



THREE POEMS

BY

EMILY DICKINSON

READERS of Miss Emily Dickinson's verse and of her letters do not need to be told that she belongs among the writers who cannot be classified. The note of individuality, which is so distinct throughout the entire history of New England, has been nowhere more definitely struck than in her verse and prose. During the latter years of her life she was a recluse, and her thought shows singular insulation. She was solitary, but her solitude was populous with thought, imagination, sympathy, kindness, and aspiration. She seemed to owe very little to any literary parentage,

although she once said that Keats and the Brownings, Ruskin, Sir Thomas Browne, and Revelation were her books. "I went to school," she writes, "but in the manner of the phrase had no education. When a little girl I had a friend who taught me immortality, but venturing too near, himself, he never returned. . . . You ask of my companions. Hills, sir, and the sundown, and a dog large as myself that my father brought me. They are better than beings, because they know but do not tell; and the noise of the pool at noon excels my piano." Spontaneity, flashes of insight, epigrammatic phrase, are characteristic of Miss Dickinson's prose and verse. She saw things in detached flashes of light. She never took the trouble to co-ordinate the objects of her vision, and they come before us isolated and detached as they came to her. She is often abrupt, sometimes inconsequential, but she has thoughts; and at times these thoughts take on a wonderful felicity of speech. These qualities are admirably illustrated in the three poems by Miss Dickinson here published for the first time. The portrait of Miss Dickinson as a child is reproduced, by permission, from the book "Letters of Emily Dickinson" (Roberts Brothers, Boston).

Immortality

*This world is not conclusion;
A sequel stands beyond,
Invisible as music,
But positive as sound.*

*It beckons and it baffles,—
Philosophies don't know,
And through a riddle at the last
Sagacity must go.*

*To prove it puzzles scholars;
To gain it, men have worn
Contempt of generations,
And crucifixion borne.*

Sufficiency

*'Tis little I could care for pearls,
Who own the ample sea,
Or brooches, when the Emperor
With rubies pelteth me,

Or gold, who am the Prince of Mines,
Or diamonds, when I see
A diadem to fit a throne
Continual crowning me.*

Departing

*We learn in the retreating
How vast a one
Was recently among us;
A perished sun

Endears in the departure
How doubly more,
Than all the golden presence
It was before!*



MISS CLARA BARTON
The Latest Photograph

Clara Barton and the Red Cross

By Myrtis Willmot Barton



MISS BARTON AT THE TIME OF
OUR CIVIL WAR

The story goes that toward the end of the sixteenth century there lived in Lancashire five brothers, who decided that not only was Lancashire too small, but England not quite large enough, to hold them all; so one went to Ireland, and from him come the Bartons of Grove; another wended his way to the land of the canny Scots, where in time the name became changed to Barton; a third crossed over to France, where his descendants bear the name of Martin; a fourth settled in southern England, under the name of Burton; and, after fifty years, the younger son of that Barton who remained in the old home, one Marmaduke by name, was seized with the wandering spirit of his race, and, coming to America within a dozen years after the landing at Plymouth, founded the family of which Clara Barton is the brightest light. Thus she comes from a race of sturdy pioneers and volunteer soldiers; the very name Barton in the Anglo-Saxon means "defender of the town."

Her father, Captain Stephen (one of the youngest sons of Dr. Stephen Barton and beautiful Dorothy Moore), was a man prominent in the business and political life of his town and State; until incapacitated by age, he was always chosen "Moderator" to preside at town meetings; he was

also a captain of the militia—being a soldier by training and nature, having served for three years in the Indian wars by the time he was of age; and, in short, was a man universally respected and esteemed for his bravery and goodness of heart. The family into which my Aunt Clara was born was already a grown-up one, she being the youngest, by a dozen years, of five children. With her two sisters and eldest brother all teachers themselves, it is not surprising that she began her school life at the age of three, riding to and from the rude little building on the shoulder of her big brother Stephen, who was a teacher there, and studying quietly in classes by the side of boys and girls many years her senior. She has told me she never remembers possessing a doll, her loving care having been lavished on the pets of the household—a sick cat or dog appealing more strongly to her sympathies than anything else. The only inanimate playthings she had were wooden soldiers fashioned by her brothers, and with these her father would amuse and interest her, as together they fought over the battles of his younger days, until she felt all the fire and enthusiasm of a soldier following the lead of Mad Anthony Wayne, and learned lessons in military tactics and war as though in preparation for the life before her.

Lest I give the idea that her time was devoted entirely to books, I must speak of her outdoor life, for she was one of those fleet-footed, agile girls, strong of limb, clear-headed, and perfectly at home in a saddle. Her younger brother, David, instead of being studiously inclined, as were the others, was passionately fond of horses; so that when she was but a wee child he would put her on the back