

That is a poor excuse, for lack of thought, to manufacture certain clever expressions for the sake of a happy quotation. His learning is undoubtedly great, but it is small to stoop to a display. Each sentence must be necessary. The best is all that is fit for books. The world is large, and we may have our choice. Behemoth knows the crib is fed by the gods, and will eat his fill of the good grain, will have no chaff.

His "Representative Men" are not the every-day biographies found in magazines. "Jones" would sound as well for him as anything else, to begin the "Life of Wm. Shakespeare" with. No man shall put "Smith" in the front of his essays. His sketches are mental photographs, life-size. Bonaparte's exact rank is plainly seen; and he will put on the right shoulder-straps without hesitation. Neither will he flatter him by a high grade, making him a hero.

His love for the Bible is as for a book of many ages. But all of Christianity and Mahammedanism can be found in Plato's Phædo. It is his business to know as much of the world as possible—its origin be with the heavens. He was put here with the flowers like them to wither or bloom, as the weather orders; and like them, he will take what comes. There is in his writings, however, a certain tinge of a belief in the immortality of the soul, and in the existence of a Deity—a spirit, pervading all things. There is no skepticism in those lines; but it is none of his business,—he will not meddle with God and the angels.

This man is not made by recipe, as the Oxford graduate propose to manufacture numberless Wordsworths and Tennysons, and as the women do cakes and puddings. There is too much life in him. We must have no platitudes. Let each word be coined gold, standing for something. It will then sparkle in the eyes of some shrewd hunter, some good mind; and that is the excellence of a work, the friction it creates.

My first love for him came through his "Society and Solitude," a series of essays on such subjects as most interest a young mind, viz.: Success, Courage, Eloquence, Books, Old Age, and others. My room was peculiarly uncomfortable and cold; the noise down stairs rude and unpleasant. I purchased this book one evening to keep the glooms away. Wrapping myself in a quilt, I sat down to read. The cold was forgotten. The book was full of heat—a perfect warming-pan. My blood tingled. Each sentence was "stout with vitality." As Lowell would say "the thoughts and fancies seemed to play around his head like heat-lightening." The brain is puffed with with incessant encouragements. Nor is it of the bubble kind. After you have laid the book aside, some sentence, you find, hangs fire. It refuses to leave you, but creeps in and out of your mind like a bee humming about the dewy portals of a rose. Your mind is full of a panorama of fairyland. The sentence will cling to you. A sprite, it is, which feeds you with a dreamy nectar, too sweet to drive away. You dream with your eyes wide open. But it is not the profitless dream of sleep. It is pure honey, and you are never satiate. He seems to be in communion with the gods, for his pen is surely dipped in their blood. You may wonder why that wild colt is ranging over the prairies so madly, until you see that he is the inspiration of a troop of geldings who are following away along

the ridge yonder. So with Emerson. He never pulls a plough. There are no heavy trains of thought or reasoning in his work. He comes at the question on all sides at once, but he never fails in striking the centre. Your heart swells; your coat fits tightly. "Prythee undo this button," that I may grow as big as I feel. You feel yourself fairly hold of the rounds of the ladder that leads up to Gabriel. His nerves are strong. We must hold all hope, drop all discouragements. "Never hang a dismal picture on the wall." The uneducated are blessed, if they have read his works. He excites curiosity. Read his essay on Plato, and it will be hard not to hasten away for the works of the old master. That, to him, has whole curriculums, ten times over, in it. Whether his mental meanderings and beliefs will do to follow always, we have not presumption to say; but all will find in him a sturdy helper. A tonic for their debilitated nerves. A sort of galvanic battery. His is what he himself calls the "celestial chime, ringing in the best minds of the world for auditors." A divine mind.

KABUS.

Three.

THEIR SAYINGS, BOTH WISE AND FOOLISH.

As reported by Israel.

"O, come Maidens, come, o'er the blue-rolling wave,

The lovely shall still be the care of the Brave." comes softly from the dusk within the room where *belle Marie* sits at her piano, idly singing "very soft and low," old half-forgotten melodies of "long ago." It is a fashion of our beautiful friend's to sing to us thus at twilight and she scarcely needs Euphrosyne's half command, half request, which is sure to come at the "edge of the dark." In spite of Euphrosyne's theories I am suspicious that a thread of golden romance runs through her practical nature and nowhere manifests itself more clearly than in the music she prefers. She sits now on the veranda steps, leaning against the column over which clammers a spreading rose-tree; with her hands, firm white hands they are, idly clasped in her lap as they have a trick of falling; the leaves droop down to touch the short, wavy hair pushed hastily back from the white brow whose contractions show she is thinking deeply. I quite agree with the Apostle in what he said of the chief glory of a woman. It is even a shame that she have short hair, no doubt the good saint thought. *Marie's* now, is the royal crown of her womanhood.

I watch Euphrosyne's drooping face in silence. There are lines there that tell of pride and haughty determination but it is sweet and womanly withal. An earnest face yet not one to tell you all at the first glance. There is a restless look in the brown eyes seeming to be always seeking after something. They are not *Marie's*—blue, and

"deeper than the depth of waters,
Stilled at even.

I can conceive of no greater contrast than these two friends of mine. One restless, self-asserting, inquiring. The other calm, quiet and restful. One, never content, impatient, always questioning. The other accepting everything with that faith which is woman's most endearing charm. Euphrosyne must work for, and by herself. She is a law unto herself. *Marie*, dependant and womanly, is content that she is happy. One is an intellectual

woman; the other, a beautiful one.

As the words of the song come floating through the open door, I see on Euphrosyne's face a swift look of displeasure. I am curious to know what she thinks, for I am sure I shall hear something original at least, as the reward of my inquiry "What are you thinking of, Mimi?"

EUPHROSYPNE. Aesthetically I approve of that song—morally, I don't. Or if you will let me coin a word, "romantically" it is all right, but practically it is all wrong. I was just wondering what became of that class who evidently had no place in the poet's thought when he wrote that very pretty sentiment—what becomes of the *unlovely* in fact.

ISRAEL. You, at any rate, will have no occasion to be troubled. (There is a look in Euphrosyne's brown eyes that shows me I have made a very foolish speech.)

EUPHROSYPNE. Don't descend to compliments, Israel. It's a very common way you men have of getting around anything a woman says. And it's perfectly exasperating to be treated so, too. If you would give us credit for the sense we do possess we *might* come in time to have more.

ISRAEL. Well, well, Mimi, I'll try to do so after this. I you are not lovely what are you going to do about it?

EUPHROSYPNE. That is just what I was considering when you spoke to me. Indirectly our poet seems to divide into four parts "all people that on earth do dwell." Two, fortunate—two, unfortunate, which may be described thus: Class First—those who are lovely; Class Second—those who are brave; Class Third—those who are not lovely and Class Fourth, those who are not brave. Doubtless it is very pleasant to be one of the *Lovely* and be tenderly cared for by the *Brave*. Doubtless it is a sad fact that but few of us are of that favored class and not all of you are of the *Brave*. Evidently then we, the unfavored many, must take care of ourselves as best we may or—

ISRAEL. Perhaps you, since you persist in placing yourself there, and your class are in the charge of your fourth division—those who are not brave.

EUPHROSYPNE. A gracious dispensation of Providence truly! A double blessing to the lucky and a double curse to the unlucky ones. Well, let the first be so, but *we* will work out our own salvation without being a "charged" upon you.

ISRAEL. A vain boast, I apprehend. But, Mimi, are you sure that your third and fourth classes are as large as you imagine them to be? You dare not determine who is brave and who is not. You dare not set up a standard by which to measure all men, saying of one this man is brave; of another, this man is not brave, because he does not rise to your ideal of manly courage. How do you know that your hero is the true one?

EUPHROSYPNE. I do not. But the ideal I have, be it worthy or unworthy, is the standard by which my judgments are rendered. My judgments, remember, not your's or the world's, and as Channing says, I am answerable, not for their *rightness*, but for their *uprightness*.

ISRAEL. Then let your standard be as near the true one as is possible for a human one to be.

EUPHROSYPNE, (quickly.) What is the true one? Is it yours?

ISRAEL. Not because it *is* mine. We have but one true Ideal Man—the Good which came out of Nazareth.

EUPHROSYPNE. Measured by that standard do you hope to lessen the multitude of that unfortunate class? Ah, my friend whose deeds are great enough to lift him to that level?

ISRAEL. The magnitude of the thing done is no measure of the heroism required to do it, and in one sense we might say there are degrees in moral heroism. Do you not think it is heroic for the meanest of us all to overcome his peculiar temptation, as for John Huss to burn at the stake, or a Cameronian to endure persecution for his faith? Again it is not so often the deeds done that are heroic as those that are not done—those that are renounced—those dearest hopes of our life perhaps that are resigned for the most uncongenial work. I believe that the grandest lesson of life is renunciation. To learn to give up in silence our cherished wishes because duty calls us to it and to even find pleasure in so doing at the last—is it not heroic? Is it not more heroic than to conquer worlds—for unnoticed we conquer ourselves by moral force, by far a more difficult task than to overcome the world by physical power amidst the praises of an admiring multitude. And in that our struggles are *unnoticed* lies the heroism. We can not be rightly judged or we lose the end for which we are striving—the bloom is gone from the fruit.

"Hatten sie mich beurtheilen können
So war' ich nicht was ich bin."

Mimi's face glowed with the thought as she sat in silence, a black robed figure, looking out into the west where the moon hung, a silver setting in the blue enamel of the heavens and Hesperus gleamed like a golden lamp. A light wind suddenly stirred among the vines—like "the sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees." A limitless prairie-sea at our feet stretched in the dim distance to meet the dark-blue sky. Across its sheeny waves of fading Autumn grass, shining in the last rays of the moon, there came the faint cry of some wandering bird. Within the dusky room the piano which had been growing softer and softer, now stopped. A light footfall and a scent of Heliotrope at my side told me without a look who stood, a stately picture, with white flowing drapery, framed in the darkness of the doorway. "A daughter of the Gods, divinely tall And most divinely fair,"—*La Belle Marie!* Her clear voice broke the charmed silence at last.

"Dreaming as usual, Mignon?" (Do not wonder at the number of names we give our dreamer. Euphrosyne is such a stumbling block to us all that we are glad to substitute almost anything for it.) Mignon slowly turned her face still glowing with the enthusiasm of her thought.

I was thinking how glorious it must be to strive for victory over ourselves and to vanquish the "inward fire." That after all, a life of work and continual strife, such as is our destiny, is the noblest that could be given us to live—and the most to be desired. And that it is not so much the victory as the struggle that is the happiness of noble souls. I was even thinking I was almost glad that I am one of the *unlovely*, because then I have a difficult part in the contest. Don't laugh at me please. I know all my enthusiasm will vanish with the practical sunlight and I shall be just as doubting and morbid as before. I shall faint in the noontide but I am the better for even this little flash of heavenly foe. Still, after all, what are you going to do with us?

MARIE. Here is a chance for you to