

Rough-Hewn

Dorothy Canfield

Neals Criticism is a very old, is typical, red-blooded American boy, living with his parents in Union Hill, a village near New York...

is always the case, those moments did not at all correspond with apparently important events. Such events come, seem of great consequence, happen, and therewith sink down into the featureless mass of things which happen only once and then are in the past forever...

Do you wonder how I manage to do it? It is much easier to get along than I expected. Of course my thorough reading and writing knowledge of the language is a great help. And I have been making wonderful progress in speaking it. Being right in the midst of the language all the time it just soaks into you...

For we have here in Bayonne—you notice that I do not say "we"—a simply splendid Gothic cathedral the first one of my life. It is right up the street from where we live, and it is wonderful. Chere amies, think what it means for me to have in its midst such a marvelous thing!

There is a fine museum here too, with perfectly beautiful works of art in it. Pictures by Van Dyck, Rembrandt, Raphael, Rubens, Ribera, Mengo, Poussin, Delacroix, Ingres, Troyon, Meissonier, Corot, Isabey, Delacroix, Bonnat, Gericault, and many others. I am simply studying them, absorbing them. I go every day with a handbook on art which I bought here in French, of course, and have gone at them all the very first days into me. There is a perfect copy here of the Mona Lisa, which people who know say is just as good as the original. Now chere amies, think what a privilege it is to sit there, right before her, with the book in my hand, looking up into that mysterious face, and reading those wonderful words of Pater's, which I have studied with you so often. "Here is the head upon which all the ends of the world are come, and the eyelids are a little weary. She is older than the rocks among which she lies; like the vampire she has been dead many times and learned the secrets of the grave, and has been a diver in deep seas, and keeps her fallen day about her; and trafficked for strange wares with eastern merchants; and as Leda, was the mother of Helen of Troy, and as St. Anne, the mother of Mary; and all this has been to her but as the sound of lutes and flutes, and lives only in the delicacy with which it has molded the changing lineament and tinged the eyelids and the hands."

Mes amies, we have often read and studied this marvelous passage together, and now I can only say to you that it is true! But every bit of culture means so much more to me than it ever did before and now that I know what European life is, I can understand why they are more cultured than we are. It is because they have leisure. Here the working classes expect to work, as our American working class does not. And the material things are just taken right off the shoulders of the upper classes. We are expected to occupy ourselves with higher things.

keeping at what you were doing until you got it just right. Marie's bedroom seemed to have taken up the sound of father's voice as he said that, so that many times, as she sat there doing her lessons and not thinking of it, all of a sudden, the very curtains and walls and chairs seemed to be reminding her of it. That was really what kept her going, as day by day she sat down heavily before the piano, prodding her mind up to keep it fixed on the little black dots.

At school the girls had started up a new fad, the "wishbook." You got a little blank book, and then went around asking everybody to write in it what she most wished to be. Marie was astonished at what the other girls wrote; one, "I wish I could be a great actress," another, "I wish I could marry a millionaire," another, "I wish I could be a great and holy saint." Marie had not been able to understand why everybody did not write what she did, instantly, instantly, something she had always known she wanted. What she had written in everybody's book was, "I wish I could be happy."

The little girl sat on the piano stool, dangle her long legs and looking straight ahead into the empty room, which looked back at her, she thought, as if it had a low opinion of her and a very high opinion of its own importance and elegance. She knew she ought to get up and go into her own room and study a very long lesson on the reign of Henri IV. But she couldn't seem to get up, her strength to do this, sitting fallen together on the piano stool, her heart heavier and heavier. She looked hard at the empty chairs, and thought to herself that it wasn't any worse to see them empty, than to see the people that usually sat on them—not one who could help a little girl to be more happy. There wasn't a single person she knew, whom she'd wish sitting there now, unless it might be Cousin Hetty! Marie felt a knot come in her throat, and the corners of her mouth began to tremble. She would like to get up in Cousin Hetty's lap again.

She struck more chords, her fingers finding the keys with the second-nature sureness, learned in her months of dreary practice. She listened to the sounds, shaken and transported to hear how they flooded the barren emptiness of the room with glory, how they filled her heart full, full of happiness. Only if she were happy, why was she crying, the tears running as fast as they could down her cheeks?

There wasn't any voice she could possibly expect to hear. She sat up, marveled, and struck another note. Into the dead, stagnant air of the room, and into her loneliness, it sang out bravely, the same living voice, thrilling and speaking to her. She struck a chord, astonished at what she heard in it—all those separate voices, each one rich and true and strong and different from the others, and all shouting together in glorious friendliness. "That's the way things ought to be," thought Marie, "that's the way people ought to be."

The silence was intense. And then it seemed to her that the silence had been broken by a voice, a beautiful, quivering voice, deep and true, which went straight to her heart, as though some one had spoken a strong, loving word. At the sound she stopped trembling and sat motionless. Before she could draw her breath in wonder, she knew what it had been. Only a note of music. Her own hand falling on a key of the piano had struck a note, which was even then echoing in her ears.

But the first impression was ineffaceable. That, too, rang in her ears. It seemed though, when the first time she had ever heard a note of music. Really, really, that was so. She had never been still enough before to hear how a note sounded. How it rang and rang in the stillness, its deep vibration stirring echoes deep within Marie's heart! She had thought it was a voice. Why, it was like a voice, a voice speaking to her, just when she had been so sure that

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Burgess Bedtime Stories

By THORNTON W. BURGESS. Also, how many make the error of finding fun in giving terror. Peter Rabbit.



It was Littlest Bear who spied Peter, and with a squeal she started for him.

Peter, and with a squeal she started for him. Of course, the other two little Bears were at her heels. The instant he saw that he was discovered, Peter dived down into that hole. He felt quite safe there. He knew that that hole was too small for even Littlest Bear to crawl in after him. He really wasn't scared a bit when he dived into that hole.

The next story: "Peter Hears a Welcome Sound."

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