

day, and sometimes an allowance of whisky at noon, for which, however, the captain "stopped the lime-juice." Italian, Spanish, and French ships served wine, and Denmark had the repute of having established the most liberal "scale." But he reiterated his belief that no crews lived "daintier" than the American coasters, because they made port often enough to keep the provisions fresh, and the captains were accustomed to good living at home.

The steward had finished sifting the peas at St. Helena, and it was now well into the night. The haze had lifted somewhat, and we could see the lights of Winterquar Lightship like two blurred eyes peering at us from the direction of Chincoteague.

It was the mate's watch, and when I went aft I found the German sailor at the wheel. The mate chanced to mention that down in the trades a ship's course could be laid by the wind, it blew so evenly from one direction, and the sailor at the wheel added that he had steered by the stars for lack of binnacle lights, the ship being short of oil. About once an hour they struck a match and looked at the compass "to see if the star had moved any." They had all been "off-shore;" they were all deep-water fellows on board this coaster, and from the Captain down they agreed that it required more skill to navigate a picayune two-hundred-ton schooner along the rocky coast of Maine in a snow-storm than to take a six-topsail-yard ship to the East Indies.

I asked if coasters didn't sometimes take involuntarily to deep water—get blown off in a heavy gale. The mate told me to turn to our log of the previous winter, where I would find a voyage during which our vessel had been blown half way across the Atlantic and back, a voyage in which the port of destination was not made at all, the vessel having been given up as lost with all hands.

Fortunately, such was not the case on this voyage. For next morning, after doing justice to the steward's "alligator flippers" (codfish tongues and sounds) and listening to his growl about "claw-hammer sailors" (he very justly lamented the disappearance of the old-time sailor costume), I went on deck and found we were well up in Delaware Bay, and when the steward's clock struck eleven we had dropped anchor.

The steward's clock was a remarkable timepiece. It struck the hour with the rapidity of a Gatling gun. At noon and midnight it simply discharged twelve rounds with lightning celerity. It never agreed with the ship's timepiece, which, for instance, said half-past twelve when anchor was dropped. I called the steward's attention to this discrepancy, but he was not disconcerted.

"That there clock," he said, "shifts wid de wind. It must ha' lost headway durin' the camm we had off de capes o' the Delaware."

When I left the ship he was sifting peas.

Character-Grafting

By James Buckham

"You can't do anything with my boy," said a discouraged father to the principal of a well-known boys' school. "I have tried everything under heaven, to no purpose. The trouble is, he has a bad disposition, and no amount of discipline will drive it out of him."

"I don't want to drive anything out of him," was the quiet reply. "What I want to do is to take the boy's original disposition for my parent stock, and graft on it the virtues which it is most likely to nourish. Let me have your boy for a couple of years, and see if I can't bring some good fruit out of him." It is hardly necessary to add that, under the influence of such a man, the good fruit was forthcoming in less than two years' time.

The principle was one which is often overlooked in character-building. The general impression seems to be that nature settles some things morally, as well as physically; that if she gives a child what is called a bad disposition, it is as hopeless to try to change it as it is to attempt to correct a consumptive tendency or a weakness of the spine. As a matter of fact, the two things are very different. A

so-called bad disposition is generally an evidence of moral strength perverted and misdirected. It is a savor of life, and not a savor of death. There are certain virtues that can easily be grafted upon the vigorous stalk of original disposition. Suppose a boy seems hopelessly self-willed and obstinate. Here is the proper stem on which to graft virtues of the heroic order—moral bravery and fidelity, courage of conviction, strength of purpose. Let him be passionate, hot-headed, uncontrollable. Such a disposition as this is a source of nourishment for all the aggressive virtues—indignation at moral meannesses, the power of leadership, the bravery and devotion that do not fail in emergencies.

Even a disposition that is accounted mean, small, and sneaking may be utilized in this process of character-grafting. The psychologists have traced many moral faults and vices to the excess of certain virtues. Cowardice, they tell us, is an excess of caution; anger is moral judgment overwhelming moral reason. So meanness and smallness of character may spring from excessive self-depreciation—may be simply too much of the very quality that makes modesty and deference, obedience and trust.

Looking at the matter in this light, it is quite possible to take a person of small and mean disposition, and develop in him a character of rare sweetness and tractability. His moral tendencies are all in the line of what may be called the negative virtues, those of a more feminine or childlike character; and it should be comparatively easy to cultivate in him such virtues. He is mean and small simply because his moral tendencies have developed on the wrong side, the vicious side. Start them the other way, and they will flower into the corresponding virtues.

Would it not be well for Sunday-school teachers, especially, to try the practical working of this theory in certain cases under their charge? Let them appeal to each individual pupil on the side where he is most open to appeal. Do not give him the idea that you want to reform him, but that you want to develop him. Engraft upon his natural disposition the virtues most congenial to him by reason of that disposition. At the outset, let symmetry of character go. That will come in due time, as moral growth necessitates the rounding out of the inner life. Keep the grafting principle firmly in mind. Remember that no natural disposition is so bad that it cannot be *evolved* out of its badness. Sooner or later, the good that is in every heart must respond to the intelligent effort to draw it out.

A Misfit Somewhere

By Fanny Gwen Ford

Much as has been the improvement in methods of education the last few years, much betterment still remains to be done. Tangents are such easy digressions in the rapid progress of to-day that the "all round" has yet to be achieved in our educational movements.

Overpressure continues in many instances the bane of our girls' and boys' training; especially the former, for the latter have a certain elasticity of rebound and a power of healthy non-absorption, with an optimistic faith that all will be right in the end, lacking in the average girl. Then, also, as cases of high-pressure are found almost universally in our special technical trainings, and girls are pushing to the fore in all industries, with small experience, they bear in this way a larger share of the strain. There is, besides, even in this philosophical age, such a thing as over-conscientious work, and the girl worker in a successful training course has very often to learn that there is more development sometimes in judicious slighting, where the demand is beyond her average capabilities, than in overdoing; and that it is not so much the standing in special examinations which is going to count when she gets out into practical work on her own responsibility, as the general intelligent grasp of a subject, habits of ready concentration, with skill and originality in application.

To realize that there is truth in the above statements, and that something is wrong either in the workers or the plan of work, one has but to note the anxious, careworn

look of the majority of girls during a year or two of technical training for some, it is hoped, congenial work.

A sensible, healthy girl, who considered that in her case discretion was the better part of valor, remarked ruefully of some fellow-students in an ambitious art class, who were straining every nerve to attain a certain standing, that they could scarcely be looked at without bursting into tears! So much for the state of nervous excitability attendant on over-persistent work.

It was also confidentially told by a little, wearied-out member of a kindergarten training class that she and some of her companions in labor could not sleep at night because of the demand upon them for original methods or designs in the interlacing of various colored strips of paper, and for which they had no time to spare during the routine of the day.

It is also a fact that most, or at least a large per cent., of the intelligently able students in a library training class gave most of their Sundays in the busy time of the winter season to the preparation of the work asked of them, in which they could never "catch up" satisfactorily during the week-days.

To all these martyrs of "misfit somewhere" may be added two able-minded, able-bodied girls who always speak of some years they gave to special technical work in training for teachers as a sort of nightmare existence in which they were always trying to accomplish something and never succeeded, from pure mental and physical inability to reach the standard apparently expected of them.

It seems wise, in the face of such facts, that every thoughtful mother and prudent daughter should consider well any proposed training work the latter contemplates for the coming year; and with this consideration should be taken, if practicable, the advice of some person who has been through the proposed course and has since made a success in practical work.

At present it seems to me that a technical course means for a girl, who has probably been steadily at school or college since childhood, a giving up of most of the recreations which come naturally to maturer girlhood; it also means in many cases that she is to be the bond-slave to an enthralling work, without the daily satisfactory feeling of "something accomplished, something done" which earns the night's repose. Life becomes a breathless state of trying to "catch up," and, the demand being so much greater than the supply she has ready, a constant borrowing goes on from brain and nerve and physical force, with many unredeemable promises to pay at some unattainable time.

In considering the matter one sees that one cause of this illogical state of things is the mistake often made in undertaking work for which one is not fully prepared by previous study and training. This fact has been wisely appreciated by the faculty of a certain college where girls are under practical training for teachers. They have found that much disheartening effort, as well as mental and physical exhaustion, can be avoided by raising the requirements in entrance examinations. This, of course, lessens the number of students at first in a class, and rebuffs for the time being the enthusiastically well-intentioned, though unequipped, aspirant. But these matters adjust themselves as time goes on, and real success is to be achieved only by such a method. That there is some fault in the plan of work as well as the worker is sometimes evident to an observing outsider. As a critic I find often too much detail work expected in a specified time. Really unimportant matters are given undue prominence by being made requirements, and the conscientious student often devotes an unwise amount of time to such work. The taking of notes, which is always more or less of a labor, need not be required in many cases where the subject would naturally unfold itself to an intelligent, well-trained pupil when she enters the field of practical work in the outside world. The methods that would suggest themselves to her might not be exactly the ones taught in her technical course, but would probably be the best for her individual work and serve the purpose more practically. In this *fin de siècle* time of labor-saving inventiveness, why not have some clever technical trainers and would-be trained who will

appreciate brain-saving as worthy to be ranked among the modern improvements, if the object to be reached can be as successfully attained!

A Piece of Possible History¹

By Edward Everett Hale

A summer bivouac had collected together a little troop of soldiers from Joppa, under the shelter of a grove, where they had spread their sheepskins, tethered their horses, and pitched a single tent. With the carelessness of soldiers, they were chatting away the time till sleep might come and help them to to-morrow with its chances—perhaps of fight, perhaps of another day of this camp indolence. Below the garden slope where they were lounging, the rapid torrent of Kishon ran brawling along. A full moon was rising above the rough edge of the eastern hills, and the whole scene was alive with the loveliness of an Eastern landscape.

As they talked together, the strains of a harp came borne down the stream by the wind, mingling with the rippling of the brook.

"The boys were right," said the captain of the little company. "They asked leave to go up the stream to spend their evening with the Carmel men; and said that they had there a harper who would sing and play for them."

"Singing at night, and fighting in the morning! It is the true soldier's life," said another.

"Who have they there?" asked a third.

"One of those Ziklag men," replied the chief. "He came into camp a few days ago, seems to be an old favorite of the King's, and is posted with his men by the old tomb on the edge of the hill. If you cross the brook, he is not far from the Carmel Post, and some of his young men have made acquaintance there."

"One is not a soldier for nothing. If we make enemies at sight, we make friends at sight, too."

"Echish, here, says that the harper is a Jew."

"What!—a deserter?"

"I do not know that; that is the King's lookout. Their company came up a week ago, were reviewed the day I was on guard at the outposts, and they had this post I tell you of assigned to them. So the King is satisfied; and if he is, I am."

"Jew or Gentile, Jehovah's man or Dagon's man," said one of the younger soldiers, with a half-irreverent tone, "I wish we had him here to sing to us."

"And to keep us awake," yawned another.

"Or to keep us from thinking of to-morrow," said a third.

"Can nobody sing here, or play, or tell an old-time story?"

There was nobody. The only two soldiers of the post who affected musical skill were the two who had gone up to the Carmelites' bivouac; and the little company of Joppa—catching louder notes and louder, as the bard's inspiration carried him farther and farther away—crept as far up the stream as the limits of their station would permit, and lay, without noise, to catch, as they best could, the rich tones of the music as it swept down the valley.

Soothed by the sound, and by the moonlight, and by the summer breeze, they were just in mood to welcome the first interruption which broke the quiet of the night. It was the approach of one of their company, who had been detached to Accho a day or two before, and who came hurrying in to announce the speedy arrival of companions, for whom he bespoke a welcome. Just as they were to leave Accho, he said, that day, on their return to camp, an Ionian trading-vessel had entered port. He and his fellow-soldiers had waited to help her moor, and had been chatting with her seamen. They had told them of the chance of battle to which they were returning; and two or three of the younger Ionians, enchanted at the relief from the sea's imprisonment, had begged them to let them volunteer in company with them. These men had come up into the

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