

There are times when one grows impatient for death. There is a sweetness in being gathered to one's fathers. The very phrase is restful. Dying sounds more active; it recalls doing, and one is so tired of doing. But to be culled softly, to be sucked up—the very vapor of the Psalmist—to join the quiet Past, which robs even Fame of its sting, and wherein lie marshalled and sorted and ticketed and dated—in stately dictionaries and monumental encyclopædias—all those noisy poets, painters, warriors, all neatly classified and silent. And the sweet silence of the grave allures even after the bitter silence of life; after the silent endurance that is our one reply to the insolence of facts. And in these delicate, seductive moments, half longing, half acquiescence, the air is tremulous with soft crooning phrases, with gen-

tle, wistful melodies, the hush-a-bye of the earth-mother drawing us softly to her breast.

But an you will not acquiesce in simple earth-to-earth, I commend you to the Greek sarcophagi you may see in the Naples museum. There you will find no smirking sentiment, no skull and cross-bones—ensign of pirate death—but the very joy of life—ay, even a Bacchanalian gladness. I recall a radiant procession, Cupids riding on centaurs and on lions, and playing on lyres; mortals driving chariots and blowing trumpets, or dancing along, arms round one another's necks.

What pipes and timbrels, what wild ecstasy!

Bury me in an old Greek sarcophagus or let me fade into the anonymous grass.

A Song to My Beloved

BY HERBERT MÜLLER HOPKINS

SING me a song of my Love to-day,
Heart of my heart, singing alone,
Here in the liquid light of May,
Where the roses' odors are softly blown;
The shadows ripple along the grass,
And out from the murmurous, moving leaves
I watch the flashing sparrows pass
To their noisy haunts in the ivied eaves.

Sing of her eyes that are velvet brown,
And the hand that nestles within my own,
Sing of her dark hair straying down,
And her gentle arms about me thrown;
Sing of the tears of a deep surprise,
And thoughts too sweet for the minds of men,
For the new life lives and the old life dies,
And Love comes into his own again.

Sing me a song of my Love to-day,
Heart of my heart, singing alone,
While morning brightens upon the bay,
And the roses' odors are softly blown;
Sing of the light of love's surprise,
That shines but once in the hearts of men,
While the new life lives and the old life dies,
And Love comes into his own again.

An Angel in the House

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

THE old man had not always walked with two canes, as he did now. He had been straight and tall as an Indian,—dark as an Indian, too,—straight as his son Martin, the children's father. The blow from a falling tree, rheumatism, and long stooping over damp furrows had brought him to the two canes. But when he sat in his big chair you would never know he was not as he was born.

The children, however, seldom thought of him in any other than his present guise. To them he was a natural figure of the universe, always there, always the same, as much so as the sun and stars and sky, and entirely indispensable in the matter of their daily life. And although they knew, of course, that he must once have been young, and had been a Major in the militia, and must have been a lover in the days when Grandma was young too,—and sweet as a wild rose, as they had heard him say,—yet it was in the vague manner in which they might have known that the earth had once been a ball of flaming gas—rarely remembered, and much preferred in the present condition. But although he loved them, they themselves were to the old man like the birds, the bees, the pleasant accidents of the hour.

But Grandma remembered those old days, and more vividly than the things of the present; to her her husband was still and eternally young and handsome, strong and upright. While she sat in her soft darkness, she was often living again in this and that part of the drama of their life. Sometimes it was recollection of the electric thrill that shot through her like a sort of glad pang the first time he ever took her hand and made her feel all at once that he belonged to her and she to him forever. She put her fingers up before her face, as if the thought of it were something to be shielded from common sight,

when she recalled the first kiss he ever laid upon her lips. And sometimes she lived over again the joyous time when he brought her to this old house, feeling, as she recalled it, almost as happy as she was then. She could never be quite so tremulously, timorously happy as when he first turned the key of the big door, locking them in from all the rest of the world.

No other summer evening could ever be so lovely as that;—they had been married in the morning. As they sat on the door-stone, the odors of the white-rose above them and of the southern-wood beside them mingled a sweet and bitter in the air; the wind whispered high up through the embowering elm-trees with a rhythmical sweep, as if it were part of some great music far outside and away; the stars hung low through the branches and seemed to bring heaven down about her and her young husband. They had no words with which to speak their thoughts; they were not talking people; but the way he held her while he looked up into the dark splendor of the sky told her how sacredly he took the trust of her life and happiness, and how surely he meant to build a home that should be a thing of blessing; and the way she clung to him told of her absolute and unwondering confidence in him, and that he stood to her for the strength of the powers of nature and the beneficence of God.

They had nothing but the farm, and health and strength. They were up when the birds began to sing in the dark,—and what mornings they were! The sky a fleece of rose and gold and blue, mists sweeping away in flocks over the low meadows, and leaf and bough and sod drenched with dew. Busy on her pressing household errands, she had no time to stay and look about; she hardly knew she saw things then that now she seemed to see vividly. She remembered one