

SUMMER DRIFT-WOOD

FOR

THE WINTER FIRE.

BY

ROSE PORTER.

NEW YORK:

ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH & CO.

No. 770 BROADWAY.

1870.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by

ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH & Co.,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the
Southern District of New York

Ix

P835

870

R.L.C.

E. O. JENKINS,
STEREOTYPER AND PRINTER,
90 N. WILLIAM ST., N. Y.

TO

MY MOTHER;

WHO TAUGHT ME,

WHEN A LITTLE CHILD, TO CALL

GOD

"Our Father."

"The best of a book, is not the thought which it contains, but the thought which it suggests. Just as the charm of music, dwells not in the tones, but in the echoes of our hearts."——

"What more is wanting than a way wherein I may have room, and a gate that will let me through? To this end the Lord stands in fullness of truth and grace, calling and inviting us with all earnestness: Enter ye in!—meets us, as it were, with 'enter in' before we knock; prays us that we ask; commands us to seek; encourages us Himself that we may knock!"——STIER.

"The narrow way to Life is broad enough for men who carefully, gently, evenly, walk in it."——



SUMMER DRIFT-WOOD.

I.

I WONDER what grandpapa meant last night, when I bade him good night? He did not say, as he has always done before, when I've been going away: "Be happy child, enjoy the bright summer time." But he looked so long at me and said: "Remember, little one, gather the drift-wood that will light the winter fire." And when I laughed, and said, "Why grandpapa, I am going to enjoy myself—to have a good time. I'm only going to gather flowers—to bask in the sunshine the live long day—to listen to the song birds"—he looked so sober as he replied: "Ah! Annie, the flowers will fade—the sunshine be hidden, when the win-

ter storm clouds come, and the song birds grow silent. Find something lasting. Begin to gather wood, now, that will warm the heart when the winter of life comes, child."—Life's winter!

I wish grandpapa had n't talked so. Why, it is early summer; over all the land the flowers are just coming; and I'm so young—I don't want to think of "sober things." Just nineteen to-morrow.—I think t'is such a glad age; and dear good papa says, this summer's jaunt is to be my birthday treat. Aunt Mary says she hopes every day, all the year through, will be a birthday to me, and she has given me to remember, that little sentence from some German writer: "The soul celebrates at every good deed a birthday." I like the words so much.

— But, what did grandpapa mean? And this morning, when he kissed me, he said again: "Remember, child, bring home some wood with the flowers."

He is such a dear old grandpapa. I could n't help whispering, as I gave him the

good-bye hug—"I'll try to find some kindling, grandpapa."

And then he said—"God-bless you, child, and help you." I have written it all down in this little book that Fred gave me for a diary of "my summer," so that every night, when I write about the day, I may remember my promise to grandpapa, and have some little lasting memory, that is not only pleasure-seeking, but pleasure-giving to record, for I think that must be what grandpapa meant.

— Fred is such a tease. He knows I hate diaries, and only wanted a little note book; but he will persist in saying, "Annie is going to keep a diary of her journey;" and on the fly-leaf he has written in his great big round hand, some words which he says are sensible and true. I think they are bitter and mannishly disagreeable. I know a woman never wrote them, and Fred is just a provoking tease of a brother, to put them in my nice new book. "Mere emotion and sympathy in woman, separated from sound

thinking, makes her a sentimentalist, or a simpleton." "To Annie, from her affectionate brother Fred, June 30th."

Papa says, he hopes I will remember the sentence, so I suppose I must try. But—I have scribbled one whole page, and never told how we left New York. Now, not one bit of sentiment, only sense, the plain facts shall be recorded.

— Left home on my birthday, June 30th, by steamboat "Daniel Drew;" reached Albany at 5 o'clock, and here I am in this hot little room of a crowded hotel waiting for to-morrow, when we start for Niagara.

The beautiful sail up the river I know I never shall forget. It seems to me now, like a hundred dreams in one—the ending of one, the beginning of another; but one can't weave with too many ends, and one can't paint with too many colors, as my painting master used to say, when I put the little drops from ever so many tubes all over my palette. Well, I know he was right, and to night my mind seems just as

the palette used to when I made ready to begin the school girl daubs that papa calls "My daughter Annie's paintings, sir."

I wonder if all the glimpses of this day's beauty some skillful hand will ever blend into soft colors and regular lines, as Mr. E. used to do with the pictures. My mind is such a girl's mind. Fred says, it just thinks in a jumble. I must try and straighten it all out. First comes the leaving New York, the sailing past the long lines of streets and city houses, then the beginning of green fields and great shade trees, and that long sloping lawn that ran down to the river bank. Why did they put that cheerless sign up there, I wonder?—"Orphan Asylum."—It was n't one bit like papa, but when we passed it he drew me close to him and said: "Annie, my little brown eyed girl, do you know you are like your mother?"

My mother! I was a tiny child when she died. Grandpapa says, "Don't say died, say when she went home." I like it better so. Why do they tell the poor little children

when their earthly father or mother goes home, that they are orphans? It is such a cold, desolate word. Grandpapa says, my mother is always near to me, because she is with God, the "All Father," and He is never "far off."

Dear papa, all these years he has kept her in his heart. I wonder will any one ever love me so? Fred would say: "Annie, don't think of such things;" and yet Fred himself wears a slender little gold ring that I did n't give him. I wonder where it came from? When I asked him about "Miss Golden Hair" he looked cross.—But I was thinking about papa. When he left me tonight he said: "Annie, your mother is my angel in Heaven; try, my child, to be an angel on earth to Fred and me." I wish I were good—like aunt Mary, grandpapa and Jack Morgan. I'm so full of nonsense, when I begin to try, I always forget right away. Well, I'm too sleepy now to write another word, and so my first day away from home must be left like the school daub, for some

one else to make into a picture. Did grandpapa think, my life might be left all empty and unfinished, just so; and was that what he meant, by telling me to gather up firewood? Oh! dear me! Life is such a puzzle! I don't believe I shall ever find any thing but shavings, to take back to grandpapa, and they blaze right up into a going-out flame, that only tells it has been by ashes—not always though, for sometimes they kindle the great logs.

Such a pleasant little thing happened before we left home. I thought it would be a chip for my fire; but then it wasn't, for I spoiled my new gloves. When I showed them to papa, he said: "Oh, Annie, you careless girl, you will burn a hole in my pocket with your extravagance." I could n't help laughing, t'was such a funny way to begin to make "my fire" by burning holes in papa's pockets.

—It was just before we started, when the sudden shower came—how it did pour! I stood by the window watching for the car-

riage, and I saw such a queer little tot of a girl, standing on tip-toe, looking at the letter-box hanging just too high for her to reach;—out I ran, into the street, and caught the little thing up, let her drop the letter in and put her down again, almost before she knew what I was doing. Then she looked up with such a bright smile, saying, in a faint whispering voice, "Thank ye, ma'am, 'tis to tell pa, ma's sick." There was something in her smile and thank-ye, that seemed like a shaving, for I know grandpapa meant, for one thing, pleasant memories; and I do believe, I shall always remember that child's glad look. But then I spoiled my new gloves.



II.

MY poor little book! You have been hidden away in the corner of my trunk for three whole days. And now I've so much to write, I hardly know where to begin. First, there was the being half pleased, and half disappointed, when papa told me he had changed his plans, and, after all, we were going to the mountains before Niagara. I suppose it was meeting the Morgans made him change, and their begging us so hard to join their party. Well, I know we'll have a splendid time. I do wish Fred was with us. Only think, five of us girls and Will and Jack Morgan, beside Mr. and Mrs. Morgan, and they expect to meet ever so many pleasant people! I know papa will like better

the having them all to talk to, instead of just me; but I can't help being a little sorry. I did think it would be so beautiful to have papa all to myself.

And now we are up among the mountains, and last night I saw the day end. I wonder if any one ever *felt* it so beautiful before? I stood all alone, and looked far off, down into the valley land, and traced the silver thread that marks the winding river. Softly over all crept the shadows of the coming evening. First the twilight made dim the far away hills beyond the river; then nearer and nearer to me the shadows came, and soon darkness was over the lowlands. But up above, on the high mountain tops, the golden rays of the sunlight lingered—soft, rosy lights, melting into violet and shadowy tints. “The tenderness of color, the grave tenderness of the far away hill purple,” as Ruskin calls it. I think I saw it then for the first time. It stole into my heart—the coming of the night—among the mountains. — Why did I think of grandpapa then, and

the Winter of Life. — Have the mountain pine trees voices, I wonder? They are so near up to the Beyond. I think they snatched a whisper from the passing day, and softly murmured it to me. I wish it had been a song, rather than a sigh. These waves of consciousness—of the great something above ourselves and our little thoughts—why do they come, and then go so suddenly? We stretch out our hands to grasp them, and they are gone. Just as the twilight creeps over the hills, so the seen—the present—creeps over our hearts and shuts away the wonderful unseen—shuts away the future—granting us a glimpse, only enough to make us homesick for more.

Later in the evening, when we all sat on the broad piazza, I tried to tell papa about it; but he smiled, and didn't give me a bit the answer I wanted; for he only said; “Annie, child, don't let a wave from life's ocean puzzle your little brain; only the years will give you the sounding lead to fathom its depths.”

I don't think papa understood me. It wasn't Life I was thinking of so much as Death. Mrs. Morgan was standing by; she looked so much amused while I was talking, and she pushed all the curls away from my face, saying: "Romantic girl, you are full of notions." I wish she wouldn't play with my hair. Fred says it always looks as though I had been through a bramble-bush, and do what I may, it won't be straight; but then I like the "waves and ripples," as papa calls them, not to be all mussed and pushed about by Mrs. Morgan. I suppose she means to be kind. I wouldn't have minded it, only Jack was standing by; he looked so queer, just as though he wanted to muss and play with my hair, too. I do like Jack Morgan—better than almost any one I know, though I can't help being a little bit afraid of him—because he is so good. We had such a beautiful talk last night. I must write it all down before it slips out of my mind. Jack does make me want so much to be a Christian.

— Mrs. Morgan and the others got tired of sitting in the dark, as she said, so we all went into the great parlor bright with lights. Such a merry evening the girls say they had with dancing and singing; but I know I had as good a time out in the moonlight with Jack.

Susie Carrol was called the prettiest girl of us all. She did look lovely in her white dress, embroidered all over with tiny blue flowers. Her aunt brought it to her as a present from Paris. I don't believe I looked nice at all. I had on just a simple white frock, with the broad blue sash Fred likes. When I asked papa if I could go with Jack Morgan to see the moon rise, he said, "Yes;" but first he wrapped me up in Mrs. Morgan's soft white shawl, and some one said, "Why, Annie, you look like a snow-ball;" and papa said, "Jack, here's a bundle for you to take to see the moon rise." I felt so awkward—but Jack didn't seem to mind. Afterwards, when we stood in the moonlight, he looked down and said: "Little Thistle-down,

do you think it beautiful?"—Jack always is finding pet names for me.—It was there, standing in the moonlight, we had our talk. I asked Jack if the pine trees ever sang to him. Such a peaceful look came over his face! He did not reply for a little while—we were quiet—it was all unbroken stillness—only the murmur of the pines. I don't know why, but they didn't seem to sigh as I listened to them with Jack. When he spoke, instead of looking at me, he looked up right into the sky, and his voice was soft, as though speaking to himself, while he said: "Go forth and stand upon the mount before the Lord—and behold the Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and broke in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind; and after the wind was an earthquake, and after the earthquake a fire, and after the fire a still small voice." Then he said: "Annie, will you listen to the 'still small voice'—will you come now—not waiting to be frightened by the earthquake—not till tried by the

fire, driven by the wind; but *now*—led by the goodness of God? Will you listen to the message the evening breeze whispered—the call that comes from the 'hereafter,' where the Master is preparing the many mansions? Who for, Annie? Not for the waiting, but the *watching* ones; not for the virgins that hold the golden lamps, but for those whose lamps are 'filled and burning.' "

Does Jack mean just what grandpapa meant—that I have a golden lamp, but nothing to make a flame with? I never thought before of that word *preparing*. Heaven has always seemed ready, and *we* the ones being made ready. When I told Jack, he said he used to feel so; but he says now it is a great help to him to feel, while we *here* are trying to make our earth-stained hearts pure and more fit for the many-mansioned home, up *there* Christ, too, is all the time "preparing a place" for us. I think it must be beautiful to feel so.

Jack said he thought, over the golden gate that leads to the New Jerusalem, the motto

would be, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." Then he told me so much about the crown—and those long ago days when Greek and Roman, athlete, poet and philosopher, strove for the crown of honor. The palm, olive, and pine wreath, the ever-green laurel for the poet-brow—only a twisted coronal from the trees of time, a wreath of perishing leaves—they strove for, seeking some visible type of the honor their well doing had won. And so we came to speak of "the crown incorruptible, and that fades not away." Jack says so many things I never thought about before. *Faithful*—the word that begins the verse that he calls heaven's portal text, and that leads to the crown end; he calls it the double word. Faith alone, he says, is incomplete, but *Faith-full* tells of the heart so full of trust not one little place is left for doubt. Faithful, not only for life, which is the entrance to immortality, but Faithful for that hour which is the heart's death. I suppose he meant by heart's death all sorts of earthly

disappointments and trials. I wonder if I shall have to know them? I don't believe I understand very well now, and I was afraid to ask Jack. Did he mean that only as we lay down ourselves—I mean our natural life, and learn to know a higher, purer, better, by the communing of our souls with the spiritual—we can really know life? I wonder whether I shall ever be a real Christian, like Jack? *Christian!*—that would mean to have a "*Christ-like*" soul, and Christ laid down His life for others. It seems so hard to me to give up ever so little a thing, even for papa or Fred. Dear Aunt Mary, she could tell me all about laying down one's life, for she is always doing kind deeds; but I think before she began to do for us, she must have been called to some great laying-down service—all for Christ's sake; and so He sent, as a smile to rest on her, the blessing of patience and goodness, and that is why we all love her so well.

Out there in the moonlight I tried to tell Jack something of the vague, undefined ques-

tionings that come to me—the many things I can't understand, and all the beautiful things I catch gleams of. He said every one felt so; only some expressed it, and others never put it into words; and he said he would make a garland of moonbeams, caught from many hearts, for me. I told him I thought it was more like a twilight girdle, because every verse he repeated from the poet's songs had a shadow of dimness in them. I was so glad when he chose from Tennyson those words which echo the soul's want, as it dashes on the shores of the mysterious ocean of time, and then backward glides, breaking on the "Rock of Ages," that reverberates with the answer echo—"Peace, be still!" I never should have thought all this, unless Jack had half said it before he began the verses.

"Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing, where we cannot prove!

.

"Thou wilt not leave us in the dust;
Thou madest man, he knows not why;
He thinks he was not made to die,
And thou hast made him; thou art just.

"Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, thou;
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

"Our little systems have their day;
They have their day, and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

"We have but faith; we cannot know;
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from thee,
A beam in darkness; let it grow.

"Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell,
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one Music, as before.

"But vaster" —

I cannot tell why, but these lines always are linked in my mind with a scrap from Schiller, though they are not one bit alike:

"Listening, he loved the voice of stars to hear,
Which to the no less ever-living sense,
Made music *mystic*, yet through *mystery clear*."

Jack repeats poetry so beautifully!—I suppose it is because he goes behind the words, and finds the heart. I think he forgot all about me; for half to himself he began the dear little verses from Jean Ingelow, the sweet woman singer. I am sure he could not have meant them for my moonbeam garland, for they are all twilight words:

"Thou for whom life's veil unlifted
Hangs, whom warmest valleys fold,
Lift the veil, the charm dissolveth;
Climb, but heights are cold.

"There are buds that fold within them,
Closed and covered from our sight,
Many a richly-tinted petal,
Never looked on by the light;
Fain to see their shrouded faces,
Sun and dew are long at strife,
Till at length the sweet buds open—
Such a bud is life.

"When the rose of thine own being
Shall reveal its central fold,
Thou shalt look within and marvel,
Fearing what thine eyes behold;
What it shows and what it teaches
Are not things wherewith to part;
Thorny rose! that always costeth
Beatings at the heart.

"Look in fear, for there is dimness,
Ills unshapen float anigh;
Look in awe, for this same nature
Once the godhead deigned to die;
Look in love, for He doth love it,
And its tale is best of lore,
Still humanity grows dearer,
Being learned the more.

"Learn, but not the less bethink thee
How that all can mingle tears;
But his joy can none discover,
Save to them that are his peers.
And that they whose lips do utter
Language such as bards have sung:
Lo! their speech shall be to many
As an unknown tongue.

"Learn, that if to thee the meaning
Of all other eyes be shown,
Fewer eyes can ever front thee,
That are skilled to read thine own.

And that if thy love's deep current
 Many another's far outflows,
 Then thy heart must take forever,
 Less than it bestows."

I wonder if I shall ever be content to take less than I bestow?—I mean in love. Other tangible gifts—why, I think they are all "more blessed to give than to receive." But love—it is so beautiful to be loved—to be cared for—just as papa does for me. I was going to talk to Jack about it; but we heard papa calling, so we had to go right in.



III.

THE day we left home, Aunt Mary gave me a little package. I never opened it till this morning. In it I found my birthday gift from Auntie. I am so ashamed I did not look at it before—though I know she will excuse me, because she always does. I can't think how I forgot it, but there has been so much to do and think about all the time. I found in the tiny box the dearest little ring imaginable—an amethyst surrounded by pearls. Auntie had wrapped around it a scrap of a note, and I will copy it—I do lose my notes so—and I always want to remember this:

"Sweet Annie, wear this little ring to

please your Auntie. I have chosen for you, dear, the amethyst, because of its mystic meaning—the little stone of the violet eye, that whispers, ‘*Truth*’ and ‘*Love*’—encircled with pearls, the types of Purity. Firmly are they bound together with the band of gold. Seek, my child, to find a voice in each emblem for yourself. As in the sea-shell lingers the sound of the sea, so about the pearls let the memory of the ‘pearl of great price’ linger. As the amethyst smiles up at you with its changing light, catch a thought of the Truth; and then you will know of the Love—even the ‘Love of God.’ And the golden ring, may it, too, have a whisper of that city whose streets are pure gold.”

— Dear Auntie! I think the little ring will be such a help to me. I have put it on my finger always to wear. Inside, traced in tiny letters, I found the words papa had cut in the white marble stone that marks my mother’s grave—“Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.” — Grand-

papa says *that* promise was for my mother. — Underneath, quite down, almost hidden by the grass and flowers, are also cut just the question, “Is there no balm in Gilead?” — those words must be for papa. I used to wonder, was it Aunt Mary’s thought, the putting them there. One day I asked her, and she told me, then, so much of my mother—told me of the beautiful hopes that made her willing and glad to go—because she so loved Jesus, even though she was so happy here with papa, Fred, and baby me. And Auntie said, the night before God called her, when papa carried her, for the last time, in his strong arms from the couch where she spent the day hours to the bed, his courage gave way, and he cried out in his grief, “Oh, my darling—my darling—how can I live without you?” — And the great strong man bowed his head and wept like a little child. Aunt Mary said, mother wept too, but not for long, and then she smoothed the hair from papa’s forehead with her thin white fingers, and when he looked up, she smiled

at him with a smile all full of love, softly saying, "Husband," (that was what he best liked to be called,) "I leave you our children. For their sakes, be strong—for the sake of Fred, our boy, and Annie, our baby, the little blossom He has sent to be a flower for you when your garden is desolate—when your 'Lily' has faded." — And then her voice grew softer, and her look was almost heavenly, in her depth of love, as she whispered, "When the darkest hour comes—think, 'Is there no balm in Gilead?'" — I suppose that was why papa had the words cut in the stone, because he needed them so, those first days, when mother left. I think he felt *they* were all for himself, and so he had them down where hardly any eye but his would see them, and to read them he would need to stoop. — I wonder if, bowing down there, in the pride and strength of his early manhood—(for papa was young then)—kneeling down by my mother's grave, pushing aside the up-springing grass, to read the question, "Is there no balm in Gilead?"

it was that he found the answer, "The Lord *loveth* whom He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth."

Aunt Mary said, papa didn't know the answer when mother left him, and she was wont to say, *that* was her only sorrow; but I think she knows now he has found it, and up *there*, with the holy angels, is glad over him, who learned through his deepest sorrow his greatest joy. — How shall I learn to really know Christ? Will this Peace which makes them all so happy, and that Jack says, "passeth understanding," come to me through sorrow? Why can't I come now—in the joyous time—and listen to the voice calling—the "still small voice"—that will make the glad gladder.





IV.

I DO like so much being among the mountains. The hotel is crowded full of people—some real nice, and then some “dreadfully common,” as Susie Carrol says. I suppose Aunt Mary would say, if she could read that last sentence, “Take care, Annie, whom you call the ‘dreadfully common.’” Now, Aunt Mary don’t care at all about dress, fashion, and all such things; she says there is something back of the dress that makes the soul rich or poor, common or uncommon. I suppose there is. — I was talking to Jack about it, and he said Aunt Mary was right, and then he reminded me who it was that came to be the servant of all—“not to be ministered unto, but to min-

ister” — who it was that lived three-and-thirty years numbered among the Galilean peasants. — Jack makes the story of the Cross so real—so a part of himself. Christ seems to him just such a friend as papa is to me. I wonder if I shall ever feel so? Now, it all seems so far away and visionary.

Last night there was a thunder storm down in the valley. We watched the lightning flashes below us, not about and around us as when we are in the storm; and the thunder was faint and soft, as it echoed from hill to hill, and soon we lost its sound among the mountains. — I wonder where the echoes go? Do they die, or are they sounding on for evermore? I wonder will to-night’s thunder be to-morrow sounding among other hills and mountains? I wonder if all the woods and wild solitary places are filled with voices of the bye gone? The rippling of the tiny brook—is it a fairy laugh? The rustling of the summer breeze, stirring the leaf-laden trees, till they shimmer in the golden sunlight—do they catch their mu-

sic from glad-hearted children? The dashing sea wave—is it a wail of storm-tossed mariners? — The voices of nature—where do they come from, and where do they go? — I wish I could choose a voice, always to live and sing in. When I said so last night, they all laughed; and that professor we girls call “the iron grey man,” because he is so stiff and formal, said: “Miss Gray, you should study Darwin’s Theory.” Who is Darwin, I wonder? I never heard of him before. I must write and ask Fred; he’ll know. After that the gentlemen began to talk to one another, and we girls had such a good time by ourselves. We talked about voices, and the sounds we would like to be remembered by. I chose the murmur sound—the whisper of the summer and rest—the humming of the insect, busy with honey gathering—the song of birds—rippling water—rustling leaves—and that air sound—“the wind blowing where it listeth”—all these, blended in with the silent music of green fields, shady trees, sunny paths broken

by shadows from the cloud land above, quiet water reflecting the bank side beauty, and the great intangible “mystic all” that makes the complete music of the midsummer—the music most still and yet most voiceful. — I am so glad Miss May replied to my words as she did, choosing out of my many, the few—“The wind bloweth where it listeth, and no man knoweth whence it cometh, or whither it goeth.” There is something in her voice that says sometimes so much more than the mere words reveal; and it was so as she said: “And the wind means the spirit. A beautiful thought it is, ‘the spirit going where it listeth’—not waiting for man’s ordering; but like the evening breeze, cooling the brow of peasant and beggar, creeping into prison cell, as well as gilded palace chamber—the spirit of God that seeks the humble and despised as well as the great and powerful.”

— Then we talked of flowers, and some day next week we are all going to wear a flower with a thought behind it, as Carrie

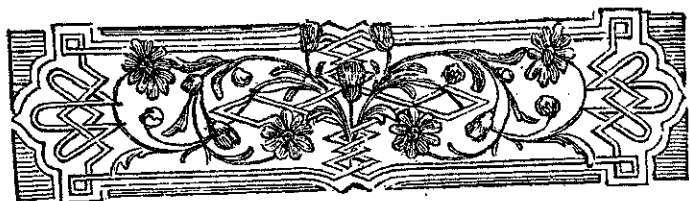
says—a mountain flower. What will be hidden among the leaves of mine, I wonder? Jack and some of the gentlemen joined us when we began to talk of flowers. They like our plan. There is an old gentleman here who reminds me of grandpapa; he is always saying serious things, not severely, but in such a happy way we all love to hear him speak. Last night when he heard us talking, he came and patted my head, just as grandpapa does, saying: "Do not forget, young folks, 'Flowers are said to be the smiles of God's goodness.' As you seek the flowers, remember they will fade; but take the *smile* into your *hearts*, for it is God's smile only that will keep them fresh and young." And then we began the repetition of beautiful thoughts that others have expressed in speaking of flowers. We made a sort of play of it. The professor gave from Richter: "I picked up in the choir a faded rose leaf, that lay under the feet of the boys. Great God! what had I in my hand but a small leaf, with a little dust upon it; and

upon the small fugitive thing, fancy built a whole paradise of joy. A whole summer dwelt upon this leaf. I thought of the beautiful day when the boy held this flower in his hand, and when, through the church window, he saw the blue heaven and the clouds wandering over it; when every place in the cool vault was full of sunlight, and reminded him of the shadows on the grass, from the over-flying clouds. Great God! thou scatterest satisfaction everywhere, and givest to every one joys to impart again. Not merely dost thou invite us to great and exciting pleasures, but *thou* givest to the *smallest* a lingering perfume."

This last part makes me think so much of grandpapa. "Gather the *little things*," he says most every day. I remember once he asked our minister to preach a "New Year" sermon on this very thought—"gather up the fragments;" and I planned it all to myself. The twelve months—every one to be filled, not only with the visible bounty and care of the Heavenly Father; but each one

to find from the over-looked places—the dark corners—the slighted, disregarded minutes—a fragment for the day's record; and then the binding of all the little things together till they formed a chapter, full of remembrances for the month's volume. Twelve chapters of memories that would give, when the year ended, of just the fragments that so often we lose; and if we sought to fill our vacant places with the doing of Christ's commandments, I think He would help us to fill the twelve baskets full; though I suppose, to do that, we would need to stoop and search among the grass blades—seek for them way down “amid the grassy places,” where “the *little* things” hide. I told Jack about it, and he said, “the grass places,” where the multitude wait to be filled, he thought meant the humble unpretending homes—the homes, scattered all the land over, like the green grass; the dwellings of the poor, they may be in crowded city streets, or in quiet country villages, nestling among the hills. And the “multitude,” he

calls the longing, hungering ones—all ready to hear of Him—waiting even in “companies,” for the word to be spoken. And then Jack said: “Not more is the ordained minister called to this holy task than the lowliest of Christ's followers;” adding: “Don't you think, Annie, ‘the five loaves and the two fishes,’ for the numberless crowd, are like these spoken words. Very few, very simple, need they be—very plain; only the ‘Repent and believe;’ only the telling, ‘God sent not His son to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved’—telling the story of ‘the wonderful love’—‘the unspeakable gift’—‘the story of Calvary.’ Ah! one little glimpse of its meaning, Annie, contains enough, more than enough, to feed the multitude; enough to fill to overflowing the twelve baskets full, with fragments of the ‘Bread of Life.’”



V.

I WAS too tired last night to write one half of the "flower talk" and pretty thoughts that were given, that I want to remember; and now I have only half an hour before breakfast. Well! I will see how much scribbling I can do in that time. First, I must not forget that dear little bit on the violet, the "Pilgrim Song," when he says of the tiny blossoms—

"Love, Pity, Meekness, these are they,
The violets dim and mild."

Another chose the words that gave rise to this song—"Love and compassion and meekness. These violets grow low, and are

(42)

of a dark color; yet they are of a very sweet and diffusive smell." Then some one repeated the "Heart's-ease Piece;" and Carrie said so beautifully, "A Chaplet of Flowers," from Adelaide Proctor. I did so wonder what papa would say, I forgot to think for myself; but he was all ready, and told of the Persian poet, who when asked by the philosopher Zender, "What he was good for?" replied: "Of what use is a flower?" "A flower is good to smell," said the philosopher. "And I am good to smell it," replied the poet. — Every one laughed at papa's choice; and then my turn came. Just for a minute, I couldn't think of any thing; then I remembered some words from Ruskin's "Queens' Gardens," Aunt Mary read me the week before I left home; and I had read them over so many times, I know them by heart. Jack said he liked them, and I think papa did, too; but I don't believe they were "very appropriate," as Fred would say; and yet, I am so fond of the thought, I will write the words down here, just after papa's,

and then Jack's will come right after mine, for he sat next to me; so I had a safe little place between papa and Jack, even if I did not do very well. "The path of a good woman is strewn with flowers; but they rise *behind* her steps, not before them. 'Her feet have touched the meadows and left the daisies rosy.' Flowers flourish in the garden of one who loves them. A pleasant magic would it be, if you could flush flowers into brighter bloom by a kind look upon them; nay, more, if a look had the power, not only to cheer, but to guard them. This you would think a great thing? And do you think it not a greater thing, that all this, and more than this, you *can* do for fairer flowers than these—flowers that could bless you for having blessed them, and will love you for having loved them—flowers that have eyes like yours, and thoughts like yours, and lives like yours." — I am afraid mine was too sober a thought; every one almost looked as though it were; and Mrs. Morgan said: "Annie, you are the oddest girl; one min-

ute full of fun and frolic; and the next, sober as a judge." Laughingly turning to papa, she added: "Sometimes I am half inclined to be vexed with the child, she says such grave things; but before one can say a word, she is straightway little merry Annie, again." Am I contradictory? I asked Jack; and he said, No; he didn't think so; though serious views of life might seem to careless observers very near and present to me; which *they* could hardly understand, because I seemed so full of joyousness, too. He supposed it came from my having been so much with Aunt Mary, papa, and grandpapa, all of whom had known sorrow; and so, unconsciously, I had caught a reflection of their feelings and thoughts. I don't believe hardly any one besides me listened to Jack, for they had already begun to talk of other things. I was a little bit glad of that. I like to catch his words through the hum of many voices. It always seems to me when I hearken to Jack speak at such times, just like the deep, restful, bass notes of the

organ, contrasted with the light quickly-changing treble air. He said: "A flower is more precious than gold or jewel: not simply *as* precious, but more precious; just because it has its own intrinsic value, and because it will so soon wither. Its withered leaves are more treasured than a costly gem, and more sacred, because they have not two kinds of value, but only one. Such gifts are as disembodied spirits—all spirit and pure." As he ended, he took the little cluster of harebells from his button-hole, where Carrie had pinned them, and gave them to me. When I came up into my room last night, they were all faded and drooping. But—I don't know why—I didn't want to throw them away, quite then. It seemed so lonely to toss flowers that bloomed in the sunshine out into the night-dark—and this morning—well!—I think I like the flowers Jack gives me, whether they are fresh or faded. I wonder if it is because he always puts a thought right between their leaves? Then I like the harebell, because it is the flower

Carrie has chosen to wear; and I do love her dearly, better and better every day. I am so glad she is to have these graceful little blue flowers; they grow in such rich clusters, and are so fragile, and yet so fearless in the rock niches which they choose for homes, overhanging the precipices—never frightened by the dreary depth below, but catching their color from *above*. Blue flowers always seem to me to have strayed from heaven, not wanting one earth tint to blend with their sky-caught blue.

— Fanny Jones is to wear the wild rose. I wanted that, 'tis such a happy, glad blossom, not one bit like its proud sister of the garden, but growing in all wild places, smiling up at one from dusty road-sides and shady nooks, with the same wide-open eye of trust. I couldn't help telling Jack I wanted the wild rose for mine. Will Morgan heard me, and he said: "Why, Annie, it has thorns, which prick and wound when you gather the flower. Would you want to prick and wound?" Now, Will knows I

wouldn't. But, then, don't all people have thorns? And as we always have to choose the little open spaces, when we gather the wild roses, just so, I think, we have to do with most every one—avoid the little sharp points that grandpapa, (because he always likes to excuse people when they do wrong,) calls "traits of character;" adding, in his kind way, "the hardest temptations to overcome. Let us be charitable in judging, child." Almost every one has some thorns, it seems to me; sometimes it is only a quick look; sometimes a half harsh word; sometimes—oh dear! every one knows what makes the thorns on so many of us. And yet there are some people who do seem only blossoms. There is Aunt Mary; I never saw her cross. I wonder if she ever thinks wrong things? I am sure she never does them; and this makes me think of that hymn she says to grandpapa, almost every Sunday evening, sitting in the twilight:

"By the thorn road and none other,
Is the mount of vision won.

Tread it without shrinking, brother;
Jesus trod it—press thou on."

She says these words so from her heart. What thorn-road, I wonder, has she travelled? What flowers have been gathered by her, I wonder, with torn fingers? The sorrows, whatever they may have been, she has turned all *inward*; and so they hurt no one but herself, and I suppose the being hurt, quite in her own heart—in her own life, is what makes Auntie so gentle, and careful never to wound any one, even by so little a thing as a look. And the rough path she trod, I know always it was with the sweet assurance that Jesus was right before her, and that He was leading her by it to the "vision mount." I wish I could be like Aunt Mary, but I don't want to have a rough road to travel. I wonder if I must?—But there goes the breakfast-bell.



VI.

I WAS very glad when Jack said, this morning, he would choose a flower for me to wear to-night. I am so slow; all the girls had chosen just in a minute, while I was thinking what mine should be. Ah! grandpapa, grandpapa, will some one always gather the wood, while your little Annie is looking at the green boughs?

— That beautiful Mrs. D., from Philadelphia, is to wear the pond lily—the queen flower—and Lucy is to have the wild clematis twined and garlanded about her. Miss F., from New York, chose the golden rod. Will Morgan said “her choice was a satire on herself, as well as her city.” I could n’t help laughing, when he said in his

(50)

droll way—“Gold! gold!” but I told him I thought it was too bad of him to make fun of Miss F., and that all New York girls were n’t so; but he would make fun just the same, and said: “Yes, they are,” adding, “all but you and Carrie, perhaps; and you don’t do New York credit—you both are like Mrs. Stowe’s Topsey. If any stranger should ask, ‘where did Miss Gray and Miss Morgan come from, he would receive the reply—’ Oh, they grewed.’ ”

— We asked Miss May to wear a flower. She is so quiet, I didn’t believe she would want to; but she seemed very much pleased, and said, “Yes, indeed.” Some of the girls say she is real poor; and she wears nothing but a plain alpaca frock all the time, and such a stiff little linen collar; but I am sure she is a lady. Some one told papa she teaches school; and Jack says he thinks she writes letters for a newspaper. Every few days she sends away a great yellow envelope, and at dinner time, when the mail is distributed, she always receives a paper.

She never seems to care for it, only looks tired when she breaks the seal.

— I think it must be so hard to write for money. — I never could write a book, of course; but then I am so stupid. What could I do if papa should lose all his money, and Fred couldn't work for me? Oh, dear me! I don't know. It must be dreadful to write for other people; and pen and ink words always seem so cold and unsympathetic. Why, sometimes, when I lay aside this little book, which is for no eyes but my own, I feel as though a stranger was looking at me from the page traced over with lines—lines that only half tell my real meaning. But, to write for others, not just for one's self, I think it must be so hard; and then when one had spent long hours in making a book, to have some one pull it all to pieces—treating it as, when I was a child, I used to treat the field daisies, pulling off their leaves and naming them; calling one, "rich man," the next, "poor man," and so on through the list—"beggar man—thief—

doctor—lawyer—merchant—priest;" and then, when every leaf was pulled, I used to toss the poor little flower away, and never heed the golden centre, the heart left alone on the stem, even when its fringed beauty of white leaves was all destroyed by my ruthless hands. I know if ever I wrote a book, it would be treated just so. — I would send it out with my "precious things" right in the centre—the golden heart place; and then I would put my light fancies—my twilight dreams, like the white leaves, fringed about the centre; and I would say: "Go, little flower. For those who seek, perhaps" (I know I would always remember to say, "perhaps") "you have a golden heart. For those who just gather you to toss aside, you have the pure white leaves—little tablet leaves, traced every one with an inscription." And again, I would say, "*perhaps.*" "They, tossing you away, will hear the whisper, which sounds even in the very 'little things.'" And I would sit at home, in the sweet summer twilight, and wonder where

my daisy was—wonder who would read its meaning. I know papa would smile at it, and be pleased. Jack, he would smile, too; and some little scraps, I think he would really like; not only because I wrote them—but, then, I would be afraid, to let Jack see it. — Fred, he'd just laugh at me, and say: "School-girl nonsense, Nanny." Aunt Mary—why, she never sees any thing but good: and yet, I think, with her "Well done" she would say: "Remember, Annie; make life, not a dream, but an action." Dear old grandpapa, he would smile, with the tears in his eyes—the rainbow smile, I used to call it—and then he would say: "When did all these things come into your little head, child?" But I wouldn't care so much for grandpapa's praise, because he always likes what I do, just as papa does. I think it would be beautiful to write so—only for the loving eyes and hearts of home, who would call my simple little daisy a "star flower."

I wonder if Miss May has people to smile

at her, and be pleased, when she tries to do well? I hope she has. Or whether she has to brave the world without the "home love"—the cold critical world, that one must brave, I suppose, if they write for money. Why, just think of sending written pages forth, all alone, and some harsh man taking them in his hand, as I used to do the little flower, and pulling off one tiny leaf, and then another, calling one a "poor man," and the next, "a beggar." And then would come some formal critic, perhaps dubbing one "thief." How dreadful that would be! And yet I know, if I should write, I should put in thoughts that belonged to others, never meaning at all to steal them. I don't see how one could altogether help it, because, always, the books we love best we take right into our hearts, just as the gardener takes the little shoots and binds them on to the tree, grafting the one with the other, till the two are blended so closely, they call each other *one*. And nobody, but some little school girls, or old people, ever calling one

leaf, a "rich man." — Oh! I couldn't write a book. It would be so hard not to mind the critics, the fault-finders; and I know there would be so much to find fault with. But, then, after all, I think I would rather have the real young people, and the tired old people, like my story, than any other readers. The young are so much nearer the starting place—and that is heaven; and the old, we know, are close to the other side, down by the river bank. — I do love old people, I mean, peaceful, happy, old people, like grandpapa.

I wonder if life seems to others, as it does to me, a mountain to climb, with never a pausing place on the mountain top, but straightway the downward descent to begin. I told this to Jack, and he said I was wrong; that life, to the Christian, was always "upward going;" that, to the followers of Christ, there was no *soul* old age; always, they were the "children of God." "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings

as eagles; they shall run and not be weary, and they shall walk, and not faint." *Because*, "they trust in the Lord, who redeemeth their life from destruction. Who crowneth them with loving-kindness and tender mercies. Who satisfies their mouth with good things; so that their *youth is renewed*." — This was what Jack said; but it does not quite seem so to me. We the young, the valley dwellers, look up. We catch the glad sunlight, dancing on the tree tops above us. We hear the far-off song of the laughing water, leaping from rock to rock. We see the roadway, travelled and worn by other feet than ours. Flowers are blooming on its banks; and the rough places, that they tell us are there, are hidden (till we come to them) by the soft green grass of the spring time. The morning freshness we know we must exchange for the noon-day heat; and that will give place to the evening chill—the chill that heralds the night coming. But, till we are in it, I don't think we mind much. And yet, I don't understand Jack's

saying: "If one loves Jesus, he never grows old;" when almost all have this hard path to journey. If I, really loved Christ, would I feel as Jack does?

— I wonder why, to some young people, life begins right away to be a hill to climb, as I know it is to Miss May? I wonder why God sends to some, as He has done to me, only bright, glad things, making life a summer day, with never a discord; and then others, they find the jar—the tuneless chord, so soon. I asked Jack, and he looked sad, as he replied: "Annie, the only answer is, *He* knows what is best for all, and that *ought* to be enough?" — That queer looking man, the minister, who comes from the valley below the mountain, was standing by; and when he heard my question, he joined us, and said: "Miss Gray, shall I tell you a little verse, that has often, for me, answered your question?" I replied: "Oh, yes, please do;" and he said: "For now we see through a glass, darkly, but *then* face to face." Link to this golden promise, this

silver line, from a little hymn I learned long ago:

"He gives, or He withholds in love;
In this one truth we rest."

I don't know why, he made me feel just like crying; he looked as though it had been so hard for him to say it always. I don't mean to *say*, for that is'nt hard; but I mean to really feel it all through, and in his heart. And then I felt so ashamed, because we girls had laughed ever so much at him. He is so funny-looking. Susie Carroll calls his coat, "one of Noah's garments, cut over by a pilgrim great-grandmother." She says, he looks like a "Mayflower" relic. And then we have all called him, the "country brother." I am so sorry I joined in the sport-making. — Why do I laugh at such things? Almost always, I find the very people I laugh about, are the "rich souls," as Aunt Mary calls them.



VII.

JACK and Mr. Hubbel (that's the name of the minister) had such a long talk about that verse—"Seeing through a glass darkly." I am glad I was with them, for they said so much I never thought of before. Won't it be wonderful when we reach the *there* and see it all clearly; when we shall "know, even as we are known." *Known*—that applies to us now, and means that God's eye knows and sees all. I wish I could remember it all the time, but I do forget so.

— Jack repeated to Mr. Hubbel what we had been saying about growing old, and life-climbing. He thinks just as Jack does, that the Christian is always young. As I listened to them, it reminded me of one day

(60)

last winter, when I asked grandpapa "why his hair was so white?" I remembered just how he smiled, as he said: "Child, the sunshine and the storm, the snow and rain, summer heat and winter cold, the life pilgrim must know; and they choose for their marks, little Annie, the white hair, the wrinkled face, that we call old age signs. Some are the types of sorrow and anguish; some the silvery threads that have come 'mid days of gladness and pleasure. It's a hard climb, my child—sunshine and shadow; but at the darkest, always He has fulfilled His promise: 'At evening time it shall be light.' Only, child, we must have the eye of faith, to trace the letters, for they sometimes seem hidden far away in the folds of His curtain of providence."

And yet, though grandpapa spoke of having known "sorrow and anguish," when I recall his happy, peaceful face, his dear kind ways, his loving judgments, his life surely proves what Jack and Mr. Hubbel said — "The Christian never grows old."

I told grandpapa's words to Jack, and we wondered what his sorrow had been. I think Aunt Mary knows; but whatever it was, he is all *peace* now. — Peace! It is, I think, almost the most beautiful *earth* word we have. Jack calls it "Christ's seal word." He says Ruskin writes: "The death bequest of Christ to man is Peace." And then Jack told me it seemed to him when we gave our hearts to Christ, He wrote upon them, "Peace," not "Rest." — I never thought of it so before. I always read the verse, "Come unto me and I will give you rest," as an invitation to come now to Jesus. But Jack says he does not read it so. "Rest," he says, "remaineth for the people of God" — the blessed dead which die in the Lord. "Yea, saith the spirit, they *rest* from their labors." But peace, the peace of God, which passeth understanding, of which Christ said, "Peace I leave with you — my peace I give unto you," belongs to us, for these pilgrim days. — The peace promises, Jack says, form to him the richest, most treasured, of

all the constellations of Bible promises. — These Bible words to Jack are like clusters of most precious jewels; so precious, I think he keeps them close to him all the time, just as we never like to have the things we care for most away from us, fearing they may be lost or mislaid.

— I do believe grandpapa knows every peace word the whole Bible through; and it will be a peace promise that will call him home, I know. Sometimes he looks so near going; and I think he will be glad when the time comes. Jack says, "*no call* is like in beauty to the Christian's Home-call." "Just think, Annie," he said to me, "up in heaven it sounds first—the voice of Christ—'Come to me. I will give thee rest.' And the angels, hearkening to the voice, echo the words through and through the 'heavenly land.' The angels that love the 'still waters and the green pastures,' they hear the Master calling to the earth-tired soul, 'Come to me!' and, catching the sound, softly they sing, of the 'pure river of the water of life, clear as

crystal;' chorussing the song with, 'Ho every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters;' 'Let him that is athirst, come.' And the great cloud of witnesses, they, too, catch the strain, and 'Fear thou not,' they sing, 'Looking unto Jesus.' I don't think the way can be very dark, if we hear this heavenly music. I wonder why those who really believe ever call it dark, when Christ has said, 'I am the light,' and when He has promised, 'Lo, I am with you always.' And then it is the path that leads them to be, 'forever with the Lord.'"

— I asked Jack whether he thought unto the little children would be granted that most blessed of songs, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." He said, "No;" he thought *that* would belong to those who had come through great tribulation—those who had "washed their robes white in the blood of the Lamb." He better liked to think that the children would sing, in their sweet, heaven-taught voices: "He giveth His beloved sleep;" and sleep means Peace.

— But I have forgotten all about what I began to write. I never mean to write all these things in my book; but I get thinking them over, and so I put them down here. I only meant to tell about my "flower," that Jack chose for me to wear. He was so good about it. All day long he was off, and Carrie came into my room, and ran away with my white frock, and did not bring it back till just before tea-time. It was very pretty—festooned with delicate fern sprays and grasses. I think it was so kind in her to do it for me. She never seems to think about herself. When the girls said it was beautiful, she only laughed and replied: "Jack planned it; don't praise me." — Mrs. Morgan clapped her hands when she saw me, and said, "Charmante, charmante!" I am so glad she isn't Jack's and Carrie's own mother. — Papa was pleased, too, I know he was; for when he kissed me, that look came into his face that always does when he is pleased—a half mournful look. I think he was wishing my mother could see me;

and I couldn't help whispering, "Papa, she does see;" and then he kissed me again. Dear papa!

— I am so glad I am a little bit nice-looking. Fred says I am not pretty, but then he says, "You'll do, just managing to pass in a crowd, Nanny;" and he looks satisfied.

— I wondered so what Jack's flower would be. When we went down stairs, he met us in the hall, and in his hand was nothing but a tiny little wreath for my head, made of the spray like maiden's-hair fern, and just in front one soft, silvery "thistle down," fastened among the ferns. I wonder how he caught the airy thing? When I asked him, he said, quickly, "Does it look caught and fastened, Annie?" Not till I told him, "No; it looked just resting of its own sweet will among the green ferns," did he smile; but when I said that, he seemed more pleased than ever I have seen him before, as he replied: "That's the way, Annie, I would ever catch the airy thistle down!

let it choose of its own sweet will its resting-place." — I think he must have been tired out, after searching all day for these delicate things for me. — I tried not to let him know I was disappointed; but, just at first, it did seem such a simple wreath, and I did not find "the flower" till Carrie pointed it out, hidden away among the ferns—nothing but a clover blossom. I couldn't help asking Jack why he made this choice for me. I don't think he gave a very good answer, for all he said was: "Annie, the meaning of the wreath, the whisper of the clover, is for you to guess. I hardly think you will know 'right away.' Little by little you will come to know the answer; and at the Christmas time may I ask you for it?" — The Christmas time! That is when grandpapa said I must unbind for him the wood gathered during these summer days. I wonder whether we shall find in my bundle one little fagot to burn beside grandpapa's yule log?

— Later in the evening, Jack said to me, almost in a whisper: "Annie, do you

want to know the wreath's meaning, before the winter comes?" But I told him "No; I would wait." — Jack never puzzled me before. I don't understand what he meant, at all; but I know the little wreath and the clover blossom had a pleasant meaning to him, he looked so happy all the evening; and yet I can't help wishing he had chosen some real beautiful flower. I do believe Carrie guessed I was disappointed, for when she bade me good-night, she said: "Annie, do you remember the verse that you liked best the other night, when we repeated the flower sentiments?—

" 'And let some field flowers, even,
Be wreathed among the rest;
I think the infant Jesus
Would love such ones the best.' "



VIII.

A LETTER came from grandpapa this morning, all full of "home news." "Home!" Though I am having such a happy summer, seeing the little word in grandpapa's handwriting, makes me long for it. I don't believe I ever could love any place in the world as I do our dear home; but I mustn't write about it here in "my diary." How Fred would laugh, if he could peep into this book. I will take care he never does; though I really don't mind his laughing very much. I think it is only his *face* that laughs at me; I know his heart loves me dearly. Just think, there are only us two—Fred and me! — Grandpapa writes that he likes my letters; and he is so glad I am

having a pleasant time, that he forgets to be lonely without his little Annie; and then he adds, he is looking forward to my return home, all laden with "wood and treasures."

— Have I gathered any thing yet? There have been so many pleasant things to think about—so many beautiful things to enjoy and see. Such wonderful undreamed-of beauty as we have found in our long rambles; sometimes coming upon a clear spot, all of a sudden amid the dense woods, and catching a far away view. — I don't believe there is any thing great in me, for when we find these vast look-out places, they make me silent. I think they seem almost cold, and too much. I am a little bit afraid before them. I love the near better than the far-off. All the other girls, they say, "Oh! how grand, splendid, glorious," and I have never a word. I know it is all grand, but then—I don't know why—it chills me. Perhaps it is because I am such a little thing, I like the little things best. — The other day we had been climbing over rocks and stony paths

till quite tired out, and were so glad when we came to a piny carpet-place, made soft and velvety for our way-worn feet by the pine needles that are falling all the time. I liked it so much—the stillness, the being shut in by the great sentinel trees, the mountain pines. They are so spire-like, always pointing "up." I wish I could think beautiful thoughts, and then say them out for other people, but I never can. — I was looking this morning at a field of grain, growing on the mountain slope, back of the hotel; the wind gently stirred it till it rippled and rippled, bright with dancing sunbeams, that straightway melted into misty shadows, and the shadows quickly were again lost in sunbeams—light and shade playing together. — These little things in nature seem so like ourselves sometimes; I wonder if, back of every thing, there is not some underlying meaning—the "Unseen," that Jack talks about. Any way, in the grain field I found a sermon. Perhaps 'twas because the sunshine and shadow playing seemed so like

my heart and mind—playing amid the sunshine of life—just now and then knowing a little touch of the shadow. — But the sermon was in the grain—growing—ripening—all the time, till the harvest comes; and it seemed like grandpapa's voice, asking for my summer fruit. Oh, how sorrowful he would be, should I bring him "nothing but leaves!"

— About the pine trees I tried to tell Jack, but I could not. I think they *breathe* a poem to me; and when I try to cage the feeling into words, it is gone. They make me *feel* such beautiful things—the solemn trees, the fearless dwellers on the high mountain peaks, just bending their plume-crowned heads, as the winter wind roars among their branches; they only bow before the snow falling from heaven, so pure and white. Jack says it always seems to him when Jesus "went up into the high mountain apart"—when "His face did shine as the sun," and "His raiment was white as light;" when the "bright cloud over-shadowed Him," and

the "voice out of the cloud," broke the stillness; when Peter found it "good to be there," and wanted to make the "tabernacles three"—one for Elias, one for Moses, one for the "Christ Man," as though when Christ chose not the tabernacle made with hands—the temple rich with precious stones and costly splendor; He did choose for the high mountain tops—a seal of His earthly presence—a mute, but power-speaking voice, even the mighty trees—the olive and the palm, "round about Jerusalem"—the pine and the cedar, saying to us: "Be as we are, ever looking, reaching '*Upward*.'"

— I wonder if Isaiah the prophet, whose lofty songs carry us on exultant wing above the plains and lowlands of thought, caught in some "vision hour" a glimpse of that mountain scene. And was it that glimpse that woke the notes of joyous anticipation which made him sing of the day "when the wilderness and solitary places became glad; the glory of Lebanon, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon, they saw the glory of the

Lord and the excellency of our God." — Oh! it is so beautiful to be up here among the great hills, the high mountains and the trees.

— When I asked Jack, "Did he not think our days should be 'tabernacle days?'" he looked long at me before he replied: "God grant, they may indeed be tabernacle days to you, Annie." — I know what he meant; and—sometimes—I think I, too, *have* found the "peace." Only I'm such a little child yet in faith. But Christ said: "Suffer little children to come unto me." — I couldn't tell this to Jack then; but he answered me just as though I had spoken it all out; and yet he only said: "Annie, do you remember the words Luther, the steadfast, fearless man, was wont to say?" When I said, "No," Jack took my hand gently in his, and repeated softly: "The '*word*' is strong, but the heart lisps." — But, our God *knows* we are but poor little children."

After that we didn't talk any more.



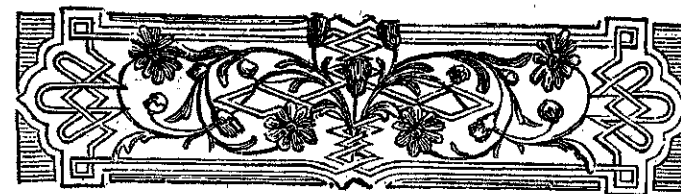
IX.

I WISH grandpapa was here, and that I could lay my head down on his knee, and tell him all my heart-full, and hear him say: "God bless you, child." — Dear, dear grandpapa! When the Christmas time comes, won't it be beautiful for you and your little Annie to sing together the "glory song" of "peace on earth"—of peace in human hearts—*Christ's peace*. I know it *now*. I am so glad He sent it to me in these summer days.

It seems so long ago since last night, when I talked with Jack. His words haunted me so, I kept saying them over and over when I came up to my room—"Our God knows we are but poor little children." Before he

said them, I felt very *near*; but, I don't know why, they seemed to lift me right up, close to Christ—to wrap and enfold me safe in His all-surrounding, all-knowing love.

I saw it so clearly, sitting alone, looking out into the night. It seemed to come to me, a whisper from every where—"God is love." — I don't know whether I am a Christian. I never shall be good like Jack, Aunt Mary, and grandpapa; but oh, I am so happy, trusting in Christ!



X.

TO-MORROW we leave the mountains. I'm sorry to go. I wonder whether I shall ever have such a *good* time again? And I am sorry, too, because Jack is going back to the city. I shall miss him every minute of the time, I know; but it won't be very long before we see him, for I heard him promise papa to come to the seaside while we are there. I don't suppose I know how to keep a diary. It tires me dreadfully to write down about all the places we go to, and the sights we see; but I do dearly love to tell the little things and thoughts that belong to *me*, Annie, to this little book, that no one sees but myself. Now there was yesterday, I want to remember every minute

of the day, and so I have locked the door and come alone to my room to try and catch it into words. I think writing about any thing we have enjoyed, is like fastening it with a chain, every line a link; and then, when all is told, the last line finished, why, that seems like a lock and key. My journal, I do believe, is a chain that no one but myself could unlink, or even unlock, I scribble it so. The words will chase each other so fast when I write, half the time I can't help dropping the letters by the way; and the *words* they tell so little, how can I put yesterday down in pen and ink strokes. It was so beautiful—so holy—the early morning, very, very early, when the light was the dawn glow. Jack made me promise I would be up in time to see the sun rise on the Sabbath morning—"The Lord's Day," he always calls it. And he says it seems to him as though Jesus bestowed on the Sabbath-day something of the same tenderness of consecration as He did upon the well-beloved John. "Think," he said, "from all

the others, Christ chose him for that 'supper night' as the one alone whose head was to rest on His breast; and so it seems to me the Sabbath—the 'Resurrection morning' stands out among the seven days that make for us a week's time, as John stands among the disciple band, (something as Mary, too, shines among women,) as peculiarly, tenderly, belonging to Christ. We almost lose that old commandment God gave to Moses for the Israel children—"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," in the wondrous love and glory that rests upon the Sabbath, MAKING it holy time, because it was the day Christ rose."

—When I was a little girl, I remember I used to think the birds sang a sweeter song for Sunday—a softer, clearer note; and over every thing, even now, it seems to me there comes a peaceful look that belongs to no other day. I wonder what people would do without these rest places—these Sabbath calm spots, coming to quiet for a little while, all the week-day toil, noise and strife of life.

They are like islands, green, fruitful, and flower-laden, Jack says, smiling at one from the midst of wild ocean and storm-tossed waves—oases in the sand deserts, with cooling shades and pure water springs for the tired traveller!

There were only just two or three beside Jack and me to see the sun rise—nobody we knew. It was so beautiful!—the valley all hid by the mist clouds, that come with night and vanish as the day breaks. With the first sun-beam, dew drops glistened and sparkled every where—dew-drops—the manna that falls in the darkness, silently, from heaven—the food and refreshment of the flowers and the meadow grass. And, above us, the deep, cold, clear, blue, seeming so far away, waiting to be made warm and near, by the sun's rays; like our hearts, Jack said, cold, till the rays of the "Sun of Righteousness" warm them. And the cloud banks—they rested, fold upon fold, violet and purple, when first we looked; one by one they caught the rosy and golden hues, flashing them up, and on,

till not the near clouds alone, but the very farthest off were bright, glowing in the morning gladness. And then, heralded by the troops of heaven-winged, glory-flushed, morning clouds, it came—the sun! But I don't think it was the sun-rise that made the morning hour for Jack and me; I think it was my telling him, then, that I, too, began to know the peace that he had told me "passeth understanding"—"the peace of God"—that I, too, could say: "Thanks be unto God for 'His unspeakable gift.'" — It was *this* made our morning hour a something always to be most precious, just as it makes now, when I write of it, the first golden link in my Sabbath, so full of dear memories.

— A party of us went down to the little village where Mr. Hubbel preaches, starting early in the morning, the distance was so great. Such a rough road as it was! but so beautiful, we forgot the roughness. Our path wound round among the mountains, in some places, spite the bright sunshine, al-

most dark, from the dense overshadowing boughs of the forest trees. We followed a little stream ever so far. The very happiest little stream it seemed, leaping over the rocks, gliding over the pebbly places so swiftly and yet so calmly! By the brook's side we found patches of ferns, up-springing water grass and reeds, and one little hidden-away nook, all full of lilies, white and yellow, nestling among their great shady, protective leaves. Every thing was so beautiful—so peaceful! I think never was there such a Sunday before! Carrie forgot all about the rest of us, I do believe; she began singing to herself, softly at first; but soon we all joined in, breaking the stillness with songs of praise—glad, exultant songs—hymns of joy, till the hills echoed with our voices, as we sang of “Jerusalem the golden.”—And so we came to the little church. The service was very simple, but impressive and holy. When the bell ceased calling the worshipers, silence seemed to creep over the hearts of the little band gathered there

to “think of Christ,” and all was still, till up rose the whole congregation, and together with one accord they sang:

“Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.”

(I think it a beautiful custom, thus to begin the morning with praise. Not to keep the praise-notes hidden in the heart till the ending of the service, but to sound them out first.) And then again all was silent, till the minister said: “Let us lift up our hearts, ‘nearer to God.’”

I don't think I heard all the words of his prayer, because my heart was filled with so “joyous a trembling,” lifting and being lifted, nearer to God, on the Sabbath morning, the “first day of the week” to me—the first Sabbath when, not only with the lip word, but with a soul voice, I could bow before Him and whisper—“Rabboni”—“Master.” The sermon was very plain, but the words of the text said enough—“looking unto

Jesus." — I am so happy, "looking," now; but when the dark days come, and He leads me by a rough way, shall I trust *then*, too? I think I shall. Only I'm so weak and full of sin; but Jack says, "I must not think of that—I must look away from self—look only to Christ, if I would keep right."

— Returning late in the day, through the twilight woods, we talked of many things. Jack told us of a picture he saw when in Europe last spring, called, "Where they crucified Him." He calls the picture a "sacred lyric," full of solemn thought and tender pathos. He said the artist "had chosen the towards-evening hour, when 'darkness already began to gather over the battlemented walls, the temple, and city of Jerusalem,' veiling the hills in misty gloom; when on Golgotha the Calvary hour was passed—the bodies of the malefactors and of Him who with them was crucified had been removed, because they 'should not remain until the Sabbath day.' In the far west the sun sets, sinking behind the cloud-banks;

and, coming up over the distant misty eastern hills, 'mid the clouds, varied and radiant with the sun-set glory, the moon rises. On the hill-side, where but a little while before the thronging multitude were gathered—the multitude crying, 'Crucify him—crucify him'—there broods now a solemn stillness, broken only by the stroke of the workman's tool as he lowers the central cross—the cross on which the Saviour suffered. The bowed figure of the man of toil tells in every line the deep reverence with which he regards the task before him. He is just folding up the inscription on which was written, 'The King of the Jews.' Grouped near, leaning on the prostrate cross, are little children, one holding in his hand a nail that had been used in the great sacrifice, and carefully examining it with a look of questioning awe and childlike wonderment blended with reverence." I longed to ask Jack: Did he think the little ones knew the Calvary story? Was it one of the little children He called unto Him to bless, that now held the cruel

nail? And must even the little children know of the cross? All these questions I longed to ask; but it was so still when he ceased speaking, I think his words had made us feel nearer to that day, so long since passed, than even looking at the picture would have done.

— By and by Mr. Hubbel, who walked part way back with us, broke the hush that had fallen over all when Jack finished his description. I was so glad his voice wasn't sorrowful, but full of earnest joy. Just the same kind of joy which I think up-welled in the heart of Thomas (when too overjoyed to reach forth a doubting finger, no longer "faithless, but believing," he cried, "My Lord and my God!") sounded in Mr. Hubbel's voice as he repeated the hymn:

"In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime."

And then he added: "What a picture these words give us!—The Cross of Christ!

—The wrecks of time!—Darkness, sin, every where; but over *all*, the light, not of earthly splendor that is dimmed by earth's changing days, but the light which is unchanging, gathered *where*? About the Temple—the royal city? About the days of Roman pomp, Grecian culture and beauty? No, not there, where ruin and decay murmur: 'Our glory is departed; our beauty is as dust and ashes.' No, the lasting light gathers only round the Cross."





XI.

THIS morning Jack went away, and to-morrow we go, instead of to-day, as papa first planned. I couldn't bear to say good-bye to Jack, we have been so happy together, and it seems as though he would have been such a help to me now; but when I told him so, he said: "Perhaps that is one reason why we are to be separated, Annie, for a little while. You might turn to me for help, when the command is, not to look at Christian friends, but to look at Christ. 'Follow me,' Jesus said." Then he gave me some dear little helpful words to remember; and just because they were so kind and helpful they made me feel how lonely I should be when he was really gone. I

(88).

laid my head down on the mossy bank where we were sitting, and cried. I know it was childish, but Jack wasn't vexed; he only tried to soothe me, whispering as we heard the stage coming that was to take him away: "Remember, Annie, 'Christ always is near,' and you can tell Him all the temptations, the failures, and the longings, of your heart;" and then he stooped and kissed me—he never did that before—and again he whispered: "Good-bye, my little thistle-down," — Well! since then, I have just sat and thought, and, I believe, felt home-sick for Jack. I do wish he was my own brother, just like Fred.

8*





XII.

PAPA came up to my room this morning, just after I finished writing, when I was sitting all alone, thinking about Jack's having gone away. — I had such a dear talk with papa. I told him all that has made me so happy these last few days, and how different life and everything seemed to me, now that Christ was my dearest friend and Saviour. I never saw papa so happy before, and yet he did not say much—hardly anything, except—"Annie, the prayer your mother breathed for you, her baby-girl, the night she left me, now is answered." — And then papa bowed his head on the little table. — I knew he did not want me to speak to him, so I stole my hand into his—

(90)

and laid my head on his shoulder. — I think we sat for an hour quiet, with one another, papa and I. When he lifted up his head, there were tear marks about his eyes, but his face was all happiness as he folded me in his arms and kissed me, saying: "God bless and guard you, my darling, keeping you close to Him;" and then he left me. — Papa never says very much, and I suppose that is why I care more for these few words.

It was when I said good-night, that papa gave me my choice of going to the village where he lived when he was a boy, or continuing our pleasure trip in company with Mrs. Morgan and her party. I was so delighted at the thought of going where papa's boyhood was spent, I did not hesitate in choosing for a minute, but Mrs. Morgan and the rest caught my words, and they all crowded round, and begged me not to go to that "poky old farm house," and old maid Aunt Stella, but to stay with them. When Mrs. Morgan reminded me that grandpapa and

grandmama had died since papa was there, and asked, "Would it not be mournful for him to go where so many changes had come?" I hardly knew what to do; but papa came to my help, and said: "Let Annie do as she likes best. What pleases her most, pleases me. And the going to my old home, even though I find many changes, will not be painful—changes are everywhere." Then I knew what papa wanted, and I didn't mind Mrs. Morgan and all their persuasions. — I'm so glad of this quiet time before me. — I know I shall have to go out into the world. I know Christ said, "Confess me before men," and I long to have every one know how precious I find Him; but, just now, I shall like better the being able to think more and differently than I could do in the crowded places to which we were going; and it will take me so long to learn, even a little of my own heart.

— I have always been happy, and yet these last months, I have sometimes had such a dissatisfied feeling — I have wanted

something more. I tried one day to tell it to Jack. He put it into words for me, saying: "Man's destiny, Annie, is not to be dissatisfied, but unsatisfied"—always athirst for God. That means, always to be wanting to be purer and better—more like Him, who though "tempted in all points, like as we are, was yet without sin." — It is a beautiful word of the psalmist, that tells us of the "hart panting after the water brooks, as the soul panteth after God." — I wonder if I shall ever be like the hart—tired, hunted, at bay. Struggling to reach the "just beyond"—the cooling water brook—thirsting for one drop—longing for rest on its shady bank.

— Now I am so happy. — But the Christian's life, it must be a life of conflict and effort. Paul says: "Fight the good fight of faith"—"Press toward the mark, for the prize of your high calling;" and these words, they surely tell of effort—labor. "The pure white blossoms of holy tranquillity and peace, do they only spring from the

bulbs of toil?" "The fruits of the spirit, love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith," do they only ripen on the tree that has broken through the earth clods? And Christ said: "Whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be my disciple." But then He said too: "I am the vine, ye are the branches;" so if He sees we need a cross, He is with us to help support the burden. I remember, last May, how I watched the grape-vine just outside my window, and thought about "the sap gurgling up into the dead branches. Every day they grew more beautiful in their green freshness; and just so, Christ has said, He will be *in us*—not outside, as the Sun is, but *in*." I didn't understand, at first, what Jack meant by saying, "man's destiny was to be not *dissatisfied*, but always *unsatisfied*;" but now I begin to catch a glimmer of his meaning. The more we think of Christ, the more we see in self to condemn. The "perfect life of the sinless man," we reach but such a little way

up toward it, how can we help being unsatisfied? And yet, it seems to me, as the days of Christian life—the days of believing are numbered by months and years, as though one would forget all about being dissatisfied—unsatisfied; pass way beyond, and lose the remembrance of the words in the thought of that waking time, when we "shall be satisfied," for we shall "see Him as He is." I wonder if there wasn't something of this thought in Jack's heart, when he copied for me the little verse:

"Thro' Life and Death, thro' sorrow and thro' sinning,
Christ shall suffice me, for He hath sufficed.
Christ is the end, for Christ is the beginning;
Christ the beginning, for the end is Christ."





XIII.

I AM so glad papa brought me here. I think it is the dearest old homestead in the world, and Aunt Stella is not one bit "poky," as Susie Carrol said I should find her, but just the sweetest-faced old lady I ever imagined. I really longed last night to paint a little picture of her and papa, as they sat in the dimly-lighted room, talking over "old times." I stole out to the porch, it was so pleasant there. Broad moonlight bands stretched across the hall, and little broken rays flitted and flirted 'mid the leaves of the honey-suckle that climbs over the porch quite up to the roof. From my seat on the door-step, I could see right into the sitting-room, and watch Aunt Stella and

(96)

papa, though I couldn't hear what they said. It is a queer old stone house, built long ago, and the furniture and every thing is just as old-fashioned as it can be. Such odd pictures of grandfathers and grandmothers, aunts and uncles, as hang on the walls! — I should think it would be dreadfully lonely for Aunt Stella; but though papa has often asked her to come and live with us, she always says: "No; I'll wait here with Hannibal and Chloe. It won't be for long. I like the old place best." — I wish I could read the history every nook and corner of the old house and rambling garden could tell me. I like to be here. And yet there is something weird and mysterious. I keep thinking of Hawthorne's books, and Longfellow's "New-England Tragedies"—keep wondering when I walk through the half-deserted streets, whether it seemed just so in those old-time days.

But I am dreaming again, and I did resolve I wouldn't do it any more; yet there don't seem a bit of good or work to do

here. Aunt Stella sits all day in her cool parlor, knitting. Half the time her eyes are shut. Now there is nothing I can do for her; perhaps she would like some flowers, though; and I will just write for a little while, and then go and gather some. I suppose she is thinking all the time, and wide awake; but she does look so near a nap, I don't like to disturb her by speaking. This morning I sat still till I was tired and a little lonely, because papa had left me; so I crept out as quiet as a mouse. Auntie never heard me, for I looked back from the open door, and she was knitting away with closed eyes. — I wonder if she is praying all the time she is so still. I like to think she is. If I should live to be very old, I wonder would I sit so quietly, never minding the outside world, but just wrapped up in my own thoughts, living over the past? Aunt Stella is very peaceful; she looks as if she had learned almost as well as grandpapa the command, "Pray without ceasing." Only she don't look as if she had quite the same "young

soul" as he has. She looks as though in the doing of Christ's will, she had so often come to places where she has had to *wait* before she could say, "Thy will be done" — as though the "Fear not, little flock," had sounded more faintly and seemed spoken by a voice farther off than it has been from grandpapa — as though her way had been through so many difficulties. There is just this difference between grandpapa's old age and Aunt Stella's. He looks all peace, as though the "sorrowing" had always been lost in the "rejoicing;" she, quiet and calm now; but there is something that tells it wasn't always so.

— I wish Jack was here, that I could ask him what that verse means: "Pray without ceasing." Of course it can't mean, all the time we are to be praying. I suppose it means, all the time we are to have a prayer in our hearts, and I'm beginning now to learn the meaning of that. — It is only a little while since I began to love and trust Christ, and yet already life and every thing

seems different. Even papa's love and the good times I have had with Jack would seem not half so dear, if I couldn't tell all to Jesus. I wonder whether it is wrong to feel so? But I know it can't be. Why, 'tis just the telling all the little things that makes me so glad and happy—that makes Christ seem so near—such a real and close friend. Yet when I think of Him in His glory, surrounded by the worshiping angels, hearkening to the cries of thousands upon thousands of human hearts, that are constantly lifting "praise and adoration, with prayer and supplication," I'm almost afraid to tell Him all; but then I remember, "our God knows we are but poor little children," and I think it was this made Christ say, "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall to the ground without your Father; fear ye not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows;" so I won't be afraid any more, but go on telling Him all. I know I shall be happier so, and, I think, keep *closer* to Him."



XIV.

OLD HANNIBAL has just brought me three letters—one from papa, saying he is sorry to disappoint me of the drives and pleasures we had planned, but that unlooked for business makes it necessary for him to be in the city, and that I must be all packed and ready to leave Friday morning, (that's the day after to-morrow,) when he will take me to the sea-side, where Aunt Mary is; then he must return to New York, and be without me all August and part of September! — It does seem such a long time to look forward to being without papa. — The next, a little note from Aunt Mary, telling me the sea-side is beautiful and restful to her, and of all the plans she is making

for the happy days she hopes we shall spend together there. Her little note makes me quite long to go. And the other letter, it was from Jack. I never thought he would write to me, though I have wished ever so much he would. 'Tis such a helpful letter, saying just what I wanted some one to say to me. He writes: "Remember, Annie, take no Christian for your guide; take Christ as your pattern and example, and feel how glorious a thing it is to be like your Leader. I am persuaded, just in proportion to our faith in Christ, is our joy. Begin right; follow Jesus with your whole heart; study His character; be ever looking *away* from yourself; be 'looking unto Jesus;' and you will find yourself becoming more and more like Him; till that blessed day, when 'we *shall* be like Him, *for* we shall see Him as He is.' Does not this '*for*' indicate that those who fix their eyes on Christ shall receive His image in their souls in just the same measure with which He reveals Himself to them? And we know that this will be in propor-

tion to the faith with which we lift our eyes to Him."

— I think 'twas so kind of Jack to write to me. I couldn't help kneeling right down and thanking God; for it is His love that gives me so many kind friends, and that has put it into Jack's heart to help me "follow Christ." — It is beautiful to feel our friends are God's gifts to us. Thinking of it has made me understand why we love and are loved, sometimes, when we can't explain *what* rouses the feeling. I think 'twill always make me care more for my friends, now that I have come to know they are given me by God, "Our Father." And their love for me, why it is His will that wakens it in their hearts. Feeling so, makes friendship such a sacred, holy thing.

I suppose one reason why some people seem to receive so much more love and tenderness than others is, God sees they need more, and so He blesses them with it; just as some flowers need the sunshine before they blossom, and others spring up and

bloom in shady places. And I suppose, too, it is when God sees we love, trust and lean too closely on our earthly friends that He takes them from us, not in judgment, but in love, that we may draw nearer to Him, having less to lean on *here*.



XV.

I HAVE had such a happy evening! And yet there have been tears in it. After tea I asked Aunt Stella if she would like to have me read to her. She was so pleased, and said, "Yes; for her old eyes couldn't read for themselves very well." Then she gave me her little hymn book, that always lies with her Bible on the table by her side, and said: "Call Hannibal and Chloe; they will like to hear you, too." Hannibal and Chloe, his wife, have lived here ever since papa was a little boy. I went into the kitchen and told them I was going to read to auntie, and she said they could come and listen. They were so pleased. I couldn't help laughing. Hanni-

bal does say such funny things, and his face is so black and shiny, and his hair white and woolly. He began to rub his hands, exclaiming: "Now this 'ere is 'delightsome—a delightful pleasure, Miss Annie. Me and Chloe will be powerful proud to hear ye." And all the way into the sitting-room he kept muttering to himself: "I'm mighty glad—powerful pleased."

—I didn't know what to read just at first. The little hymn book seemed a stranger. I couldn't turn to a familiar line. I did so wish for Jack—he would have known right away; but I'm such a beginner in the Christian life. But, then, we must always be learners; and I suppose even grandpapa, who has been a follower of Jesus so many years, every day turns a page of new and fresh meanings—all the time is finding revelations of His love and goodness. I remember hearing him say once to papa: "We are just learners here—little children, knowing, at the best, only the A B C of the heavenly language. Not till we reach home

shall we begin to read its fullness of meaning and beauty, 'for eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.' And yet we do catch some words from the hearts of 'God's children that are more than alphabet letters—words that seem to have come straight from the 'other land.' I suppose they are the thoughts that Christ breathes into our hearts, 'revealing them unto us by His spirit.'"

—I turned over the leaves of the little hymn book. I felt embarrassed. I wonder why it is so hard to speak of Christ? I wonder why we are such contradictions to ourselves about it? We love Jesus best of all; we long to have others know His love; and yet we hesitate and linger before speaking of Him. I wonder why it was I shrank from my own voice, and there was nobody there but Aunt Stella, Hannibal and Chloe. I have sung and played before ever so many people, and it never seemed half so hard to

do as it did last night, when Aunt Stella took the little book from my hand and said: "Sing to us, child, instead of reading;" but when I began the words, "Jesus, lover of my soul," I forgot all about being afraid; and I think now one reason why I felt so at first was because the three old people knew so much more of Christ than I did. When I stopped, Aunt Stella's eyes were full of tears, and she said: "Go on; sing of the 'Rock of Ages,' child." So I sang all the verses through. I think God gave me this singing service, just to show me that what I thought in the morning about there being nothing for me to do here, was wrong; for Aunt Stella said: "You have done me good, Annie." And old Chloe was really crying, not sorrowfully, (I know it was not sorrowfully,) but because she was so happy; and in a broken voice she said: "It seems like though we had been thar, and heard the angels singing. Now don't it, Missus?" And Hannibal said: "It 'pears like to me, Miss Annie, you're chosed to be mighty blest of

de Lord." And he wiped his eyes with his rough coat sleeve, saying: "Delightsome, that ar singing; it makes this ole sinner want mighty to be good. Wal, I does try; and I succeeds pretty wal." Poor old ignorant Hannibal! I don't think he meant to be self-righteous; only he does try; and when he succeeds, he don't quite understand that his well-doing is because Christ has helped him. I will try to-morrow to explain it to him. Aunt Stella did not say a word for ever so long after Hannibal and Chloe left the room; but, by and by, she stooped over and kissed me. I was sitting on a little stool at her feet, and again she said, "You have done me good, Annie," murmuring to herself, "A little child shall lead them." I wonder if she knew how the murmured words thrilled through me with joy.

— When Aunt Stella kissed me, a tear-drop fell on my forehead. It seemed to me almost a baptismal seal—the tear-drop that fell from that old weary heart, as she blessed me. I couldn't help thinking, as I sat there

in the deepening twilight, of all the tears that had fallen from Aunt Stella's eyes. She is very old—she was grandmama's sister—and as I looked at her, she seemed quiet and contented; and yet I know, back of all the repose of her life now, in the by-gone days there had been hours of storm and tempest.

When Chloe brought in the candles, she kissed me again and said: "God bless you, child! I thought the old eyes had forgotten to weep. They have known many tears in their lifetime, little Annie; but they are almost there, where sorrow and weeping are unknown—where 'God shall wipe all tears away.'" And then she said: "You have been a comfort to me, child. Sometimes the old woman is lonely—they are all gone; but it won't seem long to wait now." I laid my head down in Aunt Stella's lap and cried—I couldn't help it—and she smoothed the hair from my forehead with her wasted fingers—her aged hands, tired with life's work, and then she took from her pocket a little case, saying: "Shall I show your young

eyes what only old worn-out eyes have seen these many years?" The little case was pocket-worn and time-stained. So tenderly she held it in her trembling hands, wiping the tiny dust-specks away with her soft cambric handkerchief! Her faded eyes grew warm and soft with the love-light which had never died from her heart. Then she handed me the picture, saying: "Annie, I was young once—young, like you, little one."

— It was only an old-fashioned miniature, and the face 'wasn't handsome that looked at me from it. It was the face of a plain man—a homely man, taken in early manhood; and opposite was a profile, cut in black paper, of a girl face. I knew it was Aunt Stella. A lock of dark hair was tied with a faded ribbon, and fastened beneath the pictured face. — And I held it in my hand—the story of Aunt Stella's life. It was never written down, but the pictured face, the profile of the young girl, the lock of hair—they told it all! — "I'm old now," she said again — "an old maid, Annie —

called so these many years; but it don't seem long ago since I dreamed my dreams, child. God's ways are not our ways; but He knows best, and it is all right." — Then she was still, and the "pray without ceasing" look crept over her face.

— When next she spoke, there were no tears in her voice, only a lingering sadness. She took the little picture from me, fastened the case, put it into her pocket, all so quietly, before she said: "When I die, tell them to give the picture to you, Annie; and be tender of it, child; don't let the dust and mould gather over his face; be tender of the little picture for your old Aunt Stella's sake;" and the tears came again; but tears, I think, to the old are like smiles to children.

— After that, Aunt Stella told me a great deal about her life—more, she said, than she had ever told any one before. I am so glad she told it to me. I think knowing of her will give me courage, if God sends trials. And she told me, too, of His grace,

that had upheld her, "The everlasting arms,' child—the everlasting arms—they are always underneath." She didn't tell me of her noble self-sacrifice and self-forgetfulness; but I know something of that, for papa has told me.

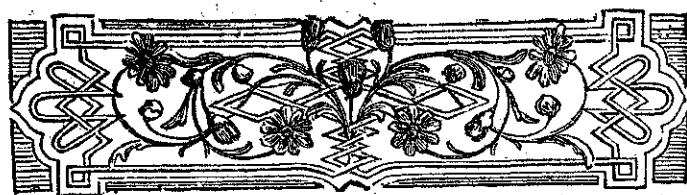
— I wonder why we are not always tender and thoughtful of the old? I wonder why people forget so, and seem to think the romance and the dream days all belong to the young, never seeming to have a thought for the stories written on hearts that are hidden by wrinkled care-worn faces—never seeming to think of the pathos of lives grown silent and tired with the long journey—never thinking of the struggles, the noble deeds, which are written every where—written in the old faces, looking from dim eyes; sounding in voices from which the music has gone; in steps grown slow and halting, hands trembling and strengthless. Oh! I wonder we ever forget all this. I wonder we are not always tender of the old. But then, of course, I have dear grandpapa and

Aunt Stella now to make me feel so; and they have taught me that the young don't really care, often, half as much for the beautiful things of life, and never need them as much as the aged people. This morning, when I came in with my apron all full of flowers, how pleased Aunt Stella was. I do think she cared more for the two or three "prettiest ones"—little rose-buds—that I put in a tiny vase, and stood by the side of her Bible—more, a great deal more than I did for all the beautiful bouquets that were sent me last winter.

— I'm glad I had that talk with Jack about sorrow, and that he said, "God would send the cross, when there was a 'needs be.'"
And I'm so glad, too, he said, all I had to do, now, was to be thankful and happy, walking the pleasant path God is leading me in. I remember just how he said: "If the stormy days come, Annie, and the outside sun be hid, keep close to Christ; and whatever He sends, let His warm loving grace be in your heart, and you will be happy." I suppose

the reason why I think of these words to-night, is because I talked so long with Aunt Stella about sorrow.





XVI.

HOW we change about from place to place! Yesterday I sat on the shady door-step at Aunt Stella's, and wrote in my little diary; and to-night I am a way off here at the sea-side. Aunt Stella felt so sorry to have me leave; Hannibal and Chloe too; and I felt sorry myself, even though I did want to come to Aunt Mary. I do dislike to say good-bye. I wish we could go through life without it. And I don't suppose I shall ever see dear old Aunt Stella again. "Good-bye!" 'Tis such a dreary word. If people wouldn't call it affected, I do believe I would always say, "Farewell." That speaks a hope with the parting look; but "good-bye," seems so desolate. — Now, "good-

(116)

night" is different; but then, perhaps, it is only in *the seeming*; and why I think it different is, that "good-night" always *seems* to me the spoken word that expresses the silent "God bless you;" but papa says, I'm mistaken—that good-bye means, "God be with you," and so it is the sweetest, best leave-taking word we can say to a friend. I don't believe I shall mind it, now that I know this. — Papa and I had such a pleasant journey. We left early in the morning, just as the sun was rising. Hannibal drove us over to the little station. We had to wait for the cars. The train creeps along so on this out-of-the-way road, stopping at every village, we only just connected with the train from the West. I didn't mind its slowness as much as papa did, the country through which we passed was so lovely, and all seemed unlike any thing I had ever known before of journeying. The lazy-going train, and the queer country people that came in at one station to get off at the next—they all seemed to know one another, and talked

so fast about crops and the weather. Why, I could have been amused all day with the inside view; but the outside I liked better. All the way we kept close to a river; the water was so clear, and the reflections far down reaching, every little leaf and twig was pictured in the quiet water. It made me think of how Ruskin says, "There is hardly a little road-side pond, or pool, which has not as much of landscape *in* it as above it."

— And the river, it caught such beautiful sky-pictures; and then I thought of how Ruskin went on to say: "Looking deep enough, we see the serious blue of the far-off sky, and the passing of pure clouds; and so it is at our own will, whether we see in the despised stream the refuse of the street or the image of the sky. So it is with almost all other things." Why don't we look deep down into these water places, which catch and hold the upper beauty?

— Thinking these thoughts, breathing the fresh morning air, laden with herb scents and new-mown hay fragrance, I felt so hap-

py. Planning, too, for the winter time, when I shall be at home, and cannot look at life only reflected in the calm water, but must, if I would tell others of Christ, walk by the pool and stream made muddy by sin and wrong doing. Shall I have courage and faith, I wonder, to look deep enough to see the "image of the sky" then, when it is hidden by so much? I wonder what we should do, if it wasn't for the promise, "My grace is sufficient—made perfect in weakness"?

— I suppose I must have been thinking so hard, I forgot about the people round me; for I was almost frightened when a man in a seat just in front of us sprang up and said: "Hark! there's the death-bell tolling!" And then I heard it—the sound of the bell. I remember when I was a little girl hearing of this old custom—the tolling of the church bell, to carry to all the families, the country side around, the message, "Some one is dead." We stopped at the village, and every stroke then sounded loud and clear. I counted fifteen times it tolled.

All the people were hushed, and it was in a soft voice a woman asked from a man who came in, "Who's took now?" "Widow Brown's girl," he replied. "Dreadful sudden—she was just the likeliest one ever I seed—going on for sixteen or thereabouts." — And then the car whistle sounded, and we glided out of the village—passed beyond the sound of the tolling bell.

— The Boston train was so crowded papa couldn't get a seat with me; but he was only a little way behind, and though I couldn't see him, I *felt* he was there. The little things that are happening every hour to us seem like messages from our heavenly Father. Just the feeling that I was still in papa's care, though I couldn't see him, wakened such sweet, peaceful thoughts of God's care, watching over His children all the time. And then, looking about on the strange faces, (not one I had ever seen before,) I thought of the solitude, the desolation, that must come to one when in a crowd of strangers alone; and what I should do with-

out papa. But now that I love Christ, I need never think of ever being alone; for always the Unseen Friend is with me.

II





XVII.

IT does seem so good to be with Aunt Mary and Fred again; and Jack is coming to-night. When Fred told me, I wanted to clap my hands with joy; but ever so many people were standing around, so I couldn't. — This morning auntie read with me the passages that tell of the coming of Christ, in Matthew and Luke's Gospels. Auntie said she always especially enjoyed reading these records, they link so tenderly Jesus, the One "touched with the feeling of our infirmity"—the "Elder Brother," with "Emanuel," "God with us." From Luke and Matthew we turned to John, who lifts not the veil, which reveals Christ coming as the virgin's son, but tells us of the *Word*, and

(122)

that the "Word was God—" "And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, full of grace and truth"—"The light shining in darkness, and the darkness comprehending not." — Auntie said St. Augustine wrote of the four evangelists: "The first three inculcate the practical duties of active life; St. John dwells on the ineffable mysteries of the contemplative. The former speak of labor; the last speaks of rest. The former lead the way; the last shows our Home." And that Chrysostom wrote: "The Gospel of John is sweeter, more persuasive, than all the harmony of music; most holy—most full of unspeakable glories, and conveying great blessings." Then we read in Isaiah the strength-giving assurance: "The *Word* of our God shall stand for ever"—the glory of the Lord shall be revealed (this is a beautiful, cheering promise to read and connect with that verse from John—the "darkness comprehended not;")—and yet "on Him the Lord hath laid the iniquities of us all. It pleased the Lord to bruise Him"—"Surely

II*

He hath *borne* our griefs and *carried* our sorrows." Aunt Mary said those words, "It *pleased* the Lord to bruise Him," are so laden with deep, far-reaching comfort to her. "Think, Annie," she said, "of the depth of God's love for us, revealed in them. God, of whom David, the Israel singer, wrote, 'Like as a father PITYETH,' was pleased to 'put *Him* to grief;' and why? Christ gives us the answer: 'For God *so loved* the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'"

— I do enjoy talking with Aunt Mary so much. Before she began her daily letter to grandpapa, we sang together the hymn that begins, "God is love; His mercy brightens." The two last verses hold, I think, the germ of all auntie had been saying:

"Ev'n the hour that darkest seemeth,
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom his brightness streameth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

"He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Every where his glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love."

While Aunt Mary was writing, I took up her Bible, which lay open on the table, and turned the leaves from Isaiah's page on beyond to Ezekiel. The verse my eye rested upon was: "He brought me to the gate, even the gate that looketh toward the east." I do long to talk with Jack about these words—"Looking toward the east." I wish it always would be my out-look, and why may it not be? For surely God has "led and brought" me to the "eastward gate." — Sometimes the Bible seems to me like a new book, now I read it flooded with light from the "bright and morning star." How wonderful it all is! There is much I cannot understand, but even the "altogether dark passages have a foretaste of some great, glorious meaning, which I shall *some day* know." My reading this morning has made me feel so surrounded by the "great cloud

of witnesses." The love of Christ—it breaks every barrier. Learned and unlearned, poor and rich, sorrowful and glad, we are all *one* in Him—Ezekiel, the prophet, who beheld "the glory of the Lord" coming from "the way of the east;" and the "little child," whom "Christ called and set in the midst of them." I do like these eastward verses so much! In the 46th chapter it is written: "Thus saith the Lord God: The gate of the inner court that looketh toward the east shall be shut the six working days; but on the Sabbath it shall be opened, and in the day of the new moon it shall be opened." These were the directions for the temple gate. Onward in the chapter comes: "Now when the *prince* shall prepare a *voluntary* burnt-offering or peace offerings *voluntarily* unto the Lord, *One* shall *then* open him the gate that looketh toward the east." And the "Prince of Peace"—He came; and He said: "I lay down my life—no man taketh it from me; but I lay it down of myself." So it is through Him *we* learn, *One shall*

open the gate, not only for the "Sabbath and the new moon days," but open it, too, for "the six working days."

I love to think how the years rolled on after the prophets prophesied, till the time appointed came for that "eastward gate opening;" and I am so glad that not only the wise men beheld the "Star of the East"—not only they who would come laden with gifts—"frankincense, gold and myrrh," but the little shepherd band, "feeding their flocks by night," they, too, heard the glad "Fear not, for unto you is born a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord;" and they came, "glorifying and praising." Ignorant shepherds and wise men together they met around Him.

This wonderful underlying *unity* of the Bible, Jack said I should find every where. I know just what he would say about my thinkings this morning. I can almost hear his voice saying: "Annie, take the Eastward verse as a motto for your Christian life." — I remember he told me, the very last day we were on the mountains together, to

watchfully guard my heart, lest I lost from it the gladness which should ever be the portion of the Christian. He said, often he (it seems so strange, for I think Jack is always trying and trusting) forgot, or rather overlaid with other thoughts, the sweet assurance Christ has given, that our sins *are blotted out, now*, by His blood.

— It has poured with rain all day, and I have not had even a glimpse of the sea; but I don't mind, for Jack will be here to-morrow; so I can see it for the first time with him. We have had a very pleasant day, in spite of the rain. I should have been quite content to have stayed in our room talking to auntie; but after she had finished her letter, she said: "We had better go down stairs. Who knows, Annie, but we may find some work to do for the Master?" I think auntie feels just right about doing good. She says we must not wait for the great opportunities; if God sees we are fit for great service, He will send it to us; and unless we first have learned to do the little, how can we be

ready to do the great. Auntie says, too, if I am careful and watchful over my words and actions, I can have that most effective of all influences, the silent testimony of a heart at peace. She says talking to Fred, telling him of my new-found happiness and hopes, won't do him half as much good—won't make him feel they are nearly so real as the *seeing* that I am changed.





XVIII.

JACK is come! I'm so glad! 'Twas late last night before he arrived, and we began to fear the storm had delayed him; but just as Aunt Mary and I were saying good-night to Fred, he came. Oh! it did seem so pleasant to see him, and he looked as though he was very glad, too.

— This morning I have been with Jack for my first look at the sea. Yesterday's storm all passed away with the night, on the land—not a trace of it was left; but the sea-waves were dashing wildly and foam-crested. I think I shall learn to love the ocean; only to-day it seemed so restless—so struggling—almost as though beneath the waves there was some great heart bound;

(130)

and I'm so happy, I want to look only on peaceful, joyous things. The waves dashing upon the rocks and shore seemed longing to find some resting place—seemed so wanting to escape from the turbulent water behind them—lingering for a moment before they began the rolling back again, just as though they were sorry to be lost in the overlapping of the incoming and outgoing waves.

— It doesn't make Jack feel as it does me; he says it is strength-giving to him; and he repeated to me the beautiful Bible words, where the Lord promises protection to His people—protection from the "billows and the waters." Jack glories in the sea. — I think he almost smiled at me when I said it made me sorrowful, the little drops, when the waves break, they "leap up so toward the sun," and they look so pure and white in the sunlight, but quickly they fall back into the dark water. I asked Jack if he thought I should be like a little ocean-drop in the Christian life (sometimes I'm so afraid I shall)—just reaching forth, seeming

pure, bathed in the heavenly light, but only for a minute, then dropping, falling a way down into the darkness of earth's ways. Jack said I needn't be afraid; and then he bade me look up into the clear calm sky, and pointed out to me the small fleecy clouds floating up so near the deep blue, bathed in the glowing sunlight of the early morning, and he asked me, "Did I not know once the clouds were little ocean-drops, sighing, perhaps, as they leaped up and fell back; but, at last, the sun had drawn them up to himself." "So, little Annie," he said, "it is with us; we are but drops in the great ocean of human souls; we leap and struggle, we fail and fall back with a sigh; but never need we lose heart, for always above us is the 'Sun of righteousness' shining, and, if we be faithful, in His own good time He will lift us up even unto Himself. And He is called the 'Fountain of Living Waters.' You know it is a law in nature that water will always rise to its own level. Now, comparing the Holy Spirit to living water, see how beauti-

fully the salvation of the redeemed is set forth. The living water—the Holy Spirit—comes down *from* our God, enters the sinner's heart, and, rising to its own level again, *returns to* God, springing up into everlasting life."

The sea says so much to Jack; even the little mosses are full of whispers to him. He gathered my basket quite full of beauties—bright green, rosy red, soft pink, and brown-tinted ones. He calls them the "flowers of the sea," and he says if we don't want to look for a deeper meaning, he thinks these little waifs of the ocean, scattered all over the beach, must always be full of delicate fancies—Undine dreams—murmurs of coral homes—pearly nooks where the water-flowers grow; and then he laughed and said: "Why, Annie, if there be a heart, as you fancy, chained below the wild sea-waves, it is a generous heart, isn't it, to toss so freely these little beauty blossoms on the shore for us?" But I don't know why, Jack didn't make it seem different to me; the little

mosses would seem like "fragments of songs dropped from broken hearts." Perhaps it was the memory of yesterday's storm that made them seem to me tossed up by some great grief. Jack said: "If they make you feel so, Annie, let us learn a lesson from them, and if ever the time comes when God sends us some great sorrow, let us think of this morning, when we stand so restful, so happy, and yet so near we are to the restless throbbing ocean—think of yesterday's storm, and think, too, that out of its conflict it has brought to us, not moans and sighs, but these bright pleasure-giving mosses, seeming full of joy, even though they came in the dark stormy night. I think they are stamped with the assurance—'Though God has sent the storm—though He has torn us from our rock homes, dashing us upon this earthly shore—we children of the ocean, all strangers to the land;—yet since He has done it, we won't lose our brightness—our colors, caught from the rain-bow—the heavenly bow of promise, that makes us not afraid, though

the way has been rough, and the land is strange.' "—— I wonder if I could bear sorrow so? Oh, I don't know; it would be so terrible, if those I love best were taken, to still wear a smile on my face—to be clothed with bright colors, when all the time my heart would be so dark.

—— But Jack said the rainbow colors were not made by man; that God could make by His light the darkest drops all beautiful and shining; and he said, too, he always linked with the rainbow a thought of the blessings Christ promised, when from the "mountain side" He taught the people. "Do you catch my meaning, Annie?" he said. "Listen, and I will tell you. Christ said, 'Blessed are the poor in spirit.' That means the gentle, submissive ones, who bow before His will, without a murmuring thought—'the contrite and broken spirits, with whom I will dwell, saith the high and lofty One, who inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy.' To them the blessing of heaven is promised, and violet I call their

color, the hue that seeks not notice, but is one of the sweetest, most soothing of all the varied tints. — And then comes, 'Blessed are they that mourn.' Don't you link the indigo with the mourning, so dark, so dreary to our eye, *if* we look at it alone; but soft when blended in with its sister blue; not dark, even if alone, when we can by faith read the 'shall be comforted'—sorrow shall be turned into joy? — Blue, 'tis well that should be the symbol of the meek—the symbol of those who 'delight themselves in peace.' — Green, Annie, we will choose for the 'hungering and thirsting,' because green is the all-bountiful color that clothes the trees, fields, and plants; and so it seems to me the color that holds the promised blessing, 'they shall be filled.' And the merciful they who 'shall obtain mercy,' yellow, the golden, it surely belongs to them, for theirs is a golden promise. Orange for the 'peace makers'—that, too, is golden, but of a richer, deeper shade, just as their promised blessing is fuller; for what is like in bless-

ing to being called 'The children of God.' And red, I think it is for the 'persecuted—the reviled'—they to whom comes much of suffering—many wounds, but who have known the strength of 'my presence shall go with you.' — The 'pure in heart,' they who 'shall see God'—let us choose for them white, the pure white robes, 'washed white in the blood of the Lamb.' White, the 'spirit light,' that mingles the colors all in *one*, till color is lost and disappears before the 'great Light'—just as all the blessings seem to grow dim and become *one*, in that greatest of all blessings which is the heritage of the 'pure in heart, who shall see God.'"

— All this about the beatitudes and the colors I know are just thoughts of Jack's; but it helps me so much to hear him talk thus. It seems to make it all more real when we associate the beauties of nature with the deeper beauties of the spirit life revealed by the inspired words; and I don't think it can be irrelevant. I'm so glad Luther, who kept close to the truth, said, "God has written

the Gospel not only in the Bible, but in trees and flowers, stars and clouds." — And then it is such a happy feeling, the knowing God my Father—"Our Father" makes all these beautiful things for us; gives them to us as a foretaste of the joys and beauty laid up for those who love Him. And it adds so much to my gladness, the having Jack to help me interpret these expressions of His infinite love—these shadowy hints of the ineffable glory of the "Upper Land."



XIX.

I WONDER why people call me "little Annie," and "child?" I don't mind much, but sometimes I can't help wishing they wouldn't. I think nineteen is real old. Aunt Mary says it is because they love me. I wonder if any body ever had so many pet names as I have? I suppose I always shall seem a child to papa, Aunt Mary, and grand-papa; but the other people, that don't really love me and didn't know me when I was a little girl, why do they do it?

— We had a beautiful long walk this morning—auntie, Jack and I, going to a jut of rocks quite at the end of the eastern beach; and there we had a long, long talk, sitting on the rocks, looking out over the

sea. It is so calm, hardly stirred by a ripple, to-day, restful and still, seeming not at all as it did that first day after Jack came; and yet the "real repose" all the time was there, hidden away down below the tossing waves, just as in our hearts, I think, if we really love Christ, there must always be a deep inward peace, whatever the outside may be; only I suppose, sometimes, if trials are very heavy, we hardly hear its murmur—hardly heed it; and then the waves we *see* dashing round us, they must seem so much nearer than the under-current calm.

Jack said I was wrong in saying or thinking so—that Christ's peace and love, he thought, never seemed so near as when we were storm-tossed. "There are some comforts, Annie, which we never reach except through suffering. It has often seemed to me they are among the richest." Jack's life hasn't been all glad and happy like mine. I used to feel sorry about it, but since every thing has changed so much to me, and life seems just lent to us to do Christ's work, I

am glad, because I think the having known sorrow makes him so much tenderer, will make him so much more able to be a consolation-giver when he is a minister.

— Jack asked Aunt Mary if she remembered the old saying: "Never to rest is the penalty paid for our greatness." She replied to him by repeating some German lines. I couldn't understand them very well, so Jack told them to me in English, though he said translating German was like trying to explain a *look*; in the process its spirit charm vanished. But I don't think it did this time. He was so kind, saying them over two or three times, till I know them by heart:

"Rest is not quitting
The busy career;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to one's sphere.

"'Tis the brook's motion,
Clear, without strife;
Fleeting to ocean,
After this life.

"'Tis loving and serving
The highest and best ;
'Tis onward unswerving ;
And this is true rest."

I wonder if I shall ever live in the real inner spirit of this rest?—my soul always quiet, like the under-current of the ocean—never troubled by the restless, changing, upper water. — Jack and auntie said so much that I have been feeling these last few weeks, it seemed as though my heart was speaking with their voices. Jack said these "Rest lines" of Goethe's met and answered so beautifully to him the *seeming* contradiction that so often Christians meet in the early days of their believing and following Christ. He said he thought standing on the threshold of the new life, many became disheartened, because where they had thought to find rest, they found conflict. "*Labor and Rest*" so closely associated—"the one seeming necessary to lead to the other—the one longed for, the other shrunk from"—the conflict of which Paul wrote: "*After ye were illumi-*

nated, ye endured a great fight of afflictions." Aunt Mary said: "Yes, all must know the feeling. How could it be otherwise? When God takes us by the hand, and leads the soul from darkness into light—when Jesus is revealed to us in His perfect beauty, we must be filled with longings so intense, to be pure even as He is pure, that instead of entering on a life of calm repose—tranquil meditation hours, we see before us new unthought-of conflicts; we find that always, not only now and then, but always, the soul must be on the alert, watching over self—laboring for others, if we would be followers of Him who 'went about doing good.' And this coming to Christ, we thought it was coming to rest, and so it is—rest the deepest, most soul-satisfying, even though we catch only its reflection *here*—peace in the heart." I asked Jack if he remembered the talk we had about peace and rest when we were among the mountains. I do love Jack's smile when he is pleased. He gave me one then, while he said: "The

spirit of this rest, found in loving and serving the highest—the best—the loving and serving, which is the fitting of self to one's sphere—the sphere of following close after Christ, it comes and steals into the soul with every act of self-sacrifice—every deed of self denial that is done for His sake—every little love-thought that wakens in the heart, because of love to Jesus. The 'cup of cold water,' even, when given in His name, is filled, I think, with drops of peace and happiness for the giver. So that ere long we thankfully bind together the labor and the rest; and Paul's 'fight of afflictions' are over-laid by the sustaining assurance, they come '*after* we are illuminated.'

— I told Jack the rest promises of Christ seemed to me to mean, too, the rest of *trusting*; and so we did know something of it here. — The happy faith that God is our Father, and that He will give us all good, I think "*that is rest.*"

— Auntie felt tired, but Jack took me round the point of rocks, where we had a

clear unbroken view, way out over the sea. He talked with me so kindly and encouragingly about next winter, and helped me make many plans for what I want to do; he gave me so many new ideas for teaching the class of poor children I am going to take in Sunday-school. They are to be just rough street boys, but Jack says I will find, if I seek prayerfully, treasures hidden behind their roughness. Wouldn't it be beautiful if I could help them to come to Christ. — I asked Jack how we could find our "true sphere." He said, "Do the little things close to you, Annie, and you will be safe." We were having such a pleasant talk, when Auntie called to us, "The tide was fast coming in, and we must hasten back;" but I am so glad of what Jack did say. — How much wood he has given me for my winter fire. I think he has helped make more than half the bundle, I have already gathered, to unbind with grandpapa.



XX.

HOW shall I tell it, even to my little "heart book"? How shall I tell this beautiful, great unthought of happiness, God has made my life so perfect, so full, by sending? — Why, I never thought Jack loved me so; and now, though it is two weeks since he told me, it seems, even yet, like a dream, too glad and happy to really belong to me. Oh! I wish I were better—I wish I knew more—were more worthy of his love.

— Jack said he did not mean to tell me so soon, though papa, who has known all about it for ever so long, said he might. I wonder what made him tell me that day. I wonder if there ever was a morning so beautiful as the morning when he whispered it

to me—whether the sunshine was ever so bright before and every thing so glad.

— I don't need to write it down to remember it, for it is all written in blue and golden letters in my heart; but some day in the far away years, perhaps, when Jack and I are old—old like grandpapa and Aunt Stella—we shall like to read this sweet history of our "spring time;" not to make us remember it, but just because, when our eyes and hearts have grown old, looking back will seem so unlike this *real living* time we are in now; and then, when the changes of time are written on our faces—engraven on our souls, I think it will be so beautiful to sit with my hand in his, and together read the record of these glad young days.

— It was the early morning; a party of us started to spend the livelong day in clambering over the cliffs, hunting for sea-mosses—listening to the "wild waves' sayings." Carrie was with us, (she came only the day before,) and in her glad, care-free way, she hummed to herself a little love song, that

I think no one heard but Jack and I. Gaily springing from rock to rock, she sang:

“Go not, happy day,
From the shining fields;
Go not, happy day,
Till the maiden yields.
Rosy is the west,
Rosy is the south,
Roses are her cheeks,
And a rose her mouth.
When the happy ‘Yes’
Falters from her lips,
Pass and blush the news,
O’er the blowing ships—
Over blowing seas—
Over seas at rest.”

I don’t think it was the song made Jack say it then. I don’t know—it seems to me it wasn’t that. The beautiful look came into his face, not while Carrie sang, but when his eye fell on my hand, which rested in his, as we climbed over the rough, rocky places. — It looked so little, when held in his great strong man’s hand. — But I don’t know what made him say it; I only know I

am happy, oh! so happy! Why! I can’t write about it—words don’t tell one bit of my gladness.

— It seems so strange to think of all the summer days behind us; but when I didn’t belong to Jack, even though it is such a little while ago since I really did, it seems as though always we had loved and been just as now. — We have made so many plans for the time when we can work together for Jesus.

— Jack says he is poor; that he cannot give me a home rich and costly like papa’s, and that this troubles him. He don’t like to think of my not having every thing beautiful around me; but I told him *he was my home*, and so I couldn’t help having all beautiful, happy things, because he just satisfies every thing in me. — I think it made him glad to know I felt so; and yet he told me I must not love him too well, and he traced on the sand the verse: “Little children, keep yourselves from idols,” and bade me read it. When he saw the tears were in my eyes, be-

cause I thought he was displeased with me, he drew me close to his side and whispered: "I need the verse, little one, as much as you; let us help one another to remember it;" and then it was that Jack consecrated our love by a spoken prayer. I know our hearts had been full of thanksgiving and praise every hour of the time since our joy began; but not till then did he breathe the words aloud. Keeping me all the time close to his side, he asked our Heavenly Father "to bless and keep us ever near to Him, drawing us by this great happiness to a fuller consecration of all to Christ's service—strengthening us for all His love may send, whether of joy or sorrow—helping us ever to say, 'Thy will be done,' filling our hearts with the abiding presence of the Holy Spirit."



XXI.

I TOLD Jack I didn't want to wait till Christmas time to know the meaning of the wreath he made for me to wear that night when we were on the mountain, and that I knew I never could guess; so he told me. He said, long, long ago, when I was a very little child, one day he was playing ball with Fred, before we came to live in the city. I was sitting, all wrapped up in my scarlet cloak on a little seat they had made for me, watching them, when all of a sudden I ran off in pursuit of one of the airy, wind-blown down-balls, shouting: "Me see it—me see it—a angel—a angel," and then, he said, a breeze wafted the little thing in my reach,

(151)

and I caught it in my tiny hand, jumping up and down with delight, exclaiming: "Me's got a angel; grandpapa, wee Annie has cotched a angel," and into the house I ran, he and Fred after me; but when I opened my hand, straight out flew the little captive, up to the ceiling and then out of the window, to fly over other gardens than ours; and I sat down on the floor and cried: "Me angel's lost; me so sorry; naughty, naughty angel, to fly away from little Annie." — I remember all about it now, and how Fred laughed at me, and how Jack sat down by my side and told me a long story about the thistle-down, and how soon he comforted me.

— It seems so strange, but, oh, so beautiful! Jack says he has loved me better than any one else, ever since then. And he says, when he saw me that evening, standing in the moonlight, dressed all in pure gauzy white, the memory of the day came over him when I shouted, "Me's caught a angel," and he could hardly resist the longing to take

me right up in his arms and whisper my own words over to me. And he says, then for the first time came the fear, what if she should fly away like the little thistle-down? and he resolved to wait till sure I would come to him all of my own will; and *this* was why he looked so sorry when I asked him how he *fastened* the airy thing on my wreath, and so glad when I said it looked as if it were resting of its own sweet will. So now I know how I came to be called little "thistle-down." I love it best of all my pet names—better, because it belongs entirely to Jack, and nobody else will ever think of calling me so.

— Jack said there was a deeper meaning to the wreath. The ferns he chose because they were up-springing in lowly, unlooked for places, sometimes the most beautiful ones growing in out-of-the-way nooks; and thus he wanted me to be sweetest and best in doing the little duties of life, never thinking aught "too good" for the out-of-the-way nooks. The clover blossom was the flower

he selected for its many meanings—the flower full of honey, that the busy bee seeks nourishment from—the little flower that points the “cattle on a thousand hills” to the greenest richest pasture meadows—the flower whose three-fold leaf whispers of the graces, “Faith, Hope and Charity”—whispers, too, of the most sacred threefold One, the Father, Son and Holy Spirit.” And though it contains all these meanings, it is nothing but an humble blossom. “The thistle-down, Annie,” Jack went on to say, “think how it flies from place to place, always carrying sweet thoughts of the country, green fields and summer verdure. So, my darling, I want you to be always bearing the sign of purity, as this silver-winged messenger does—always carrying ‘the Word’—wafting the ‘good news,’ wherever the spirit leads you.” There were other dear little words Jack told me about the hopes he twined in with my wreath, but they are too dear for me to let out of my heart, even into my little diary.

—To-morrow is the first autumn day. I dread it a little bit. I don’t want the leaves to fall, or the flowers to fade—they seem to belong to “my summer;” and I want to keep them fresh always, and then—I know I mustn’t feel so, for Jack will be away from me all winter; but I dread to-morrow, because he is going just for the day—“coming back with the twilight.” Jack says, “coming so early, we will see the sun set together, little one.” — He promised when he first came to go with this sailing party out beyond the light-house, so he can’t refuse; though I don’t think he wants to go half as much as he wants to stay with me.





XXII.

IT is winter now—the leaves have fallen—the flowers faded—my summer ended—and my girl heart, the happy glad young time, is all over. — It is four long months since he left me, and yet, sometimes, it seems but a few hours. — It was all so sudden, so unthought of. — That quiet, sunshiny morning, when we stood together looking over the peaceful sea, its smooth, tranquil waters, broken only by gentlest ripples; the morning breeze hardly stirred the tall grass by our side; the sky bent so lovingly down to the water's edge, blending into the ocean till sky and sea were lost together in the horizon line. — I remember it all so well—the laughing group of children on the bank

(156)

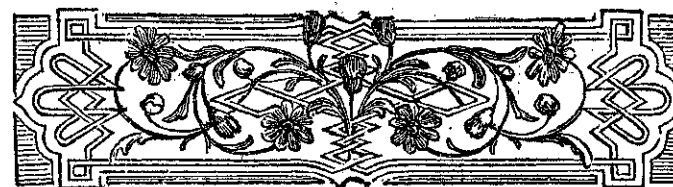
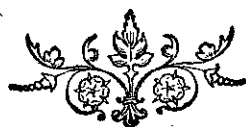
—the song of a bird—how he stooped and gathered for me the tiny moss spray of rose color; how we tossed pebbles into the water; and then the boat's coming, with its gay company, breaking the quiet hush with merry laughter and morning greetings; — and then, — just the whispered "good-bye, my little thistle-down, till evening comes;" — and he was gone—sailing away out on the blue calm water.

— I can't write of what came after, only at evening time the quiet sea of the morning was white with foam-tossed waves; the blue sky, that bent over us so lovingly, was hidden by dark storm-clouds; the breeze that stirred the grass with gentlest motion, had changed to the wild moaning of the wind; the laughing children—the song bird—they were silent, — and he—the strong loving one, who stood by my side—where was he? Far—oh, so far—away from me.

— The little boat load—they sailed out to the horizon line, and there they left him.

— I waited out in the dark—the cold,

desolate dark—and Jack—he did not come. But by-and-by they told me he had gone for ever—beyond the horizon line—beyond the dark—gone—into the Light.



XXIII.

LONG days followed—weary nights—hours of darkness.—“Good-bye till evening comes,” over and over I say his farewell words—but he does not come—his dear voice, that always I thought was to comfort me, is silent. But it hasn’t all been dark—Jesus, who long ago quieted the storm-tossed waves, has whispered, “Peace, be still.” — And I have learned to feel *He* was with Jack when the waves hid him from my sight. I know he heard the murmur, “Peace, be still,” louder, clearer, than the dashing waves. I know in that hour of mortal peril, calmly his soul soared above the wild water, above the cruel, devouring sea, that claimed the precious casket; only

at first, I couldn't feel it as I do now. — At first, I wanted just one word—one look. At first, even the words of Christ fell on my heart all dead and cold. — And now, it is very lonely—the hours are very dark—and sometimes the path seems so rough to travel.

— I want to lay my head down and cry the dull pain away. I want Jack to lift it up—and bid me weep no more. I want—oh so much—to hear his voice just once again. But it is all silent. — Every one has been so good to me—so patient with my grief—speaking kind, tender words—consolation promises repeating—telling of the time not very far off, when “I shall go to him who cannot return to me.” I try to listen to their words, but I don't think they comfort me much. They have sent me books full of tender sympathy, written by sorrow-stricken ones, who strive to make heaven seem nearer—our dear ones not so very far off—by telling of the glimpses they have caught of the Beyond. But the books don't comfort me; they don't bring Jack nearer; they

don't make heaven seem more like home; they don't lead me closer to Christ; and only as I reach out and find *Him*, do I find consolation. — And yet they have made me think—think so much what I do believe—what I do look forward to—what it is that fills my soul with longings to be There—have made me ask, Is it that I want to go to Jack—whose going away has made this earthly life so lonely—or is it that I want to go where Jesus is?

— When I read of the heavenly city, the streets of gold, the pearly gates, the green pastures, the still waters, is it the material, pictured beauty of that “upper land” I long for?—or is its beauty to me centered round the blessed promise, “The glory of God shall lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof”? — When I read of the weary at rest—of the land where no night comes—where “there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor sighing,” is it that my eyes have been tearful so long—is it that my life is darkened with shadows heavy and hard

to bear—is it this that makes me long to be There?—or is it that I sigh for that waking, when I shall be “satisfied, *because* I awake in ‘His presence’”?

— Only stammering answers can I give; but Christ knows I am trying to say, “Thy will be done.” I am trying to remember the words Jack traced that morning in the sand: “Little children, keep yourselves from idols.” But it is so different to say, “Thy will be done,” when life is all bright and happy, than to say it when the darkness has come; and yet *He* is helping me. — Aunt Mary has been such a dear comfort to me—she knows sorrow so well; her words are very few, but her tenderness is unwearying. Last night, when the twilight was so beautiful, and yet so sad—just at the hardest hour of all the day, “the edge of dark”—she came and sat by my side and took my hand in hers, my little lonely hand—“widowed for ever of one dear touch”—softly repeating to me comforting words, ending with a little

hymn, which says just what has been pent in my heart all these long weeks:

“I thought, but yesterday,
My will was one with God’s dear will,
And that it would be sweet to say,
Whatever ill
My happy state should smite upon,
Thy will, my God, be done.

“But I was weak and weary,
Both weak of soul and weary of heart,
And pride alone in me was strong,
With cunning art,
To cheat me in the golden sun
To say, ‘God’s will be done.’

“O shadow drear and cold,
That frights me out of foolish pride.
O flood, that through my bosom rolled
Its billowy tide,
I said, till ye your powers made known,
God’s will, not mine, be done.

“Now, faint and sore afraid,
Under my cross—heavy and rude—
My idols in the ashes laid,
Like ashes strewed,
The holy words my pale lips shun—
O God, Thy will be done.

"Pity my woes, O God,
 And touch my will with thy warm breath,
 Put in my trembling hand thy rod,
 That quickens death.
 That my dead faith may feel thy sun
 And say, Thy will be done."



XXIV.

GOD sends us comfort in such simple ways. Auntie's hymn has made me feel so much happier—it is a prayer hymn to me, and oh, I will try to feel it is "better so." — I will try to still the longing for Jack; but why wasn't I there? If I could only have caught the last tones of his voice—if I could only have held his dear hand in mine, and gone with him to the verge of the beyond; but it is all well—and there I want to rest. I will not ask any more why I, the one who loved him best, was not there. I will no more ask why no ear heard the last words—no eye read the last look. I will just trust in Jesus, and know He loves me, and be comforted, stretching forth my hand

—into the dark, though it must be—and taking His hand, the Hand of Christ. — And I know that Jack, too, holds the same hand—so, though I cannot see him, not very far off does he seem—“only gone from one room into the next.” — And I am happier, more peaceful, too, when I try to think less of Jack and *more of Christ*; only sometimes when the stars come out, and smile down like loving eyes from the spirit land, I love to think “they are all ministering spirits.” I love to think Jack is smiling at me from his happy home, saying, “not very long will it be, little Annie, before you come”—bidding me journey on bravely through these weary pilgrim days.

— But it seems better not to think these thoughts. Very good people—those who have trusted long years—why, I suppose they can, and never be led away from Jesus by them. — But I’m so weak. I don’t think I could feel so and not sometimes forget that Christ said, “Follow me.” He did not tell us to follow those whom He had

called, but “Follow me,” He said. And if all the time I felt sure Jack was looking at and watching over me, listening to my words, knowing all my thoughts, I would try, perhaps, to be better and purer, to wait patiently, because it would please him. Perhaps it wouldn’t be so, but I think I am safer just to say to myself, Christ knows; He loves me; He is with me;—and Jack is with Him. — And I know Jack would say, “Follow Christ, Annie; follow Him; and don’t try to lift the veil where inspiration is silent.”

“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 fronted palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

“And oh, dear Lord, by whom are seen
• Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee!”



XXV.

THE Christmas time has come! The time dear old grandpapa chose, that beautiful June day, for the unbinding of my summer wood. Such a different Christmas than I thought it would be!

— I have been holding in my hand my summer wreath—all faded now. I wonder why it makes me think so of Aunt Stella and the time-worn picture case. — They have all given me gifts, seeking to interpret their love and tender sympathy by the choosing of these mute comforters. Aunt Mary has brought the Christmas green into my room, and draped the pictures and windows; and over the little clock on my mantel, she twined a branch of the bitter-sweet

(168)

vine—richly laden with berries—silently, but with many tears. Dear auntie—her poems are always these unspoken things, that say so much. I knew her thoughts as she twined it in and out—the bitter-sweet—about my time-piece, just as it is about my life. She looked so tenderly at me when I said: “Auntie, I’m trying to change the words; trying to call my summer blossoms, that I have to carry into the winter, to twine around my future days—sweet-bitter.” She only said, “God help you, child.”

Sometimes it comes over me so. How could I bear it, if I had not known Christ’s love in my joy—if I had waited to come to Him, till “frightened by the earthquake, tried by the fire, driven by the wind.” — Papa has given me a little miniature of Jack, painted from a photograph Carrie had. I can’t look at it much yet; it makes me want him so. But I know it will be a comfort, just as now it is a treasure. Grandpapa—he gave no gift; but he said, “Annie, I want you to do a Christmas work for me.

Come, let us choose a present for every one of the little children who have no earthly father or mother, and who are cared for at the Orphan Asylums. — I've enjoyed it so much—the making others happy; that is what this great sorrow makes me long to do; and then, in the midst of their happiness, I want to tell them it all comes from Jesus.

— Fred has brought me beautiful flowers. Fred is very happy; he told me last night, when the spring comes May Livingston will be my sister. "Miss Golden-hair," I used to call her in the merry girl-days—how far away they seem now. He is so tender of me in his great joy—dear Fred. And May, too, she remembered me, and brought a little motto card she had painted, thinking of my sorrow even in her gladness. Such precious words she chose: "I am the Resurrection and the Life." — And Carrie, poor lonely Carrie, mourning for Jack her only brother—she sent me a little cross, made from the mountain mosses we gathered when all together. Oh, they are so good to

me, I will try and be cheerful and happy for their sakes. Even dear old Aunt Stella has sent me a Christmas thought. Yesterday a basket came, and with it a little note, written in her tremulous hand—just the words: "God comfort you, child,—and *He will*—the old auntie knows He will. Remember 'the Everlasting Arms,' child." In the basket were rosy-cheeked apples, from old Hannibal; and from Chloe, a little pat of butter.

But the sweetest of all this "peace time" comfort came to me last Sunday, when I was sitting in the Sunday-school listening to the glad voices of the children singing, "Around the throne of God in heaven." One of the rough boys, one of the street boys, behind whose ragged clothes, Jack told me, treasures might be hidden, stole his dirty hand into mine, and whispered, "You love Jesus, don't ye, Missus? I brought ye this ar—though I s'pose ye's got lots at home; and he gave me a little sprig of the *Christmas evergreen*."



XXVI.

I HAVE come to the last leaf in my diary. I never shall keep another; and yet I'm glad I have kept this—the record of oh! so much to me. I remember how I thought in the far off days, way off in the distant future, I would re-read its pages, sitting with my hand in Jack's. — But—I won't dream any more. I will just try and do the work God sends. And all the helpful words Jack said, I don't need to turn these pages to remember them. — Dear grandpapa, I think he knows how hard I am trying—better even than the others do. This morning, when he reminded me the day had come when I was to unbind my summer wood, he laid his hand on my head, just as

(172)

he did the June day when he bade me gather it, and said: "But, child, you don't need to unbind the wood, for the fire is already lit and burning! — Thank God, little Annie, that in the midst of the darkness that has over-gloomed your young life, His grace has helped you to 'Let your light shine before men.'"

Grandpapa knows all about it, without my telling him; knows how the fuel for life's winter-fire Jack's great love gave me; and he knows the greater, deeper, dearer comfort that fills my heart with light and warmth, because Christ said, "I will not leave you comfortless. I will come to you." But though grandpapa knows it all, I will give him my little book. I do not fear his old eyes, and I'm not afraid of his loving heart; and I think it will please him to read the history of how I found and how I gathered "THE SUMMER DRIFT-WOOD."

15*

"Oh, 'tis a thought most precious,
While journeying here below,
The pathway all unknowing
In which our steps must go.
That there's a guide unerring,
Who knoweth all the way,
And who'll direct our footsteps
Alike both night and day.

"We must not ask His reasons;
We must not doubt His love;
But take whate'er He sendeth
As bidden from above.
And then life's daily crosses,
And blessings, too, will seem
As ways His wisdom taketh
From danger to redeem.

"So we will fear no evil,
But take that guiding hand,
Follow that gentle leading,
Obey that kind command;
Him in our ways acknowledge,
Walk in His holy light,
'Till earth be left for heaven,
And faith exchanged for sight."