the first stone of an edifice which will be generations in building, is it not affecting to think of his self-sacrifice for those whom he knows not, and who will never know him? Ah, well! the old man's life is well-nigh filled with such disinterested deeds. All his beginnings are acorns, and of none of his hopes will he see the full-grown oak. MADAME SWETCHINE.

I can easily comprehend that an agitation of the blood, sorrow and anxiety, joined to great weakness, might produce a weariness of life, but such a feeling should be combated with all the energies of the soul. I will not insist on this as an ordinance of religion, but simply on the ground that life, even in its utmost extent, is so short, in comparison with eternity, which is wholly veiled to us as regards the nature

of our being, that we must take care not to limit it by our wishes, but to allow it to continue as it will, for really the manner in which a man views his fate is more important than what his fate is.

WILLIAM VON HUMBOLDT.

Clear in memory's silent reaches
Lie the pastures I have seen,
Greener than the sunlit spaces
Where the May has flung her green;
Needs no sun, and needs no starlight
To illume these fields of mine,
For the glory of dead faces
Is the sun, the stars that shine.

More than one I count my pastures
As my life-path groweth long;
By their quiet waters straying
Oft I lay me, and am strong.
And I call each by its giver,
And the dear names bring to them
Glory as from shining faces
In some new Jerusalem.

Yet, O well I can remember,
Once I called my pastures Pain,
And their waters were a torrent
Sweeping through my life amain!

Now I call them Peace and Stillness,
  Brightness of all Happy Thought,
Where I linger for a blessing
  From my faces that are nought.

Nought? I fear not. If the Power
  Maketh thus His pastures green,
Maketh thus His quiet waters,
  Out of waste His heavens serene,
I can trust the mighty Shepherd
  Loseth none He ever led;
Somewhere yet a greeting waits me
  Of the faces of my dead!

WILLIAM C. GANNETT.

We shall not mind much about growing less agile and less beautiful, if we think that we are growing wiser and better.

RECREATIONS OF A COUNTRY PARSON.

O this earth, this dear, green earth, this happy earth! It will be happy and beautiful without us soon. We shall be out of the earth soon, — out of this world, but not out of its beauty. The grace that rises from the earth in many a tree; the fascination that eddies and murmurs in flowing water, keeping the gazer standing on the river side; the beauty that lives along the plain, and sometimes that draws man's out-

stretched hands towards itself, as though in recognition; the loveliness that in a valley is round and over man, and embosomed in which he feels unearthly and sublimed; the dear and fearful beauty of the lightning; the wild grandeur of a September sunset, various, and living, and glowing; all these we shall see again; no, — not see; for these things themselves we shall not see; but what is in them we shall feel again, and drink into everlastingly. And it will be a dearer delight than it is now, and intenser and fuller. For then, O God, we shall be in Thee and of Thee; and Thou wilt be to us like an ocean of delight, our little spirits being bathed in Thine infinite spirit. WILLIAM MOUNTFORD.

But grant, the virtues of a temperate prime
Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime;
An age that melts with unperceived decay,
And glides in modest innocence away;
Whose peaceful day benevolence endears,
Whose night congratulating conscience cheers;

The general favorite as the general friend;
Such age there is, and who shall wish it end?

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

There are two things on which our highest success in life must depend. One, and indeed the great thing, is to use our opportunities while we have them. The next thing is to give them up gracefully and cheerfully when their time is ended. Instead of mourning over what is going from us, we should turn ourselves to the new opportunities which take its place, and get from them all that we can. The change is not necessarily a sad one. It may be just the allotment which is best fitted to carry us on, to teach us new lessons, to open before us new fields of usefulness and enjoyment, to exercise new faculties, to strengthen our faith, to deepen our experience of God's love, to refine and subdue our hearts, and bring us into more perfect sympathy with the divine will.

JOHN H. MORISON.

People who keep young in their minds show it in the condition of their bodies. Three fourths of our people look the old man or old woman at sixty because they

have always received it as an inevitable necessity, from which there was no possible escape, that they must be on the downhill side of life at that age. It is to them a "law of nature."

It is for them only the law of ignorance. There are still a great many "laws of nature" of which we know little or nothing. To say "impossible" to the idea that people cannot live longer than the present average of life, and at the same time be strong and healthy at a "great age," is to put ourselves in the long catalogue of past dunces who said it was impossible for steam to propel cars and ships, or for electricity to carry news. Every generation finds out some new power in nature, and all of nature's unrecognized powers are not confined to the propelling of machinery.

It is a great aid to the preservation of youth and vigor to be able to sit still and keep still in mind as well as in body when there is really nothing to do, because in such condition mind and body are recuperating and filling up with new force.

MULFORD PRENTICE.

If the time comes when you must lay

down the fiddle and the bow, because your fingers are too stiff, and drop the ten-foot sculls, because your arms are too weak, and, after dallying awhile with eye-glasses, come at last to the undisguised reality of spectacles, — if the time comes when that fire of life we spoke of has burned so low that where its flames reverberated there is only the sombre stain of regret, and where its coals glowed, only the white ashes that cover the embers of memory, — don't let your heart grow cold, and you may carry cheerfulness and love with you into the teens of your second century, if you can last so long. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Spring still makes spring in the mind
When sixty years are told;
Love wakes anew this throbbing heart
And we are never old.

Over the winter glaciers,
I see the summer glow
And through the wild-piled snow-drift,
The warm rose-buds below.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Devoted two hours to the reading, and even study, of a paper on " Cold, in its In-

fluence on Age," according to a law which Dr. Richardson has fully ascertained. At thirty, when a man at his full maturity ceases to grow, the effect of cold may be represented by one; at thirty-nine, by two; at forty-eight, by four; at fifty-seven, by eight; at sixty-six, by sixteen; at seventy-five, by thirty-two.

In the strictness of a precise statement there seems something ridiculous in this; but the tone of the M. D. is impressive, and, loosely speaking, my personal experience would confirm it. I enjoyed cold when young; now it indisposes me to everything out of doors.

HENRY CRABB ROBINSON.

We approach truth only in the proportion as we are farther from life.

SOCRATES.

Let a man be of good cheer about his soul, who has cast away the pleasures and ornaments of the body as alien to him, and hurtful rather in their effects, and has followed after the pleasures of knowledge in this life; who has arrayed the soul in her own proper jewels, which are temperance, and justice, and courage, and nobility, and truth — thus adorned she is ready to go on

her journey to the world below, when her hour comes. SOCRATES *in Plato's Phaedo.*

Why time appears to fly more rapidly in old age than youth is ingeniously accounted for by Soame Jenyns. Each year is compared with the whole life. The twentieth at one time, is the seventeenth at another, and that, of course, appears less; but, in fact, there is perhaps this real difference, that in a given time one does less in old age. HENRY CRABB ROBINSON.

It matters not how long we live, but how.
PHILIP J. BAILEY.

Never, my heart, wilt thou grow old!
My hair is white, my blood runs cold,
And one by one my powers depart,
But youth sits smiling in my heart.

Down-hill the path of age? Oh, no;
Up, up with patient steps I go;
I watch the skies fast brightening there,
I breathe a sweeter, purer air.

Beside my road small tasks spring up,
Though but to hand the cooling cup,

Speak the true word of hearty cheer,
Tell the lone soul that God is near.

Beat on, my heart; and grow not old!
And when thy pulses all are told,
Let me, though working, loving still,
Kneel as I meet my Father's will.

LOUISA JANE HALL.

Marham. The decay of the mind is very distressing to witness. To know that very probably your own or some friend's mind will be enfeebled by old age —

Aubin. Mind, mind enfeebled! Body, you mean, dear uncle. Mend the decaying body, and the mind would show itself again. It is not the soul, but only the manifestation of it, that fails with the brain. My hands are palsied, and I cannot use them; but my mind is as lively as ever. My brain is torpid, and is useless for thinking, but my soul may be the same as ever. An aged relative of mine had been childish for many years, and knew none of her family. But, for an hour or two before she died she was herself again, and she knew all her friends and asked after her absent children. And through her watery eyes and blank expression, her soul

looked out on the world again as loving, and knowing, and peaceful as ever. That I myself saw. . . . It is a great thing for us to be sure sometimes, that, though the soul is darkened, it is not put out. And if we see for ourselves that the soul can be eclipsed, and yet shine on again, then we can so easily trust how the shadow of death will pass over it, if righteous, only to leave it shining forth as the sun in the kingdom of our Father.

WILLIAM MOUNTFORD.

Mysterious Night! when our first parent knew
Thee from divine report, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet, 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And lo! creation widened in man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find,
Whilst fly, and leaf, and insect, stood revealed,

That to such countless orbs thou mad'st
us blind?
Why do we then shun death with anxious
strife?
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not
life? JOSEPH BLANCO WHITE.

When I see that there is great frugality as well as wisdom in the works of God, since He has been evidently sparing both of labor and materials, . . . I say, that when I see nothing annihilated, and not a drop of water wasted, I cannot suspect the annihilation of souls, or believe that He will suffer the daily waste of millions of minds ready made that now exist, and put himself to the continual trouble of making new ones. Thus, finding myself to exist in the world, I believe I shall, in some shape or other, always exist; and with all the inconveniences human life is liable to, I shall not object to a new edition of mine, hoping, however, that the *errata* of the last may be corrected. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

As I approve of a youth that has something of the old man in him, so I am no less pleased with an old man that has something of the youth. CICERO.

O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction — not, indeed,
For that which is most worthy to be blest;
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast:
Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised;
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make

Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence: truths that wake,
To perish never;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,
Nor man nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!
Hence, in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore!

Then sing, ye birds! sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!
We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!
What though the radiance which was once so bright

Be now forever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy
Which, having been, must ever be,
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering,
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

I follow the Italian custom of sleeping after dinner, and am much the better for it. This place [Venice] agrees particularly well with all of us, and is well suited for old people, who require air without fatigue.

MARY SOMERVILLE.

If, in the short term of life which is now allotted to mankind, men are capable of being puffed up to such an insolent degree of pride and folly as to forget their God and their own mortality, His power and their own weakness: if a prosperity, bounded by threescore and ten years (and what mortal's prosperity, since the deluge, ever

lasted so long?) can swell the mind of so frail a creature, to such a prodigious size of vanity, what boundaries could be set to his arrogance, if his life and prosperity, like that of the patriarchs, were likely to continue eight or nine hundred years together?

CHARLES HOW.

I always eat at fixed hours, taking my time, masticating my food well, and leaving the table at every meal with some appetite. . . . Not too much salt or spice, little or no coffee. In short I avoid stimulants as I would the plague (for I feel no need of them), as well as alkalies, under whatever form they may be presented to me. But above all, *above all*, no discussions at table! It has been truly said that one might as well swallow a pin-cushion full of pins, as to have discussions going on while one is eating.

M. MICHEL EUGÈNE CHEVREUL (æt. 100).[1]

Oh! what concerns it him whose way
Lies upward to the immortal dead,
That a few hairs are turning gray,
Or one more year of life is fled!

[1] From *Le Journal Illustré*, Sept. 5, 1886.

Swift years! but teach me how to bear,
To feel and act with strength and skill,
To reason wisely, nobly dare,
And speed your courses as you will.

When life's meridian toils are done,
How calm, how rich, the twilight glow,
The morning twilight of a sun
Which shines not here on things below!

Press onward through each varying hour,
Let no weak fears thy course delay;
Immortal being! feel thy power,
Pursue thy bright and endless way.

ANDREWS NORTON.

Death, under the Christian aspect, is but God's method of colonization; the transition from this mother-country of our race to the fairer and newer world of our emigration. What though no other passage thither is permitted to all the living, and by neither eye nor ear we can discover any trace of that unknown receptacle of vivid and more glorious life? So might the dwellers in any other sphere make complaint respecting our poor world. Intensely as it burns with life, dizzy as our thought becomes with the din of its eager

passions, and the cries of its many woes, yet from the nearest station that God's universe affords, — nay, at a few miles beyond its own confines, — all its stormy force, its crowded cities, the breathless hurry and ferment of nations, — the whole apparition and chorus of humanity, is still and motionless as death ; gathered all and lost within the circumference of a dark or illumined disk. And silent as those midnight heavens appear, well may there be, among their points of light, some one that thrills with the glow of our lost and immortal generations ; busy with the fleet movements, and happy energies, of existence more vivid than our own ; where, as we approach, we might catch the awful voices of the mighty dead, and the sweeter tones, lately heard in the last pain and sorrow, of our own departed ones.

JAMES MARTINEAU.

Do not . . . talk of the life to come as if sight were to be turned into faith, not faith into sight ; as if we were not to see eye to eye ; as if there could be no more beholding of the Lord, and no more leaning upon His breast, like that which is recorded of the beloved disciple. Believe

in persons, in forms, in beating hearts, in the kindling eye, in the voice of pure affection; and that to be translated and transfigured is only to be clothed upon with a more serviceable and expressive form.

RUFUS ELLIS.

No man can be perfectly happy until after his sixtieth year. BONSTETTEN.

We must make a stand against old age, and its faults must be atoned for by activity; we must fight, as it were, against disease, and in like manner against old age. Regard must be paid to health; moderate exercises must be adopted; so much of meat and drink must be taken, that the strength may be recruited, not oppressed. Nor, indeed, must the body alone be supported, but the mind and the soul much more; for these also, unless you drop oil on them as on a lamp, are extinguished by old age. And our bodies, indeed, by weariness and exercise, become oppressed, but our minds are rendered buoyant by exercise. CICERO.

Let 's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees

The inaudible and noiseless foot of Time
Steals, ere we can effect them.

SHAKESPEARE.

There is a period when the apple-tree blossoms with its fellows of the wood and field. How fair a time it is! All nature is woosome and winning; the material world celebrates its vegetable loves; and the flower-bells, touched by the winds of spring, usher in the universal marriage of nature. Beast, bird, insect, reptile, fish, plant, lichen, with their prophetic colors spread, all float forward on the tide of new life. Then comes the summer. Many a blossom falls fruitless to the ground, littering the earth with beauty, never to be used. Thick leaves hide the process of creation, which first blushed public in the flowers, and now unseen goes on. For so life's most deep and fruitful hours are hid in mystery. Apples are growing on every tree; all summer long they grow, and in early autumn. At length the fruit is fully formed; the leaves begin to fall, letting the sun approach more near. The apple hangs there yet; not to grow, only to ripen. Weeks long it clings to the tree; it gains nothing in size and weight. Ex-

ternally, there is increase of beauty. Having finished the form from within, nature brings out the added grace of color. It is not a tricksy fashion painted on; but an expression which of itself comes out, — a fragrance and a loveliness of the apple's innermost. Within, at the same time, the component elements are changing. The apple grows mild and pleasant. It softens, sweetens; in one word it mellows. Some night, the vital forces of the tree get drowsy, and the autumn, with gentle breath, just shakes the bough; the expectant fruit lets go its hold, full-grown, full ripe, full colored too, and with plump and happy sound the apple falls into autumn's lap; and the spring's marriage promise is complete.

Such is the natural process which each fruit goes through, blooming, growing, ripening.

The same divine law is appropriate for every kind of animal, from the lowest reptile up to imperial man. It is very beautiful. The parts of the process are perfect; the whole is complete. Birth is human blossom; youth, manhood, they are our summer growth; old age is ripeness.

The hands let go the mortal bough; that is natural death. It is a dear, good God who orders all for the apple-tree, and for mankind.

THEODORE PARKER.

Thus the ninety-second year of my father's life wore away in the performance of duties, in the enjoyments of society, and in the recreations of literature. There was no symptom of even diminished activity and sprightliness of mind. He was as alive to the events of the day and to the pleasures of conversation as ever he had been. By his wise philosophy of life he had made maturity reach far into the years usually the domain of old age.

LIFE OF JOSIAH QUINCY BY EDMUND QUINCY.

I am not old, and will not be;
I daily grow, and joys are piled
About my life, as when a child
I bloomed into Eternity.

And still for me the sunny day,
Outleaping from mysterious night,
With dew of God's fresh-breathing bright,
Glistens in all its primal ray. . . .

And at the multitudinous joy
Of being, without, within, I drink

As thirsty as when on the brink
I played and pried, a wondering boy.

And am I not an infant still?
Or should I pace a sixscore span,
What were it to th' eternal plan
Ordained me by Almighty will?

All earthly time is fagot smoke;
The soul is an upspringing flame,
That, kindled, mounts to whence it came,
And frees itself from yearly yoke.

The quick perennial *now* is mine
As much as in my wakeful youth, —
Nay, more; for gleams of gathered truth
Their safety on its tempests shine.

GEORGE H. CALVERT.

But why should we grow old? Why should so noble a creature as man, so highly endowed with a moral and intellectual nature, have no power over his own destiny? . . . Why cannot we bid our strength remain? It is because growing old is an absolute and indispensable accessory of an immortal being. He was wise whose experience taught him to say, "I would not live alway." He had realized

the necessity of a termination to this tentative existence, and foresaw how barren, in the great results of wisdom and goodness, would be a life here interminably prolonged. Creatures of habit, we should go on in the same routine, with no anticipations of the future, strangers to any change in heart or life, and rendering progress an impossibility. If we can conceive of such an order of things, we must see that its realization would take from us all desire for immortality, and gradually deprive us of the happiness which is afforded in looking forward to a state of being where the injustice and inequalities incident to the present life should be counterbalanced and corrected. TINSLEY'S MAGAZINE (1872).

Say, when does life come to be something
worth?
When we know how to live and have lived
through
Much in the wondrous mansion of the
earth;
When we live thirty, forty, years each day,
And every thought comes laden with the
sweets
Of earth, as heavy-laden as the bee

With honey gathered on the flowery mead,
Home to the brain; when every feeling stirs
A sea of feeling in us, made of all
That ever we enjoyed. For all that man
E'er thought, hoped, wished, wept for — though in vain,
Stays by him faithfully for evermore!
When it comes back in thought, then is it true,
Fulfilled and made a portion of his life.

LEOPOLD SCHEFER.[1]

"The necessity for compensation demands immortality." "Demands" is a bold word, though warranted by the logical formula; but God Himself, from the sense of justice which He has put into the heart, wills that the heart should utter it, — wills that His creatures should confidently express their sense of His justice.

There are, indeed, some of them, many of them, in whom, if He were to ask them whether they had not reason to be contented, even though annihilated, it might be becoming to answer, — "Yes, Lord. We have been healthy and possessed com-

[1] *The Layman's Breviary*, translated from the German by C. T. Brooks.

petence, and have led pleasant lives, and enjoyed Thy creation, and it is fit (with this sigh, which Thou wilt pardon) that we should be content to be nothing. But what of these other of Thy human creatures, who have been unhappy? What of any of Thy creatures whom Thou hast made to sigh for a state of things which they have not yet found, and to sigh with reason? They did not create themselves; they were not self-trained; their understandings are as limited as ours, perhaps more so; their pleasures are few; their sorrows many and great, often unaccountable; and for all these reasons Thou hast bid them make up, in brave and relying hearts, for what Thy good purposes require that they should want in certainty."

Yes; that is the answer which an honest heart would give to Him that made it; to Him who qualified it to give the answer. Fear He has permitted, but accompanied with its contradiction. Something great and good to come for every immortal soul was the only reason why this or any other evil was, for a season, to be allowed existence.

LEIGH HUNT.

Then was he made aware, by soul or ear,
Of somewhat pure and holy bending o'er
him,
And a voice like that of her who bore him,
Tender and most compassionate: "Never
fear!
For heaven is love, as God Himself is love;
Thy work below shall be thy work above."

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Nothing is more reasonable in itself than to submit patiently to those infirmities of nature which are brought on by the increase of years. You knew beforehand what you had to expect, when you numbered the successive summers and winters which were passing over your heads. Old age did not attack you by surprise, nor was it forced upon you against your choice. Often, and earnestly, did you wish to see long life, and many days. When arrived at the desired period, have you any just cause to complain, on account of enduring what the constitution of our being imposes on all? Did you expect that, for your sake, Providence was to alter its established order? Throughout the whole vegetable, sensible, and rational world, whatever makes progress towards

maturity, as soon as it has passed that point, begins to verge towards decay. It is as natural for old age to be frail, as for the stalk to bend under the ripened ear, or for the autumnal leaf to change its hue. To this law, all who went before you have submitted; and all who come after you must yield. HUGH BLAIR.

My soul such pleasure oft in sleep receives,
That death begins to seem a pleasant thing,
Nor to be armed, perchance, with such a sting,
Or taste so bitter, as the world conceives.
For if the mind alone sees, hears, believes,
While every limb is dead and languishing,
And greatest pleasure to herself can bring
When least the body feels, and least perceives,
Well may the hope be cherished, that, when quite
Loosed from the burden of her earthly chain,
She hears, and sees, and knows her true delight.
Rejoice, thou troubled spirit! though in pain.

If thou canst take, even here, so sweet a
flight,
What wilt thou in thy native seats again?

SANNAZZARO.

As the stream flows pleasantest when it approaches the ocean; as the flowers send up their sweetest odors at the close of the day; as the sun appears with greatest beauty in his going down; so at the end of his career, the virtues and graces of a good man's life come before him with the most blessed remembrance, and impart a joy which he never felt before.

JOHN LOGAN.

Like some lorn abbey now, the wood
Stands roofless in the bitter air;
In ruins on its floor is strewed
The carven foliage quaint and rare,
And homeless winds complain along
The columned choir once thrilled with song.

And thou, dear nest, whence joy and praise
The thankful oriole used to pour,
Swing'st empty while the north winds
chase
Their snowy swarms from Labrador.
But, loyal to the happy past,
I love thee still for what thou wast.

Ah, when the summer graces flee
From other nests more dear than thou,
And, where June crowded once, I see
Only bare trunk and disleaved bough;
When springs of life that gleamed and gushed
Run chilled, and slower, and are hushed;

When our own branches, naked long,
The vacant nests of spring betray,
Nurseries of passion, love, and song
That vanished as our years grew gray;
When Life drones o'er a tale twice-told
O'er embers pleading with the cold, —

I'll trust that like the birds of spring,
Our good goes not without repair,
But only flies to soar and sing
Far off in some diviner air,
Where we shall find it in the calms
Of that fair garden 'neath the palms.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

If thou prepare thine heart and stretch out thy hands towards him, . . . then shalt thou lift up thy face without spot; yea, thou shalt be steadfast and not fear: because thou shalt forget thy misery, and remember it as waters that pass away:

and thy age shall be clearer than the noonday; thou shalt shine forth, thou shalt be as the morning. And thou shalt be secure because there is hope. JOB.

To die can never, without an enthusiasm which does violence to reason, and little credit to the heart, be an act of transport: so low as an act of submission it need not sink; for that would imply a belief that the change from the present to the future is for evil. It is most fitly met in the spirit of trust; — an unbroken belief that it is for the better, but a feeling of reluctance, which we distrust and check, as though it were for the worse; a consciousness that, if we chose for ourselves, we should remain where we are, yet not a doubt of the greater wisdom and goodness of God's choice, that we should go. If this spirit of humble faith be not high-wrought enough, may God forgive the loving hearts that can attain no better!

JAMES MARTINEAU.

Old age is better than youth for system and supervision, though not for swift execution of details. HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

A man fears for his soul in a new world, while he cannot find a bird, or animal, or insect, not one, which its life does not exactly suit. Out of the body his soul will go into the man knows not what state, and so his mind misgives him; while there is not a swallow comes out of its egg-shell into this great world unsuited to its manner of life; and because the swallow wants it, there is an instinct of flight in it at a month old, which is wiser than geography and astronomy and meteorology.

WILLIAM MOUNTFORD.

Clinging human loves, stifled longings, cries for rest, forgotten hopes, shall have their answer. Whatever the bewilderment of beauties folded away for us in heavenly nature and art, they shall strive with each other to make us glad. These things have their pleasant place. But, through eternity, there will always be something beyond and dearer than the dearest of them. God Himself will be first, — naturally and of necessity, without strain or struggle, *first*.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

It is a bore, I admit, to be past seventy, for you are left for execution, and are daily expecting the death-warrant, but as you

say, it is not anything very capital we quit. We are, at the close of life, only hurried away from stomach-aches, pains in the joints, from sleepless nights and unamusing days, from weakness, ugliness, and nervous tremors; but we shall all meet again in another planet, cured of all our defects, —— will be less irritable; —— more silent; —— will assent; Jeffrey will speak slower; Bobus will be just as he is; I shall be more respectful to the upper clergy; but I shall have as lively a sense as I now have of all your kindness and affection for me.

SYDNEY SMITH.

Oh this dreadful ignorance! Fain would I go to another world if it would clear up the problems of this!

ORVILLE DEWEY.

Once in the days of old, the traveller had
A weary time, climbing the rocky back
Of the old mountains; stumbled oftentimes
And froze in snow and storm, and yearned
for home!
Now, — pleasantly at ease, he floats o'er all,
As o'er green cornfields floats the summer
air!
I sail above them! — and they rest below,

Like the sea's bottom, like the smiling coasts!
Sooner or later, good Humanity,
Nature sinks whatsoe'er once cumbered thee,
And thou, thou glidest peacefully o'er all,
As floats o'er grain-fields green the summer air. LEOPOLD SCHEFER.[1]

Gray hair is beautiful in itself, and so softening to the complexion and so picturesque in its effect, that many a woman who has been plain in her youth, is, by its beneficent influence, transformed into a handsome woman. MISS OAKEY.

The most probable theory is that it is not the mind, properly so called, which alters in age, but the will which becomes weaker, and allows the mind to remain closed to all it has not become habituated to receive. . . . The irritability which sometimes marks old age proceeds, we take it, from just the same cause, — a failure in the will, which, in its strength, restrains the impulse towards querulousness,

[1] *The Layman's Breviary*, translated from the German by C. T. Brooks.

which, in its weakness, becomes so manifest to the observer. THE SPECTATOR (1872).

The love that cheers our latest stage,
Proof against sickness and old age,
Preserved by virtue from declension,
Becomes not weary of attention;
But lives, when that exterior grace,
Which first inspired the flame decays.
'T is gentle, delicate, and kind,
To faults compassionate or blind,
And will with sympathy endure
Those evils it would gladly cure.

WILLIAM COWPER.

How happy would we be if we could always maintain the confidence of faith! The soul in that case would be like that babe in the shipwrecked woman's arms on the plank, smiling amidst the waves, unconcerned with the hazard.

THOMAS BOSTON.

With me old age is matter-of-fact rather than sensation: it is true that bodily strength has declined, and is declining; but not the power of entering into the life of the living, and enjoying the abundant blessings poured out upon me.

BARONESS BUNSEN (æt. 80).

Love and death make us all children. Can old age be an evil thing which does the same? GEORGE MACDONALD.

Length of days has not yet resulted in weariness of spirit. PETER COOPER (æt. 90).

For what is our proof of immortality? Not the analogies of nature; the resurrection of nature from a winter grave, or the emancipation of the butterfly. Not even the testimony to the fact of the risen dead; for who does not know how shadowy and unsubstantial these intellectual proofs become in unspiritual frames of mind? No, the life of the spirit is the evidence. Heaven begun is the living proof that makes the heaven to come credible.

FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON.

The complete intellectual strength and health retained to the last by Lady Smith, who died at Lowestoft this day fortnight, within three months of the great age of one hundred and four, opens out almost a new prospect for the aged. . . . She seems to have been a wise and thoughtful, but by no means exceptional, woman in anything but the unimpaired vigor of her faculties

at an age when the nerves and the brain have usually gone before the body. But then that is precisely the interest of her case. Had she been a very remarkable woman in early years, everybody would have said that hers was a selected life, — a physique of exceptional force, — and that the unimpaired vigor of her faculties in age was due to the same exceptional causes which gave her her great brilliancy in youth. But as it is, excepting that the intellectual men of her youthful days found her a very fascinating woman, — a not uncommon experience with regard to women, who, like Lady Smith are at once beautiful and amiable, — there was no unusual power in her. And hence, of course, the vast age to which she retained her powers unimpaired, — unless the defect of vision which came upon her after her hundredth year be so accounted, — promises the more for the chance of other average men and women retaining their mental vivacity and interests to something like the same age.

THE SPECTATOR (1877).

We do not understand the meaning of our youth, our joys, our sorrows, till we look at them from a distance. We lose

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them to get them back again in a deeper way. The past is our true inheritance, which nothing can take from us. Its sacred lessons, its pure affections are ours forever. Nothing but the annihilation of our being could rob us of them.

FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON.

When Mr. Adams was in the very last stages of life, my father asked him one day how he had managed himself so as to keep his faculties entire up to ninety years. To which he replied, "By constantly employing them. The mind of an old man is like an old horse, — if you would get any work out of it, you must work it all the time."

EDMUND QUINCY'S LIFE OF JOSIAH QUINCY.

My dear friend, though you are several years my junior, yet we must both be sensible that our existence here cannot be long continued; but I think the best preparation for another life is to perform all our duties well in this, and the performance of those duties will afford that physical and intellectual action and exercise so necessary to continue the "mens sana in corpore sano." This action and exercise, however, ought not to be violent or agitating, nor carried to excess. You and I have arrived

at that time of life when we may well say, "Horas non numero nisi serenas."

OLD LETTER.

The day is to come, no doubt, when the heavens shall vanish as a scroll, and the elements be melted with fervent heat. So small is the value which Nature sets upon the perishable forms of matter! The question, then, is reduced to this: are Man's highest spiritual qualities, into the production of which all this creative energy has gone, to disappear with the rest? Has all this work been done for nothing? Is it all ephemeral, all a bubble that bursts, a vision that fades? Are we to regard the Creator's work as like that of a child, who builds houses out of blocks, just for the pleasure of knocking them down? For aught that science can tell us, it may be so, but I can see no good reason for believing any such thing. On such a view the riddle of the universe becomes a riddle without meaning. . . . For my own part, therefore, I believe in the immortality of the soul, not in the sense in which I accept the demonstrable truths of science, but as a supreme act of faith in the reasonableness of God's work.

JOHN FISKE.

There are some who say that to live a high life here in the hope of immortality hereafter is an unworthy object; that it is more noble to do good, and to act well, and be content to perish. Strange perversion! Is the desire of food for the *sake* of food, selfish? Is the desire of knowledge for the *sake* of knowledge, selfish? No! they are appetites each with its appointed end: one a necessary appetite of the body, the other a noble appetite of the mind. Then, is the desire of immortal life for the sake of "more life and fuller," selfish? No! rather it is the noblest, purest, truest appetite of the soul. It is not happiness nor reward we seek; but we seek for the perfection of the imperfect—for the deep, abounding life of those who shall see God as He is, and shall feel the strong pulsations of that existence which is Love, Purity, Truth, Goodness: to whom shall be revealed all the invisible things of the Spirit in perfection!

FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON.

A few nights ago, after the sun had set, the broad sheet of ice on the meadows was all roseate and glowing with reflected light. I strive to realize this in the state of my

own soul. My sun is setting, and the ice of age is gathering around me, but light from above and warm flushes of memory fall on the wintry landscape and make it beautiful.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

There is always some work for every season, not to be done before or after. That is why we need never be afraid of growing old.

MRS. ELIZABETH CHARLES.

"*If it were not so*,"—do you take in the thoughtful tenderness of that? A mother, stilling her frightened child in the dark, might speak just so,—"*if it were not so, I would have told you.*" That brooding love makes room for all that we can want.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

Pleasures away; they please no more.
Friends! are they what they were before?
Loves! they are very idle things,
The best about them are their wings.
The dance! 't is what the bear can do;
Music! I hate your music too.

Whene'er these witnesses that Time
Hath snatched the chaplet from our prime,
Are called by Nature, as we go
With eye more wary, step more slow,

And will be heard and noted down,
However we may fret or frown,
Shall we desire to leave the scene
Where all our former joys have been?
No, 't were ungrateful and unwise.
But when die down our charities
For human weal and human woes,
Then is the time our eyes should close.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

You do not know yet what it is to be seventy years old. I will tell you, so that you may not be taken by surprise when your turn comes. It is like climbing the Alps. You reach a snow-crowned summit, and see behind you the deep valley stretching miles and miles away, and before you other summits higher and whiter, which you may have strength to climb, or may not. Then you sit down and meditate and wonder which it will be. That is the whole story, amplify it as you may. All that one can say is, that life is opportunity.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

I saw some extracts from Father Taylor's Biography[1] in the papers. I was

[1] *Life of Father Taylor*, by Judge Russell and Mr. Haven, where the anecdote is told with this addition: "then with rarest insight he adds, '*but angels are folks.*'"

much amused with his answer to his nurse, when she sought to comfort him by saying, "You will soon be with the angels." "What do I care about angels!" he exclaimed, "I want to be with folks." That was a real outburst of nature.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

A wayside pilgrim, having reached today
The milestone of his threescore years and ten,
Thought thus within himself: "This marks, they say,
The bound of life, the common age of men.
My seventy years have passed, and I must be
An old, old man, if fact with fact agree."

Thus musing, he beheld a portal rise
Before him, blazoned with the words, "OLD AGE:"
"Ah, here 's the proof in black and white," he cries;
"And, since I 've reached this venerable stage
Of human eld and weakness, here I 'll sit
And storm the gate till some one open it."

Obedient to his summons out there peered
A blear-eyed Presence, sour and sad and grim, —
Gazed on him a moment with a weird
And vacant look ; then, scowling, spoke to him.
"How knowest thou this refuge be for thee ?
Stand back and give the countersign," said he.

A happy guess within the pilgrim wrought :
"The countersign ! I know it well ! " he cried, —
"Contentment, Gladness, Peace ! " "Thou know'st it not,"
The Presence answered : "entrance is denied.
Thy watchword, Sire, were fitter, in good sooth,
To ope the portal of Eternal Youth."

A sudden glory on the landscape lay ;
His seventy years rose luminous and crowned ;
While, peaceful, glad, content, upon his way
The pilgrim went, unwitting he had found

The secret of the Lord, and passed, in truth,
The shining threshold of Eternal Youth.

CAROLINE A. MASON.

A man does in truth remember that which it interests him to remember, and when we hear that memory has gone as age has come on, we should understand that capacity for interest in the matter concerned has perished. A man will generally be very old and feeble before he forgets how much money he has in the funds.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

If you wish for anything like happiness in the fifth act of life, eat and drink about one half of what you *could* eat and drink. Did I ever tell you my calculation about eating and drinking? Having ascertained the weight of what I could live upon, so as to preserve health and strength, and what I did live upon, I found that between ten and seventy years of age, I had eaten and drunk forty-four horse wagon-loads of meat and drink more than would have preserved me in life and health! The value of this mass of nourishment I considered to be worth seven thousand pounds sterling. It

occurred to me that I must, by my voracity, have starved to death fully a hundred persons. This is a frightful calculation, but irresistibly true. SYDNEY SMITH.

Our life is nothing but a winter's day;
Some only break their fast and so away;
Others stay dinner, and depart full fed;
The deepest age but sups and goes to bed;
Who dies betimes has less and less to pay.
QUARLES.

And here I cannot but mention an observation which I have often made, upon reading the lives of the philosophers, and comparing them with any series of kings or great men of the same number. If we consider these ancient sages, a great part of whose philosophy consisted in a temperate and abstemious course of life, one would think the life of a philosopher and the life of a man were of two different dates. For we find that the generality of these wise men were nearer a hundred than sixty years of age, at the time of their respective deaths. JOSEPH ADDISON.

My God, my everlasting hope!
I live upon thy truth;

Thy hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthened all my youth.

Still has my life new wonders seen,
Repeated every year;
Behold the days that yet remain,
I trust them to Thy care.

Cast me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise;
And round me let Thy glories shine,
Whene'er Thy servant dies.

Then in the history of my age,
When men review my days,
They 'll read Thy love in every page,
In every line Thy praise.

ISAAC WATTS.

Is your eyesight dimmer? Then the world is seen by you in a cathedral light. Is your hearing duller? Then it is just as though you were always where loud voices and footsteps ought not to be heard. Is your temper not as merry as it was once? Then it is more solemn; so that round you the common atmosphere feels like that of the house of the Lord. Yes, for twilight and silence and solemnity, old age makes

us like daily dwellers in the house of the Lord.

WILLIAM MOUNTFORD.

The ills of age, its pain, its care,
The drooping spirit for its fate prepare;
And each affection failing, leaves the heart
Loosed from life's charm, and willing to depart.

GEORGE CRABBE.

Age is not necessarily attended either with infirmity of body or asperity of mind; and when they do occur, it is the effect of unregulated appetites and passions, of a morbid constitution, or of natural sourness of temper. Indeed I have been much gratified to perceive that the effects of age *may* be directly the reverse; and that the feelings and affections of the mind may become softer and milder, more kind and more benevolent, as the Child of Immortality approaches the commencement of his spiritual existence.

SIR THOMAS BERNARD.

The comforts of home become every day more important to old people; a bad bed, a cold room, a smoky grate — these are the prices always paid for excursions.

SYDNEY SMITH.

Nothing ages like laziness.

BULWER-LYTTON.

It is our duty to employ our talents for the good of others; and how can we better show our gratitude for the comforts and advantages which it has pleased God to bestow on us? But it is also a duty to ascertain what our strength will bear. Excess of labor will exhaust the greatest intellectual powers, and the best natural constitution. SIR THOMAS BERNARD.

Now this is why, in my old age,
No sorrow clouds my brow,
No grief comes near me, and no cares
Disturb me here below.
Serenity broods o'er my mind
For I daily pray to Heaven,
That when the hour of death arrives
My sins may be forgiven.
No anxious fears disturb my breast,
My days serenely roll;
I tarry till it pleaseth God
To heaven to take my soul.

JEAN MICHEL.

How can you ever be sad, looking forward to eternal life with all whom you love, and God over all? It is only so far

as I lose hold of that hope, that anything is ever a trial to me. JOHN RUSKIN.

He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! SHAKESPEARE.

Death is neither an end nor a beginning. It is a transition, not from one existence to another, but from one state of existence to another. No link is broken in the chain of being, any more than in passing from infancy to manhood, from manhood to old age. . . . Death brings us again to our friends. They are waiting for us and we shall not long delay. They have gone before us and are like the angels in heaven. They stand upon the borders of the grave to welcome us, with the countenance of affection they wore on earth, — yet more lovely, more radiant, more spiritual.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

My own dim life should teach me this,
That life shall live for evermore,
Else earth is darkness at the core,
And dust and ashes all that is.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

In the sunset of life, the path behind

looks the more golden the farther off it is; but it only looks so, for it is not so really.

WILLIAM MOUNTFORD.

It is clear that neither the phenomena of death, nor any other sensible impression, can afford the least substantive evidence that the mind has ceased to be. Non-existence is a negation, which neither sight can see, nor ear can hear: and the fading eye, the motionless lips, the chill hand, establish nothing, and simply give us *no report:* refusing us the familiar expression of the soul within, they leave the great question open, to be determined by any positive probabilities which may be sought in other directions. In life we never saw or heard the principle of thought and will and love, but only its corporeal effects in lineament and speech. If the bare absence of these signs were sufficient to prove the extinction of the spirit which they obey, the spectacle of sleep would justify us in pronouncing the mind dead: and if neither slumber nor silence have been found to afford reason for the denial of simultaneous thought, death affords no better ground for the dreary inference.

JAMES MARTINEAU.

I trust that as we advance in age, and strive as in reason we ought to do to make our attachments less and less strong to the *things* which are merely of this earth and for this life, we may yet blamelessly, even commendably, cling with warmer and closer love to the *persons*, the friends, whom loving through life we humbly hope to love through all eternity.

J. T. Coleridge.[1]

The unattained
In life, at last
When life is passed,
Shall all be gained;
And no more pained,
No more distressed,
Shalt thou find rest.

Henry W. Longfellow.[2]

Whether old or young God never calls away his servants till there is a vacant place elsewhere for them to fill.

Edmund H. Sears.

If we may trust the Good God here with all that appertains to us and ours, why not hereafter? To me the future is ever luminous; and though I indulge in no reveries,

[1] *A memoir of the Rev. John Keble.*
[2] Translated from the Spanish Cancioneros.

I feel a strength and an exaltation of spirit, in view of it, which words are too feeble to express.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.[1]

Higher than the question of our duration is the question of our deserving. Immortality will come to such as are fit for it, and he who would be a great soul in future, must be a great soul now. It is a doctrine too great to rest on any legend, that is, on any man's experience but our own. It must be proved, if at all, from our own activity and designs, which imply an interminable future for their play.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

His brief day's journey done,
Behind the distant hill's empurpled crest,
With blood-red track traced on the water's breast,
Slow sinks the sun.

The frosty diadem
Crowns every tree and whitens all the lawn,
Scattering, till melted by to-morrow's dawn,
Each glittering gem.

[1] In a letter to a friend, June 15, 1860.

Upon each leafless branch
Hang tiny icicles. That bank of cloud,
Which to a crescent dwarfs yon orb so proud,
This night may blanch

The ground with pure white snow:
So on my head, these silver streaks of age
The solemn sinking of life's sun presage
Ere long, I know;

But know, the golden morn,
Behind the purple hills of shadow-land,
Waits but the waking of a magic hand
To be reborn.

TINSLEY'S MAGAZINE, *April*, 1874.

What does life offer at past eighty (at which venerable age I arrived one day last June); and I believe you will allow that there is not much of new, of animating, of inviting, to be met with after that age. For my own part, I only find that many things I knew, I have forgotten; many things I thought I knew, I find I know nothing about; some things I know, I have not found worth knowing; and some things I would give — Oh what would one not give to know? are beyond the reach of human ken.

ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD.

Does any one say even my memory is but "a bag with holes"? (Haggai i. 6.) I cannot recollect all that I read; — things that I thought were stored in my mind, I can no longer find? I listen to a sermon, and I cannot carry away anything that is permanent; something good is said in conversation, but I strive in vain to recall it?

What of all this, if the heart's desires be pure and sweet? What though the mind be no longer an encyclopædia, if the hand and heart be true, if the character be transparent and child-like?

WILLIAM ORNE WHITE.

Remember that while one of the pleasures of old age is to be of use to others, that of hearing one's self chatter is another: I shall therefore strive to set a watch upon my tongue. Homer, you recollect, compares the prattle of Priam's aged counsellors to the unceasing chirping of grasshoppers.

SIR THOMAS BERNARD.

As we grow older we think more and more of old persons and things. As to old persons, it seems as if we never knew how much they had to tell, until we are old ourselves and they have been gone

twenty or thirty years. Once in a while we come upon some survivor of his or her generation that we have overlooked, and feel as if we had recovered one of the lost books of Livy, or fished up the golden candlestick from the ooze of the Tiber.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Consider! thou canst not do otherwise
Than as earth's order wills, and all thy wails
Only torment thyself. So live thou, then,
Resigned and glad through all thy well-spent days,
That fate may be to thee no punishment,
But come to thee a calmly-looked-for thing,
As gently as the evening heaven comes down,
Softly as children who go home ere night,
For nothing ill can e'er befall the good!

LEOPOLD SCHEFER.[1]

How strange it would be, when we come to die, to find that death, which we have thought so much of, is nothing to think of! Death at last and for the first time takes everlasting leave of us. Death will

[1] *The Layman's Breviary*, translated from the German by C. T. Brooks.

just so surely depart from us as we come to die.

ORVILLE DEWEY.

Some person has sent me a sermon on old age, by Theodore Parker. . . . Some things are represented according to nature, some are imaginary, others mistaken. So far as my experience goes at the age of eighty-two, I cannot agree that it is the characteristic of old age to lose the love of new things and new persons, and think the old to be better. On the contrary, almost everything at the present time seems to me to be better; and I do not limit this feeling and opinion to physical improvements and accommodations, but extend it to morals and religion. It is true, that with increasing population crime has increased, but with it a counteracting spirit is in action, aiming to repress these consequences, accompanying which is an enlarged sense of public duty, willing to make sacrifices of time, labor, and money for the general improvement and comfort of our race.

JOSIAH QUINCY.

It is a mistake of ultra-spiritualism, to connect degradation with the thought of a

risen body; or to suppose that a mind, unbound by the limitations of space, is a more spiritual idea of a resurrection than the other. The opposite to spirituality is not materialism, but sin. The form of matter does not degrade. For what is this world itself but the Form of Deity, whereby the Manifoldness of His mind and Beauty manifests, and wherein it clothes itself? It is idle to say that the spirit can exist apart from form. We do not know that it can. Perhaps the Eternal Himself is more closely bound to His works than our philosophical systems have conceived. Perhaps matter is only a mode of thought.

FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON.

The materialistic assumption . . . that the life of the soul ends with the life of the body, is perhaps the most colossal instance of baseless assumption that is known to the history of philosophy.

JOHN FISKE.

Oh the riches Love doth inherit!
Ah, the alchemy which doth change
Dross of body and dregs of spirit
Into sanctities rare and strange!
My flesh is feeble and dry and old,
My darling's beautiful hair is gray;

But our elixir and precious gold
Laugh at the footsteps of decay.

Harms of the world have come unto us,
Cups of sorrow we yet shall drain;
But we have a secret which doth show us
Wonderful rainbows in the rain.
And we hear the tread of the years move by,
And the sun is getting behind the hills;
But my darling does not fear to die,
And I am happy in what God wills.

So we sit by our household fires together,
Dreaming the dreams of long ago:
Then it was balmy summer weather,
And now the valleys are laid in snow.
Icicles hang from the slippery eaves;
The wind blows cold, — 't is growing late;
Well, well! we have garnered all our sheaves,
I and my darling, and we wait.

RICHARD REALF.

This, I take it, — I say it with reverence and under correction, — is the danger of old age: — that the man should be querulous; should slight the needful and appropriate joys of youth and manhood; that he

should be timid of all things which are new, consult with his fear, and not his hope, and look backwards and not forth. These, it seems to me, are the special dangers of the old man. Pardon me, venerable persons, if I mistake! I read from only without; you can answer from within. It is said that men seldom get a new idea after five-and-forty. It is perhaps true; but it has also been my fortune to know men and women who in their old age had a long Indian summer, in which the grass grew fresh again, and the landscape had a richness, a mellowness of outline and of tint; yea! and of beauty, too, which it had lacked in earlier years. THEODORE PARKER.

Miss Martineau's passing out of this world in utter indifference as to what would become of her, seems to me altogether unnatural, on her ground or any other. Any good or glad hold on existence implies the desire for its continuance. She had no hope, nor wish for it, as well as no belief in it.

As to belief in it, or hope of it, why should not the law of development lead to such a feeling? The plant, having within

it the power to produce flower or fruit, does not naturally die till it comes to that maturity. The horse or ox attains to its full strength and speed before its life is ended. Why should it not be so with man? His powers are not half, rather say not one hundredth part, developed, when he arrives at that point which is called death. Development is impossible to him, unless he continues to exist, and to go onward.

ORVILLE DEWEY.

The light of the sun is withdrawing; but blessed be Heaven, the light of the evening star reveals the hope of a coming immortality.

JOSIAH QUINCY.

Friend, whom thy fourscore winters leave more dear
Than when life's roseate summer on thy cheek
Burned in the flush of manhood's manliest year,
Lonely, how lonely! is the snowy peak
Thy feet have reached, and mine have climbed so near!
Close on thy footsteps 'mid the landscape drear
I stretch my hand thine answering grasp to seek,

Warm with the love no rippling rhymes
can speak!
Look backwards! From thy lofty height
survey
Thy years of toil, of peaceful victories won,
Of dreams made real, largest hopes out-
run!
Look forward! Brighter than earth's morn-
ing ray
Streams the pure light of Heaven's unset-
ting sun,
The all-unclouded dawn of life's immortal
day!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, *to John Greenleaf Whittier.*

To a good old man, his gray hair is a crown; and it may be worn, and it ought to be, like what has been given as an earnest of the crown of immortality.

WILLIAM MOUNTFORD.

As the disease of old age is epidemic, endemic, and sporadic, and everybody that lives long enough is sure to catch it, I am going to say, for the encouragement of such as need it, how I treat the malady in my own case.

First. As I feel that, when I have anything to do, there is less time for it than when I was younger, I find that I give my

attention more thoroughly, and use my time more economically than ever before; so that I can learn anything twice as easily as in my earlier days. I am not, therefore, afraid to attack a new study. I took up a difficult language a very few years ago with good success, and think of mathematics and metaphysics, by and by.

Secondly. I have opened my eyes to a good many neglected privileges and pleasures within my reach, and requiring only a little courage to enjoy them. You may well suppose it pleased me to find that old Cato was thinking of learning to play the fiddle, when I had deliberately taken it up in my old age, and satisfied myself that I could get much comfort, if not much music, out of it.

Thirdly. I have found that some of those active exercises, which are commonly thought to belong to young folks only, may be enjoyed at a much later period.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

For many years I have not been able to read or write for more than half an hour at a time; often not so long. Of late, my hearing has been defective. But in many

ways I have been blest far beyond my deserving; and, grateful to the divine providence, I tranquilly await the close of a life which has been longer, and on the whole happier, than I had reason to expect, although far different from that which I dreamed of in youth. My experience confirms the words of old time, that "it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." Claiming no exemption from the sins and follies of our common humanity, I dare not complain of their inevitable penalties. I have had to learn renunciation and submission, and

"Knowing
That kindly Providence its care is showing
In the withdrawal, as in the bestowing,
Scarcely I dare for more or less to pray."

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

I feel
Upon this giddy margin of two worlds,
That there is nothing beautiful in this
The passion'd soul has clasped, but shall partake
Its everlasting essence; not a scent
Of rain-drenched flower, nor fleece of evening cloud,
Which blended with a thought that rose to heaven,

Shall ever die; but link'd with joy that drew
Color and shape from this fair world, shall shed
Familiar sweetness through the glorious frame
After a thousand ages.

THOMAS NOON TALFOURD.

The more we sink into the infirmities of age, the nearer we are to immortal youth. All people are young in the other world. That state is an eternal spring, ever fresh and flourishing. Now, to pass from midnight into noon on the sudden; to be decrepit one minute and all spirit and activity the next, must be a desirable change.

JEREMY COLLIER.

Scarcely Hope hath shaped for me
What the future life may be.
Other lips may well be bold;
Like the publican of old,
I can only urge the plea,
"Lord, be merciful to me!"
Nothing of desert I claim,
Unto me belongeth shame.
Not for me the crowns of gold,
Psalms and harpings manifold;
Not for erring eye and feet,
Jasper wall and golden street.

What thou wilt, O Father, give!
All is gain that I receive.
If my voice I may not raise
In the elder's song of praise,
If I may not, sin-defiled,
Claim my birth-right as a child,
Suffer it that I to Thee
As an hired servant be;
Let the lowliest task be mine,
Grateful, so the task be Thine;
Let me find the humblest place
In the shadow of Thy grace:
Blest to me were any spot
Where temptation whispers not.
If there be some weaker one,
Give me strength to help him on;
If a blinder soul there be,
Let me guide him nearer Thee.
Make my mortal dreams come true
With the work I fain would do;
Clothe with life the weak intent,
Let me be the thing I meant;
Let me find in Thy employ
Peace that dearer is than joy;
Out of self to love be led,
And to Heaven acclimated,
Until all things sweet and good
Seem my natural habitude.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

The second childhood of a saint is the early infancy of a happy immortality.

WILLIAM MOUNTFORD.

[The old man] freely blesses God, that when, from its altered ways, the world has become no longer congenial to him, he is permitted to leave it; and he can rejoice that those who remain behind behold it with different eyes: for he recognizes and admires God's law, that those who are to live in the world shall not be out of love with it. From the mental station which he occupies it certainly seems as if twilight were gathering fast and leading on the night; and so for two things he is thankful: that the *vesper*-bell flings its note upon his ear, and calls him to prayer and rest; and that on others of his race, who gaze into the heavens from a different point, the morning seems to be rising, and its fresh breeze to be up, and the *matin* rings its summons: — for always there must be prayer; only at dawn it leads to labor, and at eve to rest.

JAMES MARTINEAU.

Our pleasures in literature do not, I think, decline with age. Last first of January was my eighty-second birthday, and I

think that I had as much enjoyment from books as ever I had in my life.

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

Books are a guide in youth, and an entertainment for age. They support us under solitude, and keep us from being a burden to ourselves. They help us to forget the crossness of men and things; compose our cares and passions; and lay our disappointments asleep. When we are weary of the living, we may repair to the dead, who have nothing of peevishness, pride, or design in their conversation.

JEREMY COLLIER.

In many things a man knows the autumn of life is a falling off from its springtime. He has ceased to dance; his voice quavers abominably when he tries to sing; he has no fancy now for climbing hills, and he shirks walks of forty miles a day. Perhaps deeper wrinkles have been traced by time on the heart than on the forehead, and the early freshness of feeling is gone. But surely, in mellowed experience, in sobered and sound views of things, in tempered expectations, in patience, in sympathy, in kindly charity, in insight into God's ways and dealings, he is better now

a thousand times than he was then. He has worked his way through the hectic stage in which even able and thoughtful men fancy that Byron was a great poet. A sounder judgment and a severer taste direct him now; in all things, in short, that make the essence of the manly nature, he is a better and further advanced man than he ever was before. The physical nature says, by many little signs "we are going down hill;" the spiritual nature testifies by many noble gains and acquirements, "we are going onward and upward."

RECREATIONS OF A COUNTRY PARSON.

After this I beheld until they were come into the land of Beulah, where the sun shineth night and day. Here, because they were weary, they betook themselves a while to rest. And because this country was common for pilgrims, and because the orchards and vineyards that were here belonged to the King of the Celestial Country, therefore they were licensed to make bold with many of His things. But a little while soon refreshed them here; for the bells did so ring, and the trumpets continually sounded so melodiously, that they could not sleep, and yet they received as

much refreshing as if they slept their sleep never so soundly. . . . But how were their ears now filled with heavenly noises, and their eyes delighted with celestial visions! In this land they heard nothing, saw nothing, felt nothing, smelt nothing, tasted nothing that was offensive to their stomach or mind; only when they tasted of the water of the river over which they were to go, they thought that it tasted a little bitterish to the palate; but it proved sweeter when it was down.

JOHN BUNYAN, *Pilgrim's Progress.*

Fain would I breathe that gracious word
"Now lettest thou thy servant, Lord,
Depart in peace."
When may I kindly claim that kind award,
And cares and labors cease?
With anxious heart I watch at heaven's gate
Answer to hear;
With failing strength I feel the increasing weight
Of every passing year;
Hath not the time yet fully come, dear Lord,
Thy servant to release?

Be still, my heart! In silence God doth
speak;
Here is thy place, here, not at heaven's
gate.
Thy task is not yet finished; frail and
weak,
Doing or suffering, steadfast in thy faith
Thy service is accepted, small or great;
His time is thine — or soon or late.
If daylight fades, work while the twilight
lasts,
Then "stand and wait."

WILLIAM G. ELIOT.

Eleazer, one of the principal scribes, an aged man, and of a well-favored countenance, was constrained [by the agent of Antiochus Epiphanes] to open his mouth, and to eat swine's flesh. But he choosing rather to die gloriously than to live stained with such an abomination, spit it forth, and came of his own accord to the torment, as it behoved them to come, that are resolute to stand out against such things as are not lawful for love of life to be tasted.

But they that had the charge of that wicked feast, for the old acquaintance they had with the man, taking him aside, besought him to bring flesh of his own pro-

vision, such as was lawful for him to use, and make as if he did eat of the flesh taken from. the sacrifice commanded by the king ; that in so doing he might be delivered from death, and for the old friendship with them, find favor. But he began to consider discreetly, and as became his age, and the excellency of his ancient years, and the honor of his gray head, whereunto he was come, and his most honest education from a child, or, rather, the holy law made and given by God ; therefore he answered accordingly, and willed them straightways to send him to the grave.

For it becometh not our age, said he, in any wise to dissemble, whereby many young persons might think that Eleazer, being fourscore years old and ten, were now gone to a strange religion ; and so they, through mine hypocrisy, and desire to live a little time and moment longer, should be deceived by me, and I get a stain to my old age and make it abominable. For though for the present time I should be delivered from the punishment of men : yet should I not escape the hand of the Almighty, neither alive, nor dead. Where-

fore now, manfully changing this life, I will show myself such an one as mine age requireth, and leave a notable example to such as be young to die willingly and courageously, for the honorable and holy laws. And when he had said these words immediately he went to the torment. . . .

But when he was ready to die with stripes, he groaned, and said, It is manifest unto the Lord, that hath the holy knowledge, that whereas I might have been delivered from death, I now endure sore pains in body by being beaten : but in soul am well content to suffer these things, because I fear Him.

And thus this man died, leaving his death for an example of a noble courage, and a memorial of virtue, not only unto young men, but unto all his nation.

II. MACCABEES.

"Whom the gods love die young," because they never grow old, though they may live to fourscore years and upwards.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Oh loose this frame, this knot of man untie!
That my free soul may use her wing,
Which now is pinioned with mortalitie,

As an intangled hamper'd thing
O, show Thyself to me
Or take me up to Thee!

What have I left, that I should stay and grone?
The most of me to heav'n is fled:
My thoughts and joyes are all packt up and gone,
And for their old acquaintance plead.
O show Thyself to me
Or take me up to Thee!

Come, dearest Lord, passe not this holy season,
My flesh and bones and joynts do pray:
And ev'n my verse, when by the ryme and reason
The word is *Stay*, says ever, *Come*.
O show Thyself to me
Or take me up to Thee!

GEORGE HERBERT.

(After Death.) *Husband.* Art thou sent down from heaven to earth, that I should see thee again for a short time and then anew through long years lament thy disappearance?

Wife. No, henceforth we shall never

separate. I am indeed sent to thee, but not down upon the earth. Look around thee here; where upon earth hast thou seen such trees, such flowers, such waters? Regard thyself; thou didst go about thither bowed beneath the weight of years. Now thou art young again. Thou goest not, thou floatest; thine eyes not only see, but see immeasurably far. Look inward upon thyself; has it always been with thy heart as now?

Husband. Within me is a deep, unfathomable, ever swelling, and yet entirely still and peaceful sea. Yes, when I look about me here, when I look within me, when I feel thy hand in mine — then I must say I am blessed, I am in heaven.

Wife. Thou art. . . .

Husband. I am dead! Lord of life and death, upon my knees I thank Thee that Thou hast fulfilled this so great thing in me; that Thou hast led me to such high happiness, such great honor; dead, and happy to be dead. Thou knowest, O Lord, how often I have prayed that Thou, Thyself, since I was not able to do it, wouldst prepare me for that hour, — that Thou wouldst send me a soft, blessed death.

Now, O Lord, Thou hast heard this and all my other prayers. Thou hast in this, as in all things eternally, shown Thyself gracious and pitiful; — what stood before me is now over. Truly, though dead, I have not learned what death is; but this much I know, death is sweet. As one bears a sleeping child out of a dark chamber into a bright, spring garden, so hast Thou borne me from earth to heaven.

Translated from the German of THEREMIN.

I should be sorry to believe that when the body falls away from us we are less real and substantial beings, and not rather more so; sorry to think that this world of dull sense and matter, beautiful as it is, is the best world that God has made; sorry to think that these bodies of flesh and blood are the best bodies which God creates. Let us dismiss, then, this notion of ghostly existence after death, and think of it as the very fulness of warm and positive being, throbbing and blooming with a life which the pulses of these mortal bodies are too languid to measure. Hence, in all the Scripture scenes which give us gleams of the immortal life, they picture it to us not as more dim and shadowy, but as more

bright and real, — as in the transfiguration scene where Moses and Elijah appeared in glory.

EDMUND H. SEARS.

My life I would not live over again; would you yours? Why, then, should you sorrow for what you would not wish to have?

WILLIAM MOUNTFORD.

There appears, after the decrepitude of age, an obvious need of some such mighty revolution as death; the mortality of such a body becomes a clear essential to the immortality of the soul; and our departure assumes the probable aspect of a simple migration of the mind, — a journey of refreshment, — a passage to new scenes of that infinite universe, to a mere speck of which, since we can discover its immensity, it seems unlikely that we should be confined.

JAMES MARTINEAU.

The sensation of excessive weakness, of inability for bodily exertion, is the only sign with me of the nearness of cessation in this long-preserved activity of the human frame, which seems nowhere out of order, or flagging in the vividness of life;

the same interests, the same craving after knowledge of the works of God, or the ways of His Providence, continue to animate my existence. BARONESS BUNSEN (æt. 82).

The desires of an old man who has well ordered his life, seldom exceed the powers which age has left him for their gratification. WILLIAM VON HUMBOLDT.

With singular goodness, God has rendered a disposition to sleeplessness nearly universal with the old. Life is worth more than sleep. God would fain multiply the attainments of the aged; and since time presses, He gives them an increasing share in that *watchfulness* which the Scripture places between prayer and alms.

MADAME SWETCHINE.

Old age is in reality like youth, but an entrance into life — an exaltation of the thoughts. Much as we love the scenes and the circumstances about us, we feel that at the appointed time we shall leave them without repining. Without considering them in a religious point of view, there is something indescribably affecting in the thought of passing into infinite space; in

the contemplation of which one becomes purified from all the petty sorrows of the world. WILLIAM VON HUMBOLDT.

As you are old and reverend, you should be wise. SHAKESPEARE.

Are there not aspirations in each heart
After a brighter, better world than this?
Longings for beings nobler in each part —
Things more exalted — steeped in deeper bliss?
Who gave us these? What are they? Soul, in thee
The bud is budding now for immortality!

Death comes to take me where I long to be;
One pang, and bright blooms the immortal flower;
Death comes to lead me from mortality,
To lands which know not one unhappy hour.
I have a hope, — a faith; from sorrow here
I am led by death away — why should I start and fear?

If I have loved the forest and the field,
Can I not love them deeper, better, there?

If all that Power hath made, to me doth yield
Something of good and beauty, something fair,—
Freed from the grossness of mortality,
May I not love them all and better all enjoy?

A change from woe to joy—from earth to heaven,
Death gives me this:—it leads me calmly where
The souls, that long ago from mine were riven,
May meet again! Death answers many a prayer.
Bright day, shine on, be glad! Days brighter far
Are stretched before my eyes, than those of mortals are. ROBERT NICOLL.

One thing I have thought much about; it is that, whatever may be our first experience after leaving the body, it is not likely to be a *revolutionary* one. It is more in analogy with God's dealings that a quiet process, a gentle accustoming, should open our eyes on the light that would blind if it

came in a flash. Perhaps we shall not see Him, — perhaps we could not bear it to see Him at once. It may be that the faces of familiar human friends will be first to greet us; it may be that the touch of the human hand dearer than any but His own shall lead us, as we are able, behind the veil, till we are a little used to the glory and the wonder, and lead us so to Him.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er;
So, calm are we when passions are no more;
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things so certain to be lost.

Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age descries;
The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made.

Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home;

Leaving the old, both worlds at once they
view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

WALLER.

We *know* that we are old before we *feel* it. The language of those around us betrays to us the secret. Life is a landscape without hedge or fence. We pass from one field to another and see no boundaries.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Many a poet has sung laments over departed youth; did any ever sing, or chant — for it would be like a psalm — the peace, the joy, the comfort of growing old; of knowing passions dead, temptations conquered, experience won, individual interests become universal, and vain fantastic hopes merged into simple strong-builded faith, — faith which makes of death its foundation stone, and has for its summit Eternity? The "Hymn to Old Age" would be one not unworthy of a great poet. Who will write it? MISS MULOCH.

My old aunt lives here alone, and being eighty-six the scene must soon close entirely; yet she is still a wonderful woman, and the most glorious specimen of old age

one can imagine. Usually there are weaknesses and symptoms of deterioration mentally, from bodily wear and tear: but here the mind is as clear and powerful as in its best years. . . . There is a placidity and a child-like enjoyment of nature, that I never saw equalled. Her affections are strong, but all her pleasures seem to be derived from her flowers, trees, birds, and out-of-door pursuits.

CHARLOTTE WILLIAMS-WYNN.

I have always given a friendly welcome to new ideas, and have endeavored not to feel too old to learn; and thus, though I stand here with the snows of so many winters on my head, my faith in human nature, my belief in the progress of man to a better social condition, and especially my trust in the ability of men to establish and maintain self-government, are as fresh and as young as when I began to travel the path of life. . . . Let me say in conclusion that my experience of life has not dimmed my hopes for humanity: that my sun is not setting in clouds and darkness; but is going down cheerfully in a clear firmament lighted up by the glory of God, who should always be venerated and loved,

as the infinite source and fountain of all Light, Life, Power, Wisdom and Goodness. PETER COOPER (æt. 83).

"If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in with him and sup with him, and he with me." Happy old age! It is for supper, and not for a mid-day feast, where noise and tumult reign; it is to *sup* with us that our Lord will come: at the close of the dull, weary, toilsome day; at the hour of long, sweet, friendly talks, when intimacy grows deepest, and confidence flows with a full stream; at night-fall, when hearts approach and mingle and think of naught save how to bless and sanctify the sleep which is to follow.

I collect myself, O my God! at the close of life, as at the close of day, and bring to Thee my thoughts and my love. The last thoughts of a heart that loves Thee are like those last, deepest, ruddiest rays of the setting sun. Thou hast willed, O my God! that life should be beautiful even to the end. Make me to grow and keep my green, and climb like the plant which lifts its head to Thee for the last time before it drops its seed and dies. MADAME SWETCHINE.

Then there came forth a summons for Mr. Standfast. And the post brought it him open in his hands; the contents therein were that he must prepare for a change of life, for his Master was not willing that he should be so far from Him any longer. At this Mr. Standfast was put into a muse. Nay, said the messenger, you need not doubt of the truth of my message; for here is a token of the truth thereof: "Thy wheel is broken at the cistern." . . .

When Mr. Standfast had thus put things in order, and the time being come for him to haste him away, he also went down to the river. Now there was a great calm at that time in the river; wherefore Mr. Standfast, when he was about half way in, stood a while, and talked with his companions that had waited upon him thither. And he said, This river hath been a terror to many; yea, the thoughts of it have also frightened me; but now methinks I stand easy, my foot is fixed upon that on which the feet of the priests that bare the ark of the covenant stood while Israel went over Jordan. The waters indeed are to the palate bitter, and to the stomach cold; yet the thoughts of what I am going to, and

of the conduct that waits for me on the other side, doth lie as a glowing coal at my heart. I see myself now at the end of my journey; my toilsome days are ended. I am going to see that head that was crowned with thorns, and that face that was spit upon for me. I have formerly lived by hearsay and faith; but now I go where I shall live by sight, and shall be with Him in whose company I delight myself. I have loved to hear my Lord spoken of; and wherever I have seen the print of His shoe in the earth, there I have coveted to set my foot too. His name has been to me as a civet-box; yea sweeter than all perfumes. His voice to me has been most sweet; and His countenance I have more desired than they that have most desired the light of the sun. His words I did use to gather for my food, and for antidotes against my faintings. He hath held me, and kept me from my iniquities; yea, my steps hath He strengthened in His way.

Now, while he was thus in discourse, his countenance changed; his strong man bowed under him: and after he had said, "Take me, for I come unto Thee," he ceased to be seen of them. But glorious

it was to see how the open region was filled with horses and chariots, with trumpeters and pipers, with singers and players upon stringed instruments, to welcome the pilgrims as they went up, and followed one another in at the gate of the beautiful city. JOHN BUNYAN.

For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing. ST. PAUL.

Forenoon and afternoon and night, — forenoon,
And afternoon, and night, —
Forenoon, and — what!
The empty song repeats itself. No more?
Yea, that is Life: make this forenoon sublime,
This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,
And Time is conquered, and thy crown is won.

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

The generation which has seen an aged Gladstone guide an empire; a Von Moltke at the threescore limit beat down France; and a Bismarck, at more than threescore, readjusting the powers of Europe, has naturally enough given up the notion that a seat by the chimney side was the only place for the elders. . . .

It is within the possibilities of culture to make normal men who have in the ninth decade done good work in varied fields. Humboldt's "Cosmos," the second part of Goethe's "Faust," and many other monumental works in various branches of literature, serve to prove the possible integrity of the faculties in advanced years.

NATHANIEL SOUTHGATE SHALER.

As soon as you feel too old to do a thing, do it!

MARGARET DELAND.

We can go down-hill cheerfully, save at the points where it is sharply brought home to us that we are going down-hill.

A. K. H. BOYD.

The thought of the sweet things that have had an end, of life lived out and irrevocable, is not a despairing thought, unless it is indulged with an unavailing regret. It

is rather to me a sign that, whatever we may be or become, we are surrounded with the same quiet beauty and peace, if we will but stretch out our hands and open our hearts to it. ARTHUR C. BENSON.

For certainly old age has a great sense of calm and freedom; when the passions relax their hold, then, as Sophocles says, you have escaped from the control not of one mad master only, but of many. And of these regrets, as well as of the complaint about relations, Socrates, the cause is to be sought, not in men's ages, but in their characters and tempers; for he who is of a calm and happy nature will hardly feel the pressure of age, but he who is of an opposite disposition will find youth and age equally a burden. PLATO.

My soul unclad — before my birth
Didst thou desire to dwell on earth?
Summoned perhaps from farthest space,
Fettered in flesh, to join this race!
Entangled thus for weal or woe,
The how or when we cannot know.
Oh soul! thou hast not been my slave,
Each knew the task the Master gave.

To grovel on the earth was mine,
To strive, and strive forever, thine.
I feel thee struggling to be free!
Patience! the stars are calling thee;
Nine decades have their mission wrought
With sorrows — more with blessings fraught.
Alas! I know not what thou art,
In mercy doomed so soon to part;
I, gently crumbling in decay,
Thou, springing on thy mystic way,
We cannot guess to whom, to what!
Thou "canst not go where God is not."

MRS. E. B. HALL (*æt.* 90), *My Body to my Soul.*

The power of example probably never ceases during life. Even old age is not wholly uninfluenced by society; and a change of companions acts upon the character long after the character would appear incapable of further development.

FREDERICK TEMPLE, D.D.

Fret not that the day is gone,
And thy task is still undone.
'T was not thine, it seems, at all;
Near to thee it chanced to fall,
Close enough to stir thy brain,
And to vex thy heart in vain.
Somewhere, in a nook forlorn,

Yesterday a babe was born:
He shall do thy waiting task;
All thy questions he shall ask,
And the answers will be given,
Whispered lightly out of heaven.
His shall be no stumbling feet,
Falling where they should be fleet;
He shall hold no broken clue;
Friends shall unto him be true;
Men shall love him; falsehood's aim
Shall not shatter his good name.
Day shall nerve his arm with light,
Slumber soothe him all the night;
Summer's peace and winter's storm
Help him all his will perform.
'T is enough of joy for thee
His high service to foresee.

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

Age is a time of peace, so it be free from pain.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

It is currently said that hope goes with youth, and lends to youth its wings of a butterfly; but I fancy that hope is the last gift given to man, and the only gift not given to youth. . . . It is from the backs of the elderly gentlemen that the wings of the butterfly should burst.

G. K. CHESTERTON.

To the oldish person who is a bit weary with the repetitions of his days, to whom the best of his profits have already a tiresome sameness, the effect of a new accomplishment is magical. It is like a discovery of an oasis in the desert. It brings again the joy of youth, for the most of the pleasure of that time lies in just such excursions into the great unknown of the self.

NATHANIEL SOUTHGATE SHALER.

God give me and all uneasy natures grace to know when to hold our tongues; and to take the days that remain with patience and wonder and tenderness, not making haste to depart, but yet not fearing the shadow out of which we come and into which we must go; to live wisely and bravely and sweetly, and to close our eyes in faith, with a happy sigh, like a child after a long summer day of life and delight.

ARTHUR C. BENSON.

The Divine ends manifestly inwrought in our human nature and life are continuous and of large reach; and, being here only partially or even incipiently attained, indicate that the present term of years is but a fragment and a prelude.

JAMES MARTINEAU.

One of the most convincing arguments for immortality is the undying appetite of the soul for knowledge, love, progress. As we approach the term of life it never occurs to us that it is time to fold our arms, close our eyes, and bid farewell to nature, poetry, art, friendship, business. As long as our faculties permit, we take exactly the same interest in life as if we were to live fifty years longer. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

You have reached now that time at which you value life and health not so much for their service to yourself, as for their needfulness to others.

A. K. H. BOYD, *Recreations of a Country Parson.*

Youth is soon gone, — but why lament its
going?
What we were once we cannot always be.
Change is the law of life; the seasons
three,
Each after each, of man's great year, of
sowing,
Of reaping, and of gathering into store,
Follow each other quick. Men say we lose
As we ascend life's green hillside, much
more
Than we can ever gain, and oft deplore

"Their youth and their brave hopes all
dead and gone."
Yet would I, were the offer made, refuse,
As one content to reap what he has sown,
To give for youth, with all its hopes and
fears,
Its restless yearnings after things unknown,
The self-reliance of maturer years.

ANONYMOUS.

If I had enjoyed a spirit at all like the good old saints of old, I had reason to say, "Now lettest Thou thy servant depart in peace." But if I had made the attempt I fear I should have failed. I am still in love with life.

CALEB FOOTE (*aet.* 90).

What if some morning, when the stars
were paling,
And the dawn whitened, and the East
was clear,
Strange peace and rest fell on me from the
presence
Of a benignant Spirit standing near:

And I should tell him, as he stood beside
me,
"This is our Earth — most friendly Earth,
and fair:

Daily its sea and shore through sun and shadow
Faithful it turns, robed in its azure air:

"There is blest living here, loving and serving,
And quest of truth, and serene friendships dear;
But stay not, Spirit! Earth has one destroyer—
His name is Death: flee, lest he find thee here!"

And what if then, while the still morning brightened,
And freshened in the elm the Summer's breath,
Should gravely smile on me the gentle angel,
And take my hand and say, "My name is Death." EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

The past is sure; it goes with us wherever we go; it is wrought into our new life. We have no need to recall it. What we need as we pass from year to year, from youth to age, from world to world, as the death of one dear friend after another leaves

us alone, as one after another of our life-labors is ended and goes upon the record, — what we need is that forgetfulness of the things which are behind that comes of our hearty reaching forth unto the things which are before. Only as with clear, single-eyed vision we see the things which are before in this world and in worlds to come, are we helped and not hindered, gladdened and not pained, by the things which are behind. We forget what it is better to forget, and we remember what it is blessed to remember, as the new life absorbs the old life, and the new hope succeeds to the joy which comes not back again. RUFUS ELLIS.

Say what thou wilt, the young are happy never.
Give me bless'd age, beyond the fire and fever, —
Past the delight that shatters, hope that stings,
And eager flutt'ring of life's ignorant wings.
WILLIAM WATSON.

It makes a great difference in the prospect of future years, if you are one of those people who, even after middle age, may still make a great rise in life. This

will prolong the restlessness which in others is sobered down at forty: it will extend the period during which you will every now and then have brief seasons of feverish anxiety, hope, and fear, followed by longer stretches of blank disappointment. And it will afford the opportunity of experiencing a vividly new sensation and of turning over a quite new leaf, after most people have settled to the jog-trot at which the remainder of the pilgrimage is to be covered.

A. K. H. Boyd.

There is nothing that so much mystifies the young as the consistent frivolity of the old.

G. K. Chesterton.

To grow old patiently and bravely, even joyfully, — that is the secret; and it is as idle to repine for the lost joys as it would have been in the former days to repine because we were not bigger and stronger and more ambitious. Life, if it does not become sweeter, becomes more interesting; fresh ties are formed, fresh paths open out; and there should come, too, a simple serenity of living, a certainty that, whatever befall, we are in wise and tender hands.

Arthur C. Benson.

"The night is coming for you and me," I said, "dear me, how quickly!" "The night is at hand," echoed she softly, . . . and she got up slowly and went to the door which opened into the porch. And then I heard her call me. "Come here," she said. And then I, too, rose stiffly from my chair and went to her. The clouds had cleared away. From the little porch, where the sweet briar was climbing, we could see all the myriad worlds of heaven, alight and blazing and circling in their infinite tracks. An awful silent harmony, power, and peace and light and life eternal, a shining benediction, seemed to be hanging there over our heads. "This is the night," she whispered, and took my hand in hers. MISS THACKERAY.

I am a part of all that I have met:
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rest unburnish'd, not to shine in use,
As tho' to breathe were life! Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me

Little remains; but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

. . . . . .

Old age hath yet his honor and his toil;
Death closes all: but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.

. . . . . .

Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

The wisest people and the best keep a steadfast faith that the progress of mankind

is onward and upward, and that the toil and anguish of the path serve to wear away the imperfections of the Immortal Pilgrim, and will be felt no more when they have done their office.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

If one believes that happiness is inch by inch diminishing, that it is all a losing fight, then it must be granted that we have no refuge but in a Stoic hardening of the heart; but when we look at life and see the huge preponderance of joy over pain — such tracts of healthy energy, sweet duty, quiet movement — indeed, when we see, as we often do, the touching spectacle of hope and joy again and again triumphant over weakness and weariness; when we see such unselfishness abroad, such ardent desire to lighten the loads of others and to bear their burdens; then it is faithless indeed if we allow ourselves to believe that the Father has any end in view but the ultimate happiness of all the innumerable units which He endows with independent energies, and which, one by one, after their short taste of this beautiful and exquisite world, resign their powers again, often so gladly, into His hand.

ARTHUR C. BENSON.

Slow as I journey on from day to day,
I come on other wanderers in my path,
Some sad, some singing, some in bitter wrath,
And some who joined me for a little way.

Not always very far. Perhaps we see
That one step moves too slow and one too fast;
Some I have overtaken, loved, and passed,
And some there are who would not wait for me.

Some cross my march just once, — across the lawn
I hear a footstep; we shall almost meet!
Alas! we may not stay too long to greet!
A nod, a pleasant word, — and he is gone!

How many million friends there are whose lot
Keeps them outside my path for Life's short while,
But through the distance and the dark I smile;
For I can love them though I see them not.

ROBERT BEVERLY HALE.

For my own part, having had much trouble in growing old, I am in no hurry to grow young again. NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

We hear much of the indestructibility of matter; but is it likely that matter is guarded from loss any more carefully than spirit? What then becomes of that spiritual distillation from life which we call experience? The man has thought and felt, suffered and sinned, and out of this has come a residuum of wisdom which no one else could have given him, and which he finds, perhaps to his sorrow, that he cannot give to any one else, even to his own children. To a degree the world does inherit the experience that past generations have earned, but the slowness of progress shows the smallness of the inheritance. Most of our experience goes with us. Is it then destroyed? Does the universe hold so lightly the spiritual gains for which the material integrity seems to exist? Or is that drop of wisdom which has been distilled out of the man's life the sign of an eternal hope and the seed of an eternal progress?

WILLIAM H. LYON.

Youth is preëminently the period in which a man can be lyric, fanatical, poetic; but youth is the period in which a man can be hopeless. The end of every episode is the end of the world. But the power of hoping through everything, the knowledge that the soul survives its adventures, that great inspiration comes to the middle-aged, — God has kept that good wine until now.

G. K. CHESTERTON.

There are some trials in life that come from age, and some from the lack of it; and time will cure them both.

FROM *The Christian Register.*

"And thine age shall be clearer than the noonday," are words which fitly find a fulfilment when the heart keeps its sunniness undiminished after passing the boundary of threescore years and ten, cherishing ever fresh sympathy with the frolics of childhood and the innocent pleasures of youth.

Such persons never grow old. They never outlive their friends. The ranks of these friends are perpetually renewed. Obviously, therefore, there is as much left to *live for* as there ever was, even though one be living upon "borrowed time."

Why should we wonder that they whose

hearts seem so young do not dwell upon the "weariness of life"? Many young people fancy that they are weary of life. . . .

There can be no weariness of life to such as from their youth up have too much love for "the world and all that dwell therein" to admit of their understanding the sensation of that fatigue of the spirit which the selfish, the jealous, the envious, the morose, the exacting, young or old, must inevitably experience. WILLIAM ORNE WHITE.

But to him who is conscious of no sin, sweet hope, as Pindar charmingly says, is the kind nurse of age. PLATO.

I have lived my little life, and my heart goes out to all of every tribe and nation under the sun who are still in the body. I would tell them with my last breath that there is comfort to the end — that there is nothing worth fretting over or being heavy-hearted about; that the Father's arm is strong, and that His heart is very wide.
ARTHUR C. BENSON.

If, as seems by far the most probable, this life of man, so marvellously nurtured through the ages and set forth in each

individual, is to be continued through the ages even as the kind has continued, we may presume that it will take with it the same blessed burdens of duty, and provide opportunities of growth such as we have here.

NATHANIEL SOUTHGATE SHALER.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For though from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face,
When I have crost the bar.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

The longest life is but an arc and not the full circle; and old age should rather seem to us the twilight of a new morning than the coming on of night. HENRY WILDER FOOTE.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF MARGARET E. WHITE

BY HER DAUGHTER

ELIZA ORNE WHITE

MARGARET ELIOT WHITE

I.

MARGARET ELIOT HARDING was born at Barre, New York, on March 13, 1823. She was the daughter of Chester Harding, the portrait-painter. Her grandfather, Abiel Harding, had been a schoolteacher in early life, and had married one of his pupils. He was a man of great integrity and kindness of heart, but was unpractical and visionary, giving his time to making machines which he hoped would solve the secret of perpetual motion, while his children often lacked the necessaries of life.

When Chester Harding was still a very young man and with no certain means of support, he first saw Caroline Woodruff, his future wife. He describes the meeting in these words: —

"At this juncture I happened to meet with Caroline Woodruff, a lovely girl of twenty, with handsome dark eyes, fine brunette complexion, and of an amiable dis-

position. I fell in love with her at first sight. I can remember the dress she wore at our first meeting as well as I do those beautiful eyes. It was a dark crimson woolen dress with a neat little frill about the neck. . . . Her image was implanted too deeply in my heart to be forgotten. It haunted me day and night."[1]

He married her after a three weeks' engagement, and the record continues: "The wedding-day had been fixed for February 15, 1815, and on the preceding day the bride was making her last preparations for the great event. The guests had been invited, the wedding-cake was in the oven, and her brother had been dispatched to a neighboring town for the white kid gloves and sash. Presently the bridegroom-elect drove up to the door in a sleigh, and, after the first salutations had passed, announced that he had come to be married on that day, for the snow was melting so fast that, if they waited twenty-four hours, they could not get back to Caledonia. So they were married the day beforehand. 'And,' his wife was accustomed to say, 'it has been the day beforehand ever since.'"

[1] From *Chester Harding, Artist.*

One cannot but think of the disapproval with which Caroline Woodruff's family must have regarded this seemingly rash union, when one learns that the newly married pair had hardly reached their home before the bridegroom was sued for a small debt which he could not meet. Trifles of this kind, however, did not discourage the strong and athletic young man, who had already tried a variety of pursuits, including felling trees, helping to build a log house, and being a drummer in the war of 1812, so "to relieve the situation" he went into another business, that of tavern-keeping, "and paid off some old debts by making new ones."

Margaret Eliot Harding was the third daughter and fourth child of this marriage. Her father, by this time, had become interested in the career which was afterwards to make him famous. Chester Harding was twenty-six years old when he first discovered that he could paint portraits. He had left tavern-keeping and was a sign-painter, and his first picture, a portrait of his wife, was painted on a board, with such colors as he had for his trade. When he found that he was getting a good likeness,

he became, to use his own words, "Frantic with delight. It was like discovering a new sense."

His quick success reads like a most impossible and reckless invention of fiction.

His chief instruction was derived from two months spent in Philadelphia, drawing in the Academy and studying the best pictures. Before long he established himself in Boston, where, as he expressed it, he "rode triumphantly on the wave of fortune." He says, "I took a large room, arranged my pictures, and fixed upon one o'clock as my hour for exhibition. As soon as the clock struck, my bell would begin to ring and people would flock in, sometimes to the number of fifty. New orders were constantly given me for pictures. I was compelled to resort to a book for registering the names of the numerous applicants. As a vacancy occurred, I had only to notify the next on the list, and it was filled. I do not think any artist in this country ever enjoyed more popularity than I did; but popularity is often easily won, and as easily lost. Mr. Stuart, the greatest portrait-painter this country ever produced, was at that time in his manhood's

strength as a painter; yet he was idle half the winter. He would ask of his friends, 'How rages the Harding fever?'"

Fortunately Mr. Harding had too just an appreciation of his own powers to be spoiled by the adulation that he received. He felt that he needed more instruction and determined to go to Europe. He first established his family in Northampton, Massachusetts. In England he painted the portraits of the dukes of Sussex, Norfolk, and Hamilton, and greatly enjoyed the ten days he spent at the Duke of Hamilton's castle, saying quaintly in his journal, "As I walk about the grounds, the laborers, old and young, lift their hats as I pass them. This respect and reverence sit but ill on me, who have been all the early part of life in as humble a sphere as those who pay it. What freak of fortune is this which has raised me from a hut in my native wilds to the table of a duke of the realm of Great Britain?"

His new friends urged him to send for his family, and they joined him in Scotland in September, 1825.

My mother's earliest recollection was of the homeward voyage, made a few months later, when she sailed across the Atlantic

in the good ship Topaz, and she and her brother and sisters were tied to the legs of the cabin table in stormy weather by their mother, who was always fertile in expedients.

Margaret Harding's childhood was exceptionally happy; partly because she had so many brothers and sisters, — there were ten children in the Harding family, — but even more from the fortunate combination of her qualities. She was one of those rare people whose charm of person and gifts of mind go hand in hand with such keen enjoyment, such quick sympathy and power to attract, that each period of her life — childhood, womanhood, middle age, and old age — seemed to her friends to take on a fresh charm as she entered it.

There is a portrait of her painted by her father when she was nine years old, that looks at one with the same direct gaze that one associated with her in later years. It is the look of a sunny nature, thoroughly at home in this world, and trustfully expecting good and not evil.

A pleasant picture of her and her older sisters, as they appeared to an outsider soon after their return from Scotland, is given in

a letter dated August 8, 1831, when Margaret was eight years old. The writer says: "I have been two or three times to see Mrs. Harding, who is a great favorite of mine, she is so genuine, and then those three girls are a perfect vision of loveliness. I never can tell which of the three *takes* me most; sometimes it is Caroline's serene and quiet beauty, then Ophelia's bright and sparkling eyes, and the little Margaret has her own peculiar charm."

There is an old-time flavor about those days of long ago that is all the more attractive because of our modern rush and hurry. Those were the times when the journey from Boston to Springfield, where the family went to live in 1830, was by stage-coach, and took two days, when children had an improvised dance on the lawn to the strains of a hand-organ, and when their dolls wrote letters to each other almost as long as those of their little mistresses. To read the old letters and journals is to be taken into a different world. It was a busy world, however, for as there were no sewing-machines, all the sewing had to be done by hand. Among other things there were shirts to be made for a father and six brothers, so the

mother and her three daughters did not have an idle life.

Mrs. Harding had "a sublime confidence in her children being able to take care of themselves," and when Margaret was twelve and a half she was sent to Barre, near Niagara, to "engineer" her three small brothers, all under seven, and one of them "the impersonation of fun and roguery." Her mother's confidence was certainly not misplaced, for the sedate, practical, and serious child of twelve was more thoroughly equipped for the undertaking than many grown women. Their uncle was with the children, but he only attended to arranging for the long twenty-hours' stage ride to Albany, and the transference of the party to the canal boat for a journey of three or four days. To quote my mother's own words, "I was expected to play the part of mother to the little boys; I apparently played my part tolerably well, for I was taken by our fellow-travellers to be my uncle's second wife and stepmother to the children."

When she was fourteen years old Margaret Harding went to Boston to Mr. George B. Emerson's school, and she spent two

happy years in the household of her lifelong friend, Lucretia Peabody Hale. Here she knew a circle of young people who became famous in later days, among them James Russell Lowell, Edward Everett Hale, and William Wetmore Story. Her friendship with Lucretia Hale was already of many years' standing, for the little girls had first met at Miss Peabody's school when Margaret was six years old. Their school life and many other things are described in "A Little Girl of Long Ago," where Lucretia Hale figures as Leonora Heath. My mother says in an unpublished sketch of Miss Hale: —

"At nine years of age I made a visit to Lucretia at No. 1 Tremont Place and was much impressed with what seemed to me the grandeur of her surroundings, — the heavy mahogany furniture, the house man-servant, the cheval-glass in the guest chamber, . . . Mrs. Hale's elegance and beauty when dressed for a party in a white satin gown ; the late dinner hour, — two o'clock, . . . these all made a deep impression on my youthful mind. Lucretia was always the leader in our plays. It was bliss enough for me to be allowed to help carry out her

plans. She was two and a half years older than I, and to my admiring eyes a prodigy of learning and brightness. . . . The next summer Lucretia came to make me a visit in Springfield. Our greatest delight was in playing with our dolls, — mine in making garments for them, hers in putting them through all sorts of exciting adventures."

My mother, in speaking of those winters spent with the Hales in 1837 and 1838, says, "Mrs. Hale gave me the inestimable privilege of being a member of her family for two years." As my mother described this part of her life, after an interval of more than fifty years, everything seemed touched with the light of romance. Apparently there were no dull and tedious hours even at school, for she was a good scholar, and had an enthusiastic admiration for her teacher, Mr. George B. Emerson. She writes of her delight in Mr. Papanti's dancing-school, where, besides the ordinary dances, they had the "unspeakable pride" of learning the "Gavotte." The second year of her stay at Mrs. Hale's was made still more entertaining by the companionship of Mary Daveis, a bright girl from

Portland. For amusement the Hales and their friends had the acting of ballads, — "Young Lochinvar prancing onto the stage riding a broom-stick; and Lord Ullin's daughter most pathetically rendered, the dark and stormy water being represented by a gray blanket-shawl held at the four corners and waved tumultuously up and down;" and the rendering of an original tragedy, "Poerly, or the Grave-digger," where one after another of the characters killed himself, the crowning joke, when they all lay dead upon the floor, being "Exeunt Omnes." We are told that the tragedy became such a favorite with the young collegians that they wore a hole in the straw matting. My mother describes Sunday at the Hales' as follows: —

"We were all expected to go to the church of which Dr. Lothrop was pastor; it was then situated on Brattle Street, which we reached by going down a flight of steps from Cornhill. After the morning service we went to Sunday School. . . . We returned to the house for a lunch of gingerbread and apples, eaten in the nursery, and then went again to the afternoon service. After a walk, perhaps round the Common,

we came home perfectly ravenous, to the never-to-be-forgotten supper of cold tongue, or corned shoulder of pork, and baked potatoes. Nothing before or since ever tasted so good. In the evening we sang psalm-tunes."

II.

Chester Harding's second daughter, Ophelia, was married in 1839, to John M. Krum, and Margaret, then a girl of sixteen, went with her father to New Orleans for the winter. They accompanied the newly married pair, who were to live in St. Louis, as far as Pittsburg, where they waited for many days for a rise in the river. My mother used often to tell of this New Orleans winter, where in the quaint and picturesque semi-tropical city, she had her first glimpse of society as a young lady.

No account of Margaret Harding's girlhood, however brief, would be complete without speaking of her dearest friend, Susan Inches Lyman, afterwards Mrs. J. P. Lesley, of Philadelphia. Their mothers had been friends from the time that Mr. Harding left his family in Northampton when he went to Europe, and the two little girls,

who were less than a month apart in age, learned to creep on the same carpet. The acquaintance, begun thus early, ripened into a devoted friendship which was one of the greatest pleasures of my mother's life, and only ended with her death, almost eighty years later. Margaret Harding's visits to Northampton and those in exchange from Susan Lyman were among the chief events of the next few years. Mrs. Lyman wrote of her daughter's friend in July, 1839, as follows: "Mr. Harding's youngest daughter has been staying with us since Susan's return,—they were at school together in Boston,—and Margaret is a very remarkable girl for the maturity of her character, and is particularly congenial to S." Often in summer-time "fifteen or twenty happy souls" assembled around the Lymans' hospitable dining-table. The account which Mrs. Lesley gives, in her memoir of her mother, of the life in the busy household where Margaret Harding visited, is a pleasant one, many of the guests assisting in the dish-washing, and later in the day in the sewing, while some interesting book was read aloud, and in the evening there was often a party where "young and

old, high and low, met on the fine footing that the hostess's perfect disinterestedness and full animal spirits alone made possible."

The return visits that Susan Lyman made her friend in Springfield were equally delightful. My father thus describes the house where the Hardings lived at this time:—

"Near the northern end of Chestnut Street, on the right, there was a bosky dell surrounding a deep pool. At first sight it seemed to a passer-by as if here was a swamp which would spoil the spot for a house lot. But with an artist's eye for landscape no less than for faces, Mr. Harding touched it; the dell remained, with a fountain tossing its rainbow spray beneath the shadow of the oaks which girt the grassy slope around it, while still further from the street an ample dwelling, much in the Italian style, confronted the grove and fountain. The door stood at a side entrance, at the right, just after one passed a smaller fountain, which seemed always to bespeak a welcome from the approaching guest. From the street, the white brick dwelling, retiring behind the overhanging oaks and splashing water, was in very truth 'the cynosure of neighboring eyes,'

while within, the merry group of young and old graced that sweet home, with its imperishable adornment."

Mrs. Harding always had a garden full of flowers, and the premises were generally invaded by small boys of varying sizes, and an equal number of puppies. The chief attraction, however, was to be found in Margaret's two beautiful sisters, who sang duets together to please their admiring younger sister and her friend, or went through the mysteries of the waltz, which they had been taught in Scotland.

Mrs. Harding was a remarkable woman in many ways. Her friend Mrs. Lyman says: "There has always been something about her that I have felt a great respect for; a quiet consistency in goodness, a common-sense purpose that attained its end, a cultivated perception of moral sentiment, as well as the beautiful in nature. And everything about her so unpretending and sincere that one could not know her well and withhold their respect. Contemplating her character strengthens my confidence in the goodness of human nature. It gives me faith in virtue, and makes me feel that it is a reality."

Among my mother's papers I have found an unpublished sketch of her mother, from which I venture to quote the following incident, as it shows so characteristically the strong sense of duty that they shared in common, and which made them ready to give help where it was needed, without stopping to consider how disagreeable the task might be. Mrs. White says: —

"When I had reached the age of eighteen, or thereabouts, and we were living in Springfield, some one came in and mentioned an Irishwoman in our vicinity, who was very ill and was suffering from want of common care; her countrywomen were afraid of contagion and would not go near her. Mother quietly remarked that she thought we had better go to see her. I was sent to bring a basket, and into it were put a change of bed and personal linen, soap, dish-pan, and towels. We were then driven over to the shanty. The poor woman was a pitiable sight, and the whole place was in utter dirt and confusion. First the sick woman was bathed and put into clean garments, and her bed was made fresh and clean. Then the dishes, which had all been used and left standing about, were

washed and put up in the cupboard; the floor was mopped, and we came away leaving the room which constituted the house clean and in order. The woman recovered, and at the time of my mother's death, not many years after, was a heart-broken mourner."

III.

From the time that she was nineteen years old until some years after her marriage, Margaret Harding kept a journal, of the old-fashioned, leisurely kind, where the experiences of the mind and heart are written of quite as fully as the outward events in life. The record begins with her enjoyment in the annual cattle-show ball at Worcester, where she went with a large party of young people.

When she found that her dear friends, Lucretia Hale and Susan Lyman, were to be in the same house with herself, she says, "The cup of happiness was full." She continues, "We went down into the parlor, and in a few minutes a barouche drove up, and S. J. appeared to ask us to go to drive. 'How many can go in one barouche?' said I, for there were fifteen of us girls. He

answered that he had three barouches, enough to hold us all. Then the shouting and laughing!"

While she was dressing for the ball and wishing for some flowers, "a most beautiful bouquet came from Boston," which made her "the envy of the girls." It is interesting to note the hour for balls in those days. She says: "About quarter before eight seven young women arrived at Brinley Hall, all in tucked white muslins. . . . We stayed at the ball until one, when, after a romp, we went to bed."

A visit to the horticultural hall, where a magnificent display of dahlias appealed to her flower-loving eyes, and an expedition to the antiquarian hall were the other excitements that helped to make those few days "among the happiest" in her life. She says she "enjoyed everything that it is possible for any one to enjoy in so short a time."

But these festivities seldom occurred. There were long periods of housework and sewing, during which her health drooped and there came the inevitable drop in her spirits.

Her reflections sometimes seem more like

those of a sage of seventy than a girl of nineteen. On one occasion, after reviewing a book she has been reading, she says, "How many there are in the world who keep the key of their minds and hearts in their own hands, and refrain from using it until the lock is so sadly rusted, from want of use, that it cannot be turned, and then they wonder why it is that others should withhold that love and confidence from them which they so strongly desire."

She begins the year 1843 with some good resolutions which she certainly carried out in later life. She says, "Let me remember that time is one of the most important talents entrusted to my care — that for every moment of it I shall be responsible, and let me try to divide it so that I may turn it to the best account." It is pleasant to notice that she comes down to the things of this world sufficiently to be delighted with two New Year's presents that have a modern sound, — "some very pretty gold hairpins, and some cuffs of quilled lace." She gives a spirited description of a sleigh-ride taken on the third of January, that her brother William intended as a great treat for herself, her sister, and her little nephew. Her

account of a snowstorm which accompanied them indicates a state of things quite as foreign to the present time as was the ball at Worcester. "The horses plunged every step they took. Not a solitary track was there to point out where in that vast expanse of snow lay the road. . . . The wind blew more and more violently and we were becoming very cold; every few rods William was obliged to get out and feel the way for the horses, for fear of upsetting us. At last, in the midst of one severe drift, our harness broke. . . . No house was near us, . . . there was no way of turning back. It was too late for that now. . . . We had gone but a few rods when we again encountered a bank of snow, where our horses refused, or were, rather, unable to draw us through. We could not tell whether we were on any road or not. . . . We were growing colder and colder every minute. William at last determined to do the only thing that remained to be done. He tied one horse to a tree, mounted the other, and rode off in search of help. . . . After half an hour he returned bringing the joyful intelligence that he had found a house. . . . By wading through snow above our knees,

we soon reached the house in safety, where we were treated with great kindness and hospitality. . . . We reached Northampton without any further difficulty at six, having been only a little less than *eight* hours going the distance of eighteen miles!"

The next event of interest that she records is Rev. Edward Everett Hale's "début as a minister in the Springfield pulpit." She says: "He shares the fault of other young ministers. They content themselves with telling us what our duties are without showing us how we are to perform them. The spirit of Edward's sermon this morning, I liked very much. It was to show that *motive* alone determined the worth of our actions in the sight of God. . . . One little short sentence I liked: 'No distress nor despondency can be religous.' . . . Edward's voice is very fine. And his prayer (he made but one long one) went to my heart. Only the young can pray for the young. Only the young carries that deep, holy, unquenched joy which is a well-spring in his breast, from which bursts forth songs of praise, of love and gratitude. Life must, in ordinary cases, do much to clog this fountain, if not entirely exhaust it, with the

withered hopes which the old man has seen to fall like dead leaves around him." If she could have looked forward more than sixty years, Dr. Hale at eighty-five would have suggested to her a somewhat different picture of old age.

A visit to Boston makes a pleasant break in the winter, and looking at some medallions and listening to beautiful music makes her wonder what such tastes were given to her for, when she so seldom has the opportunity to gratify them. But she takes herself to task immediately, and remembers that she always has sunset clouds, waterfalls, and the sweet sounds of birds at her command. A few evenings later she is enthusiastic over the C minor Symphony of Beethoven.

After she reached home she wrote of ill health, which placed the power to enjoy out of her hands, but, with the coming of spring, she grew stronger and her spirits revived. She described a walk which she took alone and enjoyed more than she had enjoyed anything for a long time. She says, "The banks were covered with houstonias, violets, wind-flowers, and wild lilacs. The birds sang sweetly, the grass was green

and fresh, and all spoke of the happy summer time, when it is so easy to be good. How delightful is the sense of returning health!"

Towards the end of the summer her old teacher, Mr. George B. Emerson, asked her to teach in his school the next autumn and winter, and she was exercised in her mind as to whether to accept this invitation, feeling it her duty to increase her knowledge, because by it she will increase her happiness; but fearing that she was unqualified for the position. She finally decided to take it, and gives an interesting account of the opening day at school: "When I actually began to mount the old staircase my heart began to beat pretty fast. . . . Mr. Emerson welcomed his scholars back again . . . and read a portion of Scripture, and made a prayer. . . . He talked for some time longer upon the necessity of feeling the constant love and protection of God, to help us bear the sorrows and cares of life, —and then spoke of the studies to be pursued."

Her seven months in Boston were very happy ones. Her teaching was enlivened by many a pleasant outing. On October

11th she writes of going with her friends, the Hales, to Chelsea Beach. She says: "The day was perfection, and I have seldom enjoyed anything as much. The tide was going out when we got there, and the surf was magnificent. It is a long time since I have been on the very edge of the ocean, and I had forgotten how glorious the never-ceasing hymn of the ocean is. We stayed on the beach till sunset, and the reflection of the sunset colors over sky and water was exquisite."

A friend gives her impressions of my mother, at this time, in a letter written to my father, after her death: "I cannot adequately express the feelings which I have had since my girlhood for your beloved wife. Before I knew her personally, only knowing she was Miss Harding, it was an event to me to meet her in the street, and to see her beautiful face. The impression of it has remained with me all these years, as an inspiration. Since then, in our later years, it has been such a pleasure and privilege to know her, and feel her as my cherished friend."

In July, 1844, Margaret Harding speaks of her enjoyment at Ole Bull's concert, and

says: "The pleasure produced by music is one that is impossible for me to describe. I can only repeat the words exquisite, beautiful; but his music is something I shall long remember."

A little later she had the pleasure of a visit at the Lymans' in Northampton, and a drive over to Mt. Warner with a party of young people, including Ole Bull. She writes: "He is very enthusiastic but entirely unaffected. He has a very expressive face, his eyes are extremely beautiful, and the expression of his mouth very pleasing. We girls were all fascinated with him."

Margaret Harding spent the autumn of 1844 and the winter of 1845 in St. Louis with her sister, Mrs. Krum. Margaret and her father and her friend, Martha Cochran, went by train as far as Harrisburg, and then took the canal boat. Her dismay at finding twenty-four women and thirteen children on board was great. But the next day her spirits returned and she described the "magnificent scenery."

"The trees are in the height of their beauty, the colors are gorgeous, the mountains are bold, and the beautiful Juniata runs by our side." The journal is enlivened at

this point with some amusing pen-and-ink sketches.

In St. Louis she had a very gay winter, which she enjoyed immensely, but even there she could not escape from the ever-present sewing, and her lively description of balls and tea-parties is interspersed with the sober record of working on her white satin ball-dress and making her father's shirts.

The next summer she had "one of the brightest spots" in her life, her first journey to "the White Hills," a region she dearly loved, and to which she was destined to return during many summers in her later life. Her father and mother went with her, and her dear friend, Susan Lyman, was a member of the party. Margaret thinks there can be no enjoyment to compare with the love she bears her dearest friends.

A little later she is debating whether to go back to Mr. Emerson's again, and feels her present life valueless to every one. On August 22 she makes the following entry in her diary: "Finished our great work of twenty-three shirts in four weeks. Jubilate." We do not wonder at the occasional depression that creeps into the

journal when we learn of such a task as that.

It was only a few days later that she had the great sorrow of her youth, for her mother died after a very brief illness. Margaret Harding says: "How every call upon us to assume the responsibility she bore, made us part with her anew, and how constantly now her dear form and loving voice come to me in the quiet hours of the day or the solemn hours of the night."

On January 5, 1846, Caroline Harding was married to Mr. John L. King, of Springfield. Her sister says, in speaking of this and other changes in the lives of her friends: "It has been an eventful season. We have left the sweet valley of youth, where the air was so fresh, the sky so bright, the earth so fair and green, whose clouds were for but a little while, and were spanned by the bright bow of hope. We have entered the world's broad area to act our parts as women, and now will come the trial of our faith. . . . I will try to banish the faintest shadow of discontent or murmuring from my heart, and be, what can only be achieved by a heavenly support, a truly sunny spirit upon the face of the earth.

If I can accomplish this I shall not have lived in vain."

On the 8th of December, 1845, Margaret Harding began a little school, which she kept until June of the following year. In the summer she writes in her journal: "Now that I am about to part with my dear girls I mourn my unfaithfulness to them."

The other day one of my mother's old pupils came to see me, and told of the happy hours that she spent in the Chestnut Street house and its attractive grounds, repeating some of the poetry that had been her dictation lesson sixty years ago. She told me how all the children adored "Miss Meggie," as they called their teacher, and said that when the school came to an end she begged, and finally obtained, a long tress of her beloved teacher's hair. The recess was an especial delight. In winter the children coasted down the lawn and had their swift progress stopped by the fountain of Neptune, while in summer they danced in the parlor with the curtains at the long windows gently swaying back and forth, while out-of-doors they occasionally amused themselves by playing with Miss Meggie's

father, who placidly sat by the fountain and let them make his hair into water waves and little curls.

In July, 1846, she went with her father for a long-talked-of journey to Lake George. They took the boat from New York to West Point. She says: "I opened my eyes on the loveliest view that ever blessed the sight — the view up the river. . . . We went to the parade-ground to see the display there. It is a beautiful sight; the well-ordered cadets performing their movements regularly as machines, with the white tents behind them and the glorious mountains forming a background for the whole." She writes of Lake George: "When once there we went directly out on the lake — in a skiff — the beautiful lake. It seems like a bright, transparent gem in its setting of lofty hills. The sunset clouds were exquisite and the reflections in the water still more so. The perfect stillness and loveliness of the scene, contrasted with the bustle and display of Saratoga, made it seem like a paradise. . . . We spent the evening upon the piazza which fronts upon the lake, with the full moon directly before us. Was it not glorious?"

That same summer she had a second journey to the White Mountains, where she was again at old Crawford's with her father and a pleasant party. She says: "Now that the first shock is over, I think I enjoy being in these scenes, where every step recalls my dear mother's enjoyment, and the happiness of our whole party. Is it true that 'a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things?' Does not the recollection of a former enjoyment rather gild the present cloud, as the setting sun leaves behind it some portion of its own brilliancy and warmth?"

In May, 1847, my mother's minister, Dr. William B. O. Peabody, died. This was a great grief to her. She says: "How impossible it is to realize that the voice which has so often poured forth words of encouragement and consolation is hushed forever. . . . How much I have to thank him for, and how much to be grateful for, that I have been permitted to have such a friend!"

IV.

It was in the summer of 1847 that Margaret Harding was engaged to William

Orne White, a young minister.[1] It was no sudden step like her mother's engagement, for she counted William White's two older sisters among her best friends, and she had known him ever since she was a little girl of nine and he a boy two years older. She asked herself once how she could bear the trial of a separation from "all that the heart holds dearest." It is a comfort to know that the great sorrow of being the survivor was never hers, and to remember that the two celebrated their golden wedding and lived together for nearly five years beyond that period of time.

Their marriage took place on Sept. 25, 1848, and their wedding journey was a driving trip through the Berkshire Hills, which she describes with the same fresh enthusiasm that characterizes her earlier records. Here are two short extracts from her journal.

"Had a charming drive over to Hatfield, where we were to take the cars, but alas! we were three minutes too late. While we were bewailing our fate a baggage train appeared, and we coaxed the master to give us a place in that. We had a most comfortable

[1] Son of Hon. Daniel Appleton White, of Salem, Massachusetts.

time sitting on the trunk, with a bale of wool on one side and a pile of cod-fish and barrels of flour on the other. We had quite a laugh about having a train to ourselves, with provisions thrown in and all for ninety cents."

"*Stockbridge.* Just at sunset we took a walk to the bridge, and after tea went there again by moonlight. . . . From one side of the bridge we looked down this quiet little stream whose banks are fringed with willows. Behind them are fine old elms, and on one side just among them is a beautiful stone-colored house. The mountains form the background for the picture, and their outline was exquisitely softened in the moonlight. The trees and stars were reflected in the little mirror at our feet. From the other side of the bridge the view is somewhat different. The stream divides and encloses in its friendly arms a fairy-like looking little island, also covered with the feathery willows. . . . The mountains here are nearer than on the other side. The moon shed its enchantment over the whole scene and broke into sparkles as it played over the water."

Mr. and Mrs. White's first parish was in

West Newton, where they stayed for two years. The life for the young minister's wife was full of new cares, interspersed with frequent calls and visits from friends and relatives. She gives a pleasant account of their moving into their first house, a part of which I will quote.

"In the hope of the rest of the furniture appearing we boiled water in our only saucepan and cut the bread ready for tea. . . . We were just sitting down to our *first* tea when the wagon arrived. And then such hurry and excitement! I stayed in the entry just long enough to get the dining-table and waiter, and then I came into the dining-room and shut the door and laid the table with the *best* tea-cloth and all the pretty silver and china I could muster, and lighted the astral lamp and placed it in the middle of the table and had everything in order, so that when W. opened the door from the scene of confusion in the entry, it opened upon him like a little paradise."

While in West Newton Mrs. White had a call from one of her old Springfield friends who asked her if she did not "find it very dull out here." She says: "It was a natural question, and yet it shows how little

he understands what makes the real happiness of life. Dull, with my dear husband close at my side, with my dear little house, my friends all around me, all my parish duties, my opportunities for helping the sick or the poor! When I feel well and bright my life seems almost a foretaste of a heavenly one."

Times of ill health came, however, bringing despondency with them, and during one of these periods, she says, at twenty-six, "Is the loss of this power of keen enjoyment what people mean by 'growing old'? Oh, it must not be. I will fight against it. My hair may turn gray and my face may be covered with wrinkles, and it would not cost me a sigh; but to part with one's elasticity of spirit, one's capability for loving and enjoying, this is fearful!"

Mr. and Mrs. White's next pastorate was at Keene, New Hampshire, where they lived for twenty-seven years. She thus writes of her first visit there: "Every one greets us cordially, and my heart bounds at the idea of having so beautiful a home." "Oh, how lovely the valley looked as we entered it!" she wrote a month later, when she went back to make Keene her perma-

nent home; and then follows an account of the neighborliness of their new friends, nine of their parishioners coming to help make and put down the carpets. She says: "They did not leave me until every carpet was made and down and every room in order. . . . Mrs. I. came in the afternoon and brought me baked apples and doughnuts, and in the evening Mrs. G. T. sent me a basket of magnificent nectarines, peaches, and grapes. W. came at four, and the ladies had his study all in order for him, stove and all."

A parishioner, who was a child at this time, thus wrote, many years later, to Mr. White: "I well remember how warmly you both were welcomed in that society of which we were so justly proud, and how, from that moment, every good and perfect work found its inspiration from your mutual efforts."

Their life in that beautiful New England town, surrounded by hills, and with its wide elm-shaded streets and gently flowing Ashuelot River, was filled with many cares and pleasures. My mother shared her husband's parish duties, besides being active in the Sunday school and sewing circle. In alluding to those years a friend,

who grew up as a child in the parish, wrote, after Mrs. White's death, to one of her daughters as follows: "Nothing can ever take the place, I think, to us, of those who have been an inspiration or an example or a happiness in our own younger lives, and who ever was so much of all that to so many young women as your mother?"

Another parishioner says: "She truly taught me how to love the church and how to work for it, and was my ideal, always;" and a third writes: "She was always more than my 'minister's wife;' she was a very dear friend."

These peaceful years in Keene were not without their shadows, for my mother's health was so delicate that she was often confined to her bed or kept in the house for days or weeks together; but the moment she was well enough to take up her active outside occupations her old joy in life would assert itself. "What have I done that my life should be crowned with so much love, and surrounded with so many blessings?" she writes in her diary on March 13, 1864. "Let me not forget, in my happiness and comforts, the sorrows and needs of others."

It was these sorrows and needs of others

that often brought her great sadness, for her friendships were so intense that the trials of those she loved were almost as hard to bear as her own, and sorrows came thick and fast to her and to her friends in the later fifties and the sixties. In 1859 she had one of the greatest sorrows of her life, the loss of her six weeks' old boy, her only son, and in the next few years her husband's family circle and her own were sadly diminished. Then during four long years there was the strain of the Civil War, and those who have been born since its close can have no conception of the dull background of insecurity that set all life in a lower key. She herself had a double portion of anxiety, for two of her brothers were in the Northern army and two in the Southern, so her joy in the final victory of the North was tempered by her sympathy for the unhappy South. As the war drew to a close she wrote: "Glorious news! Richmond taken. Bells rung. Cannon fired." And then, on April 14, comes a brief account of the illumination of the town in which she lived, so quickly followed by Lincoln's death, for, with one of those strange contrasts that life brings, on the

very next day the nation was plunged in mourning, and the houses that had so shortly before been gay with flags and candles were draped with black. My mother wrote in her journal: "A day that will be marked through all time in the annals of American History as the day on which Abraham Lincoln died. We were all distressed to-day by the news that our good, judicious, high-minded, firm, wise, and beloved president was last night shot by an assassin in the theatre in Washington, and died a few hours after, of his wound. . . . It all seems too dreadful to be true. The whole country is plunged into mourning. Tears have run in rivers. L. (her little daughter of eight) cried and sobbed and wondered what the poor slaves will do. She said with great feeling: 'Oh, are you not glad there is a God!'"

My mother's own faith was so strong and unquestioning that it sustained her through all her trials. I cannot remember her ever once doubting that all things work together, ultimately for the best; and she made the heavenly country a place so real and attractive that occasionally when things went wrong in this world, her small daugh-

ter longed to exchange it for the other, much to the distress of her fond parent.

Keenly sensitive to the beauty of nature, Mrs. White's surroundings were a constant delight to her, and from the time that the trailing arbutus first showed its pink buds, to the late autumn, when the fringed gentian made a blue line along the roadsides, that were bright with scarlet and yellow maples, one of her greatest pleasures was to drive a happy carriage-full of young people into the country, and return laden with the season's spoils. Often there would be an improvised picnic, a dinner or supper taken by the side of the river, or on top of Beech Hill. In winter there were sleigh-rides under trees that were bent with a weight of snow, making a vista like a cathedral arch. Winter often set in at Thanksgiving time and did not depart until April.

There was a charm and simplicity about the life in Keene in those days that is difficult to describe. The few neighbors, who knew each other well, lived on such friendly terms that the small circle was almost like one large family, and there was a genuine interest in the affairs of one's neighbors

and a willingness to help in any emergency that few of us have time for in these days of organized charity and clubs. This was the period of unpretending culture and thorough reading, when the characters in the books of the day were discussed at tea-tables with the same ardent interest that was given to the dissection of the foibles of acquaintances. Every one dined in the middle of the day, and when a tea-party was under consideration at the parsonage, the guests were never invited earlier than the day beforehand. In the morning the minister's wife went out into the kitchen and made sponge cake by a rule that required a dozen eggs that were always of the freshest, as the minister, whose recreation was the care of the poultry, dated each egg the day it was laid. There was usually a salad for tea, made by the hostess, and if the occasion came in summer, there were raspberries or currants fresh from the garden at the back of the parsonage. The parlor was gay with flowers, for gardening was at that time, and during her later years in Brookline, one of my mother's chief pleasures. The garden in Keene was full of old-fashioned flowers. Periwinkles, di-

elytra, mignonette, yellow lilies, canterbury bells, Drummond phlox, white poppies, and gladioli succeeded each other, while in late June and early July there were great bushes of creamy white roses, and pink moss roses, that my mother pruned and sprayed and kept in a flourishing condition.

During her late years in Keene Mrs. White was active in establishing a Social Union for boys and young men, and she was one of the founders of the Invalids' Home.

V.

In October, 1876, Mr. and Mrs. White and their two young daughters sailed for Europe, where they spent a year. My mother kept a journal while she was away which she sent to her sister and other friends, and afterwards illustrated by sketches made on the spot. Her interest in people, joined to her keen powers of observation, her quiet sense of humor, and her love of nature, combined to give her an intense enjoyment in the journey, and she had the power of enthusiasm that one more often associates with seventeen than with fifty-three. I will give a few extracts from her letters.

As the voyage drew to a close, she thus describes her first sight of land: "At four we came up to a view that was beautiful beyond description. The Irish headlands lay on our left, the ranges of hills showing one behind the other, in the light of the setting sun, the ocean an emerald green, the air full of birds and the water covered with sails. It seemed in contrast to the gloomy, rough, dreary ocean we had left behind, like entering the land of the blest, after passing through the valley of the shadow of death."

She had a glimpse of Chester, and then went into Wales, and she thus writes of Conway Castle: "The charm of tracing out the different rooms and stairways and turrets and lady's bowers was indescribable. I never expect to enjoy anything of the kind any more or perhaps as much. . . . But just try to imagine one's sensations on crossing a little bridge to enter the castle, to have it suddenly dawn upon you, 'Why, this must have been the drawbridge and that ditch was the moat!'

"Oct. 22d. We are spending Sunday in a lovely, quiet Welsh town (Bettws-y-Coed). . . . We cannot take a step abroad without

being reminded that we are in a foreign land. Every house we see is a picture with its stone walls and pointed gables and luxuriant ivies and creepers. I was attracted by a gay little flowering shrub in front of a row of stone cottages, and was surprised to find it one of the old-fashioned fuchsias in full bloom. I walked to the door to beg a spray of it, and peeped into the neatest little room with a dresser full of tin and crockery dishes filling one side of it, but the old woman who was the presiding genius of the place could n't speak a word of English."

From Bettws-y-Coed we went to London, stopping on the way at Lichfield and Worcester, where the cathedrals gave my mother intense delight. After three weeks in London spent in sight-seeing, varied by some pleasant glimpses of English home life, we were in Paris for six weeks, where my mother greatly enjoyed her first glimpse of the Continent. Here is an extract from her Paris journal: "Some of the pleasantest things we do are the little accidental things that we happen into, going to and coming from our regular expeditions. We drop in at a Catholic shop, for instance,

filled with lovely wax baby Jesuses asleep in the manger, with his mother and Joseph, and the wise men and the cattle all kneeling around him . . . and it grows dark and we come out to find it raining a flood. . . . We see by the lighted windows the strange-looking crowd hurrying by, — a woman under an umbrella, with her cap-border flying back, her dress held up very high; a priest in his black broad-brimmed hat, and his long black dress tied at the waist with a black cord and tassel or a wide sash, who rushes by holding up his petticoats as his female neighbor does; the father of a family with his loaf of bread a yard and a half long; rowdy men who smell of brandy; the street-sweepers, with their brooms, sending the mud flying all over you. At last a fiacre draws up. . . . So off we go, rattling along at a breakneck pace. We can see the driver whipping his horse into a gallop all the way. . . . He drives across the Pont des Invalides and we get the fairy-like effect of the rows of lamps up and down the river, of the colored lights on the little boats, reflected in the water, of the masses of light lying right and left and everywhere. We cross the Place de la Concorde — we recog-

nize the lines of fire on each side the Avenue des Champs Elysées, with the glare of light about the Arc de l'Etoile, and a few minutes more puts us at our own door."

After Paris came a short stay at Orléans, Tours, Carcassonne, Nîmes, etc., and then a week at Cannes, where my mother describes her surroundings as follows: "We reached Cannes after dark on Friday the 12th and have stumbled into a very nice *pension* near the sea. . . . Our rooms have the sun shining full in them and overlook the houses and trees between us and the water, so that we get lovely glimpses of the Mediterranean and the mountains to the west. In the garden on which our hotel opens are roses, laurustinus, ageratum, and various other flowers in blossom, and orange trees with fruit on them. . . . Yesterday we took a drive along the shore to the east and got such a view of the Piedmontese Alps as was enough to drive a body wild, with their long range of snow-covered peaks. And we drove along by actual hedges of roses all in blossom, with their different shades of rose color, from deep crimson up to pale pink, and past gardens full of arbutelons and geraniums and enchanting

unknown flowers, and by large groves of oranges and palm trees! It has always been the dream of my life to live where flowers bloomed all the year around, and now I am happy in the reality!"

"On Tuesday, the 22d (January), we started once more on our travels. This time it was in a long open carriage with a calash top that could be drawn up if needed, with a driver and pair of horses, and our trunks strapped on behind, for, dear people, we were going to drive along the Cornice road. Just think what bliss! . . . Our first stop was at Mentone, where we sat down close by the sea on the warm pebbly beach and ate our lunch. . . . Soon after leaving Mentone we passed the line that divides France and Italy. It is marked by man by armed sentinels keeping watch, and by God by a wonderful cleft in the cliff and a curious tower of rock standing out by itself. . . . All along our journey we were constantly driving through queer little towns where the streets were too narrow to admit of anything more than one carriage, and as the driver gave three loud cracks with his whip all the old women and children would huddle up against the wall to get out of the

way, and the donkeys would be backed into the side alleys. . . . In one town, Turbia, most picturesquely situated on top of a hill, we had quite a frolic with a party of children, who surrounded the carriage when it stopped a few moments, and who were wild with delight at the sight of R.'s doll. I held it up for them to see and showed one and another part of her dress, and I think I never saw so much pleasure painted on so many dirty little faces. There was one little mite who had to be held up by an older child, who was a regular beauty. While this little side scene was going on we were in sight of the sea between high cliffs on one side, and on the other was an old ruined Roman tower. We hardly drove a mile without seeing ruined castles perched up on the most inaccessible point in the landscape, and little towns without number would shine out in their bright white stone, here and there and everywhere, looking like little clusters of sheep cuddling together, on the steep sides of the hills."

She thus writes of Rimini: "Before we left Rimini the next morning we went down to the sea and saw the place where St. Anthony preached to the fishes. W. thinks

this preaching must have produced a lasting effect, for they have continued to be good to this very day. By the way, they give us sardines, fresh and fried, in these regions. . . . It was rather pleasing to be told that the hotel where we stayed was once an old church, built in 600. . . . Friday, the 2d of February. . . . We left the cars at Benevento, which proved to be little frequented by foreign travelers and where there was not a decent hotel in the place. . . . W. was seized upon by a rabble of loafers, as soon as he alighted, all talking in loud, high-pitched voices, and all pushing and hauling to get hold of his valise and hand-bag and umbrella, so that they might claim a few sous in payment for their services. . . . When we arrived at the door of our albergo our tormentors were awaiting us, they having taken a short cut to the same spot. Here we descended and were ushered through a courtyard, out of which opened a flight of dirty stone steps, through a dirty anteroom into two dirty rooms, with a dirty stone floor, dirty walls, dirty everything. A part of the rabble was kept out, but we were escorted by the landlord, his wife, two daughters, cham-

ber-man, and our driver and seven of the outside throng, one of whom insisted upon being paid for clutching W.'s handbag and bringing it upstairs. W. paid two sous, at which he was very indignant, and he stormed and shook his fist in W.'s face in a way that frightened me. . . . All the members of the family staid round and were eager to show us that they were putting the cleanest of sheets onto the beds, and to bring in a pan of charcoal for us to warm ourselves. . . . I made no bones of saying by signs that we were tired and wanted to go to bed, which was a lie, for never in my life did I want so little to go to bed. . . . I had tried to make our landlady understand that with our coffee we would like some boiled eggs for breakfast. (The insides of those are always clean.) W. could not recall the Italian word — we tried the Latin and French to no purpose; finally I imitated the cackling of a hen. You never saw any creature so amused as Anjiola was. She laughed and laughed and slapped me on the back in the most friendly way, and nodded and chuckled greatly. . . . Well, when our *café* came, came also our eggs, beaten up with

sugar (the yolks only) to take the place of milk in our coffee. So we had to go through another series of efforts to get milk, and I had to moo and milk an imaginary cow before she comprehended our meaning. When we did get our coffee it was very good, as well as our boiled eggs. She went with us herself to show us the antiquities, which are well worth visiting. The finest Roman arch we have seen yet, a fine church with a beautiful bronze door with seventy-two bas-reliefs, all very good, and inside, a fine nave, filled when we saw it with a crowd of poorly but gaily dressed people with the pretty Italian square-fronted head-dress on, and every color of the rainbow in their costumes. The priest was anointing the crowd with oil. They approached him in groups and knelt while he performed the ceremony. I suppose there was not a creature there who could speak a word of anything but his own tongue. . . . It was a most picturesque and exciting scene, and I would not have missed it for a great deal. Our beloved Anjiola was our guardian angel. With a quiet wave of her hand or a word or two in a gentle voice she kept off all the beggars."

Mrs. White's next stay of any length was in Rome, where she spent nearly a month. While there she had the pleasure of seeing something of her old friend, Mr. William Wetmore Story. She had not seen him since she was twenty years old, and found him "like and yet so unlike himself." She says, "His studio was full of beautiful statues and models, and he showed us a fine figure of Clytemnestra, which he is modeling in brown clay. It was pleasant to meet there Josiah Quincy, Judge Story, and Edward Everett, to say nothing of Keats and Shelley and Shakespeare and Byron."

Of Florence, where Mrs. White spent nearly three weeks, she writes: —

"I think I feel more as if I were living in one of the enchanted cities in the Arabian Nights here than I have anywhere, and never so much so as when I ring the bell at the street door, and the heavy gate swings open without any apparent intervention of human hands.

"April 5. Our power of enthusiasm has not quite deserted us yet, as we discovered when W. received, in answer to his letter of inquiry for rooms in Venice, 'My gondola will meet you at the station.' . . . But

such weather as we are having you never saw! It is like a continuation of our one or two rarest June days, and the country is exquisite with the fresh budding trees and the pink and white peach and apple blossoms."

In Venice she says:—

"It seems like a joke to see 'Omnibus' painted on the sides of some (of the gondolas), and there is no giving an idea of the oddity and picturesqueness of seeing a boat full of pots of flowers and green bushes with a woman sitting behind them with a bit of scarlet on, or an immense load of hay gliding over the water, the barges upon which it is piled being quite concealed. Then we have seen the furnishings of a house carried about, in some family moving, and boats full of vegetables, but oftenest pleasure-parties, lying back on the luxurious cushions looking as if they had been eating lotus and would never care to leave the seductive ease of their present mode of life. . . . Just opposite us across the canal is a beautiful church (Santa Maria della Salute), and we feel altogether as if we were in dreamland."

Slowly making their way northward, the

travelers spent some time among the Italian lakes, and on May 8 reached Stresa, and started to cross the Simplon. My mother describes the drive as follows: —

"We got splendid views up through deep, rocky gorges, with rushing, foaming streams dashing through them. In fact these mountain torrents met us everywhere; we counted fifty before night, tumbling down the sides of the mountains, of every possible shape and size, some so near that their spray wet our faces as we drove by, some so far off as to look only like silver threads on the face of the rocks. But I can't tell you what an impression of life it gave to the scene. It seemed as if the whole family of water spirits were out on a lark. The variety and quantity of flowers, too, kept us in a state of delight, their profusion and brilliant tints surpassed anything I ever saw. . . . The next morning we heard a tramping of feet under our windows, and looked out to see a picturesque procession passing by, composed of priests in their robes, chanting from an open book, and men and women singing and carrying banners of bright colors, and were told afterwards that it was the day when the ceremony of

blessing the country was performed, that is, the priests and people go about the fields in procession early in the spring, and call down the blessing of heaven upon the crops. We saw two or three other similar processions as we drove along in the delicious early morning freshness, and you cannot think how picturesque it was to see them wading about the fields with the grass up to their knees, the banners fluttering, the bright dresses of the women showing beneath the long veils of white cotton cloth which covered their heads and a part of their persons, while the sweet strains of their hymn came to us softened by the distance.

"Before long we began to go up hill, and at Isella we took on another horse. The views now grew finer all the time, and we were in ecstasies of delight. As we were creeping up one hill, steeper than the rest, a nice-looking woman toiled along beside us, bending under a basket at her back, full of clean clothes, and knitting as she went. We laid some nice little crackers we had with us into her basket, and I wish you could have seen her delight. On and on we go, getting ever higher and higher, until the trees are only pines and the flowers

disappear, one by one. And now we begin to see a little snow here and there, and patches of white flowers springing up just on its edge. What can they be? They look like crocuses, say I, and so they were. And all that day we kept seeing acres of them, with a few blue ones scattered among them. . . . We stop to dine at the village of Simplon. I do not feel so very far away from home when on the wall before me I see the self-same picture that hangs in our playroom at home, and by the side of the bed the mate to a rug in my chamber. We are now quite in the region of snow, and we draw up around the fire to warm our chilled feet, and when we start out again it is in a hard snow, and Andrea takes on still another horse and a man. Two hours' climb will bring us to the summit. The snow grows deeper and deeper, until at the top we drive through walls of snow twenty-eight feet high, although our road is quite open. The falling snow prevents our seeing a thing, excepting here and there we get a glimpse down into an abyss of surging vapor, and we know that we are on the edge of a fearful precipice. Occasionally, too, a gust of wind blows aside the snow for a

moment, and we see a gray, dim mountain peak close above us and get perhaps a greater impression of grandeur and awe than if we could see what the clouds were hiding. But at last we reach the hospice, and now Andrea takes on still another man, whose office is to hang onto the wheels behind . . . for we begin to descend. We go through galleries cut out of the solid rock, and the clear blocks of ice are piled up on either side, so that we are really in a tunnel of ice. And over the window, instead of rushing waters, we see frozen cascades, and we feel as if we had found out where the hoar frost is made and the birthplace of the winter storms. On we go, holding our breath from the consciousness that an unexpected lurch of the carriage would send us over the low wall at the side into the bottomless pit below. My heart is in my mouth, when suddenly we stop. What can be the matter? Andrea dismounts. The men all collect about the horses. They are taking out the leaders. Oh, they are only going to send them back with the men. . . . The men come to the window touching their hats, and the father of the family has to bring out his purse. . . . I am afraid he does

not always consider it more blessed to give than to receive.

"We start on again, and in five minutes are out of the snow banks and begin to spin down the mountain at a merry pace. . . . Before long the sun is shining upon us, and we can look back and up to the mountain summit we have just crossed, and feel as if the winter we found there must be a delusion, only that there is the snow, white and cold against the sky. As we drew near Brigue we got out to get a view, which was one of the most exquisite I ever saw. We looked down a vista between two hills, out onto a plain far away, and winding through it was the Rhone, looking like a thread of silver, and beyond the plain was range after range of distant hills, each one softer than the last, until you could not tell where they ended and the clouds began. And the whole scene was flooded with the most wonderful sunset, yellow and red, streaming out through heavy clouds. I thought of the hills of Beulah and the heavenly country beyond."

She writes thus of her arrival in Nuremberg: "The hackman was greatly amused at our exclamations of wonder and delight.

. . . Such a collection of pointed and gabled and turreted and fantastic roofs, all a dark red, and of yellowish gray walls, covered with irregular windows of all shapes and sizes, with the sweetest of oriel windows here and there and everywhere, with arches leading into dark stone-paved courts, with occasional black, moss-grown bridges crossing the river, and a gable window on every three feet of roof —such a collection, I say, was enough to awaken the enthusiasm of even an old woman like me. . . . With our usual good fortune we stumbled upon the market day, with its groups of oddly dressed women standing under huge white umbrellas. . . . Then we went into the beautiful little Frauen-Kirche and found it crowded with people, half of whom were young girls, from twelve to sixteen, dressed in white, with wreaths of green and white, generally orange blossoms, on their heads, and who went up in small numbers to the Archbishop to go through the ceremony of confirmation. . . . When the great man came down the aisle, in his purple robes, on his way out of church, every one made a deep reverence and he raised his hands over them in act of bless-

ing. . . . When we returned from our sight-seeing in the morning it was to find the path from the street to the stairs of our hotel carpeted with green branches and real roses, and we found that a bride had just come to the house to hold her marriage feast there. The waiter gave us a chance to see the wedding party, while they were dancing to a band of music, which we heard playing for two or three hours. The bride was dressed just like our brides, in white silk, with a long train, and a tulle veil which swept the floor, and orange blossoms. The guests were few, but seemed to enjoy the dancing, in spite of the heat."

"*Malines*, July 15th, 1877. We decided to spend Sunday at Malines, because it would be a quiet place, and there was a chime of bells we wanted to hear. We are in a queer, countrified kind of a hotel, the front entry of which is hung around with joints of beef and mutton, but directly opposite the cathedral, which is beautiful. Our desire to hear the chimes has been fully gratified. They play a certain tune at the hour, and at every half hour they play the 'Carnival of Venice.' Five minutes before and after each half they play a

few notes, and at the quarter make quite an outbreak. To-day they played for an hour 'God save the Queen,' 'If I were the King of France,' and so forth. Unfortunately they are a little out of tune, which interferes with our enjoyment of them, but some of the bells are beautiful and the *runs* are quite wonderful. As usual we have lighted upon something characteristic of the country. Our hotel is in a state of excitement over a mild kind of horse-race, which has come off to-day. The Colombophile Society offers prizes to the fastest flying pigeons, and a large number have been carried three hundred miles off, into France, and to-day the dear little things are flying home. While we were at dinner a boy with a green bag was seen running at full speed to the house. In an instant there was a shout and every place at table was vacant and all rushed, in the wildest excitement, to see whose pigeon had won. The little creature had come at the rate of sixty miles an hour! Two others came in directly after, and when we went to look at them there were four, peacefully feeding in their cages and looking as fresh as if they had only taken a little morning airing. While we

were looking, another messenger arrived, panting and breathless, bag in hand, and he had wine and so forth given him to recover him from his fatigue. The highest prize is seventy francs.

"The girls accuse me of saying this morning, 'Waiter, avez-vous des Erdbeeren?' I, myself, think it a libel, but I suppose a thing must be considered proved by the mouth of two or three witnesses now, as in times of old."

My mother was for some weeks in England, and one of the excursions she enjoyed the most was to Eton and Windsor. She says: "Our driver was a lovely specimen of an English coachman, pompous and affable, with white neck-cloth and no collar, and dropping his h's delightfully. 'Yes, ma'am,' he said, 'hevery one of those boys, mum, the smallest of 'em, cost £300 a year, for 'is tuition and board, and then there 's 'is clothes to find, and the hamusements they 'aves, such as regattys and cricket, besides their pocket money and sweets; and then their friends comes to see them to their 'ouses, and it all costs money, mum. Hand hif they misbe'aves themselves, mum, they 'ave the birch, and they 'aves to pay

eighteen pence 'alfpenny for the birch, and then it becomes their hown, mum, and they 'ave to carry it 'ome strapped onto the houtside of their luggage, mum, and heverybody knows what that means.' But all this was only a precursor of the greatest enjoyment of all. After leaving Eton we drove through a densely shaded road with the large trees meeting overhead, and all sorts of green things making a lovely tangle in between the trees, to a little rustic gate, at which we alighted. ''Ere his the Helegy, mum,' said our driver. We passed through the gate into an open field, and followed a footpath in the grass, which led into a country churchyard, with the little church in the centre completely covered with ivy,—walls, roofs, spire,—and all as quiet and peaceful as if the living never entered it. And this was the churchyard where Gray wrote his exquisite Elegy. It was my ideal of English country scenery." She was much impressed with the ruins of Tintern Abbey, and writes: "All around are richly wooded hills, and just across the road stands the grand old Abbey. The walls are complete, but the roof is gone and the arches of the windows are made

beautiful with grasses and ivy instead of painted glass. Inside, the columns are nearly all standing, so that the nave and choir and side aisles are all readily seen at a glance; but instead of the arched roof above you, you look up and up into the blue sky, and the pavement you tread upon is a soft carpet of green grass, and the birds are flying about and singing the anthems and hymns, and the walls are hung with wreaths of ivy, instead of precious marbles or paintings, and altogether my Sunday morning in that ruined temple has been as profitably spent as if I had joined the throng of churchgoers." She especially enjoyed Scotland, where Loch Katrine and Ellen's Isle aroused her enthusiasm, and she was amused by "the little oddities" of the town of Callender. "Our first experience was seeing a crazy woman wandering about in the street, and we were told that it was only 'daft Jessie.' She is quite harmless, and people take turns in caring for her. The butcher is called a 'flesher.' One old woman told me she lived in 'yon hoosie' and that she was left with only a 'roof anent her head,' and she had 'focht it with twa coos, and sold the milk to get shoes for her children,' and so forth."

One of Mrs. White's experiences that she looked back to with the most pleasure, was a glimpse of life in a Scotch castle. She thus describes it: "Monday, the tenth, we took an early start for C., in the neighborhood of which lives a gentleman, a Mr. M., brother to Mr. D., whose acquaintance W. made in traveling when he was in Sicily thirty-five years ago. We were met at the station by 'the break,' and driven two or three miles until we entered a gate and then drove through a mile of avenue up to a grand turreted house of reddish stone. They were all cordial and simple in their manners, and Lady A. herself went up to our rooms with us and made us feel at home at once. The house is as large as a large hotel, and I found great difficulty in finding my way about, because there were no numbers on the doors. The drawing-room is very large and comprises four rooms thrown together by arches opening from one to the other, instead of doors. The view from the window shows you first the lawn, very extensive and exquisitely kept, then a sheet of water, then a finely wooded region, and then hills in the distance. We breakfasted at quarter before ten, first assembling in

the billiard room for prayers, where were nine maids standing in a row ready to receive the family, and outside the door, five or six menservants. . . . At breakfast the meats were all placed on a side table and no one was asked what he wanted, but every one helped himself. At lunch there was the same informality, only the food was all on the table. The dinners, however, are very stately. At seven the dressing bell rang, and those who had not begun that important business before, all retired to their rooms and came out again so gorgeous that R. whispered to me, 'Why, they look just like Cinderella at the ball, before she dropped her slipper!'

"But the crowning effect of the whole was the dress of the gentlemen of the family in the real Scotch kilts which they always wear when in Scotland. The upper part of the dress is like an ordinary gentleman's coat, but below there is the full, short, pleated plaid skirt, with the tuft of hair swinging in front, the bare knees, long stockings, and shoes. Towards the close of the dinner, which was waited upon by five servants, some in kilts, some in velvet short clothes and gold-laced coats, a piper came

in with his bag-pipe and marched around the table several times, playing old Highland tunes. This is an ancient custom which a few of the old families still keep up. The musician was dressed in full Highland costume. . . . A part of his duty seems to be to wake up the family with his pipe in the morning, for he made the circuit of the house two or three times at getting-up time. Lady A. told me that they often had a house full of company and collected a party of fifty-six in the servants' hall. 'A sheep does not go a great way,' she said, 'among so many.'"

But the year's holiday was drawing rapidly to a close. There were some days spent in Edinburgh, which my mother describes as "the most homish, charming place we have found in all our wanderings." Of Abbotsford she says: "When we were first taken into Sir Walter's study and shown the desk at which he wrote and the chair in which he sat, I felt a lump in my throat, as if I had found vacant the favorite seat of a personal friend."

This is the closing sentence in the last letter that she wrote on the homeward bound steamer: "I can hardly realize that

to-morrow at this time we may be watching the shores of our beloved country growing into sight and shape, and that before another night closes in upon us we may have set foot once more on our native land, with home and friends before us, and the bright, beautiful, inspiring memories of our year abroad fading away behind us, into the dreamy, tender tints which distance can bestow."

VI.

In 1878, Mr. White resigned from his Keene parish, and after two years the family settled in Brookline, where Mrs. White lived until her death, twenty-two years later.

These years were among the happiest in her life. Her health gradually improved and she was able to take an active part in the life of the community. She was one of the founders of the reading-room connected with the Brookline Union, and it was she who first planned and started the Working and Social Club in the First Parish in Brookline; for some years she had a Sunday-school class in that church and she was an active worker in the Alliance. She was one of the directors of the

New England Hospital for Women and Children from 1883 to 1887.

It was in 1888, when she was sixty-five years old, that she made the collection of extracts for this little volume. Although she was in the full vigor of her powers, she characteristically began to prepare for the time which she felt must necessarily follow, when age should begin to limit her power of achievement. These years in Brookline were also enriched by the society of the friends of her youth, many of whom were still living, as well as by that of new friends, and she was also able to indulge her love of pictures and music. Year after year she ends her diary that took the place of the voluminous journal of earlier years, as follows: "December 31, 1882. And so ends this dear, happy year. One of the happiest I have ever known. What will be the record of the next?" "December 31, 1889. And so another year closes. How few, alas! are left! It has been a happy year, full of prosperity and unbroken enjoyment." "1890. And so ends the dear old year. It has brought nothing but prosperity and happiness to us." "1892. The new year finds us in a state of health and happiness and

general prosperity for which I am humbly thankful." I remember, also, when she and I went to call on a friend of hers one New Year's eve, how the two, who were both more than sixty years old, wished each other a happy new year and confided to each other, to my great surprise, that life grew happier as they grew older.

The summers were varied by a few weeks spent in the mountains or by the sea, and whether it was Whitefield, Magnolia, Lunenburg, Nonquitt, Constableville, the Rangeley Lakes, or Nahant, she took with her the same enthusiastic love of scenery and flowers which had made her European trip such a delight. Sometimes her sister and a favorite niece were added to her own family, and then there was rejoicing indeed.

The August of 1884, spent at Lunenburg, Vermont, was one of the pleasantest of these summer vacations. She writes in her diary of her arrival, where, at the small hotel, her sister had appropriate cards on the tea-table awaiting the travelers. Hers was accompanied by an old pencil, a mucilage brush, and a bit of charcoal with this couplet: —

The mountains are fine and so is the sea,
But pencil and charcoal and brush for me.

Her sketching materials always accompanied her on her summer outings, and there is a portfolio of her drawings, each so strong in its suggestion of the light-hearted happiness that one associated with their author in the days that cannot come again, that to turn over the sketches is almost like looking at a series of moving pictures from the past.

Lunenburg was in the White Mountain region that my mother had loved with so strong an affection ever since her girlhood. It was away from the general line of travel, and the old-fashioned inn fronted a common that contained a grove of trees. Along the village street there ran a tiny brook that was hidden by masses of the bluest of forget-me-nots, tradition saying they had been dropped from the wedding-bouquet of a bride. My mother speaks of these flowers over and over again in her brief diary, and finally they suggested to her these verses:—

Along the sloping roadside of a small New England town,
A tiny, bubbling streamlet runs softly dropping down.

Its secret source is quite concealed from every curious eye
By lovely, wild forget-me-nots, whose blue eyes watch the sky.

The sun-browned village baby, with laughter on his lips,
Stretches from his mother's arms to seize the turquoise tips,
And, as she fills the chubby hands to please the small despot,
She softly whispers, "When a man, dear boy, forget-me-not."

The lover and his maiden, in summer's soft moonlight,
Are parting by the roadside; her face is sad and white;
With heavy heart and eager look of hope and fear begot,
He places in her offered hand the sweet forget-me-not.

A traveler come from wandering across the sea now stands
A moment gazing at the flowers and dreams of foreign lands;
He sees once more fair Italy, that dear, enchanted spot,
And in her own soft tongue they say, "My friend, forget-me-not."

A white-haired man with faltering step creeps slowly down the way;
To one so near the close of life what can the bright flowers say?
Of God they speak, whose ceaseless love ordained his checkered lot,
And in his reverent ear they breathe, "My son, forget-me-not."

The glorious mountain views, and the sunsets, the wood roads, off the beaten track, the stone walls, where the raspberries grew in profusion, the drives by the Connecticut River or over the mountains, these were the out-of-door pleasures which, joined to an exceptionally interesting company that chance had thrown together, combined to make this summer one that all those who were so fortunate as to have a share in it, will always remember.

Among the guests at the hotel were Mr. George Bartlett (with a party from Concord, including Professor Harris, of the School of Philosophy), and Professor Samuel Pierpont Langley. Each contributed in his own line to the pleasure of the company. Mr. Bartlett was indefatigable in getting up entertainments, charades, tableaux, and Jarley waxworks, Mr. Harris tried experiments in thought transference, and Mr. Langley took a party, among whom was my mother, to a little observatory, and showed them sunspots through the telescope, making a drawing on her charcoal-block. I came across it the other day, in looking over her sketches, and if she had not given an explanation below, I should

have mistaken it for a sketch of the rudbeckia, for it seems to have a round black centre, with a circle of petals.

While the younger people went on walks or moonlight excursions, my mother had the more permanent satisfaction of listening to the interesting talk of Professor Langley and Professor Harris.

Sometimes she puts a fragment of the conversation down in her diary.

"Mr. Langley talked agreeably for an hour after dinner, telling pleasant European stories, and one funny one about the cardinals in St. Peter's, with their long trains and the small boys twisting them up, as a woman wrings a sheet, and winding them around their necks."

"Mr. Langley talked in an interesting way, saying Carlyle had said the finest thing on the question of belief in an overruling essence, in the 'Life of Frederick the Great.' 'I cannot believe that I could be made a being possessing thought, feeling, etc., by an entity who had none himself.' [She quoted from memory.] From that he got on to Carlyle and his relation to his wife. People whom he saw, who had known them both, said they were an attached couple."

Another enjoyment my mother had that summer, was the singing of two very beautiful girls, who, besides their delightful music, lent a charm and grace to all the tableaux and charades.

That was a summer, too, when all sorts and kinds of games were played, and she took a vivid interest in them all. Indeed, to play a game with her, and to listen to her racy comments as it progressed, was a new and exhilarating experience, and one that was likely to convert the most blasé and indifferent, to the value that games have in the social economy. Perhaps her sense of humor was the quality that gave most pleasure to those who knew her in her every-day life, for it lent a certain unexpectedness to a character that without it would have been almost too serious.

I have never known any one who seemed to me more full of the joy of life than my mother was in these later years, when her improved health brought back all her old cheerfulness, that sorrows and illness had put under a partial eclipse during the years of my childhood. She once told me that her love of life itself and of the beautiful world was so strong, that when she was

younger, if she had been told she must lose every friend she possessed, she should still have wanted her life continued.

There was no kind of housework or sewing that my mother could not do well. Her very hands were shaped for strength and efficiency. She was an excellent nurse, and her sense of competence made her ready to assist in any crisis of grief or joy. She always brought with her a quiet atmosphere of strength, that made her a comfort. In the later years of her life, when she was not able to help her friends in any active way, she was constantly thinking of their joys or sorrows as she stayed in her room at home. She was always occupying herself in some way. When she was tired of reading, or writing letters, or playing games, she would vary the day by knitting, or translating French poetry, or making picture cards for children. The arrangement of these cards apparently afforded her much of the same keen, artistic satisfaction that sketching used to give her in her more active days.

My mother's deep religious nature, her strong affections, her pleasure in work, her sense of humor, and her sympathy have been sufficiently indicated, but I have not

spoken of her love of truth. Hers was the unconscious and deep-rooted truthfulness that was so a part of her as to mean no effort. It was one of the manifestations of an unusually transparent and single-hearted nature. To say what she meant was so much a matter of course to her that she sometimes failed to understand a more reserved and complex nature, taking for granted the truth of the spoken word, and then later being unable to account for some contradiction between that and the revealed act.

In 1897 my mother had an attack of pneumonia that threatened her life, and left her lungs in a delicate condition. This was followed the next year by a similar illness that cut off her strength still more. She, however, did not lose her power of making happiness for herself and those around her. When she could no longer walk with any freedom she greatly enjoyed her daily drive, and the last two summers of her life were varied by excursions in a wheel-chair. She lent a grace to this method of locomotion as she did to everything, and she was enthusiastic over it, for she was able to penetrate into places that had long been inaccessible

to her, and delighted in excursions close to the edge of Jamaica Pond, where she took a great interest in watching the swans. At Nahant, also, where she spent a part of the last four summers of her life, she enjoyed the closer view of the ocean and the surf that was thus afforded her. She made many warm friends in those last summers, for her power of reaching all sorts of people did not decrease. A young friend who had lost her own mother became strongly attached to her and used laughingly to call her her playmate. It was seldom, in these summer days at Nahant, that the wheel-chair was not followed by other attendants than the one who pushed it. She was the centre around whom the plans of the household revolved. One of her young friends she used inadvertently to call Grace, through some association with the name, and she gave her the following lines as her excuse.

> With ready wit that leaves no sting,
> With heart that prompts the kindest thing,
> With mobile, gracious, winning face,
> What wonder that I call thee Grace! [1]

The last winter of my mother's life she was confined to her bed or her room, but

[1] From *Blanche Mary Channing*, by F. A. Channing.

with the first warm days of spring there came the renewed strength that this season always brought her, and she was able to have a few drives; but in May she had another attack of pneumonia, from which she never recovered. She died peacefully in the early June of 1903. The day when she was laid at rest, in the beautiful spot that she had loved in life, was one of those "one or two perfect June days," of which she spoke when in Italy. A friend thus wrote of the service, in which her minister, Dr. Lyon, was assisted by her life-long friend, Dr. Edward Everett Hale. "It was beautiful, was it not? so simple and sweet and full of lovely memories. And would not she have loved all those flowers? It seemed so appropriate for her to be surrounded by the beauty and fragrance of them. The gloom of a funeral was all left out, and sweetness and peace were brought out and emphasized by the service." Another friend said, "There was no death at all there. There was the surety of eternal life."

Of the many letters that were sent to her family, all breathing the same note of personal loss and appreciation of her char-

acter, there is perhaps none that sums up the impression she made on those who had the privilege of her intimate friendship so well as this one, from a relative of her husband: "What can we say or do, except to feel that the world is poorer for the loss of one of the brightest, loveliest creatures that ever came into it? All my life I have felt it a privilege to have such an aunt, beautiful to look at and more beautiful to know. We have all been to her for help, and have never failed to get it in her wise judgment and advice, which she always gave."

I will close with these extracts from letters written by two acquaintances of a younger generation than her own. "She lived so long and so beautifully in the world that it seems hard to realize that there has been any change. . . . I remember very well the last time I saw her at your house, thinking what a warm look of interest she had for each person she talked to. It is lovely to see those who have in their age a fuller life and deeper sympathy than ever, and so encouraging to us who perhaps have many years before us, and who have moments of fearing that our sympathies may be drained dry and our courage made

less, before we come to the end. It is not necessary to have known a person well to have received that encouragement, it is written so plainly on their faces that every one may read."

"The compensations are great when a long and noble life is ended here, and the sense of loss seems less keen than the feeling that the manifestations of the spirit are clearer than before."

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