

those eyes—eyes so full of pain—so full of tender love. How their last pleadings had left their undying image on his soul! And he listened once more with reverential awe to the words that came so slowly: "You will be good and true to Arthur, Jamie. He's so like his father; and you will remember 'it is more blessed to give than to receive.' Won't you, Jamie?"

Yes, he was glad; glad to know she was sleeping in the quietest corner of the old church-yard; glad to know that the only friend who had understood him was sleeping where her tender love could not be rudely shaken. Had he been good and true to Arthur? "Ah, good Father! It is so hard to always give. Yet 'tis more blessed to give than to receive. She said so,—my little 'stranger—mother'—the one who knew me. God forgive me if I am not 'good and true' to-night; for it is not easy to *always* give, and I am so cold; and my heart throbs so."

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One morning, some verses appeared on Parker's page in the big daily, and nearly everyone read them more than once. "They were not grand or sublime;" so said the one who wrote the column underneath, but they breathed with the compassion and tender brother-love which so few had been able to comprehend in the life of their author. As his last written words, they spoke a most fitting eulogy on the one who had "gone home."

Arthur Poindexter left his office when he read the verses, and soon was looking down on a face, majestic in its repose. Someone had laid a bunch of roses near the face; but they were not red; they were white, like lilies. Some little children in thread-bare clothing were just leaving when Poindexter came. An old lady was crying softly; but she soon left—to go with the children; and he heard her say, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Poindexter said nothing; but he saw the face as he had never before seen it. His very soul saw that face, and cried out in an

agony of shame against the still accusation hidden—where? Not in the face, it was too peaceful; hidden with the light which no longer lingered in the eyes; for the eyes were closed forever. Those eyes! They were so apprehensive; drinking in everything that could be seen, yet never chiding. Ah, How the living one learned, in those few moments, to hate the very self which had always received and never given! What had he ever given? Received, received, received! What a song!

Someone else used to say "It is more blessed to give than to receive," but she went to sleep so quietly years ago that he scarcely remembered when she left. He stood there silently, until others came to claim what was theirs; when he, an intruder, went out doors and walked home—home to a mansion with a brown stone front.

JOSEPH ANDREWS SARGENT.

The New Woman.

I hesitate somewhat to try to say anything about the New Woman. My touch is neither fine enough nor strong enough to do her full justice. Besides, we are all tired of even the mention of the name. But most thoughtful people will agree that the popular idea of her needs to be reformed if not revolutionized. This idea has been gained from the publications that have worn out such subjects as "The Mother-in-Law" and "Is Marriage a Failure?" Probably no two people would quite agree as to the exact points which characterize the New Woman. Very few thoroughly acquainted with her however, are willing to accept the ordinary newspaper representation as anything but a vulgar caricature.

To say what she is *not* is an easy matter. It is somewhat more difficult to tell what she is. To begin with the simpler task then, she is not the loud-voiced, swaggering feminine man, crowding, rampant, and disgustingly conspicuous, that cheap humorists try to make out. There are too many such people, but the class existed before the modern New Woman was born. She does not of neces-