

Miss Pyne sat by the window watching, in her best dress, looking stately and calm; she seldom went out now, and it was almost time for the carriage. Martha was just coming in from the garden with the strawberries, and with more flowers in her apron. It was a bright cool evening in June, the golden robins sang in the elms, and the sun was going down behind the apple-trees at the foot of the garden. The beautiful old house stood wide open to the long expected guest.

"I think that I shall go down to the gate," said Miss Pyne, looking at Martha for approval, and Martha nodded and they went together slowly down the broad front walk.

There was a sound of horses and wheels on the roadside turf: Martha could not see at first; she stood back inside the gate behind the white lilacs as the carriage came. Miss Pyne was there; she was holding out both arms and taking a tired, bent little figure in black to her

heart. "Oh, my Miss Helena is an old woman like me!" and Martha gave a pitiful sob; she had never dreamed it would be like this; this was the one thing she could not bear.

"Where are you, Martha?" called Miss Pyne. "Martha will bring these in; you have not forgotten my good Martha, Helena?" Then Helena looked up and smiled just as she used to smile in the old days. The young eyes were there still in the changed face, and Miss Helena had come.

That night Martha waited in her lady's room just as she used, humble and silent, and went through with the old forgotten loving services. The long years seemed like days. At last she lingered a moment trying to think of something else that might be done, then she was going silently away, but Helena called her back.

"You have always remembered, haven't you, Martha dear?" she said. "Won't you please kiss me good-night?"

Sarah Orne Jewett.

IN MAJESTY.

ONCE in thy life, thou too, or small or great,
Sin-stained or white, sage, foolish, free or bound,
'Neath what strange star, beyond what ocean found, —
Thou too, ignoring time, defying fate,
One fleeting hour shalt dwell in prouder state
Than any king's, with sovereign power girt round,
Thy silent brow with pallid glory crowned.
Once in thy life, some time, or soon or late,
Thou too — Yet hold! Oh, strange conceit! Ah me!
In that brief triumph thou shalt not rejoice,
Nor find it profit thee; thou shalt not see
The reverent awe, nor mark the bated breath
Wherewith all mankind's universal voice
Pays homage to the Majesty of Death!

Stuart Sterne.

THE UPWARD MOVEMENT IN CHICAGO.

THE opportunity to attempt a marshaling and a review of some of the elements prominent in the composition of a large, new, and conspicuous community is not one to be accepted in a spirit of easy self-confidence; and when these elements are at once comprehensive in range, discordant in character, and so overcharged with peculiarities as to be rendered susceptible to a rather wide variety of interpretation, then the commentator can only approach them in a certain spirit of self-distrust.

The civic shortcomings of Chicago are so widely notorious abroad and so deeply deplored at home that there is little need to linger upon them, even for the purpose of throwing into relief the worthier and more attractive features of the local life. The date of the Fair was the period at once of the city's greatest glory and of her deepest abasement. But at the very moment when the somewhat naïf and officious strictures of foreign visitors seemed to present Chicago as the Cloaca Maxima of modern civilization, the best people of the town found themselves, for the first time, associated in a worthy effort under the unifying and vivifying impetus of a noble ideal. The Fair was a kind of post-graduate course for the men at the head of Chicago's commercial and mercantile interests; it was the city's intellectual and social annexation to the world at large. The sense of shame and of peril aroused by the comments of outside censors helped to lead at once to a practical associated effort for betterment, and scarcely had the Columbian Exposition drawn to a close when many of the names that had figured so long and familiarly in its directorate began to appear with equal prominence in the councils of the Civic Federation.

Life in Chicago continues to be — too

largely, too markedly — a struggle for the bare decencies. Justly speaking, such may be, perhaps must be, the case with every young city; but never, surely, has the struggle been conducted upon so large and striking a scale, for never before have youth and increase gone so notably together. We are obliged to fight — determinedly, unremittingly — for those desirable, those indispensable things that older, more fortunate, more practiced communities possess and enjoy as a matter of course. As a community, we are at school; we are trying to solve for ourselves the problem of living together. All the best and most strenuous endeavors of Chicago, whether practical or æsthetic, whether directed toward individual improvement or toward an increase in the associated well-being, may be broadly bracketed as educational. Everything to be said about the higher and more hopeful life of the place must be said with the learner's bench distinctly in view. The two gratifying phases of the situation are to be found in an increased capacity for effective organization, and in an intense desire for knowledge, for personal improvement, for the mastery of that which elsewhere has already been mastered and passed by. This rush of momentum to make up lost time and to get over hitherto untraversed ground justifies the surmise that the goal may be not only reached, but overreached, and that there may be a propulsion of the new and vigorous Western type past the plane of mere acquired culture, on toward the farther and higher plane of actual creative achievement.

It would be unadvisable to enter upon an extended presentation of Chicago's efforts toward the amenities and adornments of life without first having safeguarded her reputation for common