

with which they avoid the pits that have been digged for them, and go their willful way! Where a true lecturer opens his doors, there they flock in. But soon the teeth of prescription seize them. They are forced to go here and there. And thus the bores also win an audience. A fact which accounts for their majority among those who insist upon prescription. As most college lectures go now, they are nothing but oral books. The men have vanished out of them. The typical college of to-day consists of a shrewd financier, libraries and their librarians, and laboratories and their laboratorians. Like the rest of the age, it is made up of money and matter. Machine-mad, we have gone far toward making education also a machine.

Is it not enough? Shall we not make education once again to live? Shall we not maintain the order of learning, and insist that observation and acquaintance precede analysis and theory? Shall we not count teaching worth as much as investigation, and honor the artistic equally with the scientific? Side by side with skill, shall we not reinstate taste as an aim, and strive to make it a result? While we retain the vocational course that is satisfied when the vocation is learned, shall we not resurrect the cultural course that is satisfied when mere culture is attained? Shall we not acknowledge the fundamental distinction of goal, and the folly of trying to aim two divergent ways at once? Shall we not, in other words, seek to make education hit the mark?

THE HERMIT

BY GEORGE HIBBARD

I

HE looked gravely over his book. The dog sat up, taking notice and regarding him with an alertly receptive gaze. He put out his hand toward the tobacco jar on the table. It wagged the stumpy end of a black-and-white tail. All the active eagerness, all the brisk animation, all the suppressed bedevilment, and more, of the normal fox terrier was manifest in the quivering body. Not a limb stirred, even the bright black eyes hardly moved; but under the short, crisp hair the muscles worked, ready to start into instant exercise at the slightest provocation, at no provocation at all, so long as there was something doing, provided all stagnation was prevented; monotony was impossible, and quiet a thing not to be imagined.

"I believe," he said slowly, "that I shall call you Alaric. I had just got as far

as that when you came, and you made something of an invasion."

Speech was better than nothing, and the dog welcomed this with a ripple of joy, beginning at the tail and ending at the ears.

"You know I did n't want you," he went on severely.

Alaric, nothing dismayed, beamed benevolently on the speaker, with lucent teeth and red, lolling tongue. It was clearly debating whether an attack on the other's shoes would be welcomed as a diversion. Evidently concluding the moment was not propitious, it remained passive, — as passive as its nature would permit.

Certainly, for one who has eschewed the world, who has turned from what he has declared a mockery and a sham, who has buried himself away from all as a delusion and a snare, the presence of a zealous fox terrier is a disturbing element.

When one has sought a lodge in some vast wilderness, there to court solitude, there to rail — or growl — on Lady Fortune, the advent of a stray animal with an ever-stirring interest in the least thing which is going on presents something of a trial. When one has made up one's mind to become a hermit, to suck one's paw and nurse one's ill-humor, such cheery companionship is disconcerting. There is confusion in bringing cynic philosophy up against this breezy confidence and manifest belief that all is for the best in the best of possible worlds. The most gloomy mood will find difficulty in persevering with such a discordant counterpart. The utmost cheerlessness is not proof against the influence of such association. There is an anticlimax, a comedown, a descent from the sublime to the ridiculous, in the enforced relationship of misanthropy and a companion with a mind filled with delirious thoughts of rats, and straying to ecstatic possibilities in the way of cats.

He had felt this from the first. The intruder had strolled in casually through the hut door one afternoon when the sun was shining brightly. He looked up from *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, as he had often done since. The dog regarded him intently for a moment; then, apparently satisfied with the inspection, wagged a friendly tail.

"Heigh! What are you doing there?" he threatened morosely, as he made a repelling movement.

It clearly regarded this as the beginning of a game. It spread its paws apart, lowered its head, and growled pleasantly.

"Get out," he ordered, and his foot advanced discouragingly.

Nothing evidently could have pleased it better. A convulsive wiggle agitated its slim body. It made a sideways dart at the boot. He kicked vigorously. A joyous bark met this performance. Such cheerful exercise was very exhilarating. There is little satisfaction in losing one's temper, in getting into an annihilating rage, even, when such conduct is persistently

regarded as excellent play. Distinctly, no comfort is to be found in ill temper under such unfavorable conditions.

He recognized this. He sat down examining it while it watched him benevolently. An unwilling smile, the first for weeks, broke through the storm of his wrath.

"You'll have to stay," he announced, "since I can't turn you out."

This cordial invitation was received with perfect equanimity by the other. Realizing that the performance was ended, it extended itself placidly in the sunshine. Since that hour innovation had followed innovation. He had not been able to devote so much attention to cynicism and himself, with the four-footed comrade of marked social proclivities constantly under his eyes — and his feet. A moody walk was a very different thing with a companion that darted hither and thither, attracted by this or that at every step. The necessity for calling or whistling broke into the bitterest reverie. A bird flushed or a rabbit started would upset the most acrimonious train of thought. It was aroused by everything, absorbed in everything, ready for anything. Dallying indoors was impossible, with eloquent eyes and tail urging to exercise. To sally out was to be involved in a whirl of experiences. In the trees were there not squirrels? Along the river were there not woodchucks? Any expedition became an adventure.

"I am afraid," he said reproachfully, as he sat after one of these excursions looking at it sitting before him, and urging further action, "that you are nothing but just a common cur. I detect certain lines and colorings which appear unmistakably to mark you as just a plain yellow dog. If you were anything really valuable, some one would have been after you. I imagine you must have strayed away from some stranger, some peddler or something, in the neighborhood, who probably was glad enough to be rid of you. To your lowly birth I might ascribe the hail-fellow-well-met way in which you

treat everything. A true bench-show prize-winner would have more of a stand-off, uninterested, and disdainful manner. A really lofty soul would live more in seclusion and within itself."

At which arraignment it blinked placidly. Without the least pretense it started for where the provisions were kept, suggesting something to eat.

Then! One afternoon it gave a short bark of particular vivacity. He stood stock still, disconcerted and gazing. To seek literally fresh woods and pastures new, to fly civilization, to bury one's self in a supposedly uninhabited wilderness, to avoid men, and then in an afternoon stroll to come on a girl, — and such a girl! A most pronounced, provoking form of girl. A typical girl, from her little white shoes to her hat, which seemed to preserve the *chic* of the town without making it out of place in the forest. The conventional girl, except that she was not conventional at all, but as different as every living girl is from any other, — who manifestly would furnish as many surprises as there were minutes in the hour. Just the everyday girl, and because she was the everyday girl, utterly unlike all others. The customary girl, with the ever-present possibility of becoming the one girl. In fact, that commonplace wonder, that matter-of-course marvel, the next girl a young man meets, who may suddenly mean all the world to him.

The Hermit would not naturally have followed so frequented a path. Alaric, however, had insensibly led him there. On the moment he was for passing without noticing her, as a procedure in accord with his characteristics. The heart of the woods, though, is not Fifth Avenue. What would be a civility in the one would be an impertinence in the other. Rosalind and Orlando meeting in the Forest of Arden may accost one another at sight, whereas on Murray Hill they must not speak.

Besides, Alaric was running toward her welcomingly, in a way not to be disregarded, which made silence impossible.

"A beautiful day," she said pleasantly, as he bowed.

He resented the sensation, but he felt of a sudden as if she had presented him with the sunshine.

"Very," he growled, with pride in the stern maintenance of his part.

He was about to proceed in accordance with his rôle. Society, however, was something too infrequent for Alaric not to hail with delight. It bounded joyfully toward her, and in a moment dirty prints of its forefeet marked her white frock.

"Come here," he commanded gruffly.

"Oh, never mind," she exclaimed; "I don't mind dogs. I like them. Down, down. What do you call him?"

"Alaric," he replied gloomily.

"Alaric," she repeated, while she gave it the end of her sunshade to worry in a manner that at once won its doggish heart. "Why," she exclaimed, pausing suddenly, "I met you at the Mortimers'."

"Of course," he answered, not sufficiently indurated in his sullenness to discredit the suggestion.

He had often been at the Mortimers'. There were always girls. He might very well in his increasing bitterness have disregarded her. The fact appeared incredible — still —

"What are you doing here?" she asked, seating herself on a stump.

"Why," he replied, standing irresolutely before her, "reading *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*."

"That is n't doing much," she answered thoughtfully. Then, with a clear laugh she rippled quickly, "Oh, I have heard of you, the misanthrope, the man-hater, and, what is more, the woman-hater."

"Yes," he responded, with the grace to turn uncomfortably red under her gaze.

"How interesting!" she said. "The Wild Man of Borneo is not to be found on every gooseberry bush. To think that you would have passed without my knowing you if it had not been for Alaric!"

"The beast's always getting me into

something," he replied, in his best dissatisfied manner.

"Perfect," she commented placidly. "You are not in the least disappointing. As uncivil as possible. When I came up to the camp I feared that I should find nothing but the hush and solitude of nature."

"I hoped to find nothing else," he answered pointedly.

"Better and better," she continued critically; "an absolute bear."

He stood awkwardly silent.

"Why do you hide here," she asked directly, "when you are rich, passably young, and have all the world before you where to choose?"

"*Cui bono?*" he responded.

"Take care, or Alaric will think you are talking about bones," she laughed disconcertingly. "There's ambition."

"A bubble."

"Even soap bubbles are pretty. Then there are friends, Romans, countrymen."

"A mere wear and tear on the affections."

"Just the everyday pleasures of life."

"The everyday vexations, annoyances, disturbances."

"Oh, very well," she said mischievously. "I have n't anything else to offer, except — love."

"The greatest humbug of all," he declared decidedly.

"I felt bound to put it in to complete the list," she explained, inspecting him with perfect composure.

As he could think of nothing to say, and as standing to be studied like a rarity in a museum was disconcerting, he lifted his hat and moved stiffly away. With the consciousness that her smiling eyes were following him in his retreat, he found that the sustainment of a becoming dignity was difficult.

He had proceeded hardly more than a hundred yards when the impulse to turn became overmastering. Perceiving that Alaric was not following, he faced about abruptly. He whistled as he looked. She met his eyes squarely as he stood at the

bend in the path. The smile changed to a light, merry laugh. What, no — yes. He could not credit his senses. She had raised her hand — her slim finger tips were at her lips — she was throwing a kiss to him. He started. Angrily he halted in embarrassment. The next moment he veered, and plunged ignominiously past the corner out of sight. No exit could have been more absolutely lacking in misanthropic grandeur.

II

"The incapacity of a weak and distracted government may often assume the appearance and produce the effects of a treasonable correspondence with the public enemy" —

He followed slowly, and with painstaking care to concentrate his attention, Gibbon's sonorous sentences. The darkness had fallen. The woods lay silent, but with the silence of a summer night when a ceaseless and unheard undercurrent seems to stir. All was still; but the sense, if not the sound, of infinite life and movement was in the air and in the hour. In spite of the quiet, he felt restless and disturbed. In fact, the very calm, with its unmistakable but unseizable suggestion of throbbing existence, rendered him the more uneasy.

The peace in the hut was unbroken. Certainly this was a time of all others to philosophize; to reflect upon the vanity of human wishes; to congratulate one's self upon escape from vain shadows. What more could a recluse desire than absolute seclusion, absolute solitude, and the chance to follow the cynical account of the greatest overthrow in the world's history? Certainly such a conjunction should fill a solitary's cup of bitterness satisfactorily full to the brim.

Still his progress in the history had not been great.

"They disdained either to negotiate a treaty or to assemble an army, and with rash confidence, derived only from their ignorance of the extreme danger" —

He dropped the book hurriedly. A pattering of little feet made itself heard. A small, pointed white head appeared dimly in the outer circle of faint lamplight. A slim, spotted body wriggled.

"Alaric!" he exclaimed.

A certain consciousness of delinquency oppressed the truant. Still, the sense of guilt was not so overmastering as to produce any remarkable seriousness. The black eyes were as unabashed, the tail as confidently agitated, as ever. Certainly the transition from the consideration of the fortunes of the Roman state to those of a small stray fox terrier was considerable and abrupt. The story of the one, however, was two thousand years old. The case of the other was of the day, the hour, the moment. The active present won in a canter. Ancient history was left at the post.

"Where have you been?" he demanded with sternness, yet with a certain trace of relief perceptible in his voice.

Whether it detected the inconsistent satisfaction or not, it certainly did not appear to be daunted by the severity. It advanced with perfect assurance, and, with the air of one perfectly at home, dropped something which the sharp teeth had firmly held. He bent forward curiously, searching in the obscurity to discern the nature of the object.

He looked intently. At length his eyes, a little dazzled by the white page, were able to see more clearly. Even with more distinct discernment he felt that he must doubt. Something small and shimmering and pink. By all the doctrine of chance the most unlikely, with all the possibility of contrast the most improbable, inconceivable, and incredible anomaly, portent, miracle. A little, pointed, satin, shining, peach-blossom-tinted slipper. There it stood on its small sole, pert in provocation. He stared at it in mute amazement. Certainly, such a bewildering superfluity was never before found in a hermit's cell. He appeared to be dazed by the marvel of it. He peered without motion at the pretty, exaggerated

talon. There it rested, passive and apparently powerless, yet alive with a world of suggestions, magical in the evocation of sudden visions. Nor were the phantasms such as might naturally float before anchorites' eyes. There it was, as if a modern temptation and allurements for a twentieth-century St. Anthony.

For a moment he remained petrified. Then he rose and approached, slowly and suspiciously, the surprising phenomenon. He walked about it doubtfully. He picked it up gingerly. A pile of the volumes of the *Decline* lay upon the table, and on those he placed the slipper. Then he sat down. The abandoned history remained disregarded. He took his pipe, filled, and lit it. There he rested, looking at the dainty trifle. The slipper might to all intents and purposes have been pedestaled on the column of books. He presented every appearance of a fetish worshiper. Suddenly he started.

"What shall I do with it?" he murmured in consternation.

He appealed to Alaric, who only cocked his ears and winked.

"This ought to go back to her," he went on; "but in what way?"

Alaric twisted his head.

"Certainly I can't take it," he said; and concluded even more emphatically, "certainly not."

On the following morning, at a perilously early hour for strict formality, he stood upon the broad veranda of the Camp. Hidden in the trees of the Point it stood. The spot was so secluded that in his first researches in the neighborhood he had not discovered it. With his unsociability he had heard nothing of it from the natives. He looked about in disgust. A log cabin, but a wonderful log cabin. A palace of logs, a chateau with the bark on. A spreading, spacious mansion, containing within its rough-and-ready exterior all the modern improvements. He scowled as he viewed a shaded electric light over the door.

He had been led through the house to the piazza by the discordant English

servant. There he saw her at a table, writing. She started up gleefully as he approached.

"Something unusual must have happened."

"There has," he replied morosely, as he drew the slipper from his pocket. "I wanted to bring this back to you, as I suppose it is yours."

"Yes," she said, looking gravely at what he awkwardly held out. Then she laughed. "Oh, for a serious person you are taking a great deal of trouble about nothing."

"One does n't care to retain property which does not belong to one," he responded stiffly.

"I thought you had abjured the world and all its ways."

"One can't entirely escape it, as I have found. One may have become a savage, but one cannot quite forget early traditions."

"And early traditions include returning objects lost, strayed, or stolen. How did you come to have it?"

"Alaric" — he began.

"Alaric appears to see more in human society than you do. He followed me."

"He's a base deserter, a turncoat, a renegade."

"But he came back to you. Not with an olive branch, but a pink slipper, in his mouth."

"I should not call it," he said slowly, "an emblem of peace."

"A little, harmless, satin slipper," she objected.

"Anyway, it was very disturbing to know what to do with it."

"So you concluded to bring it yourself. Is n't Alaric leading you into a lot of difficulties?"

"I am afraid that he does not appreciate the joys of seclusion as I do."

"Or," she continued, rising and seating herself in a hammock, "the delights of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. How much further have you got?"

He looked confused.

"I did not read a great deal last night."

"Oh," she said, gazing out on the placid lake.

He stood ill-temperedly silent.

"You might lend me the first volume," she continued, flashing about at him.

"I don't think you would like it."

"Who knows? Life is just full of surprises."

"Disagreeable ones," he muttered.

"Of course you have to say that to be in character. Was n't I a surprise?"

"Yes," he answered reluctantly, with clear foresight of what was coming.

"And life's surprises are disagreeable, therefore I was a disagreeable one, — Q. E. D.; and they say women can't be logical," she concluded.

He paused, in visible quandary. She watched his struggles with delight.

"Certainly," he said slowly, "you were not at all what I expected to find in the woods."

"Oh," she mocked, "that's an evasion unworthy of any thoroughgoing cynic, — an escape of which a true scoffer should be ashamed. Have the courage of your dismal doctrines. Stick to your black flag of spleen. Be true to your dull colors of despair. What's the use of being a misogynist if you don't say horrid things, — if you think them?"

"I don't know," he began lamely. "I came to return the slipper. I have executed my mission." He turned. "Perhaps I made a mistake in doing it."

"Of course anything pleasant and friendly and nice is a mistake," she declared.

"I don't know," he repeated, making a hasty retreat down the steps, and passing onto the lawn.

"Don't forget to send the first volume of the *Decline*," she called after him; "or," — he could not be mistaken in the words, though they seemed to come as a soft whisper from nowhere in the still morning air, — "or bring it."

The soft-footed hours of the long, golden summer's afternoon were slowly passing. The warm shaft of light falling through the door had traveled over the

floor from the nearest table almost to the rough bookcase, but leisurely and laggingly. The deep stillness appeared the fitting accompaniment of the tardy passing of time. Alaric was bored. Weary of dozing in the sun, it was sitting bolt upright, yawning with ennui. Its eyes were half closed from the mere weariness of inaction. The desire to be up and out was manifest in every twitch of its anxious body. Beyond was a wide world of promise. What was the use of remaining in tiresome idleness, with all the warm, bright country-side wasting with all that it had to offer? It gave expression to its impatience with a sharp restless bark. He rapidly cast down his book.

"I should n't mind if it was n't for you," he announced to Alaric furiously; "shuffling about there you'd make a mummy nervous. You make me nervous."

He rose angrily. Alaric, seeing a chance of change, leaped lightly and yelped joyfully. It raced through the door and began to rush in furious circles round the grass.

"You idiot," he commented, contemplating Alaric. "Still, I suppose that's what you think I am. I wonder," he continued, "if I can be. A glorious day." — He spoke to Alaric. "Come on. We will go to the village. There will be the dogs. The diletanti — I can't call such artists in idleness loafers — about the village are always worth studying as characters."

He had reached the door when he pulled up suddenly. Shamefacedly he glanced back. Weakly he crept to the table. He picked up one of the dark volumes of the *Decline and Fall*, the first volume, and thrust it in his pocket.

"I might meet her," he muttered.

Together he and Alaric struck into a wood path. With his stick he struck viciously at the heads of the taller weeds. Alaric, running ahead, gleefully explored each cranny. In this wise they reached the wide, shaded, grass-grown, peaceful village street.

"Do you know of what you remind me?" a girl's voice spoke clearly.

"No," he replied, looking up sharply.

She, on horseback, had drawn up by the side of the road. A riding habit appeared to suit her wonderfully; everything, as he swiftly and resentfully reflected, appeared to become her marvelously. Certainly she was something to remember, — or to try to forget, — seated there on the thoroughbred, the light filtering down through the leaves upon her.

"Of a blind man led by his dog."

"A beggar," he answered quickly.

"Blind, at least," she said; "for none are so blind as those who will not see."

"Alaric appeared to want to go somewhere," he explained elaborately; "and I came to the village with him."

"I always stop at the post office myself for the letters when I am driving or riding," she declared disconnectedly.

"I put this in my pocket," he said, with equal inconsequence, producing the volume of Gibbon.

"How thoughtful of you, when you did n't expect to see me."

"Of course, I did n't know," he said gravely. "And Alaric" —

"Alaric," she interrupted, "appears to be something of a traitor to the cause of misanthropy."

"He's such a provokingly cheerful creature," he complained.

"Why should n't he be, — why should n't everybody be cheerful on such an afternoon, in such a world as this?"

She extended her arms, as if to take the soft, sweet air in an embrace.

"What's the use?" he complained sourly.

"Anyway, it's better than sulking in one's tent because one can't have the particular moon one's crying for."

"It is not a question of moons," he answered stiffly, "or moonlight, or moonshine. It's a matter of candles; no candle's worth the play, nothing's worth the exertion. There is n't any earthly use in getting interested or excited about any-

thing, much less grieving or fighting about it."

"Alaric clearly believes differently."

A series of low growls sounded blood-thirstily. Alaric and a heavy village cur were eying each other with marked hostility. At that moment some recondite canine contumely, beyond endurance, caused Alaric to hurl himself at the foe. In an instant, in a whirlwind of dust, the two were twisting and tumbling. Out of the obscurity, like thunder and lightning from a storm cloud, came knotted snarls and darting flashes of teeth.

"Hang that dog!" he exclaimed, rushing forward.

Effective interference with two lively animals actively engaged with one another, and meaning business, is not easy. In the eagerness of the fray all ordinary means of persuasion were disregarded. Words counted for nothing. Blows were as ineffective. He hung over the writhing mass, entreating, commanding, dealing out retribution. At last, seizing Alaric, he succeeded by a process of strangulation in causing the jaws to relax. He dragged the terrier, gasping, sputtering, and still full of fight, from his prey.

"Alaric had the better of it," he announced; "and the other was a larger dog."

Something of excitement showed in his eyes. The brief struggle for control had evidently stirred him.

"The animal's got grit," he said, looking at his four-legged possessor with pride.

She smiled thoughtfully, gazing down on him.

"Is anything worth fighting for, — losing one's temper about?" she asked slowly.

"They're only curs," he answered apologetically. "They don't know any better."

"But men fight, too."

"More fools they," he responded.

The hot, fidgeting hunter on which she sat gave a sudden start. If her seat had not been so perfect she would have been

thrown. The movement had been so quick, the action so unexpected, that only the unconscious readiness of perfect horsemanship had saved her. A farm cart was lumbering past in which lolled two yokels. Abreast of the animal on which she was poised, one of them gave a sharp chirrup. The restless creature bounded at the sound. He looked up, took in at a glance what had happened. Before she could read his intentions, in an instant he had leaped into the cart. He had seized the offending lout by the collar, dragged him into the body of the wagon, and thrown him to the ground. The man was a sturdy customer, but the science of his assailant rendered him powerless. He rose from the ground, limping, and thoroughly cowed.

"Don't you know any better than to frighten a horse that way," he raged. "If you don't, you must be taught."

"It was n't me," whined the culprit, now thoroughly intimidated; "it was him."

"It was not," he thundered. "You're a loafer and a liar and a sneak, and I'm going to teach you a lesson."

"Don't murder him," she said, leaning over with laughter in her eyes. "Spare him. See, I am holding up my thumb. Remember, nothing is anything, — certainly not worth the losing of one's temper."

He paused in confusion.

"Get out," he ordered the man abruptly; "I'll give you just one half minute to be beyond sight."

The oaf turned and fled down the road, with Alaric in pursuit. Watching the fugitive as he disappeared, she laughed merrily, then turned and inspected him.

"Oh, you are so — so inconsistent," she murmured.

"You might have been hurt," he answered eagerly.

"Should that make any difference, — and you did it as if you enjoyed it."

Alaric was leaping and barking in transport. It was having the time of its life. Returning from the chase, it stood

gazing with admiring eyes at the cause of the whole satisfactory tumult.

"As much as he did," she said, pointing at the panting fox terrier.

He swung round on his heel and strode away.

"I forgot," she called softly, when he had advanced several steps, "to thank you."

He paused and reluctantly turned.

"No woman," she said, "ever thinks much of a man until in some way he has fought for her."

He retraced a step.

"Any more than she really cares for him until she has cried about him," she continued thoughtfully.

He was half way back by now.

"But fighting — and tears — and living and — liking — and loving don't come in your philosophy. However," — she leaned forward and held out her hand from which she had stripped the glove, — "thank you."

He took the small palm, and, as they stood as much alone as if they were in the country itself, he pressed the slender fingers to his lips.

"Is not that rather — inconsistent — too?" she asked.

This time she went, the horse starting forward at some silent signal, while he stood ruefully staring after her.

III

"Alaric!"

"Is n't it always Alaric?" she asked, advancing to meet him across the big, fireplaced, low-ceilinged library. "But," she said, observing him more closely, and holding out her hand impatiently, "what is the matter?"

"Alaric is lost."

He stood, the raindrops shining on his coat, mud splashed on his boots. His countenance was discomposed. The lines about his mouth, instead of suggesting dissatisfaction, indicated a certain anxiety.

"Really," she inquired slowly; "do you mind?"

"Mind," he answered impatiently, "of course I mind. I've got rather fond of the little fellow in these last days."

"What was the use of that," she asked anxiously.

"I don't know," he said petulantly. "At least, there is not time to discuss it. I get accustomed to having him about, I suppose, and when he did not appear yesterday afternoon I missed him. I was troubled all of the night."

"Senseless wear and tear on the affection."

He had the grace to turn red.

"The facts are as they are," he hurried on. "When I could n't find Alaric this morning, I was truly distressed. I could not settle down to anything."

"The *Decline and Fall*" —

"Not even that. I thought he might be here, and came on at once to find out."

"I have seen nothing of him."

"Where can he be, then? Why, he may be starving," he urged excitedly. "Can you take it as calmly as that?"

"After all, what does anything matter?" she demanded coolly.

"A suffering animal!" he exclaimed hotly.

"And you came all the way through this day to hunt for it," she demanded, pointing to the window.

A gray slant of rain drew across the pane. Through it the trees could be seen bending mistily under a driving wind. A cold, heavy sky shut in the world like prison walls.

"What difference does the day make?" he said angrily. "It's the dog. I thought you would be interested about it."

"I wanted to see if you could be," she darted back at him, "about anything."

"Of course, this is different," he declared somewhat contritely.

She stepped forward and touched a bell. All indifference or languor had disappeared from her manner and her voice. She stood alive and ready.

"I will take you in my trap," she announced. "You have n't anything in

which you can drive, and we'll cover the country much more rapidly in that way."

He was silent as the wheels spun down the drive between the dripping pines. He stared straight before him, frowning disapproval on the lugubrious landscape.

"For a philanthropist to be discovered in evil and all uncharitableness," she commented, "is not to be compared in humiliation with the state of a true cynic found harboring a good thought or doing a kindly deed."

He grunted discontentedly.

"What shall we do? The best thing," she said, answering herself, "will be to inquire of the farmers of the neighborhood."

He shook off the raindrops impatiently.

"Come," she said, "don't feel so badly about it. No one can be perfect. One human weakness does not absolutely prove that you are an angel of amiability."

"I had become accustomed to him," he said, "as I had to the table and chairs, I suppose. If my clock was lost, I believe I should have noticed it. That is all."

"Of course," she said, "no one would think of accusing you of entertaining a warmer affection than one might have toward a dollar watch. No one would do you such a wrong." She glanced slyly at him. The wind had blown a strand of her hair across her eyes. With a quick motion she righted it. "Here we are at the Holbrook Farm. We'll ask."

Nothing had been seen of a small, white fox terrier. At the next farm the story was the same. If Alaric had been spirited away, he would not have disappeared more completely.

"Looking for a needle in a haystack," he complained, "is nothing to searching for a dog in a thinly settled country."

"The excitement of the chase is on me," she declared; "I'm going to find him."

Questions, however, were unavailing. Men, women, and children were interviewed unsuccessfully. The circuit of their quest was widening.

"Here's Herman Kraus," she said; "such an ill-tempered person."

She leaned forward, addressing the old man, who sat in the dilapidated buggy which he had drawn up on the side of the road.

"Have you seen a fox terrier with one black ear and half a black tail?"

"I seen," said the man, deliberating. "a black-and-white pug dog" —

"I don't care anything about that," she answered.

"And a Newfoundland."

"Here," he interrupted, drawing money from his pocket, crumpling it, and throwing it in the other vehicle. "We've lost such a dog. It's worth any one's while to find it."

"I wonner" —

"What," she demanded, as the farmer paused.

"If he could' a' got in that there trap."

"What trap?" he asked quickly.

"I set one yesterday."

"Where?" he inquired sharply.

"Down by the clearing in the river woods."

She did not wait for further words. She sent on the horse with a sudden impulse.

"Oh, poor little creature!" she wailed. "If it should be there!"

"I'll see about it if it is," he said vindictively. "Hurry up."

She turned and looked at him, questions and irony in her eyes.

"I'll own up," he said quickly; "I do care. I did n't believe that I could. When I think of that little wretch caught there by the leg — He may have been there all night."

"Oh," she cried, "we can't go quick enough."

She drove the horse on rapidly. Through the broken country ways they raced. At the mad pace neither said anything. She was busy getting the horse over the ground as quickly as possible. He sat impatiently watching the road stretching out before them. They turned into a path, — a mere woodcutter's track among

the trees. The same speed was not possible there. Still she kept on, with utter disregard of the springs of the vehicle or of sweeping branches. They ducked and dodged.

"How much farther?"

"Perhaps a quarter of a mile," she replied.

Across stones and logs they jolted. Down the banks of the small gullies and up the other side. A heavier lunge even than usual caused him to grasp the side of the seat.

"When you might be comfortably in your chair reading the *Decline!*" she managed to gasp.

"Hang the *Decline!*," he exclaimed, as excited as she. Her eyes were shining, her cheeks flushed. He looked at her.

The trees grew more thickly as they advanced. With the winding course they could see but a few yards ahead. Suddenly they came out into an open space.

"There! there!" he called, "there he is."

"Oh, it's pitiful," she sobbed.

Small, trembling, swaying with weakness, Alaric stood with one paw imprisoned in the steel jaw of the closed snare. Feebly he lifted his head as they drew near. As they stopped and jumped to the ground, a faint whimper reached their ears.

"What he must have suffered!" she moaned, as she sank on the grass beside the trap. His strong hands quickly bent back the powerful spring. As Alaric was released she gathered him between her arms, and sat on the soaked leaves with him in her lap.

"Oh, you poor doggie," she said, bend-

ing her head and resting it against one soft, flopping ear.

He knelt beside her, absorbed by the spectacle.

"How is he?" she asked anxiously.

"I believe he'll get well," he said.

He took the limp paw in his hand, feeling it carefully.

"No bones broken, I think," he concluded.

"Oh, are n't you glad," she said, looking up with the tears standing in her eyes.

"Glad does n't express it," he answered quickly. "I'm thankful beyond measure — for a great many things. My eyes have been opened. I've come out of my shell. I've seen the error of my ways. I've changed my philosophy. I've turned over a new leaf. I've upset my old idols. I've reformed, and" — he drew a long breath — "I feel like shouting. I was just moping and wasting my time. I was a mental hypochondriac; a moral valetudinarian. I was a kind of living suicide. Alaric knew better and more than I. Alaric taught me."

"Bless Alaric," she murmured, as she stroked the dog's smooth hair.

"I've learned the great truth."

"What is it?"

"It is not good that the man should be alone," he answered gravely.

"Oh!" she murmured softly.

"So I'm never going to let the woman — the one woman — you — your own dear self — go away from me a single moment again."

"Who said," she asked, looking up boldly, a challenging glance that changed into greater confusion, "that the woman wanted to?"

THE REFORM IN CHURCH MUSIC

BY JUSTINE BAYARD WARD

THE question of church music has been much before the world of late. The discussion, at first confined to specialists, is now rapidly spreading to the general public, the musical and the unmusical, the faithful and the faithless. It may be useful, therefore, to bring out as clearly as possible the fundamental principle of the art of musical prayer, in order that principle, and not caprice, may be brought to bear in the solution of the problem. It is, then, with principles that I propose to deal. Should a concrete school of art be deduced in the course of these pages, it is not by way of limitation, but of illustration.

First, then, we want an adequate test of church music, an explicit standard of artistic value. We have been too long content to make beauty in the music *as music* the Alpha and Omega of such test; a method wholly inadequate in this case. For church music is an art made up of two elements, music and prayer,¹ and it cannot be judged by the value of one of its elements tested as a separate entity. We need a test that applies to the art as a whole, and we find it in the simple formula: "Lex orandi lex cantandi." Here is the crux of the whole matter: the law of prayer must be the law of song, both that our prayer may be good art and that our art may be good prayer. Prayer and music must so combine as to make *one art*: the music must pray, the prayer must sing. Otherwise the prayer is forgotten in the detached beauty of the music, or the music is forgotten in the detached beauty of the prayer. Unless the prayer and song thus rise to heaven as a single "spiritual groaning," unless they

become one, merged in a true marriage of the spirit, their association is an offense both artistic and devotional. This, then, is the true test of a musical composition for the church: Does it conform to the law of prayer? It is good art. Does it seek independent paths of edification? It is bad art.

In opera we recognize the same principle. There the law of the drama is the law of the music. The music cannot be gay when the characters are sad, or *vice versa*; and thus the spirit of the music agrees with the spirit of the drama. But more than this, their forms must coincide; the hero leaping from a crag must not be left suspended in mid-air while the orchestra finishes the working out of the theme. The spirit and form of the drama regulate the spirit and form of the music. This principle is universally recognized as regards opera; but the very musician who applies it as a matter of course to the theatre is dumbfounded when asked to apply it to the church. The modern composer is equally shortsighted in his methods: a man with no conception of love, if such there be, would scarcely undertake to set to music the drama of *Tristan and Isolde*; yet a man with no conception of prayer — and of such there are, alas, many — does not hesitate to set to music words of whose meaning he has not the vaguest practical knowledge. And when confronted with his ignorance, he cheerfully admits it, adding, as though this covered the whole ground, that he knows the laws of musical composition. Plainly, such a composer is equipped for half his task only; for if the law of drama be the law of music in opera, and the law of prayer be the law of song in church, the composer must understand the meaning of the drama, in the one case, and the

¹ I use the word *prayer*, not in the sense of a mere petition, but in its wider meaning, — a lifting of mind and heart to God.