

frayed by the amount now actually lost every year through incapacity and ignorance.

In the interests of public economy, in the interests of American commerce, which has the right to be represented by intelligent men in foreign countries, and last of all in the interests of our own good name as a people, it is high time that we should dispense with an antiquated and a worn-out system, and substitute something more in harmony with modern ideas. Foreigners of an observing and a critical turn of mind never fail to record something about that which Mr. Bryce calls the "patriotism and demonstrative national pride" of the American people. It is not a little strange that a nation of which this is so freely said has not long ago grown restive under abuses which have fastened

themselves with "hooks of steel" upon its system of government. With our natural and well-defined hatred of an official caste and bureaucracy, it is perhaps not surprising that attempts have been made to defend the spoils system. But there is one branch of the public service where no apology can be made for its toleration, because none is possible on any conceivable ground, and that is the consular service of the United States. Permanency and stability are the imperious needs of that service. Divorce appointments and removals from the present miserable exigencies of partisan politics, remove them from the "cockpit of faction," and it can no longer be said in reproach of the American consul, as was once said of our average minister, that he "fleeth as a shadow, and hath no abiding place."

*Albert H. Washburn.*

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### VOICES FROM AFAR.

WE have it on a very great authority that where the body is delicate the soul is free. The imagination, however dependent upon physical health for its most vital and enduring results, may nevertheless, when ill supported by the body, receive subtle monitions not otherwise vouchsafed. There are conditions of disparity in the estate of body and soul, wherein the latter may be likened to the herald Mercury touching the surface of the earth with but one winged foot at the least point of contact. There are moments in physical illness when the soul ceases to concern itself very much with the body's distractions, its pains and its tedium, — moments when the soul, as it were, betakes herself to some quiet upper chamber of the house, some seldom ascended tower, from whose windows the usual landscape outlook becomes all sky, with the shifting move-

ment of its various cloud-courses; naught else but the departing smoke wreaths from the dwellings of mortals, and the occasional flight of the desultory or the migrant bird.

The jar or perturbation between the two, body and soul, need not, to produce the latter's wayward independence, be sufficient to menace seriously the body's health; nor is it implied that the soul is preparing for its final long journey hence. The liberation thus procured for the imaginative powers is perhaps not dissimilar to that enjoyed by the opium-dreamer or the reveler in hasheesh. There is, however, one very marked difference in favor of the former condition: it is the soul that invites its own dreams, and not the drug-born dreams that invite the soul. Yet in this arrest of amity between the physical and the spiritual (sometimes in continuous low fever or

other illness) the autocratic inmate persists for days in the pursuance of some one chosen theme, which as often as otherwise bears allusion to the unknown great margins of life, to rumors and vague intimations borne from "the shore of the mysterious Other World."

Under such conditions and of such elements were produced the subjoined verses, from time to time; the mind persistently carrying its one theme through sundry variations. On a certain dateless day, in the blank calendar of listless illness, came — and stayed — the thought that the Elysian Fields and Deepest Tartarus are but so according to the soul's unit of measurement and comparison. How much of far future weal or woe may depend upon the foil offered by our experience in this present life! With this thought came, simultaneously, the imagined testimony of two pilgrims from what the Anglo-Saxon terms

#### THE MIDDLE-EARTH.

Waked a lone voyager  
To voices touched with love and mirth:  
"Rejoice! Thou art in Heaven!"  
"Nay, whence I came was Heaven, —  
I came but now from Earth!"

Waked a lone voyager  
To voices on the mournful blast:  
"Thou comest to the Torment!"  
"Nay, whence I came was Torment, —  
My lot on Earth was cast!"

At one time, to the ear of the mind there seemed to be borne the message of a soul whose passing had exemplified our wistful human hopes of

#### EUTHANASIA.

Love had passed on before. My last of breath  
Was as when Day absorbs a candle's flame, —  
Light lost in light supreme. I knew not Death;  
Love had passed on before — and home to  
Love I came.

At another time was heard what seemed the voice of complaining ones thrust out of life before they had tasted the fullness thereof.

#### THE CRY OF THE UNREADY.

The rich day being reaped, Toil is content —  
Nay, glad — beneath Sleep's popped wand to  
pass;  
So, Death, to thine our spirits' will were bent;  
But strike not yet, — we have not lived, alas!

Bred of a reminiscence I had heard related by a filibuster who had been at the siege of Granada, in Central America, came the *adios, mundo*, of a Spanish soldier who perished there.

#### A GOOD-BY.

Beside that Lake whose wave is hushed to hear  
The surf-beat of a sea on either hand,  
Far from Castile, afar in Toltec land,  
Fearless I died, who, living, knew not fear.

Dark faces frowned between me and the sky;  
The Indian blade drove deep. Life grew a  
dream.

Far from Castile! who heard my cry extreme  
That held the sum of partings, — *World,*  
*good-by!*

On one occasion sleep seemed to hold aloof, to procure audience to the voice of a child. Its plaint, also, was a half-reminiscence, — the remembrance, through long years, of a little one's pleading for an "equal Heaven." But the fancy so blended the image of my little friend with a child of old time, whose memory a poet's verses forever keep green, that I was fain to unite the two in my record of a voice from afar.

#### EROTION AND THE DOVE THAT DIED.

I was too young, they said (I was not seven),  
But I would understand, as I grew older,  
Why the White Dove that died was not in  
Heaven.

But they were wrong, for when I came to  
Heaven,  
When first I came, and all was strange and  
lonely,

My pretty pet flew straight upon my shoulder!  
And there she stays all day; at evening only,  
Between my hands, close to my breast, I fold  
her.

It was one night, as I remember, that to the imagination came a hurried word,

as though uttered with the dashing off of the stirrup-cup; the lament, it might have been, of

#### A RASH RIDER.

I rode my dearest champion to the ground,  
I made the smiling traitor mine ally,  
I gave my faithful love a lethal wound,  
Truth read I in a wanton-glancing eye!

I made a darkness of the noontide sun,  
I took the swamp-fire for a guiding light:  
My little day of days is almost done,  
Mine errors rush into the rushing night!

In course of time A Rash Rider came to possess an opposite crying in the wilderness between worlds, — a Camilla-like spirit who had fought her battle bravely, but in vain, and was now spurning the sodden field. “Vitaque cum gemitu fugit indignata sub umbris.”

#### A SOUL INDIGNANT.

I am come quickly from yon spinning ball, —  
Brief, unremembered, unregarded guest.  
Some gifts were mine, but those not in request;  
Mine, Constancy — but Constancy doth pall;  
Fidelity — but servile knees forestall;  
And Love, with Truth, dwelt in an ardent breast:

Ere Truth could speak would Falsity attest,  
And Wantonness obtained Love's prizes all!

I am come quickly from yon spinning ball!  
Naught there I gained, of naught am dispossessed.

Love, Truth, and Faith cry *Onward* to my quest  
Through the vast, starlit, firmamental hall.  
From world to world I pass, till these have rest  
To whom on earth no bidding-place did fall!

In his Urn Burial Sir Thomas Browne has this inquiry and answer: —

“Who knows whether the best of men be known, or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot than any that stand remembered in the known count of time?”

“Oblivion is not to be hired. The greater part must be content to be as though they had not been; to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man.”

By some alchemic process of the mind brooding upon this ancient theme, the above-quoted paragraphs became transformed into a canticle of resignation, the swan-song of one not unwilling to be counted as

#### UNKNOWN.

“A verse, a verse before I go,” I cried,  
“That, though I vanish out of time and place  
And glad encounter of the human face,  
Some dwelling in the heart be not denied!”  
(This between dream and deeper sleep untried.)

Then like a wind that groweth out of space,  
Fraught and oppressed with murmurs of the race,

A Voice beneath the evening casement sighed:

“And why this boon to thee? Of earth, the best

Have closed the gracious lip, the lovely eye,  
And in meek silence sweetly gone to rest,  
Nor craved to leave behind a troubling cry.”  
So spake the Voice that I content might die,  
Content might join the Unremembered Blest.

The “Unremembered Blest” was not without its sequence, — the last in the flight of voices from afar.

#### IN TURN.

“Why over thee sweeps Sorrow's moaning wave?  
O Soul, why wilt thou not in Eunoe lave?”

“The ripple of my loss hath ceased to mar  
Life's gliding stream. At night none wakes  
with sighs

To lose the dream of me; nor hungering eyes

Look out to see how dim have grown the ways, —

The sunlit paths of long memorial days.

This is my grief, — *so soon to be forgot!*

And canst thou smile? Then happier was thy lot.”

“Not so. But they who ceased for me their tears,

Themselves have been forgot a thousand years.

Beyond this battlement they once did lean,  
Did see what all must see, what thou thyself hast seen.”

*Edith M. Thomas.*

## THE COLLEGE GRADUATE AND PUBLIC LIFE.

THERE are always, in our national life, certain tendencies that give us ground for alarm, and certain others that give us ground for hope. Among the latter we must put the fact that there has undoubtedly been a growing feeling among educated men that they are in honor bound to do their full share of the work of American public life.

We have in this country an equality of rights. It is the plain duty of every man to see that his rights are respected. That weak good nature which acquiesces in wrong-doing, whether from laziness, timidity, or indifference, is a very unwholesome quality. It should be second nature with every man to insist that he be given full justice. But if there is an equality of rights, there is an inequality of duties. It is proper to demand more from the man with exceptional advantages than from the man without them. A heavy moral obligation rests upon the man of means and upon the man of education to do their full duty by their country. On no class does this obligation rest more heavily than upon the men with a collegiate education, the men who are graduates of our universities. Their education gives them no right to feel the least superiority over any of their fellow-citizens; but it certainly ought to make them feel that they should stand foremost in the honorable effort to serve the whole public by doing their duty as Americans in the body politic. This obligation very possibly rests even more heavily upon the men of means; but of this it is not necessary now to speak. The men of mere wealth never can have and never should have the capacity for doing good work that is possessed by the men of exceptional mental training; but that they may become both a laughing-stock and a menace to the community is made unpleasantly appar-

ent by that portion of the New York business and social world which is most in evidence in the newspapers.

To the great body of men who have had exceptional advantages in the way of educational facilities we have a right, then, to look for good service to the state. The service may be rendered in many different ways. In a reasonable number of cases, the man may himself rise to high political position. That men actually do so rise is shown by the number of graduates of Harvard, Yale, and our other universities who are now taking a prominent part in public life. These cases must necessarily, however, form but a small part of the whole. The enormous majority of our educated men have to make their own living, and are obliged to take up careers in which they must work heart and soul to succeed. Nevertheless, the man of business and the man of science, the doctor of divinity and the doctor of law, the architect, the engineer, and the writer, all alike owe a positive duty to the community, the neglect of which they cannot excuse on any plea of their private affairs. They are bound to follow understandingly the course of public events; they are bound to try to estimate and form judgment upon public men; and they are bound to act intelligently and effectively in support of the principles which they deem to be right and for the best interests of the country.

The most important thing for this class of educated men to realize is that they do not really form a class at all. I have used the word in default of another, but I have merely used it roughly to group together people who have had unusual opportunities of a certain kind. A large number of the people to whom these opportunities are offered fail to take advantage of them, and a very