"Earnest Willie," or, Echoes from a recluse : containing the letters, poems, addresses and sketches -- chiefly moral and religious -- with bits of laughing humor, smiling fancy and tender sentiment -- everywhere / the earnest heart-throbs of William D. Upshaw, during this more than sixteen years of invalid life -- (seven years spent on a bed).

Contributors

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EARNEST WILLIE OR ECHOES FROM A RECLUSE

WILLIAM D. UPSHAW.

NEW EDITION. ILLUSTRATED.

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IN THE
Francis A. Countway
Library of Medicine
BOSTON

To

Lamar Etheridge,

a memento of my
happy visit in your
"homelike" home,-
With an earnest
"God bless you"
from
The Author.

May - 1904.

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Photographed by D. A. Warlick, Marietta, Georgia.

Yours in Earnest,

Willie D. Upshaw—

"Earnest Willie"

"EARNEST WILLIE,"

OR

ECHOES FROM A RECLUSE,

CONTAINING THE

LETTERS, POEMS, ADDRESSES AND SKETCHES—CHIEFLY MORAL AND RELIGIOUS—WITH BITS OF LAUGHING HUMOR, SMILING FANCY AND TENDER SENTIMENT—EVERYWHERE

THE EARNEST HEART-THROBS

OF

WILLIAM D. UPSHAW,

During his more than sixteen years of Invalid Life—
(Seven Years Spent on Bed.)

TENTH EDITION—ILLUSTRATED.

A GLIMPSE.

For those who like to reason,
You'll find, I hope, a thought,
And a word of soft persuasion
For those who DON'T—and OUGHT;
A laugh for all the merry ones,
And for the gloomy, HOPE!—
A Star to pierce their canopy,
Who in the darkness grope;
A sigh for those who wish it,
A song for those who sing,
A prayer for those who love to pray—
Whose hearts with praises ring!
Oh! yes, for EVERYBODY
I would the hours beguile!
So here's an earnest "handshake"
And a loving, happy smile!

"EARNEST WILLIE."

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ATLANTA, GA.:
The Franklin Printing and Publishing Co.
1903.

DEDICATION.

To my loved and honored parents who, during the nearly nine years of my invalid life, have watched over and sacrificed for me with so much prayerful solicitude, touching tenderness and tireless devotion;

To my ever-watchful brothers and sisters who, during all these years, have so faithfully made my sorrows their own, mingled their joys with mine, and over every rosy gleam of success rejoiced with inspiring pride and clinging love;

To Beatrice Christian Upshaw (my brother's wife), to the sweet impulse of whose generous, sanguine heart, and the kindly, persistent leading of whose gentle hand, I am indebted more than to all other causes for sowing the little seed of opportunity from which this collection is largely the simple fruit—opening the door that has led to much of whatever I have been enabled to accomplish in this arduous but blessed field;

To my friends, both seen and unseen (God bless their memory forever! I would that I could some day be inspired to write to them a poem that would live, honor and bless them and their posterity as long as language lives)—faithful, unselfish friends, who have poured into my secluded life so much of the blessed sunshine of earth and the sweeter sunshine of Heaven;

To humanity at large, who so much needs the peace, joy and hope which God has put into my heart and life—to all of these, praying the recognition and blessing of Heaven, the author, with a heart surcharged with happiness, gratitude and love, dedicates this humble volume of heart-throbs, longings and happy smiles.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION.

COME WITH ME, READER; I NEED YOUR HAND.

Like one who stands upon the shore, and, with happy, thankful heart, watches his incoming ship, with golden cargo laden—the return of that "ship" (fashioned in the rosy realm of poetic fancy), that it *seemed* had sailed out forever *unreturning*, to "the haven under the hill," so the author stands, expectantly, on the threshold of this new edition, and rejoices with a joy almost unspeakable over the generous reception accorded the first, and the fairer prospects that brighten before the new.

The preceding edition was my "firstling." Springing as it did from the head and heart of a comparatively uneducated country youth, lying amid the wrecks of "fallen castles" and cherished educational plans, I had hardly dreamed that it would be accorded the reception that has made its author one of the happiest boys in the world. I knew it was not a *great* book, as the world counts greatness, but it cost great *effort*. There is not an article in that volume or the new one, of three pages in length, that I was able to write or dictate continuously from beginning to end. So closely is my *physical* hurt related to the *mental* that I would break down and have to fold my hands, shut my eyes, and quit, suppressing the "spell of my inspiration" until strength and inspiration would come again; then another effort, and another, until the happy goal was reached. Rising from my bed, and bringing my crude "wares" to Atlanta less than two years ago, and looking for a publisher through the usual pecuniary difficulties that generally confront an amateur author—piling themselves mountain high, between him and the launching of his initial edition, you can imagine the measure of my gratitude to God and the world, to see that large edition of 3,000 already exhausted, and a new, enlarged and illustrated edition ready to go out into the world. From every State in the South, from a number of Northern States, and even from far-away Japan, like a "pearl from the Orient," indeed, orders for my book have come. Hundreds of beautiful, generous letters, and spoken words, falling "like down from some high angel's wing," have come like "white-winged messengers from above," to assure me that hearts have been reached and helped. They have come back as *echoes* of my ECHOES FROM A RECLUSE. It has pained me not to be able to answer each one; but let every kind heart be sure that their words have reached *my heart* where they still, and will ever abide, performing their blessed mission of cheer and encouraging inspiration. The happy assurance from some friend, seen or unseen, near or far away, that God has been pleased, by His Holy Spirit, to use my humble words (that would have fallen like chaff to the ground without his blessing) to energize some drooping hope, encourage *anew* some downcast life, or (dearest of all!) to lead some soul to the unspeakable joy of a new heart and life in Christ—O reader, this is the *happiest happiness* that comes this side of heaven! If you do not know what it is, try and *see!*

May I ask you, if you would enter fully into my joy, to read in the supplement "Comments on First Edition," as well as glimpses at my amateur experience on the lecture platform? My pub-

lished letters and book opened the way to the platform, giving opportunity to gratify the supreme passion of my soul—to speak for "the lifting up of man." Reader, I have been down into "the depths." What I have brought up with me, I may not say. But I *wanted* to bring, I *tried* to bring a cluster of jewels, that united into one, would make this volume, as I have prayed to make my life, a gleam of inspiration to the young—aye, to *all* who read and need. If any part of Pastor Cloud's comparison is as fitting as it is generous, then I thank God, sometimes, for the invalidism in which, if nowhere else, kinship is found to the humble, yet immortal dreamer, in Bedford's dreary jail. My honored friend, Governor Northen, has generously given as recent *history*, an expression which I would might still prove a *prophecy*, whose fulfillment I longingly covet.

Inspiration!—earnest dream,
That beyond Death's swelling stream
I may catch glad ECHOES *There*,
Of the dreams I've ECHOED here!

Atlanta, Ga. WILL D. UPSHAW.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—The author has grateful pleasure in giving "honor to whom honor is due," in crediting the major part of the illustrations in this volume to the studied suggestions of two noble, cultured lady friends, Miss Eula Hood and Mrs. Mattie Shelnutt Morris of Bowdon, Ga. Some of the ideas are his own, but the best ones were given by these ladies, who, as "a labor of love," they said, studied the book for that special purpose. The value of their service can neither be estimated nor repaid.

UNIQUE.—Instead of employing an artist to *seek* to reflect the author's thought in character sketches (and such efforts are almost always unsatisfactory in *expression*, however gifted the artist may be), the author looked among his friends, and had the scenes, whether ludicrous or tender, *acted* and photographed, thus presenting what has been called a unique feature—illustrating character-thought from *real life*.

CORRECTIONS.—In the great hurry of getting out the first edition in time for the Christmas holidays, a number of typographical errors were overlooked. As far as practicable with stereotyped plates, those mistakes have been corrected. One calls for special mention. On page 303 appears a verse on the "*real* and the *ideal*." In the first edition the proof was read by another, the printer's mistake was not corrected, and lo! I found in dismay one of my *most* "*darling* thoughts" bearing quotation marks—stolen from me, as it were, in my own book. This note is given that those who possibly read both, will understand why the verse, so long, alas! misjudged, appears in the new volume as "not *original*" as the mountain boy declared, but like "I made it myself."

THE AUTHOR.

PERMANENT ADDRESS.—Different post-offices appear in this volume, but the author's permanent address (and he will be happy to hear from all whose hearts prompt them to write) is—

WILL D. UPSHAW,
Atlanta, Ga.

P. S.—For $1.50 this book will be sent post-paid anywhere.

INTRODUCTION TO NEW EDITION.

By Governor Wm. J. Northen.

It is not often that young men, without school training, undertake, *successfully*, literary work. Favorable results attending such efforts are the more remarkable when achieved under painful bodily afflictions, suffered by the author in the preparation of material for his work.

The unprecedented sale of "EARNEST WILLIE," or "ECHOES FROM A RECLUSE," written by an invalid, has demanded, at this early day, another edition. The book has been received with unusual favor.

The unusual demand, marking the extended territory into which the book has gone; the great variety of people it has entertained, instructed, and comforted, have given it a prominence before the public that would be highly complimentary to an author of far greater opportunities and more advantageous physical conditions.

Practically self-educated, with seven years of boyhood life spent in bed, under severe physical affliction; the author barely beyond his majority, has given to the world a book of great literary merit; strong spiritual force, and abounding in all that inspires hope; awakens commendable ambition, and begets heroic purpose under the severe disappointments of adversity.

The quiet patience written in every line; the beautiful Christian obedience breathed from every page, and the high purpose for usefulness manifested throughout the entire book, conspire to make it a volume to be read by all who need to be made better and happier, by the Christian spirit in which it is written, and more grateful for the comfortable conditions of their living, because of the painfully adverse circumstances under which the author has done his work.

Such heroism deserves the high commendation of the reading public; and makes this a pure, safe and fascinating book *for the home;* and *especially* a volume of rare inspiration for the youth of our land.

I have watched the young man's course with peculiar interest, and now bespeak for his new edition a patronage even more widely extended than was generously accorded the preceding.

W. J. Northen.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

[*Reader, Let me tell you something: This Preface and the introductory articles that follow, were written especially TO BE READ. Now, please don't pass them by.*]

Preface to what? A book. What! I, Willie Upshaw, write a book? So new and unusual does it seem, such a great undertaking has it been, that I almost wonder, sometimes, if it is really so. But then, to use one of "Uncle Remus's" quaint expressions, I would better not make any "great mirations" about it, for it is not such a great book after all (except in the number of pages). Well, am I assured that

However much devoid of thought,
It is with paper full.

I do not expect that this book will "turn the world upside down," or create any perceptible stir, or sensation in the literary circles. It does not make a classical bow, and with silvery words and measured sentences that come forth like new-coined money, enter the realm of books and seek public favor as a strictly literary work. It was written (or largely *dictated*, because I was too feeble to write it) by an invalid country boy, who has only been to school a few months since he was twelve years old, and who, since he went to bed, from the injury received from a fall while working on the farm, has never been able to read a book through, and has only occasionally had one read to him.

The wonder is, I have often thought, that, knowing so little, I have been enabled to do anything at all, or catch, even, in a limited sphere, the ear and heart of a generous people. Hence, "Judge Critic" and "Dr. Analyzer," who would erect some lofty, classical standard by which to judge and measure the merit of all books, are kindly and respectfully invited to "turn their anxious eyes and look another way."

Conventionalities, and all things staid and formal, are disregarded. Good cheer, earnestness, *heart* and *soul*—these things are magnified.

While this book is in no sense a biography, yet I have dipped my untutored pen in the deep wells of unique trial and sweet, happy experience, and out of my heart I have written.

Let no one imagine that because this volume is written by an invalid of many years, it is a book of sombre, dreary shades and contains a doleful, melancholy story. *Never!* not for a day!

I have been *happy* myself during all these years, and I have put *myself*—my happiness in these pages.

Special to Every Reader: You know many times the readers give a springing bound and jump clear over all prefaces and introductions, right into the body of the work.

Please don't do that way this time. Don't leap over the fence or climb down the chimney. These introductions are always written to be read, and if there ever was a time when they are a necessity to the proper understanding and appreciation of the volume they introduce, that time is now.

It was through the medium of the *Sunny South*, founded and so long edited by Col. John H. Seals, that I was first introduced to the outside world, and it seemed eminently proper that he should now formally introduce my book. This he has done in his accustomed brilliant and forceful manner. But I must declare that greater than all his literary gifts, shines through his article the sweet, white light of that crowning virtue—CHARITY.

"AN OPEN WINDOW INTO THE AUTHOR'S LIFE AND WORK," by Prof. Walter McElreath goes more into those details with which Col. Seals was not acquainted. Raised in boyhood together, dreaming and planning as we walked happily hand in hand, before the hand of fate touched me, and I stood still, and knowing more of my life than any one else so capable of telling it as he, he seemed verily the one of all my friends to write, as he said to me he wanted to tell "some things which the world ought to know, but which you cannot with propriety tell."

Himself a country boy, pushing himself by his own efforts into and through Washington and Lee University in Virginia, where the coveted honors of that famous institution fell richly and worthily upon him, he has come home to lay at the feet of his boyhood friend, who could not go to college with him, a tribute whose nobility of thought and sentiment and rich, tender beauty of expression, I have seldom seen equaled, and I think never excelled.

I earnestly urge you to carefully read both the "*Introduction*" and the "*Open Window*," and I hope you will want to read all the book that follows.

The Title: I had decided on "*Echoes from a Recluse*," because I have been a recluse for years; during that time God and my friends have put many rich, glorious experiences into my heart and life, and I want to *echo* them back to the betterment of the world.

But some of my special literary friends suggested and many approved that the leading title of my book be "Earnest Willie"—the *nom de plume* given me years ago by a young lady friend, because I had a way of being very much *in earnest* about what I do, and so, following their suggestion, the title *is as it is.*

"What Will the Harvest Be?"

O reader, if you could only know all the wearing labor, prayers and anxiety which this work has cost me, I think you would give to it a sympathy and interest which otherwise you cannot feel!

To bless all, young and old, into whose hands it may come, for time and for eternity; but especially to inspire the young

everywhere with loftier thought and aspiration, the wonderful possibilities of earnest, undying effort, and lead them to nobler, grander, more useful lives—this is the heartfelt mission of "*EARNEST WILLIE.*" Please pass these *echoes* among your young friends, and thus widen, as much as possible, its circle of usefulness.

Before I lay down my pen, I can but think of, and give here, the beautiful, yearning words of the gifted Virginia author, Miss Fannie H. Marr. My own heart *lovingly* speaks them now:

LONGINGS.

Will any being treasure up
A single line that I have sung?
Will words that I have breathed dwell oft
And lingeringly on lip and tongue?
Will book of mine be studied much,
And soiled with frequent finger touch?

* * * * * * * *

Shall I from quiet loneliness,
In distant households dare to claim
An honored place?—Will strangers learn
To breathe in tenderness my name?
And shall I speak to them when Death
Hath stilled my heart and stopped my breath?

Throughout my book I have rarely taken courage to allude to myself as "*The Author.*" It has seemed almost too pretentious a title to assume. And now with a natural shrinking from all the responsibilities which the title may require, I breathe an earnest, longing prayer to Heaven, as I take you, my reader, frankly by the hand, and trust you for a *living* place in your thoughts and in your heart.

Earnestly, happily and hopefully yours,

THE AUTHOR.

NOTES OF EXPLANATION: The reader will notice a rather copious use of explanatory notes throughout this volume. Special attention is directed to them, since they will always add to the interest of the piece to which they refer. I have often thought that if authors would always give the circumstances connected with the composition of a poem or article of any kind, whenever those circumstances are at all out of the ordinary, it would serve as a window of insight into the heart and soul of the surroundings of which the piece was born, and thus prepare the reader to enjoy it as otherwise he could not possibly do.

THE AUTHOR.



Photographed by Mrs. L. Condon, Atlanta.

The Author Dictating his Book to his Sister.

INTRODUCTION.

This book forms a unique contribution to the literature of the day. And while these introductory remarks are made before it has been put in type and without having read or seen much of the manuscript, I am nevertheless familiar with the life and labors of the author, and most heartily commend him and his book to an appreciative public.

Years ago, while conducting the *Sunny South* my attention was arrested by earnest and crispy letters which came almost weekly to our popular department set apart for "The Boys and Girls," and I soon learned that they came from the head and heart of a young, bedridden and suffering invalid. This information lent additional interest to the contributions and they were promptly published and in a short while the writer of them was known as "Earnest Willie" and loved by all the readers of the paper. He appeared in the midst of the young folks like a juvenile Paul in full armor and preaching with such intensity and righteous power that his name became a household word in thousands of Southern homes. Letters of admiration for his earnest words and of sympathy for his afflictions poured in upon him from all quarters, and cheered him in his forced retirement. Though physically disabled and confined to his bed, these bright missives brought sunshine to his soul and peopled his quiet chamber with seraphim and cherubim. In the fullness of his earnest heart and with Christ-like purpose to do good, he has been moved to embody some of these gracious epistles with a miscellaneous collation of other literary gems, into a permanent volume, and sends it out to cheer oppressed hearts and illumine darkened homes.

And thus in the light of what our young author has already accomplished and is yet to accomplish, we can but regard his afflictions as providential. Had John Bunyan not been imprisoned in Bedford jail, the world might never have enjoyed that most wonderful of all allegories "The Pilgrim's Progress." Had St. Paul not been stricken down on his way to Damascus, the kingdom of the Nazarene

might have lost its greatest apostle to the Gentiles. And had not our "Earnest Willie" been disabled in his youth, his community and State might never have had the benefit of his bright mind and Christian fervor. In consequence of his misfortune his opportunities for improvement have been very limited, but he appears before us like a Cornish diamond polished not by the lapidary but by nature.

He practiced the Aristippian philosophy that we must control circumstances and not be controlled by them, and being ambitious of good works and loving his neighbors as himself, he organized the young men and women around his country home into a literary society, and called it the "McBeath Literary Circle," taking the name from one of the most brilliant and popular contributors to the *Sunny South.* From this club most wonderful results have flowed. The young people have been awakened and stimulated by debates, lectures, readings and elaborate public exercises until it has become a reading and intellectual community. And in all these movements and delightful public entertainments the mind and hand of "Earnest Willie" have been as conspicuous as the skill of the successful general in maneuvering his troops. Though confined to his couch by a disabled spinal column, his aids and couriers were seen everywhere managing details. In speaking of his work some one has said that while he had no backbone of his own, he was the *backbone* of the whole community, and his neighbors and friends revolved about him like satellites around the planets. His influence, like the golden candlestick in the temple which spread out its flowering branches, has gone out into other communities, and successful literary clubs are now in operation in many portions of that and neighboring counties; and nothing would bring greater benefit and renown to our whole State than such clubs in every community and township.

Very recently the McBeath Circle dedicated with elaborate and appropriate exercises a handsome new hall which had been erected mainly through the untiring efforts of "Earnest Willie," and from this hall, and many notable public occasions which antedate its building, many gems have no doubt come into this handsome volume.

Essays, poems, speeches and letters which bear the *imprimatur* of his own bright genius will be found to consti-

tute the bulk of his "echoes," and he sends them out with the earnest prayer that, under the guidance of Him who noted the widow's mite and sees the sparrows fall, they may comfort, elevate and lead multitudes into a higher, holier and happier life.

Atlanta, Ga. J. H. SEALS.

AN OPEN WINDOW INTO THE AUTHOR'S LIFE AND WORK.

Every one expecting to become the guest of a stranger learns with eagerness all that he can of the home that he is to visit, and the character and peculiarities of the host whose hospitality he is about to enjoy. Knowing his faults, he is prepared to overlook them; knowing his virtues, he is prepared to admire them; knowing his tastes, he is prepared to adapt himself to them; knowing, in short, the *man*, he is able so to adjust the positive and negative poles of his own peculiar tastes and sympathies, that the current of congeniality may run, free and easy, from the one to the other, charging each with the electricity of good fellowship, and warming every impulse, power and feeling into the highest and most harmonious activity.

I once heard Dr. James H. Carlisle say that no one ever did a kinder act than to introduce two people of good disposition and congenial tastes. I believe him to be right, and it is certainly a pleasure to me, gentle reader, to lead you to the house which our author has builded; to walk with you through its pleasant grounds, where genial sunshine pours out its healthful warmth; where cooling shades erect their bowers, and where lovely flowers pour out to every breeze the incense of their fragrance and their beauty; to lead you up to the grand, commodious and tasteful mansion of thought and sentiment; to let you peep in through this "open window," at the rich furnishings and prospects of good cheer; to lay an offering on the altar of friendship and esteem, and leave you to the hospitality of a kind host who will set before you such a feast of good thoughts that you will quit his threshold stimulated by the rare wine of good fellowship and feasted on the luxuries of a substantial and rich intellectual repast.

He has builded here a very museum, where each of the Muses has left a treasure, and which the Graces have arranged in beauty and elegance. He, himself, has drunk from the Castalian fount, and holds the sacred gifts of poet, orator and philosopher, and under the spell and in-

fluence of his strong personality, I know that you still feel your hearts warmed, cheered and encouraged with new confidence to press on towards the realization of higher and nobler aspiration.

Chance, fortune and fate, strictly and philosophically, may have no existence in "nature and reason," and may be "but expressions for human ignorance of cause," but to these, in the common acceptance of those terms, we owe much of what we are. On the busy thoroughfares, in the crowded marts of trade, or in the drawing-room, by *chance* you meet a fellow-being in whom you recognize a congeniality of tastes, opinions and aspirations, and the acquaintance ripens into a friendship which exerts an influence over your whole life, causing you to call into life power that else had remained latent; to cultivate capacities that else had remained undeveloped; to feed susceptibilities that else had starved; to create ideals that else had not existed, and to indulge aspirations that else had not been felt.

Most men are fractions, and the unit of complete character is formed by the union in friendship's ties of two natures, mutually supplementing and completing each other. Such were David and Jonathan, Damon and Pythias, Orestes and Pylades. No man is complete standing alone and unrelated. If, in this introduction, I bring into the circle of your sympathy, the author of this book, I know that I shall have done you a favor and won a title to your gratitude.

Into the pathway of my life Will D. Upshaw walked, while yet the flowers of youth bent their dewy lips to kiss our feet, and all the clouds of life's rosy morning were turned into gold by the alchemy of youthful hope and youthful romance. Soon our souls were knit together in a friendship so strong that time, separation, difference of life and pursuits have not been able to unravel. Wherever our paths have lain together I have felt the comfort and encouragement of a true friend at my side, and where they have led us apart, I have been inspired by the consciousness that some one watched my course, rejoicing in every success, excusing every failure and sympathizing in every sorrow. How much I am to thank the smiling fate that threw his friendship into my life, I shall not attempt to say.

for I do not know. Who can measure the influences that work in the impulses and throbbings of his own heart?

Gifted with a precocious, brilliant and versatile mind, and with an extraordinary enthusiasm, Will always impressed himself upon those with whom he came in contact.

Having enjoyed excellent opportunities of early culture, especially at home, and continuing by assiduous study, even while at work on the farm, to gather information from every source, he early became recognized as a young man of brilliant promise. Endowed by nature with just enough of fancy and imagination for the creation of ideals; ambitious enough to build them high; gifted with taste enough to make them symmetrical and beautiful; optimistic enough to be confident of their realization, he was just fitted to live in an element of thought, feeling, sentiment and enthusiasm, and the ideal and poetic form of it was his realm of conscious activity; yet he was not an idle dreamer, but was intensely practical. On the farm he did not shun the boiling heat of summer nor the icy cold of winter, but was the most effective laborer on his father's farm. His motto seemed to be: Idealize the material, put beauty into the practical, fall in love with your work, and then worship it by your intensest endeavor."

Perhaps no boy ever indulged brighter hopes for the future, and few with better reason. It was the dream of his life to go to college, and, there, by industry and application, to take an honorable stand in his classes, to win the friendship and love of his classmates, to distinguish himself in the field of college oratory, and to lay broad and firm the foundations of future success and usefulness. He was always laying up against the future, stores of beautiful thought gleaned from every source, chiefly, however, from the rich treasury of his own originality; and, as he tells us, he prepared part of his commencement speech then glimmering and beckoning to him in the far but inspiring distance. Perhaps, after taking a college course, he could not have used this, and you may smile at this example of youthful anticipation and enthusiasm. But he who smiles at the ambitious dreams of a boy may smile at a power which it will require the everlasting years to contain and the omniscience of God to measure. The mimic fort that Napoleon Bonaparte built on that Corsi-

can playground, was Marengo, Austerlitz and Waterloo in miniature. The trainbands of the Republic marched in the schoolboy company which George Washington drilled on the old-field school-yard of Virginia. A million spindles sung, myriad locomotives screamed and a thousand different kinds of machinery hummed their work-songs in the cup that James Watt held over his mother's kettle. The Senate chamber of the United States echoed with Henry Clay's schoolboy declamation. Do not laugh at the boy, for "the boy is father to the man."

How often have Will and I talked over these bright dreams, feeling in boyish confidence that we were in league with fate and were masters of destiny! His enthusiasm warmed and encouraged me to strive to realize our mutual dreams, and hence, I rejoice to lay here this tribute of friendship and esteem.

Fate woke him from these bright dreams by laying on him the heavy hand of affliction, throwing into chaos all these well laid plans, and snatching from Hope all the glowing brushes with which he had painted the future. But as the stars shine brightest when night wraps her curtains thickest round the earth, so Will's traits shone more resplendent in the gloom of adversity. Stopping not to murmur or repine, he only *modified his hopes and his ideals to suit his changed conditions*, and full of confidence, he began to build anew on the ruins of a fallen life scheme, a grander, a more beautiful and a more enduring success.

This quality of being, in any condition, sufficient unto one's self, is the highest mark of a really strong and noble spirit. Caius Marius, sitting amid the ruins of Carthage, was Caius Marius still.

When Richard Cœur de Lion was imprisoned in Germany, it is said that his spirit did not fail him, but he busied himself collecting and writing out the romances of chivalry and weaving them into song like the Troubadours of old. They are never alone who are in company with noble thoughts."

Some of the heavenly bodies are satellites, moving, cold, lifeless and inert, shining by reflected light, while others carry in themselves the forces that produce heat, shining by their own heat and radiating it to all bodies around them.

Force, physical, moral or intellectual, cannot be destroyed. Its direction or its form may be changed, but its amount remains ever the same, living on, conserved somewhere without loss or diminution. So Will's accident simply changed his activity and influence. From the couch of the invalid, he began to preach to the world a doctrine of sunshine, of purity, of lofty principle and of noble aspiration.

The recipient nearly always of only kindness from those around him, enjoying on account of his invalid position that ignorance *a posteriori*, of certain elements of human character and certain phases of human life which, not to know, is bliss, he saw only the bright side of things, and sometimes, perhaps, saw things not as they are, but as they should be. Concerned very little with the material, he developed on the side of the ideal. Loving the beautiful, he saw and sowed roses and lilies where others found and planted thorns and thistles. An optimist, always, he saw good and poetry and sweetness where the dark browed pessimist would have seen only evil and evidences of misery and ruin.

Around his bedside flocked boys and girls of noble purpose, attracted by the magnetism of his personality. These confided in him the sacred yearnings of their hungry hearts and received from him sympathy and encouragement. His literary tastes and the keen sympathy of his nature, combined with a peculiar gift at detecting evidences of talent or genius in those who, perhaps, were hardly themselves conscious of the possession of any peculiar gifts, gave him a wonderful influence over the literary inclined spirits of his neighborhood. This community possessing an unusually large number of young men and young ladies, but withal, a community where literary aspiration had had little encouragement, was a rich field for the exercise of our author's influence, and he soon conceived the idea of organizing the "McBeath Literary Circle." Under his guidance it grew and soon its influence became conspicuous in the increasing interest which the young people took in literary culture and its influence began to spread over the surrounding country, one community after another catching the inspiration, until now there is hardly a community in the county that has not its literary society.

The "McBeath," with a new, beautiful and tasteful hall, a good library and a large and intelligent membership, stands an intellectual Pharos scattering light over all the country round.

I shall not try to give you any history of this society, since, I understand, that can be gathered from the body of this work, but I cannot forbear to say, however, that in all this work Will has been the moving spirit, fighting through discouragements, doing what no one else *could* have done—and more's the honor—doing what no one else *would* have done, until he has builded up an institution which will stand a monument to his industry, his humanity and his love of what is noble and good.

Thousands have already learned to love our author through the medium of his letters to the *Sunny South*. His animated style, the sparkling quality of his letters, replete with good, vigorous thought, clothed in language of strength and beauty, found him an easy passage to many a heart. These letters are peculiar, having that indefinable something about them which always distinguishes the true writer and thinker. I think I may say that, though they are literary productions of a very high order, they did not succeed so much on account of their literary style, the mere dress and ornament of thought, as on account of their intense earnestness and deep human sympathy.

His *nom de plume*, "Earnest Willie," is a good index to his character. Knowing the intense earnestness of his nature, when I saw Will step out from the world, stand up and tell in his experience of his happy trust in Christ, and take on himself the obligations of his church, I was impressed that there, as everywhere else, he was deeply in earnest—an impression which his constant devotion and zealous Christian life have verified and deepened.

Every one who has read his writings has, I know, been impressed with the distinctiveness of certain features of his thought. No one whom I know so magnifies and sanctifies feeling, emotion and sentiment. Some have playfully accused him at times of being "gushing," but it is always the gushing of a pure fountain of dewdrops glistening with a sunbeam in their bosoms and glowing with the rainbow written on their faces. Some have

called him susceptible, but his susceptibility is always an attraction to the pure, the beautiful and the good.

There is a profound philosophy in this consecration of sentiment. It was sentiment that bathed Marathon and Platea in blood; it was sentiment that gave Sparta her living walls; it was sentiment that moved Luther to preach and Wycliffe to die; it was sentiment that rung the "Liberty Bell" and fired the shot at Lexington; it has been pure, noble sentiment that has laid the foundations of society and given to the world her freedom and her religion.

If "*Echoes From a Recluse*" had no other mission but to help destroy the foolish notion that love and affection are weaknesses, it would deserve the consideration of every man and every woman in whose heart the fountains of pure sentiment have not been dried up. True sentiment ought to mix with and glorify every action of life.

But this not the only mission of this book. Perhaps it is not *the* mission at all.

It will be found interesting and helpful to every class and condition of men. The young will find in its pages sympathy, encouragement and inspiration; the old will admire its lofty purity and its zealous Christianity; the scholar will find passages ripe with thought and burning with fervid eloquence; the unlearned will find its style clear and perspicuous and its thoughts attractive and helpful.

But why should the servant go on in wearisome garrulity, gentle reader, and not admit the guest at once into the society of his host? I know that the writing of prefaces and introductories is usually "love's labor lost," and so I shall pay my respects to your entertainer and say farewell.

Companion of my boyhood's days, friend of my youth and still the friend of my young manhood, I rejoice that affliction could not crush you, but that you have gone on "from easy effort to success." Humble though the offering my poor hands may bring, may it be an acceptable sacrifice on the altar of friendship. Though thorns and thistles and stones have lain thick in your pathway ere now, may roses and lilies kiss your feet from hence. Misfortune lifting now his heavy hand. may you walk out

from the shadow into the sunshine of gladsome day. After many days of faithful waiting, gather now the "bread cast upon the waters."

"Thine is the self-approving glow
On conscious Honor's part;
And dearest gift of Heaven below—
Thine Friendship's truest heart."

WALTER MCELREATH.

Powder Springs, Ga., October 10, 1893.

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"*Who—who are you?*"

Catching her first echo—"Echoes from a Recluse." Page 1.

"EARNEST WILLIE,"

OR

ECHOES FROM A RECLUSE.

ECHOES FROM A RECLUSE.

What child, in happy, care-free childhood,
With glowing face and startled eyes,
Shining like fresh, dew-kissed flowers
Beneath bright summer's morning skies!

What merry child, thus filled with wonderings,
Has not felt its little heart thrill,
As "*Who—who are you?*" came in echoes
From down the glenn or o'er the hill?

Sweet the mem'ries—and oh, how precious!—
Of my own childhood days, like these,
When there came to make me music,
Glad echoes on each answ'ring breeze.

I am still a child. God has spoken
To my glad heart, sweet notes of cheer;
And I would now give back their *echo*
To bring some smile, to dry some tear.

Oh! that from every sound here given,
New joy in countless hearts have birth!
Each one this joy some other telling,
Till it shall *echo* round the earth!

Shut in for years where fate has placed me,
God and the world have been *so good*,
Shedding all thro' my life a gladness,
By none, save me, quite understood,

I'd *echo* back, in ringing clearness,
All God has given me for his use;
In anxions prayer, I humbly give forth
These heart-ECHOES FROM A RECLUSE.

HOPE, A BLESSED BALM.

[NOTE.—Composed a few months after I went to bed when I was not able to write, and could hardly feed myself. Written as I dictated, by my sister.]

There is a word I can't explain,
It thrills me o'er and o'er,
And were it not for its effect
My bliss would be no more.

Its inspiration I long have felt,
Of it I've often thought;
Its prospects I have oft divulged,
And this sweet word is "Hope."

Its very sound seems to impart
Its meaning—oh, how great!
Yet to explain would useless be
Could we not of it partake.

How *dull* would be this life of ours
When adverse clouds do come;
To know that they would last always—
No sunshine ever dawn!

How *sore* when tossed on life's rough sea
By billows fierce and wild,
To have no hope for a better time—
A season calm and mild!

How *hard* when weary hearts and hands
Toil with a task undone,
To know always one harder far
Awaits to be begun!

But *how sweet* to feel, when we almost faint,
And the way seems dark and long,
That by and by we'll reach the end
And join in the gladsome song!

To hope is natural to human kind;
It begins in chilhood years,
And leads us, captives, towards some goal
Through mirth and gloom and tears.

It is a sweet and blessed balm
That makes life's burdens light,
And sheds about our faltering steps
Beams that disperse the night.

But best of all, is the Christian's hope!
For its possessor—"not ashamed"—
Crosses are easy for Christ's sake,
And the crown in heaven that's gained.

It gives a sweet, a trusting peace
Which passeth understanding;
Bids tears to dry, sad hearts look up,
Our life, our all, commanding!

When fade this world's delusive hopes,
And fallen lie earth's castles down,
Bethlehem's Star grows brighter still,
And points us to the waiting crown!

Oft do I lie near to despair,
As I think of "now"—"to-day,"
And to persist in such, it seems,
Would wear my life away.

But ever as these adverse clouds
Around me gather dark,
There comes from this "Star of Hope"
A shining, cheering spark.

It lifts me from the sinking sand—
On the "Rock of Ages" plants,
Where waves may buffet and storms descend,
Yet onward I will advance.

And 'twill e'er be so—oh, blessed thought!
Till time is with me no more—
Then light my path o'er Death's dark stream
To a blissful "Evermore."

Hope, ah Hope! to thee I'll cling,
Tho' thy Star be dim or bright;
If built on Faith 'twill ever last
And lead me "Home" to light!

O MUSE! O THOUGHT!

[NOTE.—Born of an actual circumstance when my mind was tired, and my muse seemed about to leave me.]

O Muse, with light and fleeting wing,
Fly not away from me!
Come hither, Come! and help me sing
The songs I owe to thee!

O Thought, that lovest so to dwell
Among the wise and great,
Co me, wrap within thy magic spell
My anxious mental state!

I need you both—I need you now—
Great tasks await my pen;
It helpless lies—Oh, make it rise
And speak thy blessed ken!

Oh Pow'r behind each note, each thought,
Speak from Thy starry dome;
Make these gifts with blessing fraught,
To point up to Thy Throne

The world that needs—Oh, how great!—
(Because so weak and blind)—
The quick'ning music—wonder-thought
Of *Thy Infinite Mind!*

JESUS CALMS THE TROUBLED BREAST.

[NOTE.—Suggested in an hour of great trial—the first line impulsively spoken from my heart as a glad prayer of sweet repose—happy, comforting trust.]

Jesus, Jesus! *in Thee* is *rest;*
Jesus, Jesus! on Thy dear breast
I find sweet peace when cares enfold—
I find sweet warmth when the world is cold.

Christ, O Christ! in Thy dear arms,
When pains distress, and fear alarms,
I find glad strength when I am weak,
I find a balm I cannot speak.

Father, Son and Spirit—all,
When waves engulf, when storms appall,
You come in power—I turn to You,
And you lead me gladly, sweetly through.

And when I reach that *Peaceful* Shore
Where naught of these shall trouble more—
O Father mine! O Spirit sweet!
O Christ in whom I stand complete—
I'll praise You all for what You've done
For Christ's sweet sake—O blessed One!

A MIDNIGHT REVERIE.

[Suggested one night in the spring of '87, as I lay on my bed near midnight and looked out through my southern window at the beautiful star-lit heavens.]

Who made those stars on which I gaze—
That moon with its silvery light,
Which, through my window, pours its rays
From the bright, fair crown of Night?
Who made that beautiful background blue,
Where the twinkling stars are set,
Which shine like glittering jewels on
The grass with dew that's wet?
Who made the sun to come at dawn
On each successive day,
Causing the moon and stars to fade
In the same familiar way?
Who made that law by which the night,
When the weary day is done,
Comes, that tired man may rest
Till the freshness of the dawn?
Who made that law by which all four
Of the seasons—O, grand plan!—
Come with such unerring rounds
To suit the wants of man?
Who made this pure air which we breathe,
The showers to fall—the sun to shine,
Imparting life and vigor to all—
Vegetation, beast and mankind?

Our blessings all, both great and small,
By an unseen Hand are given,
From the mammoth wood to the tiniest flower
That blooms 'neath the smiling heaven.
From an unfailing cruse they are poured
With such convenient, regular course;
Who fills that cruse, I boldly ask,
Tell me, *tell* me! who is that source?



Who made those stars on which I gaze—
That moon with its silvery light?

A midnight Reverie. Page 6.

Go, stand upon some mountain top,
  Or in the vale below,
And watch the gently rising sun,
  Like a ball of fire aglow!
Upon that mountain behold his face
  As he gets up from his saffron bed
To flood with golden light, the earth,
  And the arching heavens overhead.

Labor hard till fervid noon,
  Then deep in that valley rest,
While the sun seems to pause ere it slow descends
  Adown the glowing west;
Above you spreads an ample shade;
  Moss-pillowed at its base,
Your weary head now sweetly rests,
  While a cooling breeze steals thro' the glen
And fans your fevered face.
  Just at your elbow a crystal spring
From earth's bosom gurgles up;
  A laughing streamlet, rippling on,
Makes music at your feet;
  You rise, and bending down, from Nature's cup
You quaff a draught
  So cool, so pure and sweet!

The noon is past. You to labor go,
  Where the earth, responsive to your touch
As some cradling, vast, benignant nurse
  Since man in Eden fell; and,
In doom to labor, a blessing got,
  And not a mighty curse.
The day wears on, the eve draws near,
  And just as your tired frame
Feels it can hardly another furrow test,
  The sun, in placid, gorgeous flame
Sinks down and gives you rest.

* * * *

The Day-god has gone ; but a glory remains
Like the mellow influence of a good life that has sped;
In the twilight so sacred, so beauteous and grand,
You muse of the Power, great, glorious and dread,
That gives all these blessings to weak sinful man!
Sweet be your night's rest! While the moon shines, you sleep,
And the stars o'er your slumber their bright vigils keep.

Refreshed, strong and happy, the morning now dawns,
And the sun that you *left* in the *West*
Now in pageant and glory the "*Eastern* gate" opes;
Each dewdrop that sparkles, a diamond now wins,
And the busy old world its new labor begins.

Whence came that sun? Why did it set?
And why this morning rise?
What gracious, mighty Being sits
Enthroned beyond the skies?

* * * *

Oh! invisible Power that moves the world
From day to day, and year to year,
Bringing with each such blessings sweet,
Speak thy name that the earth may hear!
Oh, System grand, Creation great!
Dispensing gifts so rich and pure—
Tell me who thy author is,
And be thy answer swift and sure.
It's come! I see it in the budding flower,
I hear it in the mock-bird's song;
I feel it with each coming hour
In the blood that leaps my veins along.

Moon, stars and skies, too, speak—
Dame Nature with each changing dress,
And *all our wants, just as we need,*

Reveal the tale they can't suppress.
A world complete, but not half told—
A picture grand without one scar!
Oh! frail man, keep off thy brush;
Thou canst not touch it but to mar!

Skeptic, atheist! wilt thou not speak,
And these simple questions to answer, try?
With open ears I pause and wait
While thou art puzzling for reply.
In vain you seek with reason weak,
And cold, puny, foolish words you give;
With wondering eyes and quibbling lips
You view the darkness in which you live.
Your task is hard, your end is death,
Your best thoughts but deceive;
And I almost think that you, yourself,
Your own words can't believe.
Again, will you not tell who made it all?
With hard-taxed brain you plod;
But you cannot answer truly
Unless you answer: "*God.*"

THE SPEAKING FIRMAMENT.

O far-off stars where glories gleam—
Bright King of Day, sweet Queen of Night,
As you shine speak of God, when our footsteps stray,
And keep, oh keep our hearts aright!
Speak of Him who on the great Judgment Day
In majesty will sit enthroned,
And to His right, say: "Come, ye blessed of my Father,
Inherit, the kingdom your own;"
But to those on the left: "Depart ye forever,
For you I have never known!"

A REAL VALENTINE.

[NOTE.—The following is a crudely told story of a real incident which took place in my room several months after I broke down, and went to bed. The young lady (or girl of seventeen) wore a handsome red dress, was delightfully sweet in manner, and had one of the brightest, richest faces I ever looked at. So much did her visit impress me, that although unable to write a line, I felt that I could not lose it, and called my sister, Addie Lee, to my bedside, and dictated these verses. I smile at their simplicity now, but they are none the less an "echo" from my invalid life. I was intensely in earnest, and because of the time at which they were written, I called them, "*A Real Valentine.*"]

I know a pretty maiden fair,
With dark and melting eyes;
A streaming tress of rich black hair
Adown her shoulder lies.

Her cheeks are crimson as a rose that's blown
Full by Nature's chain,
And Nature has made a rose of her,
Though that is not her name.

I will partly tell it,
Though I'm sure you well could guess,
For she lives in Fayette county,
And her name is Lulu S———.

She one time came to see me
On a pleasant afternoon,
As the sun shone through my window
And lighted up my room.

There, long I'd lain, dejected,
For my little bark in life
Seemed sunk beneath the ocean
Of life's tempestuous strife.

But she sat down by my bedside
And talked with a familiar air;
And her words were as intelligent
As she herself was fair.

Scarce brighter were the sun's own rays
Than the smile upon her face,
As condoling words escaped her lips,
Fresh from a heart of grace.

Her conversation was rich and rare,
Her thought, mature and grave,—
And bits of wit and wisdom, too,
Were the life she to it gave.

I fain would now recall each word
As it fell upon my ear,
And catch—yes, catch her merry laugh
Of glad and wholesome cheer.

I, too, would fain place by my side,
Where I could see at will,
A face that's made an admiring spark
To burn on warmly still.

But ah! alas! such talk is mad;
To fate I must resign,
And wait until she comes again,
Or health and strength are mine.

We talked of current topics,—
Things present and to come;
And my heart was glad, as she made me think
Of a brighter day to dawn,

When, with a heart of anxious pride,
And an aspiring mind,
I'll upon the stage of action step,
Earth's pleasures there to find.

God grant that weal in naught I'll find,
Except in doing good,
And when I'm gone, 'twill be said,
"He did whate'er he could."

Just such a heart, and better, too,
Within *her* bosom lies;
I've heard it said, and see it through
Her words and tender eyes.

But I've digressed; and back I'll turn,
For I have a few words still:—
Though I could write, I do believe,
Till I'd a little volume fill.

As all temporal joys, however sweet,
Must to an end soon come,
So this, like them, must needs be so,
And she must soon be gone.

Yes, soon, too soon! for as we talked,
The minutes quickly flew,
Till borne on this resistless tide
Came the time to bid adieu.

My heart was sad as I thought that one
Whose virtues shone so bright,
Should so soon be far away
From my feasting heart and sight.

But grandma teased, and she stepped aside
And donned her pretty cloak,
And, turning, warmly shook my hand,
And words of kindness spoke.

Scarce had she gained the second door,
When I called her back to tell
A story I read of a prisoner once
Confined in a lonely cell.

He was very fond of flowers,
And his keeper placed one there
Which bloomed in rarest beauty
And drove away despair.

Although *my room's not* a dismal cell,
And hosts of friends surround,
Yet I am somewhat like that prisoner
Whom the little flower found.

And as it cheered the downcast heart
Of that melancholy man,
So *her* visit cheered *my* heart
And made me glad again.

For it placed before my vision
A guiding star indeed,
Which will hold my heart and eyes
Where'er my path may lead.

But what of all I like best
(For I love such anywhere),
Are her unaffected modesty
And love of God sincere.

Full many a page I could fill
With such simple lines as these,
But I'll not do so for I fear
My reader I'll displease.

As I lie and think, I sorely feel
How faintly words express
The heart's own true emotions;
Therefore, I'll now desist.

How glad I am that fortune bade
Her come that afternoon;
For I'm in buoyant spirits now,
And hope to be well soon.

Oh, come again! thou nymph so good,
With words so sweet and wise,
And brighter still the "Star of Hope"
Will shine before my eyes!

February 14, 1886. WILL YOU?

A VISIT FROM THREE MERRY SCHOOL-GIRLS.

[NOTE.—While living at Powder Springs, Ga., in 1887, my bright young friend, Miss Donie Bailey, with her two fair visitors, Misses Mamie and Nannie Headden, of Rome, came to see me one summer afternoon, bringing their guitar, and playing and singing for me, and—talking to me with a brightness and sweetness so refreshing that my gladdened heart felt that such an inspiring event in my "shut-up" life must be embalmed in the following simple, though happy, lines, which I read to them when they came back the following day.]

'Twas an August afternoon;
The sun shone clear and bright,
Filling gently my sick-room
With rich and mellow light.

The day had been a dreary one,
The clouds hung dark and low—
But now they'd fled before the sun's
Eclipsing golden glow.

Of my feelings the day had been
A true, befitting type—
The morning dark and dreary,
The evening calm and bright.

Tho' the clouds that hung about me
Had now been chased away,
'Twasn't nature's sun that did it—
'Twas a party's visit gay.

Three young maidens—blushing maidens,
Thoughts so pure, forms so fair,
Came to talk and sing and cheer me—
Drive away dark clouds of care.

Their names? Shall I tell them?
Well, yes; let me see:
Misses Mamie and Nannie Headden
And their hostess, Donie B——.

Scarce upon a fairer trio
Was it e'er my lot to look,
As they sat in graceful posture,
Emblems of some fairy spot.

Close beside me, with her guitar,
And with radiance in her face,
Sat Miss Donie—happy maiden!
So recent made a child of grace.*

To my right sat Miss Nannie;
Sang she like a mocking bird!
Her face aglow with youthful beauty,
As her peals of mirth I heard.

And just across—full before me,
Where my eyes could see and feast,
Sat Miss Mamie—last one mentioned,
But I say *by no means* least.

Eyes so bright the stars would envy,
Face so sweet, calm and serene;
Words as tender as saint could wish them,
With a merry laugh between.

Describe her? Hush! words do fail me!
Were my pen "an angel's quill"
Dipped in the effulgent "rainbow's fountain,"
The task would be undone still.

More earnest words I fain would say,
But 'twould never, never do!
Just infer the rest—till some fair, sweet day
When I'm as well and strong as you.

Two or three hours so short were spent
In pleasant words and sweetest song;
Some were sacred, some were funny,
Some were short, but none were long.

*A few days before she had been converted to Christ.

(But two hearts a meaning silence kept,
Nor our feast seemed to enjoy:
Miss Nannie lapsed into a restless calm,
While the Doctor did his time employ

In "making eyes" so slyly at her
That you'd hardly notice, though;
Yet I know he was in earnest,
Since he talks about her so.)

Time sped on—so pleasantly sped it
That almost ere we were aware,
Came the time for them to leave me,
Touch again my heart with care.

Disperse! Yes, as all things earthly,
However sweet, must have an end,
So closed our season of happy converse,
Ne'er itself to come again.

Long, long I've been an invalid,
I've many cheering visits had,
But I'm sure that no one ever
Made one hour more bright, more glad.

As a cascade in life's river,
Flashing 'neath the sun's glad ray,
It will live to sing forever
Of that happy, golden day.

As a green spot 'long life's journey,
It will in my memory be,
Till I'm lost to all things mortal,
Till I Fairer Scenes shall see.

Till we all, I hope, shall gather
In the Land beyond the sun,
And live in praise and sweet converse
"While eternal ages run."

THE SURE DESTINY OF MAN.

"*Dust to dust, ashes to ashes.*"
But,
"'*Dust thou art, to dust returnest,*'
Was not spoken of the soul."

—*Longfellow.*

I know that I MUST stop breathing some day,
I know that this body MUST moulder,
I know that this flesh—these limbs *must* decay
Before I am many years older.
Indeed, the dissolving of body and spirit,
So strange and to some, such a sorrow,
May come—God only can tell it—
May come irresistibly to-morrow.
Awake! we cannot be sure of a day—
It may be that ere goes *an hour*
We shall have passed forever away,
Having yielded to Death's awful power.
Yea, *an hour* is not surely given;
Next moment may come with death's blight—
This instant, like thousands of others so gay,
The next one, sunk in Death's night.

There is nothing bearing the semblance of life,
Whether animal or vegetation,
But that in time must yield, tho' in strife,
To the law that's been law since creation.
The flowers, the trees, the grass and the weed,
The insects and beasts so strong,
Must pass away to let others succeed,
Keeping pace to the Destroyer's song.
The birds of the air that so merrily sing
Sweet notes on each leafy bough
Must cease, to us a very small thing,
And it has ever been as it is now.

It seems sad even, that the flowers must fall,
The caroling bird's in Death's embrace mus lie,

But *sadder, stranger, more solemn than all*
That *intelligent* MAN must die!
That intelligent MAN with his powers of reason,
His *loves*, his *hopes*, and *his fears*,
Must lay down them all for Eternity's season,
Before the dread march of the years!
That intelligent MAN, building castles so great—
Ah yes! more solemn than all,
That he, howe'er high his earthly estate,
Like his building, to the earth must fall.
All this, to our dim vision seems strange,
Though not *stranger* than our *being* here:
And however strange we know it is true,
For each day brings Death's sorrow and tear.
Ah! take every man, yea, the billions of men
That have lived since this world began,
And follow them down, each one to the end,
And "*he died!*" It was God's wondrous plan.
Except two, the prophets, the kings and the queens,
The man who bowed down before gold,
The good, the evil, the poor and the proud, *their* end
Was "the same that has often been told!"

The scientific Huxleys and Darwins and Spencers,
The Ingersolls and infidels all,
With human learning's dim lamp, would be Faith's silly censors,
But *they, too*, Death's power will enthrall!
They use the sweet breath of life which their Creator has given,
To defame His great holy name,
BUT THEIR SCIENCE CANNOT LIGHT UP THE DARK "VALLEY OF THE SHADOW,"
And they sink amid Despair's awful flame!
"Unto all, unto each, whether skeptic or believer,"
"I come," saith the Reaper, "I come!"
"Whether disciple of Christ or of earth's great Deceiver,

I take thee to thy waiting, long home."
List! tho' as pure almost as the saints are in Heaven,
Though as vile as the vilest of Hell,
Tho' doubting and scorning from dawn until even,
They all bow to the messenger fell!
Yes! from the cradle to the tomb, thro' life's changing years,
Tho' they fought and dreaded and cried—
Tho' they shrunk, like us, with penitent tears,
We find at last that——THEY DIED!

Dead? are they, forever and aye?
Ah, no! 'tis the *body* that sleepeth;
Tho' dearly they loved it it turned unto clay,
While the *spirit Eternity* still keepeth.
* * * *
Since life is so dear, and we so fondly cling to it,
How unspeakably sad our fate,
If when we breathe our last, however we breathe it,
The soul dies to never awake!
But praise unto Him who's robbed death of its scare!
It dispels the fear and the pain,
That in "God's infinite somewhere"
We may sweetly live again.
Yet, O! if we dare to remain unforgiven
Till we breathe out our very last breath,
We have missed *all* in missing God's haven,
And die thus, *the last* "SECOND DEATH."

O, ye rich, who build mansions and palaces grand!
You may keep out the storms and the cold;
You may give out your orders with a dictating hand,
You may hug, like a phantom, your gold;
You may in fine linen and purple be clad,
And sumptuously fare every day—
You may at your feasts and banquets be glad,

Forgettting that grief has its day ;
You may shut out the tempest—drink deeper in sin—
And with your wealth supply each *earthly* call,
But the messenger, *Death,* will *surely creep in,*
And before him you surely will fall.

Oh, inevitable end awaiting every one!
A bridge to cross each for himself ;
We can hire no substitute to answer Death's summons,
Each one must die for himself.

Since then, O! all men, such must be our doom,
Then no change from Death's mighty power,
Let's lay down our whole hearts—give Christ in them room
To render us meet for that hour!
Grasp *right now* the moments so fleeting,
Ere they to Heaven's record speed;
Stamp each with Faith's own true heart-beating,
Some loving thought, some generous deed!
Thus for thyself and also for others,
Thy life will be a sweet boon,
Eclipsing *earth's gold, its gems and its pleasures,*
As the sun eclipses the moon.

Man, *frail* man! tho' high now thy station,
Thy feet tread on *fast crumbling* sand,
And sooner or later, in peace or confusion
At the great bar of Jehovah you'll stand.
Cast, cast in thy sickle with Faith's pure intention,
And reap the bright golden grain!
Fly! fly for your life to the Rock of Perfection,
Or you will have lived in vain.

THE SNOW AT SUNSET.

[NOTE.—About a year after I went to bed, a very heavy snow fell and lay several days. One afternoon the trees were beautified with icicles, and the other members of the family were going into ecstasies almost, over the beautiful sunset scene, when one of my sisters said: "I'll declare, Brother Willie ought to see this!" They came and hurriedly putting on my brace, helped me to the window, where, looking upon "the snow, the beautiful snow," the crystal flashing icicles and all the radiant glories of the setting sun, the following simple words came to me then, and after I had lain down. Some of them seem to me almost too simple for publication, but others like them, and I give them, with the thrilling circumstance that inspired them, trusting that the reader will well understand how, in my then extremely weak condition, to arise and behold such a scene was better felt than told.]

The snow has fallen heavy;
The day is almost done,
As I stand and gaze with raptured soul
At the lurid setting sun.

The ground is covered with spotless white
As far as the eye can see,
And many a stately oak and bush
Are between the sun and me.

Their twigs and boughs, with crystal ice,
Clad like a monarch's shrine,
Beneath the dazzling sun's bright rays,
Like glittering jewels shine.

Grand Mother Earth with carpet white
And trees bedecked with gems,
Just at the gorgeous close of day
Grandeur with beauty blends.

Where will you find a grander scene?
Before it the art of man
Pales as the moon and twinkling stars
Before the coming sun.

O Artist Great—O Hand Divine—
This beauteous scene hath spread!
Teach me Thy wisdom vast—Thy love, how pure!
And Thy power—O how dread!

And as the stumps and stones and objects dark,
The spotless snow dost hide,
Hide my sins, O Christ, in thy righteousness—
White robe of Thy blood-bought bride.

Teach me in all Thy glorious works
Thy beauties all to see,
And seeing, long and strive to reach
Up higher—unto Thee!

"MY NOM—ITS ORIGIN."

DEAR HOUSEHOLD—Away back in the autumn of 1890 our popular "Eugene Edwards" gave in the *Sunny South* an entertaining little note entitled as above, telling how he came to use his present *nom de ptume.* The thought occurred to me that I would some day tell how I first came to write over the name of "Earnest Willie."

During almost the whole of the year '87 (the first of the two years we lived at Powder Springs) Ma Belle Carmen, then a popular member of the "Household," urged me week after week to write for the *Sunny South.* But as I was then very feeble indeed, and especially as I had never come within the magic and fascinating touch of either the "Household" or "Letter Box," I was slow to yield to her kind entreaties. Finally when I did decide to write, I began casting about for an appropriate *nom de plume.* And while thus engaged, Cousin Beatrice (for such was Ma Belle Carmen—my "fourteenth" cousin, more or less) came in, and in talking about it, she said to me: "There is

a member of the "Household" who writes over the *nom* of 'Farmer Willie.' Suppose you let your *nom* embody your real name, and also be suggestive of your condition. How would 'Invalid Willie' do? Oh, by the way, you always believe in being very much in earnest about what you undertake; suppose you write as 'Earnest Willie.' How would that do?" I liked it right well, but somehow it sounded too juvenile; and I thought that after awhile I would change my *nom*, and I did try, but the people wouldn't let me. My first letter was a very simple one, and was sent to the Letter Box. I know it did not deserve the kind attention my invalid condition caused it to receive. A little later I wrote to the "Household," and continued to write there for two years over the *nom* of "Village Will," but the people persisted in calling me "Earnest Willie," seeming to prefer it. And so I decided to let them have their will, especially, since under their kindness, I had grown to like it better. Occasionally some one has confounded the name "Ernest" with the adjective preceding my real name, "Willie." To those who have been generous enough to say that the name "Earnest Willie" suits me because I seem to be in earnest, of course I feel very grateful indeed. Enjoying as I do, with the intensity of my nature, pure mirth and innocent jest, still, in the real and serious things of life, I do believe in being deeply in earnest. It is the very passion of my soul. Earnestness is the secret of nearly every man's success, and it is the lever that persistently pushes to completion nearly every movement for reform, whether it be great or small. Let a minister of Christ or any other speaker convince me first—aye, all the people who hear him, that he is in earnest—that his very heart and soul are in his work, and then he may break the rules of grammar if he wants to, just so he breaks and blesses human hearts.

The girls of my acquaintance sweetly call me "Mr. Willie"; the boys familiarly say "Will"; and many of those who have first known me through the paper call me to my face, "Earnest Willie." I like that, but oh, deliver me from "Mr. Upshaw"; it sounds so formal and chilly.

I can't endure, certainly not with pleasure and comfort, undue style and cold, stiff formality in anything. I love *geniality* and *congeniality, frankness, earnestness, heart and soul.* In fact, if I want to express my conception of that characteristic of heart and refined poetic taste which I admire more than anything else in a human being, I say: "She has *soul* about her," or "He has a *soul* in him as big as the sun that shines." And oh, how I love to see this warmth of heart and soul beam from the eyes and manifest itself in a warm, cordial grasp of the hand! It strikes me that I have strayed a little from my subject; but talking about the origin of my *nom* naturally led me into this. In looking back over all the letters I have written during these happy years, I fear there have been many which to the "wise and great" of the world may perhaps have seemed silly, but they have come from the heart of

"EARNEST WILLIE."

INTRODUCTION TO PUBLISHED LETTERS.

READER, LISTEN, PLEASE, AND READ EVERY WORD OF THIS INTRODUCTION BEFORE GOING TO THE LETTERS THAT FOLLOW.

In introducing these letters which have appeared in the *Sunny South* from time to time during the past five years of my invalid life, I feel it proper, indeed almost necessary, to preface them with some

words of explanation which will enable my readers the better to understand the circumstances out of which these letters grew, and thus understanding, look at them, as the people who first read them have done, through glasses tinted with benevolence and whitened with charity.

I do not like to make apologies, and I do not write this to create undue sympathy for the general make-up of my letters; but there are many things in them which I well know will not bear the critic's cold tri-square or the rhetorician's merciless chisel.

Of these especially do I wish to speak. First of all, they were written especially to and for young people, by a boy, young and almost uneducated himself, and hence contain much that is light and simple, and which I fear will not be considered very "massive" in thought by the "philosophers" of the world; but while I have earnestly hoped that my words would extend over the widest possible field, and entertain, cheer and bless wherever read, I have hardly hoped that they would reach the "Concord School of Philosophy" or any of the over-wise who worship at that and kindred shrines of proud science and lofty learning.

I have looked mainly for favor and an audience of patient charity among the earnest and simple, whose reasoning heads bow with glad and unreserved approval at the heart's sweet shrine of Faith.

And then, many of my letters are written in a conversational style, which the circumstances have often rendered a necessity. So many people have spoken to me kindly through the paper and in refreshing private letters, and sent me cheering little souvenirs of thoughtful charity and appreciation, that, unable to write and gratefully acknowledge all these things by private correspondence, I have been forced to mention them in my letters to the paper. I do not

publish all my letters that have appeared in the *Sunny South*, but only those which I hope will prove of somewhat general interest; and even these which do appear are not all in full just as they were first written. For the sake of the local interest to the members of the "Household" and "Letter Box," I would have been glad indeed to retain each name mentioned, but they will readily understand that such a thing was impracticable. Lack of space and a regard for the interest of the general reader have made it necessary for me to incorporate only those expressions containing a probable interest to strangers, an interest which would be much greater were it not that these strangers are wholly unacquainted with the peculiarly personal circumstances which prompted them; and, indeed, I fear that I have retained too many now, but it has seemed almost a necessity, to keep from breaking the chain of thought—*if* there *was* any chain.

After due consideration, and acting upon the approval of my publisher, I have decided to let my name or "nom" appear at the conclusion of each letter. While in one sense it seems a useless repetition, yet it will help these letters to "preserve their identity," as it were, and thus preserving their original appearance, they will seem less like far-off "newspaper articles," and more like the informal and homelike "letters" for which they were originally intended. I give them generally in the order in which they were written, bearing the date, so the reader may follow the progress of my invalid life—such a rare blending of affliction and rich, sweet blessings, and enjoy my letters, written generally without subjects, better than if they are read irregularly, without regard to their unbroken succession.

As stated in the preceding note as to the origin of my "nom," I wrote my first letter after months of

occasional but always earnest and persistent persuasion, never dreaming at the time that it would bring to me so many new friends, open to me a new and wider field for usefulness, and that from that simple little letter which follows here would grow all the rest and the book which I now gladly, yet humbly, present to the public, and especially to that audience whose gracious reception and cheering words of commendation and consequent encouragement have gladdened and refreshed my heart so much—words but for which many of these letters would never have been written.

Oh, how the first words spoken through the paper and in private letters surprised my heart and made it happy! How I lay here on my bed, so helpless then, and watched each week for these words which lighted up my room, softened my pillow, and fed in my heart that anxiety to know of having done some good, with which it so warmly burned!

As I think of those glad days that have lasted until now, and of the hundreds of far-away, unknown friends whose dear hearts lightened when they spoke those words, but whose faces I will never see on earth, my heart swells with a happy, grateful "God bless them all!"—a thankfulness to them and a gratitude to God which I can never, never tell! May I meet them all in Heaven!

And again, the greater part of these letters was dictated to an amanuensis, as I was too feeble to write them with my own hand; and I can tell you right now (if you do not know it already) that it is a much easier task to think and talk through one's own fingers than through the fingers of another.

I congratulate my readers, and myself too, I believe, that as a general thing I speak on a number of subjects in one short letter, so if they should tire on any one, the spell of *ennui* will not last very long.

My letters are not always serious. They would not be faithful "echoes" from my bedside if they were. Bits of natural pleasantry often mingle in the same letter with the more earnest feelings of my heart.

I am well aware (as you all will be when you read it) that my first letter is a very simple one (with two or three that follow)—too simple to have place in any book; and I publish it here, not for its intrinsic worth—no, no! but because it is my *first*—the plain little key, so to speak, which so unexpectedly opened the door into the room where lay, unknown, untouched, and undreamed of, so many possibilities for good, under God, and so much sweet happiness for me.

Oh! as I collect and again send out into the world these humble letters, the preparation of which has cost me so much anxious thought, and been often such a trial upon my meager strength, I can only follow them with my earnest hope and prayers that, holding the lens of charity close to your eyes and heart, you will be enabled to look through flaw and "mist and film and clod" to the cot and *heart* of the invalid boy from whom they come, catching for your daily life-battles that you now fight in that bodily strength which has been taken from him, some of the hope and cheer and gladness—above all, the sweet Christian trust, heavenly light and anchoring hope with which God has so abundantly blessed these years of my secluded life, leading you, as these blessed trials have led me, nearer unto Him, and nearer thus unto the radiant fullness of more useful, holier and happier lives, for Christ's sweet sake! Amen!

"EARNEST WILLIE."

FIRST LETTER.

DEAR AUNT JUDY AND "SUNNY SOUTH" BOYS AND GIRLS—Yielding to solicitations, many and frequent, and greatly to satisfy a long cheerished wish of my own, I come with a note for the "Letter Box," seeking admittance and hoping for a welcome. I feel that could you know my condition and the circumstances under which I write, you would not be as loth to receive me, as you would, were you to judge from my letter alone.

Three years ago, an active, healthy farmer boy of eighteen years, determined and buoyant, with far-reaching plans and bright hopes shining out before me, I am to-day an almost helpless invalid, having been confined to my bed for about twenty-eight months, embracing the holidays of the last three Christmases.

Ah! do I hear some of you say: "He has come among us with a bundle of sorrow, to becloud our pathway and dispel the sunshine of our circle!" Not so. I am of a vivacious, jovial nature, rejoicing when others rejoice, and weeping when others weep. Although I have been here so long, my "star of hope" has never gone down, and life is still for me, sweet, joyous and happy!

And now, Bonnie Sweet Bessie, a word—yes, a dozen words to you. Well has some one styled you "the queenliest queen of them all," for it took just such a warm, great big heart as beats within your bosom, to think of sending me that beautiful Christmas card. And then, the accompanying note, so full of condolence and sympathy, and breathing such a pure, sweet spirit—oh, how cheering it was to me as I lay here upon my couch of affliction!

"Dear B. S. B., as sweet as a rose,
How much I like you nobody knows!"

And, Dearie, indeed you are a dearie, how impressive your last letter was, and how sweet those words about "one who lies so uncomplainingly on his bed of affliction in a beautiful village, twenty miles from Atlanta." Cousin Bertram, who lives in Powder Springs, told me that those words were intended for me, and I just feel like saying so, and I am going to do it, "Bless your heart!" Do you know that I consider "Biopsis" from which you quoted, "Be not cast down," etc., one of the grandest pieces extant, and its author, McBeath, among if not the first of poets?

Polly Booker, I like your rhythmical letter very much, for I am fond of poetry, and sometimes try to exercise my *muscle* * in that direction myself.

Monk, my "enormous" friend, you are indeed a "captain," or perhaps I should say a "general." Your last letter was fine—both humorous and soulful.

All of the others—too many to mention—how nice your letters are! Sometimes when I read one of your elegantly written letters, I think, "If I had written that, I would think it something great." But enough. *May I? Can I? Must I come again?*

Sincerely,

"Earnest Willie."

Powder Springs, Ga., January 14, 1888.

*Special.—Probably the first impression of the reader on seeing "*muscle*" in this connection was that there had been some bad proof-reading. But no; and thereby hangs a little story. When I sent this letter to the paper, I intended it should read thus: "I am fond of poetry, and sometimes try to exercise my muse in that direction myself." But the printer made a most egregious mistake, putting "muscle" instead of "muse." The idea of exercising one's *muscle* in the art and work of composing poetry amused me so much that I commented on it in my next letter; and I decided to let the mistake appear here as it first appeared in the paper, so as to add to the ludicrousness of the idea of writing poetry as the axman cuts wood—by the strength of his arm and "the sweat of his brow."

SECOND LETTER.

To the "Letter Box."

Aunt Judy and "Cousins":

DEAR ALL OF YOU—Several things which combined make an aggregate of some magnitude (?), cause me to come back earlier, perhaps, than I otherwise should have done. They are things which, if let alone, might grow old to many, and thereby sink into the "sea of oblivion." In the language of Pearl, I have so many things to say that I hardly know how to begin. First of all, I would take off my hat (if I wore one), and make a most humble bow in grateful appreciation of the gracious welcome which has been extended to me, and the many kind words which have been spoken to cheer me. Let me assure you all, as Adams said in his independence speech, "They are deep and settled in my heart, and can never be eradicated."

Themis, it is funny about you thinking that Left and Ma Belle Carmen were the same. Left is a gallant young man, and Ma Belle Carmen is a sweet young lady with "Juno's stately air." They have been corresponding (so I'm told), and it is probable that they have so partaken of each other's nature that they are "like two falling raindrops which so beautifully coalesce that the identity of one is lost in the identity of the other."

"Will-o'-the-wisp," tell us something of your wanderings on the seashore, and whether or not you have "Maud" with you to help you "gather up the shells, and tell "what the wild waves are saying," while she listens to the "old, old story," and each vows to the other to be true.

Claire, here is my hand of welcome and sympathy. Poor boy! I know how to feel for you in your trying experience of disappointed "rose-bud" love, for I have a scar or two on my own heart.

Fairy Queen, you, too, will please accept a genuine welcome and a heart full of thanks for your words of condolence and sympathy. Please send the poem.

Golden "Goldie Ashburn," as from deep down in my heart I thank you for the kind words in your last excellent letter, I must also thank you for those sweet messages you have been sending me in your letters to beautiful Ma Belle Carmen, who is one of the most beautiful, and—yea, far better—noblest and purest pieces of humanity that God's hands ever made.

Spicy, what a spicy letter you do write! No one would have thought when he began to read your dashing "leap year" letter to the boys, that before you reached the end you would temper down to those sweet, comforting words to me.

Lynwood and Mizpah, your poems were excellent, so true, so good.

Mountain Cousin and Left, I extend to you a hand-clasp of sympathy in the loss of your father. I had never seen a relative of mine dead until last September when the reaper cut down a precious flower in our own family—a sweet little brother of eight years "with hair of sunny gold, and eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue." I lay upon my bed unable to go to his, and *oh how bitter those moments!* But the sympathizing Jesus helped me to bear it. I hope you are both Christians; if so, Christ will come and fill up the vacancy for you, as He has done for me.

Well, Pearl, I have been waiting to speak to you because I hardly know how to begin; and I thought that having once begun I would hardly know how to end. When I first read your letter there was a thing or two which I did not understand, and you can hardly imagine how I was bewildered with conjectures as to who "Pearl" was; but when I "had cleared the mists away" I enjoyed so much knowing that I was not the only one upon whom that memorable day

made a lasting impression. Yes, I have never yet ceased to feel grateful to the Central church Sunday-school for picnicking at Powder Springs on my account. That season of sweet conversation, that comforting talk by Dr. Stratton, those impressive prayers and those soul-stirring songs all combined make an occasion like a fresh oasis in my life of seclusion and trial which will freight my mind with pleasant memories as long as life shall last. Do you know that one *particular* face has often been before me since that day? It is the sweet face of that bright-eyed little girl who, in bidding me good-bye, warmly shook my hand and said: "I am *awful* glad I met you, but could not come in to see you this morning for fear the thought of your condition would so linger with me that my pleasure for the day would be spoiled?" Was that you, Pearl? And now about that kiss implanted on my "fair brow." I must confess that I do not exactly remember about it. It may be because since my affliction so many ladies have bent over me in tender passion and imprinted kisses on my "fair"(?) brow, that it is impossible for me to remember each one; but let me whisper that if you will just come back and repeat it, "while down life's dark vale I wander," it shall never be forgotten, but fondly cherished, not as the "last rose of summer," but as the first sweet flower of spring shedding its delicate fragrance backward o'er me as the mighty years roll on. I guess I have said enough, but—but—Pearl, don't fall in love with Sunflower or some other "Gate City" boy, for I hope to be well some day, and then there's no telling what might happen.

Skeleton, you are no skeleton at all. I could see the very heart pulsating, and the soul shining out through your letter. Welcome, and thanks, a great many, for your sweet words.

Sunflower, thanks—see there! I just have to say almost the same thing to every one. I know it sounds monotonous, but I feel the same toward every one, and I haven't versatility enough about me to express it in a dozen different ways.

Cousins, I have had several *bad "lucks"* since I wrote you last. First, a sweet sister married the second Sunday morning in February, so she and her husband came very near being each other's "valentine." As I lay here on bed unable to go into the parlor, they were married in my room. I think I never saw her look so radiant and pretty. And, of course, there were some tears mingled among our words and kisses of congratulation. God bless them both! Oh, would to heaven that their blended lives may be one continued Sabbath of joy! She used to read to me, and oh, I will miss her so much! Then a sweet cousin left us and went to her far away Kansas home. And now my eyes have so failed me that I can neither read nor write without pain. Indeed, I was able before to do very little of either, anyway, but I try to keep happy and hopeful and see the glowing sunshine beyond the present clouds.

I know that a proper regard for the poor printer and reader would make me stop right now, but I just must call your attention to a most ludicrous mistake that some typo made in my last letter. I said to Polly Booker: "I like your rhythmical letter. I am fond of poetry, and sometimes try to exercise my muse in that direction myself." When, lo! the printer made it read: "I try to exercise my muscle in that direction." Oh my! exercising one's *muscle* in composing poetry. How ludicrous! *Writing poetry by main strength. The very idea!* It makes me think of that little wag of a verse, too extreme, of course, but still so laughingly suggestive:

"The greatest fool, the merest clod
Can turn a verse by labor wrought;
But only he inspired by God
Can put within that verse a thought."

Now, for a time, good-bye. I meant to leave not a stranger unwelcomed, and to thank every one who had so graciously spoken to me. If I have failed, I did not mean to, so please blame neither my amanuensis nor my heart. That you all may be happy and grow nobler and stronger with each passing day, is the wish—the prayer of Yours 10derly,

"EARNEST WILLIE."

Powder Springs, Ga., April, 1888.

TWO DELIGHTFUL OCCASIONS.

Dear Letter Boxers—

"Oh! by night a flaming beacon, and a rosy cloud by day,
Will the memory of those faces go before me all the way;
Evermore the world is holy, and the radiance which they fling
Still baptizes with its glory every baser, meaner thing."

I had chosen another subject for this, my third letter to our much-loved "Box," but some recent circumstances have caused me to follow in spirit the injunction of Shakespeare: "When thou haply seest some rare, noteworthy object in thy travels, make me partaker of thy happiness." "Travels!" says some one, "How have you, a bedridden invalid, been traveling?" Well, listen: On Thursday, May 3d, the Central Baptist Sunday-school of Atlanta again picnicked at Powder Springs. And, true to the same warm, sympathizing hearts which caused them to

picnic here on my account last year, several of the kind brethren came up to my room, and placing me on a cot, carried me on their shoulders to the beautiful grounds surrounding the springs. What a scene! How I wish every one of you, with Aunt Judy to lead, could have been there! The day was one of animating brightness; hardly a cloud obscured the clear blue sky—the birds flitted through the balmy breeze and poured forth their chirping roundelays with musical sweetness, while the sun shone with effulgent splendor from the smiling heavens o'erhead, and everything in Nature seemed to wear an unsullied cloak of that purity so emblematic of the beneficent Creator. I was placed beneath some huge tree's ample shade, where, surrounded by many bright faces, and fanned by the refreshing breeze, I could lie and watch with eager interest both old and young at their playfulness; or see, perhaps, on some far-off rustic seat, a young man and maiden, who, as they sat, happy in each other's society, reminded me of days of yore, when, on the selfsame ground, I too, yielded to the magic spell produced by two bright eyes, and almost soared away on the wings of bliss.

It was my pleasure to meet on that most pleasurable occasion, the following kind and clever "Letter Box" cousins: Merle Monte, Themis, Cricket of Old, and last, but not least, Pearl. She it was, you'll remember, cousins, to whom, in my last, alluding to the kiss claimed to have been imprinted on my fair (?) row, I spake on this wise: Somehow, I do not xactly remember about it, but let me whisper, if you'll just come back and repeat it, while "down life's dark vale I wander," it shall never be forgotten, but fondly cherished, not "as the last rose of summer," but as the first sweet flower of spring, shedding its delicate fragrance backward o'er me as the mighty years roll on. Ah, me! did I hope that those would

be more than idle, fruitless words? Charitable, compassionate little being! I was just preparing to remind her of her momentous words, when,

Like a sister kind and true,
Who, for one long year had missed me,
She bravely stepped before them all,
And gently bowed her head and—*kissed me!*

She did not laugh as if she thought she had done something funny, or blush as if ashamed, but performed the gracious act with an air of complacency, innocent simplicity, tender gentleness and sweet compassion, as if her heart had been touched by the poor boy's sad condition, and she must express her sympathy in that "cousinly way." "Now, surely that couldn't be wrong."

After I had been served from different baskets with a most sumptuous and delicious picnic dinner, quite a number of kind friends gathered about my couch and sang for me some thrilling Sunday-school songs, led by Merle Monte, and her father, and oh, her voice as she sang, "It is well with my soul," I can almost hear it still! Did Christian believer e'er conceive or poet pen sweeter, more beautiful, more comforting words?

"When peace, like a river, attendeth my way,
Or sorrows like sea billows roll—
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,
It is well—it is well with my soul."

Yes, precious Jesus, in mirth's glad hour, and in sorrow's dark night, Thou hast not only taught me, but *helped* me to say, "It is well with my soul."

There are some hours "too pure to last"; a short season of sweet conversation with pretty little brown-eyed Clio, Pearl (indescribable), and many others, at whose hands I had been the happy recipient of much

thoughtful attention, and the parting hour came. Then with my heart welling up with appreciation which I could not express, the sad, affectionate good-bye was given, and one of the grandest days of my life was done; a day, the sweet recollections of which will go with me forever and for aye!

* * * *

There recently came another day, an account of which, should I fail to give, I feel that I would be unjust, both to you and to those who made it for me other than an ordinary day. On Saturday, May 26th, there was a mammoth picnic at Powder Springs, from Atlanta; but there was a special bright circle who came out to see Cousin Bertram. Bonnie Sweet Bessie was the queenly chaperon of fifteen or twenty of her friends, among whom was our genial, grin—no, *smiling*, Monk. As I was afraid to risk going to the grounds, they were good enough (bless their hearts!) to come up and eat dinner under the cedars in our yard. By gallant young men, kingly with kindness, I was borne out among them, where I partook of a dinner, which, while it lacked the pheasant tongues, was good enough for any king, and far better than many deserve. After dinner, Miss Annie Bradley, sister of the gifted Georgia artist, Horace Bradley, yielded to earnest solicitation, and gave two spicy recitations, which were rendered with a tact and naturalness truly fascinating.

Then several hours, so short, we spent,
In pleasant words and sweetest song.
Some were sacred—some were funny—
Some were short and *none were long!*

Indeed, nothing seemed long; the whole afternoon, which seemed too good for me, sped by almost like a passing dream. I wish I were able (mentally and physically) to give in thrilling detail a story of its hap-

penings. But soon, too soon, there came a time when I felt like singing or *sighing*, rather, "Oh, how sad to part with loved ones whom duty calls away." It was another time to say "good-bye"; it was another time when I could not express what I felt, for "somehow within my bosom the prisoned words stuck tight."

Friends—new friends and old ones, too—stand around my cot, their faces beaming with tenderness and sympathy. They give me a warm hand clasp, they speak a loving good-bye of cheering interest and happy hope and—are gone!

"Calmly and serenely sinks the sun
In the far-off western sky;
The deeds of this bright day are done,
And it, too, alas! must die."

But it can never die. The kindness of those friends, so refreshingly showered upon me, the sweet words of Christian comfort, the happy social cheer, and a hundred rare delights incident to such an occasion, but which no tongue can tell nor pen describe, will sweetly irradiate the chambers of memory, and bless the life encompassed therein, as long as I have a mind to remember and a heart to feel and love.

* * * *

Venus, more a queen by far than the vain goddess whose name she bears, should come more often with her letters, so merry with laughter and radiant with soul. Cousins, if Aunt Judy had not forbidden our passing compliments, I would tell you that Venus is one of the most beautiful girls "mine eyes ever beheld," and Monk will bear me out in this statement, though not in the presence of his Miss Minnie, eh?

Left, did you not enjoy the Cave Spring picnic as you stood on the bridge and gazed—not so much at the "ebbing tide," but at Cousin Bertram's dark eyes? Oh, should I have said it? Fairy Queen, the poem, "God Knoweth Best," which you sent me, is so sweet

and full of Christian comfort. Thank you earnestly for bothering to copy it for me.

I have received cheering private letters from a young lady at Watkinsville, Ga., who is herself an invalid, and a number of other unseen friends. They are all so bright, and seem written with such an anxiety to comfort and interest me! How can I thank you all enough for them? If I do not respond, remember my feeble condition alone prevents me.

For weeks past my room has been often laden with the fragrance of choice flowers, accompanied, too, by other spring delicacies, sent me by good and thoughtful friends. You cannot know how cheering to me are such marks of kindness as these, and the attention given me by *Sunny South* friends through their letters and otherwise, unless you were circumstanced as I am.

Such sweet tokens of kindly thought, showered upon me by so many, known and unknown, tend to soften my accustomed bed, and make as down my pillow. Humbly and affectionately,

"EARNEST WILLIE."

June, 1888.

A STORY—IS IT SAD?

(First "Household" Letter.)

Dear Mother Hubbard and Householders All:

A stranger comes with earnest rap,
  Your circle bright to join,
Hoping pleasure thus to gain
  Sweeter than earthly coin.

Hoping thus across his path
  To draw a gleam of light,
Where, tho' shadows often fall,
  'Tis not always night.

Hoping thus, by sweet converse,
To make life's sky more clear,
Which, circumstances as they are,
Might make seem dark and drear.

The remark of gay Southerner and one or two others, made some time ago, that we should not come to the "Household" with our tales of sorrow, and the recent stricture of Mother Hubbard against the portrayal of "dead hopes," causes me to almost tremble with fear and anxiety as I ask for admittance. Such words were no doubt written in an unguarded moment by one across whose sunny pathway dark clouds had never hung. Should not the "Household" be a mirror in which is reflected real life? and was there ever a life whose sky was always cloudless? One that did not sometimes mingle disappointment and sorrow in the same cup with their fleeting joys? Again, is the "Household" a place for the *suppression* or *expression* of feelings? Surely Southerner will say the latter; and I do not believe, when he thinks about it a little, that his noble heart would exclude all from the "Household" who have ever felt a pang of sorrow. I have not said this to create sympathy for myself; somehow I just got to thinking in this strain, and have said what I, in common with thousands of others, feel. Many have stories mixed with joy and sorrow. "Will ye listen to mine?"

Three years ago I was an active, healthy, farmer boy of eighteen years. I began the year's labor thinking it would be my last year, for a while, on the farm, during which I thought to leave not a stone unturned to make it a complete success, and at the end of which I was to start to school to educate and prepare myself for the great battle of life. The Star of Hope shone with almost dazzling brilliancy adown my pathway, which glittered with gems of health and

strength and happiness, while life, with gilded castles and glowing anticipations, spread out before me "like a balmy morning in June." Oh, how buoyant, how confident I was! Too much so.

For ere almost I had begun,
An accident befell,
From which I've lain these many months—
Yet I guess—yes, "all is well."
I saw the adverse waves dash high—
My little bark o'erthrown—
My structure fair to atoms go,
And my star go almost down.
I find myself past twenty years,
And prostrate still I lie;
And I hear Maud Muller's "might have been"
Whene'er I make a sigh.
But I've had a Hand Omnipotent
To help me on my way,
And in the darkest trying hours
It has ever been my stay.
That Hand has helped me e'er to say,
When all around seemed night,
"Blessed Father, even so,
For it seemed good in thy sight."

Almost helpless, can't even hold a paper, can't see well to read or write, and must have an amanuensis to write my letters for me. "Ugh! ugh!" says someone, "how gloomy, how dismal your story!" Well, my lot is not so much so; the sunshine often falls sweetly o'er my pillow, and I still feel and take a great interest in the outside world, especially in the pleasures of others, both old and young. I can almost say in the language of "The Bridge": "Only the sorrows of others cast a shadow over me."

Earnestly, pleadingly, Mother H., I did not want to write so much. I just got started, and, like the

old negro's sermon, "I couldn't bring the thing to a close." I will try not to do so any more. I know not how to better express my promise as to a future communication, than by an incident of the sweet (?) long ago:

When my older brother and I were little fellows (and we were bad ones) and would half way do some given task, father, instead of using the rod of correction, would make us trot around the house and say, amid tears, sobs and boo-hoos: "I'll—I'll do better next time, I—I'll do better next time." So, dear Mother Hubbard, please don't reject or clip me, and "I'll do better next time" by choosing a subject less dull and prosaic than myself to write about. I have written as I have that you all might know my condition and be better prepared to throw the mantle of charity over my present and future shortcomings. And now I must "off" and with wondering anxiety await your verdict. Most truly,

"VILLAGE WILL."

March, 1888.

TWO GOLDEN WEEKS.

Often referred to by the little circle of friends who enjoyed them as "July at Powder Springs."

"KATHLEEN DOUGLAS"—BEAUTIFUL MORALITY, BUT NOT ENOUGH OF CHRIST.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD—I am not going to proceed much further with this letter before I tell you all something, and if my story is crude and dull, it is all the worse for the story, for the facts were bright, thrilling and inspiring. First, though, let me ask you: Is it not sweet to have a friend whom you love as a friend, and who, in turn, gives many manifestations of love for, and confidence in you? Of course,

every one responds, "Aye, indeed, indeed!" And now that something is about a recent visit that our Gate City Girl made to our town, during which time she was the guest of our sweet and beautiful Ma Belle Carmen. She had been here but a little while when she came over to see me, and then, to my intense delight, she averaged almost twice a day for two whole weeks. Beneath her inspiring words and smiles, two of our boys were induced to prepare a nice croquet ground under a spreading mulberry tree near my window, where I could lie and watch with eager interest, as they "Ohed!" and "Declared!" over a hotly contested game. But the most interesting part of the game to me was, when our Gate City Girl, by skilful playing, would beat them all, and sometimes from mere fatigue, or mere *something else*, would quit playing and come in and sit down by my bedside and talk with a familiar, confidential air, while her words were as condoling as she herself was fair. Oh! how many (but not too many—yea, not half enough) little heart-to-heart talks we had, sharing and bearing each other's sorrows, and joying in each other's joy. It was my great pleasure to have her receive several callers in my room. They often gave me sweet music, sometimes with guitar, and sometimes with words of happy converse, in which chorus I could better join. As so many of my friends gathered around me day after day, each seeming anxious to do something for my pleasure, I seemed

Floating, floating, floating on the wings of bliss,—
Pleasures kindred to a world better far than this.

An ice cream supper and moonlight picnic was given one night at the hotel where we live, in honor of "our girl." A beautiful occasion indeed. When the last ice cream was eaten and the last "by-by" was said, quite a number repaired to the springs in delightful "groups of two," where, in the moon-

beam's misty light, they could sweetly while away the enchanted hours, talking of poetry, flowers and stars, and expressing, perhaps, such other feelings as the romance and grandeur of the occasion were well fitted to excite. How late did they stay? Of course as I was not there, I can't tell, but it is said that as they stood on the bridge, some one, thinking, perhaps, of Longfellow's kindred experience, suggested that they sing "I stood on the bridge at midnight," to which another replied, "To be consistent, you'd have to run the clock back a little," something like sixty or a hundred and twenty minutes, perhaps. That occasion was almost the end of the two grand weeks; one or two more days, and the sorrowful time came to say one last sad good-bye. When she had gone, the change seemed so great that I felt like *sighing:*

Sinking, sinking, sinking 'neath a melancholy wave,
Those sweet two weeks forever past, with the pleasures that they gave.
All our sweet little confabs ended;
All our heart-to-heart talks are past,
And sad-hearted, lonely am I,
For she's gone at last, at last!

The croquet ground is now deserted, and things are about *in statu quo ante venit*, except a few hearts wounded by Cupid's merciless darts.

The several young men to whom she came with bright brown eyes, "her merry laugh and ringing, into their silent hearts once more love's magic music bringing," have returned to their wonted employments; the one to his Latin, the other to his merchandise, and still another ——, but not much returning there. He just said he was going down to Atlanta and stay two or three whole days, and he did. Comment is unnecessary. As for me, I alluded to the time as

"forever past with the pleasures that it gave," but not so, for

"Sweet the voice of one beloved, sweet is music's witching tone;
Sweeter far the lingering whispers of a joy remembered, flown."

Then as a nice capping-stone to that season of social feasting, Mother Hubbard, our own Mother H., whom I had never seen, came out with three friends and spent the following Sunday with me. She had been in but a little while when I impatiently called to "see my mamma." She came, and there was a look of deep, sweet tenderness on her face as I grasped her hand and said: "My friend, my mother, and my sister!" I am not going to tell you what took place next. Why? "Just 'cause I aint." Soon she ushered into my room her friends; J. F. S., a genial, cultured soon of Erin—not a *green* son of Erin, but a son of *green* Erin; then "Georgia" and "Flora," the latter, sedate and stately, the former a girl with brown eyes and sunny hair and just as funny as funny could be. It was a sweet, sweet day, but, like all things temporal, must needs come to an end. Recurring to it will ever afford me pleasant and tender memories. I—I was just thinking of asking who was to take charge of the "Household" when—when what? I am a "naught*ee*" boy; I should not jump so hurriedly at conclusions. * * *

Veritas, I feel honored and grateful that you devoted so much of a recent letter to me. My eyes, though not strong, are much better than they have been. Much success to you in the sale of your poems, so full of *soul* and blessing.

Verder, your fishing experience was superb. As I think of that mountain stream as it comes "rolling, plunging, tumbling, whirling, foaming, dashing,

splashing over the rocks," I feel that I would like to have my cot moved near enough to be covered for awhile with its cooling spray. Oh, how refreshing it would be on one of these hot August days!

And Rosa Alba, sweet friend, you whose letters have been so instructive, so sweet, so ennobling—you too, bear a cross. Ah, now it seems that I can see through your letters that sweet peace and tempered sunshine which heaven-blessed adversity gives. If you can tell your sorrow, won't you write and tell me what it is? I may never be able to reply, but I have long wanted to know more of you. "One touch of Nature makes the whole world akin."

Muda Hetnur, I am glad of an opportunity to tell, though briefly, what I think of the *Sunny South* and what it has done for me. Cited to it by our Ma Belle Carmen and drawn nearer still by its intrinsic worth, I have been, since my acquaintance with it, one of its most enthusiastic admirers and advocates. To it, more than any other temporal agency, am I indebted for instruction, pastime and pleasure. For general enterprise, variety and purity of matter, it stands, I think, without a peer in the South, and is an honor to Southern, indeed to American, *literary* journalism. * * * * * *

There was a sentence in your letter, Muda, which does my heart good: "I wish you all would let me see in your letters that you believe in Jesus Christ and Him crucified." Just here let me express my one and only objection to "Kathleen Douglas." It is one of the grandest stories I ever read or heard read. The genius seems almost unapproachable; and the moral tone is so pure and high, the delineations of characters so vivid and natural, and the lessons taught so wholesome and practical, that one can but warmly admire it; yet there is not quite enough of *Christ* in it. *Morality alone, alone can never save a person.*

You may be confirmed by a thousand bishops, confess to a thousand priests, or be baptized seventy times in the river of Jordan, and it will do no good unless the heart is right—unless it has been *made new by the blood of Jesus.* "Marvel not that I said unto you, ye must be born again." There must be a new heart and a consequent newness of life. * * *

I had several other things I wished to notice in this letter, but I see it is now much too long. I just get "wound up and it seems I can't get wound down."

Waving an earnest, affectionate good-bye to brothers, sisters, mother and all, I am always and ever truly, "VILLAGE WILL."

Powder Springs, Ga., September 1, 1888.

SUNSET THOUGHTS.

[Suggested one Sunday afternoon as I lay on my bed and watched, through my open window, the young people going to and from the springs.]

The day's great sun is setting,
'Twill soon be out of sight—
Now hills and treetops fretting,
With golden, mellow light.

Young men and maids are walking
With glad hearts to and fro;
To each other they are talking
Of things that come and go.

Some think, no doubt, of their winsome graces,
As with each gay step they move,
While others, perhaps, with blushing faces,
Hear the sweet, old story of love.

They seem, indeed, most happy now—
Almost without a care,
Little thinking that the morrow
May hold for each a snare.

Ah, young hearts, life's journey beginning!
The way may be rough and long,
And Sorrow oft may sup with them
When they've bidden Joy alone.

Castles fair which they have builded,
May totter, shake and fall;
But may they feel that God so willed it,
To Him their hearts to call.

The future, that great, eventful time,
Spreads its morn on fleeting wing;
May they e'er be cheerful as it bears them on,
And mid thorns and roses sing.

May God guide their wandering feet
While through this life they roam,
That they may here be rendered meet
For that snareless, painless Home.

Powder Springs, Ga., 1887.

"I JUST CAN'T HELP IT!"

DEAR LETTER BOXERS—If I could have written many weeks ago when I was brimful of my subject, and when my letter would have so soon succeeded my last, for which I apologized in good earnest, I intended to ask you all to quit shrugging your shoulders and breathe easier, please, for I came back then as I now have done, "just because I couldn't help it." You all have said many things which have impressed me—"gotten hold of me," as it were, but until then, nothing had been said which so completely stirred my soul as that birthday letter of Lisette. I refer to that letter in which she tells of her nineteenth birthday, and how her heart palpitates at the thought, "Nearly a fifth of a century old, and what have I useful done?"

She gives a retrospective glance down those nineteen years—feels how little she has done—is seized with the impulse to do some grand, noble thing in life, and, standing with bated breath and hand to brow, peering into the dim, uncertain and eventful future comes to her "Letter Box" friends, saying, "*What can I do? Please advise me.*"

Her reverie carried me back—not far back, but to a time forever gone—that glad and hopeful time, when I began to approach the threshold of young and buoyant manhood. I remember how with each recurring birthday, as I began to realize what the world expected of one of my age, I shuddered almost, to think how poorly prepared the present found me to meet the responsibilities of the future. It carries me back now to that happy time just preceding my misfortune, when "Hope, that bird of viewless wing, sang in my heart the livelong day," and suns of glory and castles of promise seemed to lift me to the very skies. But ah! those suns have gone down, those castles have fallen! "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight."

I thought much and pleasantly of her letter at first, and would have been so glad of an opportunity to tell her and you all what I felt; but was then, and indeed am now, too feeble. I fear that if I ever held any honeycomb in my hands, much of the honey has dripped through my fingers as I have been so long in bringing it to you.

It seems that it should be the ambition of every young person, starting out in life and recognizing the fact that, though when taken day by day, life often seems long, it is really so short at best, and that death in some form is the common and inevitable fate of all; that so many millions, yea, billions of men and women of like passions, like longings, like dreads, like hopes, like loves and like fears, stepped, hundreds and thousands of years ago, whether willingly or unwillingly, from the stage of action, and gave up forever the

sweet life to which they so fondly clung, and have been so long forgotten by the world, viewing, too, such startling mortality around them every day, and knowing that their own glad hearts, "though stout and brave, still like muffled drums are beating funeral marches to the grave." I say, it does seem that it should be the earnest wish and ambition of all such persons to do all the good they can in the world. Then when the final summons comes, as come it must and will, the world will be better for their having lived; otherwise, when we die, it is like dropping a pebble into a lake—the tiny waves go out for a little way, and all is over; and both the stone and its grave are forgotten.

But if our lives have been to the glory of Him who said, "I will: be thou whole," they will live on in the hearts of our friends, gathering momentum and widening their influence until, leaping from fleeting Time into vast Eternity, they swell the anthems around the throne of God! But if they be evil, *O how evil!* In view then, of these fearful yet glorious facts, let me ask you: Would you be great, and rich, and good, and do grand, noble things? Then "seek ye first the kingdom of Heaven and its righteousness, and all of these things (all things needful and right) shall be added unto you." When that is done—when your heart has been made new by the blood of Jesus, then will you realize as I once could not, but now have done, that "religion never was designed to make our pleasure less." It makes pleasures more pleasurable and pain more tolerable, flooding seasons and circumstances of adversity with a glorious light that turns sorrow into joy and mourning into rejoicing. Hear Tom F. McBeath's golden words:

"God gems thy pathway with opportunities
Thick as the summer dewdrops on the grass,
Rich with His promises. But, manna-like,
They must be gathered ere the sun be risen,
And seized upon the instant, else they breed
Within the heart a never-dying brood of worms
Armed with stings of vain regret, and to a loathsome
Hell of torment, turn the paradise of memory."

What words! Read them twice—read them a dozen times, and when you have found that "peace which passeth understanding," let me earnestly say in these words from my own heart:

Be vigilant, earnest, true and good; and as time flies on its way,
At evening stop and humbly ask: "what have I done this day?"
What have I done to comfort, cheer, lift up my fallen race?
To honor, bless my Saviour dear, and make glad His pain-marred face?
What have I done? Then *awake, awake!* and press with patient vigor on!
Sweet weal 'twill give, you'll grander live, and wear, one day, a fadeless crown.

Oh, how glad I would be to know that what I have said has done, or will do, somebody some good! *Will I ever hear, I wonder?*

* * * *

West Virginia Flower, my sister in affliction, I rejoice to hear that my letters are a comfort to you. God bless you, and help you to ever hear the voice of Jesus saying:

"The flame shall not hurt thee—I only design,
Thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine."

Snowbird, you have my heart already. Your poem, "Twilight," was worthy of a "bard sublime," as were also Selgern's "Eternity is a Boundless Ocean," Lyn-

wood's "Fleeting Years," and Cyclo's parody on "The Day is Done."

And Lilian Lee, your lines on a "poetic nature" struck me as very discerning and sage-like. No, Mrs. Geoffrey, I have never read "The Heir of Redclyff." I heartily appreciate your comparing me to noble Charlie Edmonstone, and Passion Flower's saying I reminded her of "brave, patient Max Arlington." Would that I were worthier of comparison with such noble characters. And here I am reminded that Pearl compared me to an "angel lent from heaven," and sweet and generous Songbird agreed with her. Now, of course, I appreciate the spirit which prompted such words, but I know that such praise is very extravagant. I wear a very terrestrial look, and haven't the slightest appearance of wings. Then, too, I have had enough struggles with Old Adam to know that "in me dwells no good thing." If there is any good in me, God put it there. By "His grace I am what I am."

* * * *

Melancholy Will, why intimate a fear that your words were not welcome. I love to talk to a Christian young man—one who is planted on the Rock that will stand for time and eternity.

Thank you, Starling, for your offer to copy some of Clara Bush's poems for me. I will read them with pleasure and love you for your kindness.

Fidelle, Specks, Cecil—but, oh, I just can't mention all for want of space—thank you and bless you for words of kindness. And, cousins all, forgive me for a broken promise; I spoke in good faith when I promised not to write so long again.

Ere this infliction reaches you all, perhaps, I shall have passed my twenty-second birthday (October 15). I almost shudder. *Unequal, unworthy!*

Now one little favor, and I shall have done: Please, every one of you, send me your picture. It would

give me so much pleasure to lie here and study your faces, instead of counting the knots on the ceiling. The request is small, please grant it, and I will love you—but how can I love you better?

Sincerely and anxiously,

"EARNEST WILLIE."

October, 1888.

[NOTE.—This letter brought me an unusual number of sweet and cheering letters from my unknown friends, and tender friendships, the memory of which will bless my heart and life as long as I have either.]

A SIMPLE CHAT.

DEAR BAND—How many of you like to talk, and what kind of talking do you like best? There are times when I like a *tête-à-tête*—a heart to heart talk with a congenial friend; there are other times when I would increase the number to two or three, and there are still others when I would gather about me a whole roomful and engage in a general confab—one in which every one enters with watchful zest, and where cutting but charitable criticism, sparkling repartee, flashes of wit and gleams of genius, make things pass as happily and merrily as a marriage bell. This is one of those times. How I would love—not like, but love—to gather you "Letter Box" folks around me this afternoon, and indulge in such a conversation, while, as some one might suggest, the winds moan and the clouds weep tears of sorrow over the defeat of the Nation's great leader and the South's true friend, the considerate and brave, the conscientious and impartial Grover Cleveland.

What would we talk about? Our paper, the *Sunny South*, of course, and such subjects as its columns treat and suggest—literature, religion, city life, country life, politics, romance and matrimony.

And when these would be exhausted or interest flag, we could chime in a few words about "health, craps and the weather"; and when the sweet season had ended and the sad good-bye had been given, I should then have looked on the faces of a circle of friends who, though unknown, have contributed so much to my happiness, while they had looked on the face of a boy whose bright dreams have been broken and whose star of earthly hope has for a time gone almost down, but who, by the help of the Master's arm and the presence of the Master's Spirit, is thankful and happy still. * * * *

Yes, Patty Smith, we are glad to see you. And you have a best girl, have you? Well, I was sixteen once like you, and like you, I had a "best girl"; I hope you and your little lass will have smooth sailing, but the memory of an experience that was chequered and eventful, bids me waft you—Be manly, be careful, my friend.

Lucile, two things move me to welcome you warmly: You spoke so sweetly and kindly of me, and then you promised a kiss to the first one who held out a welcoming hand. I decided at once to file my claim. *What means of transportation can we devise?*

Pearl, my sweet and generous little girl, what are you sorrowing about? If my earnest interest, my sympathy, my prayers, as well as those of many others, are worth anything, then cheer up! Seek with determined, humble and unreserved heart and self, the "Pearl of Great Price"; it will impart to sorrow a golden tint and give to life its sweetest joy.

Patsy was the first one to send her photo, accompanied by a sweet little note. No wonder a cousin who has been corresponding with her, in a private letter to a friend, alluded to her as "darling Etta." Bashful Tom, of North Carolina, sent me his photo a few days since, accompanied by a most side-splitting letter. I wish I could give an extract or two. I

have often asked girls if they ever saw a pretty boy. and contended that few, if any, such creatures existed; but this "Bashful Tom" has about converted me, "If he gets a chance, perhaps he will make a man, some day, as great as their Zeb Vance."

That my group of treasured faces may be more complete, let me ask that all (whose ages will admit) write the "number of years of their pilgrimage" on the back of their pictures, and that those who are Christians tell to what denomination they belong. It will attach to them a unique interest for me, as well as the many friends who visit me, and eagerly look at and study the faces of my unknown friends. I do hope that every one of you will respond. Of course I cannot send my picture in return, as I have no opportunity of facing a camera. May be I will have some day. All who thus remember me will contribute greatly to my pastime and pleasure; and

No matter how pretty or how ugly,
How little, how large or how slim,
I will keep always in my heart, dear,
"One green little corner" for them.

November, 1888. "Earnest Willie."

A CHRISTMAS GREETING.

Affectionately dedicated to the "Letter Box" circle of the "Sunny South" by Earnest Willie.

[Note.—This poem was very hurriedly composed, in an effort to complete it by a certain hour, ready for the Christmas issue. This amusing little incident connected with its composition may interest the reader: I was exceedingly anxious to get it ready by noon, so as to send it to Atlanta by my brother, who was going on the train. I saw that, in order to complete it, I would be compelled to leave out some thoughts I had intended to incorporate in it. Thus I hurriedly finished it and gave to my brother, who carried it to the depot. Learning that the train was late and being greatly dissatisfied with my poem, I seized a pen, turned on

my side and rapidly wrote the verse next to the last. My little sister took it and ran to the depot, clipped the last verse from the manuscript, and pinned the one I had so hastily written just above it. It almost makes my heart beat faster now to think of it all again. Soon the belated train came puffing along, but it found and left me with a heart more at ease than it was an hour before.]

'Tis Christmas, my chums, and I greet you
With a heart running over with love,
With a feeling akin, I'm persuaded,
To that felt by the dwellers above;
From ocean to ocean, I salute you—
Across this mighty, broad land—
And from Britain's domain to the Mexic sea—
Our merry and rollicking band.

Little less than a year you have known me,
Have listened with patience serene
To my long and often dull letters,
And have read in the lines between,
A story which to some seems a sad one,
But which is tempered by halo of light,
To the beauty of which you have added
By your letters so sparkling and bright.

Each week, with the keenest of interest,
I have gladdened to gather you around,
And have listened each time ever fondly
To your words, whether light or profound;
I have watched your little flirtations—
Have seen how jocund and gay,
And have laughed with a heartiness refreshing,
Over your sports in many a way.

But when stories of sadness and heartaches
Have dropped from sorrowing pens,
I, too, have sorrowed to hear them,
And now ask that God who sends
The sunshine to brighten the flowers,
And rains down His blessings on all,
Will pour in the balm of his healing,
And free each heart of its gall.

Only a year, yet in this time
I have come to know and revere
And reflect, with a heart ever thankful,
On your words of comfort and cheer;
And altho' at extravagant praises
My heart has sometimes been pained,
I have honored the spirit that moved them,
And longed to merit the same.

Some few have sent me their pictures—
Boys manly—pretty girls every one,
And with a heart that is grateful and anxious,
I am waiting for others to come.

* * * *

You are young—your hearts light and joyous,
And before you the morning of life
Spreads its wings like the sunshine of Maytime,
Dispersing the clouds and the strife;
God grant that your bright dreams of pleasure
May never be broken like mine,
Nor your plans of success in the future
Be scattered by adversity's wind;

Unless it should be for your making—
Should help you to feel and confess
The goodness and might of Jehovah,
And your own sin and frail helplessness;
And then may His power to comfort,
So sweet, so sustaining and free,
Be given to kiss ever your pillow,
As He's so graciously given it to me.

Together we have happily journeyed
Through the balmy and beautiful Spring,
Whose days were bright as the songs which Hope
In each heart continues to sing;
And hand in hand through the Summer,
Some days so parching and dry,
Like the desolate heart which thro' life and in death,
Refuses on God to rely.

Then Autumn with its fading and falling,
Its harvests of fleece and of gold,
Has come with its striking monitions,
Mem'ries tender and dear to unfold;
And all along, with its feverish heart-throbs,
We have seen the great world at our side;
We have heard the dread clash of great parties
In their power and envy and pride.

And, alas! we have heard with hearts bleeding,
The death-wail of thousands and more,
Among whom were monarchs and princes,
Whose crowns could not keep from the door
Of their kingly and jewel-decked palaces,
The pale, breath-taking Messenger, drear,
Before whom, we too, may be fallen
Ere the close of the coming New Year.

Thus musing, we are borne on Time's current
To the chill feet of Winter's gray Queen,
To amend for whose gloom she now offers
Our mirth-giving Christmas again;
That season, in memory of Christ's birth-time,
The beams from whose death on the tree,
Have shed light o'er sin-darkened nations,
And bidden woman, once captive, go free.

Though hemmed in from the world and its people,
Where I was wont much pleasure to gain,
I waft you pure bliss from the bedside,
Where for four Christmas days I have lain,
And remember, that while you are basking
In the holidays festive and gay,
This invalid boy is then asking
God's sunshine to brighten your way.

And now, dear comrades, I must leave you—
My wish to say more, now repress;
May this be to each, as it should be,
A season of glad thankfulness;

And may we all with pure faith and endeavor,
Ask each day, "*What have I done?*"
And grow wiser and purer and better,
Till the final grand Christmas shall come!

Powder Springs, Ga., Christmas, 1888.

A DAY OF BLISS.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD—It is Christmas day, and I am happy. Strange it may seem to some that although prostrate on a narrow bed where for four successive Christmas days I have lain, and where I have been compelled to lie and watch the temporary and perhaps final dissipation of my sweetest earthly hopes, my cherished plans and brightest dreams, I am still resigned and often happy. Why am I thus happy to-day? Without, the sun shines with the brightness of June, and the whole earth seems wreathed in the sunniest smiles of the beneficent Creator; while within, thank God, all is peace and joy and love. The room is simple, the walls undecked and plain, but greater wealth than costly environments is the tender love of a self-sacrificing mother and father, manly brothers and affectionate sisters. And sweeter, I trust, than all these is the fact that the Saviour is near and dear to me, and in my heart there dwells a "peace the world can neither give nor take away." Though often alone, I am *not alone;* what sweet communion is mine! For although for me the "stately ships" with their golden cargoes have gone on, perhaps forever, "to the haven under the hill,"

"I still feel the touch of a hand ne'er vanished,
And the sound of a voice never still."

When I think of what I once was, a wicked irreligious boy, inclined to laugh at and consider as dull the Christian's life; and then remember how I was led by a gracious Hand from the horrible pit of sin

and pride in which I had reveled, and given a new heart—one that enabled me to loathe the evil within me, and love Christ, His people and His cause; and remember, too, that this great blessing came before my misfortune, preparing me for it—I say when I remember all this, it seems *too good for me,* and my heart feels like singing:

"Amazing grace—how sweet the sound!
That saved a wretch like *me;*
I once was lost, but now am found;
Was blind, but now I see."

Though stricken down on the threshold of a young and buoyant manhood, with fond hopes and inviting castles crushed before my eyes, I can still feel happy if I can only have evidence of having said or done something that was of comfort to some Christian, or was the means of leading some unconverted person to that Saviour who has been to me so precious. Just to think that that grace to which I was so long a stranger is now shed upon me in such cheering fulness, bathing my pillow in its refreshing light, and on the bosom of whose stream I sometimes seem to float and bask with unspeakable joy!

Oh desolate must be the heart and hungry and unsatisfied the soul which cannot at all times, and especially as a solace in adversity, feed on the manna of Heaven! And just as the day seems so peaceful and heavenly, the mail comes and brings from "Georgia" a little souvenir, entitled, "Heavenly Peace," and bearing on almost every page some Bible words containing "peace." God bless her and all who have by word or deed helped to brighten my secluded life!

CHRISTMAS DAY AND INFIDELITY.

Sweet day! in commemoration of the birth of Him whose life, death and teachings have been more to the happiness—the regeneration and purification—the general uplifting of mankind and the emancipation of

woman, than all things else beside. Ah, yes, they have been all and done all that has been done. Well may we sing with raptured souls:

"Joy to the world, the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King!
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And Heaven and Nature sing."

Oh! that it were joy to the *whole* world! Oh, that weak men and women, with weak hearts and weak natures, who know not how to control themselves, would receive and lovingly obey the *true* King! Oh, that he might have room and reign supreme in *every* heart; and that *all* people—every member of this great family in our own favored land, and "every kindred, every tribe, on this terrestrial ball," might join this day with Heaven and Nature in singing:

"To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all!"

Surely only those will "refuse to sing who never knew our God." *God pity those who cannot sing because they do not know Him.*

Poor Ingersoll! Poor Hume! Poor Voltaire! Poor Huxley! and their followers and dupes, who spend their lives, their energies and their talents in the pursuit and advancement of cold and lifeless theories *that bring no comfort to themselves nor any one else!* With "oppositions of science falsely so-called," and a blind, aimless, anchorless, hopeless, comfortless skepticism, they would, it seems, put out that light, the regenerating and purifying influence of which has gone into the dungeons and dark places of sin and vice, where despair and misery reigned supreme, and infused life, hope and joy instead—lifting depraved and wretched characters to lives of virtue and honor—filling their hearts with a new and holy affection, and clothing them with garments "e'en whiter than snow"—a light whose beams from Calvary's brow have so long been

a "lamp unto the feet and a light unto the path" of millions of fallen men and women, and which shines out before glad and hopeful youth, inviting them onward and upward, and helping them to steer clear of those rocks and reefs of society, on which so many have been temporally and eternally wrecked; and finally, handing them down to the waiting graves, not only in peace, but in joy! They would wrest from the hand of stooping old age that golden staff on which he trustingly leans for support, as his tottering steps approach the brink of the tomb, while the light from the Star of Bethlehem which has guided him so safely through the wilderness ways of life, shines over across the dark, chill river of death, breaking upon his enamored vision the blissful glories of beyond, and causing him to long with anxious heart for the glorious home of the soul." THEY WOULD DO THIS. AND FOR WHAT? Endeavoring to distract with doubts the trusting Christian, and to prevent the nominal believer from yielding his old heart for a new one to that God and Saviour who is the "Prince of Peace"; *they would consign themselves and all others to a grave of rayless gloom, blackness, annihilation, oblivion!*

And this is what infidelity offers us for the glorious peace and joy that comes from believing and trusting in Him, who, through all the vicissitudes of life, can lighten and sweeten sorrow and intensify joy; and who can at last light up our way through the "valley of the shadow of death," and make a "dying bed as soft as downy pillows are."

Poor unbelieving men and women! What have they to hope for? Blinded by the deceiver and destroyer of souls and led captive at his will, they prostitute their learning and talents to the ungrateful, yea, blasphemous practice of defaming their merciful Creator's name, and their "knowledge" instead of being the "wings wherewith they fly to Heaven,"

will, I fear, be a stone about their necks. Drifting, sinking—soon they are gone! God pity them and pity all who cannot see and feel in the Christ of the Bible, the Christ of prophecy and the Christ of history, a "Saviour so precious, a helper so divine!"

Oh, Clarissa Johns! My "Household" sister—you to whom a life of labor and seclusion seemed such a galling yoke—let me ask you, let me urge you to go for help and comfort to Christ who has "suffered like as we." Little more than a year ago the reaper, Death, invaded for the first time, our home, and cut down a precious little brother of eight years, with sunny hair and "eyes the reflection of Heaven's own blue." Bitter as was that hour of sudden bereavement, it was made more so by the fact that I lay on my bed unable to go to his; but He who said, "I will not leave you comfortless" came and lightened the burden for me, as He has ever done in all things else.

Is there within you an aching void—a sore unrest? Then go to Christ, feeling assured that if you but go aright, He will come in and fill up the vacancy for you as He has done for me. Learn a lesson from Him, who, though God of the world, yet as a man and Saviour had not "where to lay his head," and who, thorn-pierced and weary, murmured not as He journeyed along the way from Jerusalem to Calvary. *And all for us!* Hear Him say with more than a father's heart and love, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Take His yoke upon you and learn of Him and you will find rest for your soul, for, "His yoke is easy and His burden is light." Do this, and there will come to you that peace and contentment that wealth and learning cannot give. Do this, and there will break into your heart that peace "which passeth understanding"—a peace to "worldly minds unknown —the "wondrous something that brightens pleasure

and pain," and which will shed a halo about your footsteps all along through life, and light your pathway to the grave.

Bereft, yet happy,

Chistmas Day, 1888. "VILLAGE WILL."

[NOTE.—This piece, beginning with "Christmas Day and Infidelity," and concluding with the words, "a Saviour so precious,—a helper so divine," was very sweetly and beautifully spoken by a noble, Christian young man, Mr. J. D. Johnston, at the Christmas ('91) entertainment of the "McBeath Literary Circle." The author mentions this, because he thinks the attention of some one else may thus be called to it, and led to recite it on some appropriate occasion. It would certainly do his heart good to know that by its being thus rendered, an audience, or even a single person in some distant community, had been impressed with the tender and suggestive beauty of the Christian's Christmas day, and the awful folly of dreary and hopeless infidelity.]

MOVING BACK HOME.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS—(That is the order in which they are generally written, though it does seem that, by virtue of their excellence, *girls* ought to come first, doesn't it?) That thing in my last letter which is not the "soul of wit," prevented my telling you of an event which, though of little importance to this great big world we live in, so impressed one of the atoms that compose it, that he feels inclined to tell you all about it. Two years ago, for considerations not necessary to mention, we moved to Powder Springs (my friends walked and carried me there on a litter), and now we have moved back to our country home, three miles out of town. Dear, genial Powder Springs, how it is generally loved as a place of residence. And I feel that whatever an eventful future may bring, I can look back upon the two years spent in that little town as among the most important of my life.

It was mine to pass through lights and shadows there, and tender memories, both sad and happy, clingingly cluster about me. There my bright-eyed little brother, Glenn, whose musical voice seems fresh in our ears and hearts to-day, was suddenly taken from our arms by the hand of Death, and even now mine involuntarily go out to clasp him. There I heard my little sister, Sallie Blanche, tell of her conversion—her happy trust in Christ; and on a bright Sabbath morning in August, I was borne by generous hands to the creek near the springs, and there at the water's edge, with happy heart and eyes that glistened with joy, I saw her with other dear friends, follow her Saviour into the water, "be buried with Him by baptism and raised up to walk in newness of life," as His blessed words and example so beautifully teach. (It was at the same place, just three years before that Sunday, that I, with another sister, was baptized by the same loved man of God.) After the delightful and impressive service, I was carried to the church, where I heard a glorious sermon on the temptations of Christ, and tender farewell words from our long-loved pastor, Elder A. B. Vaughan, after which I was carried to the house of a noble friend near by for dinner; and although I had expected to return (or be returned) home that evening, I was carried from house to house for a whole week—a continual feast of social, vocal, instrumental and sacred music that I love so well; and I felt like hiding my face as so much unmerited attention and kindness was showered upon me.

At Powder Springs I saw in my own room a sweet sister, Addie Lee, take the solemn marriage vow, and become Mrs. Lindsey; and now little Dora Oneill (just the sweetest little creature in the world!) cheers us with her baby prattle, and I am "Uncle Willie."

There (for we kept hotel) I met many strangers—mostly traveling salesmen, and listened to that jolly class of humanity as they related their various experi-

ences with a varied public, and indulged in their little pleasantries; and a few times (oh! that I had more to remember) I had courage to take some mother's boy by the hand, and from a heart that yearned for his temporal happiness and eternal safety, commend him to that Saviour that had done so much for me. At other times, from a fear of something—its not being favorably received more than anything else, perhaps—I suffered opportunities to pass unimproved; and oh, how sad, yea, sometimes even torturing, to think of the possible consequences of a golden opportunity thus *lost—gone, forever gone!* And there, too, we were led to subscribe, and I was induced to first write for the *Sunny South,* which has brought me so many new friends, and through which (I feel so thankful for repeated assurances) I trust I have been enabled to do some little good.

But the New Year brought a time when my pleasant association with the people of this little town must to some extent be severed, and although I disliked very much to leave my friends who had been so attentive to me, I felt a kind of longing to get back home again. The day came to leave; a carefully prepared and cushioned spring-wagon was driven to the gate, and with my plaster-jacket on, I began slowly to move toward the front door and the spring cot in waiting for me; but ere I reached it, I turned for one last look into the room where so many sweet friendships had been formed; where "rose-lipped joy and song and mirth" had made golden many a day; where Christian hearts had met with me in song and prayer and praise; and where gray haired men, matrons, noble young men, sweet young ladies and bright little children had often come to cheer me by kindly word and deed; the room, the memory of whose tender associations will go with me, comforting, cheering, blessing, till my latest sun shall set.

Soon all was ready, and down the street which I

had so often traced and retraced with agile step, now slowly, as if carrying a corpse to its last resting place, we began our homeward march. Soon the old graveyard is passed—then a mile of pretty road traversed, and when almost out of sight, as I turned my head to look for the last time on the little town whose people I love so well, my feelings can be better imagined than described. Then came a pretty, white house, where in other days I had met with gleeful hearts, looked on girlish faces of pure, radiant, beaming beauty, listened to strains of pure, sweet music, and shared a hospitality warm and unfeigned. As I passed, I thought and, I believe, repeated to my father:

Ah! I remember—happy fate!
When I hitched my mule at that front gate;
And ventured in with throbbing heart
That had been pierced with Cupid's dart.

It was one of those "youthful fancies," you see. The dart has been withdrawn. We are often better for such ordeals, and I am glad and happy.

Slowly we pursued our journey till we had climbed the last little hill, and when the sun was almost down, my glad eyes rested on the dear old home again. At the gate we were met by our nearest neighbor, dear old Mrs. Willoughby, a poor widow who had come with cheerful face to welcome "Willie" home. I was carried into the room where I had gone after the accident befell me about four years before. A feeling of glad thankfulness possessed me, yet, as the memory of Powder Springs and its associations came up before me, I felt like taking the little town into my arms and pressing it to my bosom.

We had decided it was best that I should be the last piece of furniture moved, but a bright day and a fear of the weather the morrow might bring caused them to move me before any of the others came. At

my earnest request, father returned to attend to urgent business, and left me to be cared for by my friends, long true and tried. It was well, indeed, that I had been brought first, for when morning came, the rain fell down in torrents; and if it ceased a *single* time that day I do not remember it.

Breakfast was brought—the dishes cleared away, and then, save the sound of the brush and an occasional word from the kind old painter in the room across the hall (and by the way, he had years ago worked for the great author, Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson, at her home near Mobile) the house was left to silence and to me—

> "And the sound of the rain as it fell on the pane
> Made darker the gathering gloom."

But it was not gloomy to me. What a time for thinking! I can't remember all of my thoughts, but some of them were kindred to these: I heard the morning train blow at Powder Springs, and I thought—"I wonder if it brought the *Sunny South*"—the one containing my 'Christmas Greeting'? I do wonder if the typo made any mistakes? And that $100 prize, and Carlyle's works? I just wonder if I did get anything in the Distribution?" (When the paper came I found a half dozen mistakes in my poem, and not a single prize did I get.)

Time journeyed on, and the dinner hour passed (we had no clock—I judged from my *feelings*), and still the rain incessantly poured. Of course a word to the attentive painter would have brought me dinner from our lady neighbor; but I enjoyed the situation. I began to feel that there would be a kind of charm about my doing without dinner under the rare and peculiar circumstances. And so, laughing and thinking, I contentedly waited till the day was far spent. At length the lady near by, who had been so long imprisoned by the rain, sent me a relished repast; and my brother, urged by my anxious mother,

came from Powder Springs with an extra supply. In the room was a long, old sword, once the property of a now disbanded "Knights of Jericho" lodge, and in the absence of table cutlery, we used it for a butter-knife; and other singular and ludicrous things occurred. My reverie was broken and the eventful, dinnerless day was done! But worse than the dinner I did not get; worse than the mistakes the printer made; worse than the presents I did not draw, was the great opportunity I lost. If I had been like some who have lived, I might have gathered inspiration from the weird silence and the "patter of the rain on the roof," and composed a poem that would have thrilled and ennobled human hearts when the Aprils of a hundred years to come were weeping their tears over the author's grave. And then my biographer might have told how, surrounded by mattresses all piled up, and other things topsy-turvy, and, too, without my accustomed dinner, I had written that immortal poem. And maybe that would have suggested to some rustic poet to go for awhile without food during his arduous literary attempts. But poor things—these poets—they who would live from the fruits of their genius alone, many, I fear, appropriate to themselves the lines—

"To a poet who died in want:"

> "Genius touched his lips with a living flame,
> But alas! denied them bread."

Ah, what might have been! But I did not write. My mental condition was, I reckon, somewhat as a pretty little, red-headed cousin once said to me in a letter: "My muse asserted its prerogative of playing tangle brain;" my thoughts refused to take on an intelligible coherency, and thus the day, with all its possibilities, sank into the open jaws of that Time that "doth its own greedy self consume."

Forgive, all of you, please do. With two pages

more than I had thought to write (or dictate) I must consume no more of this space.

I forbear to mention a single name, for having once begun, there are so many I want to speak to, (God bless their generous hearts!) that you would have to listen to a medley longer perhaps than my last one was. So while time is yet, and while I trust the listening grace of the reader is mine, I raise my hand (I don't wear a hat on bed) and make my welcomed exit. Truly yours, now and *now after.*

Spring of '89. EARNEST WILLIE.

A PEACEFUL SABBATH MORN.

EARNEST WORDS TO GLAD YOUNG HEARTS.

To Young People Leaving School.

I lie by an open window,
  Fanned by the vernal breeze,
While about me all is quiet
  And no one, save God, sees.

However much I might desire to walk in untrodden paths—however much I may wish to write differently from some one else, it would be difficult for me to write now without saying something about my surroundings.

It is the Sabbath,

> "That blessed day to mortals given
> To turn our thoughts from earth to Heaven."

I am alone, for a little while alone—a reflective silence that I sometimes enjoy so well; and with no eye upon me save that of Him who is everywhere and who knows the secret of every heart, I can lie and drink in the beauties of the picture before me.

Just in front, May roses of varied hues, fanned by gentle breezes, waft their fragrance all around; above, and in the hazy distance, hang broken, yet promising clouds. Beyond, and just back of the pretty grove, stands a white church house, where, in years agone, I mingled oft with happy hearts stirred by words and songs of praise. Only a little while ago the Sabbath-school met, and I heard them sing inspiring songs familiar no doubt to us all: "The Kingdom coming," "What a Friend we have in Jesus," "Over there." Yes, sweet thought! His kingdom *is* coming, and I can but longingly wonder how many who have sung those songs—how many who read these lines, will be enabled to say, "What a friend *I* have in Jesus," and will meet "Over there" in the "Sweet By and By"? And as I lie here musing, I hear a sound that has often been sweet music to my ears. It is the voice of our near neighbor, a poor but cheerful-faced widow, singing a good old-fashioned hymn; and with a melody sweeter far than any operatic choir ever sang, I catch the words so appropriate to her lonely lot in life:

> "I sigh not for beauty, nor languish for wealth,
> But grant me, kind Providence, virtue and health;
> And richer than kings and far happier than they,
> My days shall pass swiftly and sweetly away."

Happy, trusting Christian that she is! Truly "He is a husband to the widow, and a father to the fatherless."

At this very hour, how many noble men all over this land, are standing up for Him whose birth proclaimed "Peace on earth, good will to men," and whose sublime, self-sacrifice on the cross, bought for us the eternal new life and only true hope that so gloriously lifts up, and so sweetly lights up sin-darkened human hearts. I often think of this fact as the Sabbaths come and go, yet as I lie here, I can do nothing but ask the blessings of God upon all that is said and

done. How many of us think of this as we should, and feel as thankful as we ought to, that our lot is cast in such a land? How great our opportunities, how fearful our responsibilities! "Of him to whom much is given, much will be required." But I tire, and must lay aside the little hand-book in which I sometimes jot down my thoughts, and wait for a more prudent season—a time when I am stronger.

TO YOUNG PEOPLE LEAVING SCHOOL.

WHOSE EDUCATION IS BUT BEGUN.

Weeks have passed since the peaceful Sabbath morning above alluded to.

It is now commencement season; and as I think of the hundreds, indeed thousands of young men and young women whom our American colleges are sending out to face, as all must do for themselves, the real and rugged, yet glorious battle of life, a feeling of deep and solemn solicitude for their future comes over me. Oh! think how many of the past, with hearts once as glad as these, and whose commencement seasons seemed to presage lives as bright as the balmy June days that brought them, have made woeful and sickening shipwreck of fortune, body, mind and soul—the brightest expectations of themselves and the fondest hopes of their friends! How many of *these* will be able, in after years, to look back on the time when they left their *alma mater*, as an elevated plain from which they began to climb to "heights immeasurable of bliss sublime"? And how many of them will there be of whom it may be said: "Much learning hath made thee mad," and whose knowledge, prostituted to shadowy, and it may be to base ends, and whose opportunities squandered, will be "as millstones about their necks to drag them at last beneath

the unpitying wave"? *God help them, for they are weak!*

These questionings, my happy and promising young friends, do not come from an aged, criticising character with pessimistic vision, but from a young man whose bosom but recently glowed with aspirations and ambitions so kindred to your own. How happy the days when I looked forward with thrilling emotions to the time when I would be in college, enthusiastic over my surroundings, climbing higher by digging deeper into the mound of knowledge, striving for places of honor; and in my boyish exuberance, as I walked along between my plow handles and dreamed, I even planned a part of my graduating speech which I thought would touch and warm with its fervid eloquence, and thrill more hearts than mine!

I had looked to and labored for this. But an Arm that is stronger, a Head that is wiser, and a Heart that is better than mine, has decreed otherwise; and while I sink back into the weakness that I really am, I bid you all God-speed in the *use* and further acquisition of that wealth and knowledge that will best equip you for the duties and joys, both temporal and eternal. But remember, oh! remember, that wealth, however enormous; fame, however wide; learning, however extensive, is incomplete without the simple knowledge of Jesus.

You may sail the sea of learning,
  Till you reach the glittering strand,
And from that harbor gaze upon
  The scene so seeming grand;

Or you may climb the mount of fame
  Till you reach the topmost height,
And from its apex view at your feet,
  The world, to you so bright.

Yet, if when the lamp of life goes out, it is with you like Queen Elizabeth, "My kingdom for another mo-

ment in which to repent," or Cardinal Wolsey, "Oh, that I had served my God as faithfully as I have my king!" or a man whom my own father saw dying in Alabama, "There *was* a time when I could have repented, but now it is *too late! I am lost!*" O! I say, if such be your end, it were better, infinitely better, that you had never lived, or that you had known no science at all.

Pardon me if I say too much, but my heart is in it, and "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." I do not tell an idle tale.

During the forty-five months I have spent on bed, I have had an excellent opportunity to put the comforting and sustaining power of the Christian religion to a test. And although I have lain here so long, and seen my cherished plans blighted, my sweet hopes crushed, and my bright dreams fade away, I am still enabled to say and feel (and find sweet and inexpressible comfort in it, too), "Father, thy will—thine, not mine, be done."

How beautiful is youth! how delightful its contemplation! Standing on the threshold, and just opening, as it were, the gateway into the flowery and inviting, but uncertain fields of life, how natural for them, impetuous and hopeful as they are, to want to rush in and pluck the gay, bright flowers and bathe in the silvery fountains of pleasure, which, in the distance and just as their feet touch them, or mayhap when they begin to float on the full current of the joyous stream, seem to roll on smoothly, safely and forever! Forever? earthly happiness, forever? *It cannot be.* "Sorrow oft may sit and sup with them —with you, when you have bidden smiling joy alone." Cheerless and ofttimes bitter will be the cup *if it be not Divinely sweetened!* Grim-visaged and repulsive will be your guest if his sorrowful sombre mien be not girt about and glorified by a halo of heavenly light! I know it is natural for young people to love gay

pleasure. I am very human, I love it myself. But there is danger, *danger, danger* in its full gratification! O! my young friends, as you raise to your lips and eagerly quaff the sparkling cup of intoxicating worldly delight, remember, oh! remember, that,

"While pleasure floats on the surface,
There is danger hiding below."

And then you know that before you all there stretches a sea, a span which, whether great or small, must hold within its compass, your entrance to life or death. Along its way will be gilded halls of fashion and folly —a light and unsafe society, whose ruddy glare you'll find to be but a "mocking gleam of chilling light"; and at almost every turn there will arise to entice you, false and hollow pleasures that "lead to bewilder, and dazzle to blind." *Be not overcome!* For each of you, it is a battle you must fight—a sea you must brave for yourself.

Ah, glad and buoyant spirits, how many hearts that love you, stand by your side, or with hand to brow, watch your course from afar, ready to bury their tearful faces in their hands if you fail, or shout a glad halloo when over some threatening breaker you manfully rise and ride! Do you prefer to go this voyage, to fight this battle, unaided and alone? Or would you rather have as your companion, guard and helper, that mighty Arm—that Omnipotent and gracious Being who upholds the worlds by the word of His power? *Which will it be?*

O, how I would love to take each one of you by the hand, and from a heart that beats in tender sympathy with yours, urge you to build early on that Rock which is Christ, "the only name given under Heaven whereby we must be saved." That building will bring a peace to your heart and a satisfaction and joy to your soul that the deductions of philosophy and the theories of science can never give; and it will

make you safe for this life, safe for the hour of death, and safe for the world to come!

And now, my comrades, whether of this band or of the great world outside, if I have at this or any other time, said anything to impress you, I beg you to let it deepen rather than to pass away. If the words of some Christian father, mother, brother, sister or friend, should ever touch you—if the pleading admonitions of some earnest minister of God, coming down to you from childhood's past, or falling on your ears to-day, should stir your soul—if the *consistency* or the *folly* of some life should awaken you—if any of these things, accompanied by the "sword of the Spirit," should carry conviction to your heart, and seeing your sinfulness, a tear of remorse should come to your eyes---let me say in the words so sweet, so beautiful and so true:

"Sinner, then, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the sceptre of Christ's love,
And take the offered peace."

Earnestly and anxiously,

"EARNEST WILL."

Spring and Summer of '89.

"AND BIRDS OF CALM SIT BROODING ON THESE PAGES."

[NOTE.—The first part of this letter was suggested by a cheerful, happy letter of "calm content," written to the *Sunny South* "Household" by "Forest Fan" in answer to a letter from another member, bitterly complaining of her hard lot in life, and speaking of her home duties as monotonous, dreary and irksome. I sent "Mother Hubbard" (the editress) a private note, telling her I could think of no suitable name for my letter, unless I put "*parvo in multum*," and asked her to give it an appropriate title. She gave the above gracious and beautiful caption which I fear the letter does not justify.]

God bless our "Forest Fan"! That is what I have felt in my heart and have been wanting to say in the

"Household" for a long time. Now, I am not here to indulge in mere idle compliments; I speak on general terms; but if my allusion, generic, includes the specific, I mean it none the less. "Forest Fan" wrote a letter on "Home" months ago, which caught all our home folks, and so much impressed me that I would have made this allusion a part of a "Household" letter long ago if I had been able. Think of her, a girl whose lot has long been a life of drudging labor and self-denial; her mind thirsting for knowledge and her heart longing for a higher and more congenial sphere; crying over lessons that needed only a teacher to make them plain, yet on whose education not a dime has been spent; still, learning to play and sing from the music and harmony of nature, and learning her place and duty in life from each star that twinkles, the moon that beams and the sun that shines. The loved father is gone, but she labors for the younger brothers, and endeavors to comfort her good old-fashioned mother, who, though her thoughts are not *her* thoughts, is "mother," and precious still; and, sweet lesson! in all this daily routine of labor, she is happy, going about her tasks with an unfaltering trust, never doubting that God watches over her, and feeling that she is doing His will when laboring in self-denial for those dependent loved ones and making home a place for the heart to dwell. God bless such a character! Let the princely merchant whose goods increase and whose coffers fill with greedy gain, let the banker who sees little to be thankful for in the treasures of his vaults, let the politician with conscience seared with unholy strife for popular applause, let the mistresses of fortune not content with all the luxuries that wealth and ease can give, let the young lady, belle of society and devotee of fashion, who, tiring of the reception, the ball and the opera, must hie away to some watering place "for fear," as she declares, "she will succumb to that dreadful disorder, *ennui*," let all who do not daily

refresh themselves in that pool of labor and love as "deep as a true heart's content," come and learn a lesson from this earnest girl, who, though surrounded by circumstances far from what the heart could wish them, is still content and happy, looking at the duties which each day brings, and at the world beyond through glasses whitened with faith, and learning:

> "In blessing others' lives
> To find her own life's blessing."

Again, God bless such a character! How much more is such a life worth to the world than that of some gifted, widely known novelist, whose chief glory, whether reading or writing, is in some sensational, unnatural story, which drugs the mind, poisons the heart and dwarfs the soul! I say again, God bless our Fannie, and all such like her, and bless and pity too, all those not like her, and lead them to Christ. * * *

I am happy now to break a silence which has seemed like thraldom to me, and which, I fear, has been construed by many as non-appreciative of the many cheering words which have been spoken to me, and the calls made for my return. Compelled as I am to await the office of some obliging friend to write my letters for me, I cannot always talk to you when I feel like it, and sometimes when an opportunity does present itself, I am really unable to dictate a letter.

To Vera, Norinne Mavourneen, Patrick, Minnie Moonlight, White Heather, Alligera, Lone Orphan, Aunt Prudence and others, I would remember all—I want to thank you for your cheering words, but rather I want to thank God for the many assurances that my letters have been "messengers of peace and comfort" to troubled hearts whom I may never know but from afar. These sweet assurances come, too, in private letters which I greatly enjoy but am too feeble to answer. No one not in my condition can fully

understand how much good it does me to have some one, known or unknown, tell me of a great trial through which they have passed, and then add as one recently did: "The dark clouds of infidelity and despair gathered thickly over me. I grew hard and reckless, but some of the words which the Father put in your heart to write, touched me, and now the sunlight of His infinite love and forgiveness has caused them to fold their sable draperies about them and steal away, I trust forever. Ah, 'Earnest Willie,' not here, but in that 'better country' will you know all that your sufferings have done for others." Pardon this insertion. I had not thought to make it; but tears of joy filled my eyes when I read it from a young lady in Tennessee, telling of a sore and trying bereavement suffered by herself and widowed mother; and I thank God and you all for such comfort.

Floried Arlington, the flowers you sent have faded, but they "will oft be refreshed by the dews of grateful remembrance." And Susie Summers, the beautiful bouquet made by your own hands is so very natural that the flowers have time and again been taken for "nature's own." While not odorous with the fragrance of natural flowers, they speak a language quite as strong, telling ever of the generous heart that must have prompted such a token of active friendship and sympathy.

How sad the thought that our gifted Lita Vere is dead! I had thought long ago to tell her of a comment I heard on her poem, "A Story Old," but I trust she has reached that blest abode where, instead of receiving praise, "praise is her loved employ." And our Bonnie Sweet Bessie, too, so soon after her happy marriage, has had to see both mother and father taken from her within two weeks of each other. God comfort her, and all whose hearts are thus bereft.

Musa Dunn, your lightly spoken words, wondering how I am so patient and happy, amused while they

solemnly impressed me. I am so verily human and weak! Ah! yes, Musa, I am "really flesh and blood," and I am often forced to believe that, lineage or no lineage, it is not of the highest order either. I had thought of giving you a little catalogue of the things that make me "shrug my shoulders," but space this time forbids.

Ma Belle Carmen, what do you know about my "left organ's" turning toward an "Arkansas Traveler"? The "Household" has a great deal of it. But should I be blamed if the capacity of that "organ" is great, when all the forces of an "indefinable something" conspire to make it so?

Invalid, my sister, you need no word from me, for you have found Jesus, that "friend, O such a friend!"

Clarissa Johns, I know I speak the words of my heart when I tell you that I would love to have you now in the quietude of our country home, to read to me, write for me, and talk with me. God comfort you!

Veritas, my honored friend and brother, I wanted so much to write to you months ago, and thank you for the beautiful little poem dedicated to me, but the same cause that has rendered it impossible for me to write some forty letters, which I would have loved to write, must be my apology. I *know* I do not deserve the generous picture you drew of me. How I wish you were not mistaken when you express the thought that the "Loving Lord has full control of every thought and cord within my soul." Only a short time before that, I had written in my little hand-book these words: "I want God to originate my motives, color my thoughts and control my actions. I am sometimes greatly troubled by the warfare with self and sin,

"Fightings without and fears within,"

and yearn for a stronger and more abiding faith; but often, thank God, I am enabled to feel that

"The world may all to ruin go,
The sun forbear to shine,
But God, who called me here below,
Shall be forever mine."

With warm love for you all, I am the same as when a

"VILLAGE WILL."

October, 1889.

MY "SUNNY SOUTH" CHAIR.

[NOTE.—The following cards from the *Sunny South*, November 9th, 1889, explain themselves. This movement to present me an invalid's chair as a token of affection from my unseen friends, begun by "Starling," Miss Josie Worrell, a noble-hearted young lady of La Place, Ala., whose face I have never yet seen, and kindly carried to completion by "Aunt Judy," then the popular editress of the young people's department in the *Sunny South*, of course, forms, to me, a very refreshing incident in my invalid life.]

Among our writers there is none more beloved than patient "Earnest Willie." We have all been benefited by his life, his beautiful faith and pure Christian character. As evidence of the high estimation in which he is held by the "Letter boxers," Starling proposes that they each contribute a certain amount, to be expended on an invalid's chair, for our dear Will. A private letter to me fully explains her plan, and I have made inquiry and find that $50 will cover all expense. That amount will purchase a beautiful chair and pay the freight. We expect a glad response from all members of this band. Starling proposes that this chair be a Christmas gift, and that the money be forwarded to Aunt Judy at once, who will gladly contribute to this sacred fund herself. The names and amounts will be carefully kept and names published; this to show that each contribution was received. Work with a hearty good will, and let us prove by

deeds as well as words our love for "Earnest Willie." The members of the "Household" are not excluded but expected to contribute also. Let us hear from all at at once. AUNT JUDY.

A CHAIR FOR "EARNEST WILLIE."

Admit me, dear Auntie, for a few minutes. I have not come in for one of my usual long chats—I have come to make a suggestion to the L. B. and H. H. and the *Sunny South* readers, and to "whosoever will." We all know the sad accident that befell "our Earnest Willie" some two or three years ago, and how he has borne his afflictions with patience and cheerfulness, never murmuring, and by his cheerfulness and loving kindness he has won many hearts.

Now think how tiresome it must be, lying on his couch from one day's end till another—his room is his world, and some time ago the idea struck me to make a suggestion to the L. B. and H. H. that we get him an invalid's chair, one that he could lie on in perfect comfort. It would rest him to lie out before the fire in winter, and in the summer on pleasant days he could lie out under the shade of the trees, and it would be restful and refreshing to him. And I know that he would appreciate the chair.

Now let every member of the L. B. and H. H. that loves "Earnest Willie" (and I am sure there is *not one* who *does not* love him, and love him *very much*) send their contributions for the chair to "Aunt Judy." We do not *tax* any, but let each give according to their own will and inclination.

We thought to mention this some time ago, so that we could have given it to him for his birthday present, but his birthday has passed. Now let's hurry up and send in our contributions and get the chair ready for a Christmas present.

Hoping that all the members will contribute, so that we may be able to get a pretty chair for our invalid "Letter Boxer," I am sincerely yours,

STARLING.

LETTER ACKNOWLEDGING THE GIFT OF MY "SUNNY SOUTH" INVALID'S CHAIR.

STORY OF ITS ARRIVAL.

To all my *Sunny South* friends who were interested in the chair proposed for me by "Starling," a warm and grateful greeting: Resting now with refreshing comfort in the beautiful chair which you have given me, and gathering inspiration from the pretty autumn scene (from the veranda) which this chair enables me to enjoy, and especially from the sweet thought of its being a free-gift token of tenderness and love from friends, for the most part unseen and unknown, I come to you with a gratitude deeper than I know how to tell, trusting, though, that enough of my heart will be seen in the words which I am speaking through my little sister's fingers, for you to understand something of what I feel. *What* shall I say—what should I say? I do not know.

Last Sunday when Aunt Judy and Miss Nettie ———, another sweet *Sunny South* young lady, came with my chair, and, on its smooth rubber tires I was rolled out into the yard, out the front gate and around to the other (more than I had expected), I laughingly told them: "Now, if I just had all of my *Sunny South* friends around me, I could make them a speech." I MIGHT *have*. But could I have spoken much, I wonder? With all those bright, sweet, gentle girls about me, those manly young men, the merry-faced little children, and the middle-aged and old, looking on me with kindly eyes, and with

the memory of all they have been to me all these years on my bed, in cheering word and generous deed, welling up in my heart, I might have found then, as now, and often before, that "somehow within my bosom the prisoned words stuck tight."

There is a point, I think, beyond which inspiration ceases to inspire—to speech; when "the smile, the mute gesture" speak, and when the soul-filled silence is as vocal as flights of fervid eloquence that reach to the sublime. And with such a scene before me, my heart so filled with gratitude and love, I might have found it difficult to say little more than: "From my very heart I thank you! And may God bless you all!"

My little sister was away from home when the chair came; and when she returned a few days later, she rolled around in it awhile, then stood aside, looked at it and said: "Brother Willie, I'll declare! isn't it so nice?" "Yes, indeed," I replied, "and what must I tell them all, Tattie?" And she, with a smile as grateful as facetious, said: "Oh! just tell them if they and their folks loved us and our folks like us and our folks love them and their folks, there never would be such folks since folks were folks!" etc. And so it is.

And now, after all this kindness, I want the autograph—yes, a letter please, from every contributor, for my box of treasures.

I have heard of two or three, perhaps more, who sent in their money without registering the letter, and it was intercepted in the mail. To such, of course, I feel just as thankful as if their contributions had not been lost. And to all those whose hearts were in it, but who, from some cause, were deterred from contributing, my heart goes out in love. It is but natural now, you must know, for me to want to see your pictures more than ever before. Just as soon as a favorable opportunity offers, I will have some pictures made of myself, resting in my chair, and gladly

send you one in return. Reclining in it now, and feeling grateful to all of you for whatever of value it may be in point of comfort or benefit, I remember still that,

> "It is not the value of a gift that Friendship's hand may tender,
> It is not the thing's intrinsic worth, though a gem of rarest splendor,"

but it is the sweet, pure motive that prompted the gift. And as I have lain and contemplated this purchase of your unselfish gifts, my heart has thrilled as I have thought of the first, fresh impulse in the many far-off bosoms that said: "I will give this much for 'Earnest Willie's' chair." Andas I have looked at the pretty chair, I have thought it is but those fresh, sweet, generous impulses crystal ized into the object of their tender, loving wish for my comfort and pleasure. While, of course, my heart naturally turns first to Starling, the dear unseen friend who suggested it for me, and to our Aunt Judy, the kind little creature, who, amid so much severe illness in her family and so many other overwhelming business cares, has given so much time to writing and looking after my chair, remember I love you all from the least to the greatest; and I will ever wear each of your names in my heart as an unfading memento of that unselfish love and friendship, the very thought of which is so refreshing!

Grateful that Starling's "little plan" has succeeded, grateful still if it had not, for every gleam of sunshine whose mellow light your assuring words have brought into my room during the years you have known me; appreciating with all the earnestness of my nature your having placed me in this lovely chair, and feeling greatly honored by your act, I must tell you yet, that I would rather, far rather, know that my letters had cheered and comforted some lonely, sorrowing heart, strengthened some weak, faltering soul, or been blessed as the means of leading some one of

you, not then a Christian, to happily trust Christ, that dear Saviour who has done so much for me—I would far rather know this, than to have the chair without it; or even than to have you, if possible, place me in the presidential chair of the nation, and from there sink down into my grave with Christless heart and hand, and without that precious knowledge. This is my heart. God bless you all. How much will I hear, I wonder? Remember always that you have the homage of a loving, thankful heart. And I pray that your lives may be as bright as was to me the bright, sweet Sabbath on which my *Sunny South* chair came. And above all, do I earnestly pray that to each one of you may now or very soon be given,

"The sweet hope that Christ is thine,"

and this:

"All your life and death attend,
His presence through your journey shine
And crown your journey's end."

Your happy, grateful invalid "cousin" and friend,
"EARNEST WILLIE."

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

[Delivered at the first county picnic of *Marietta Journal* correspondents, on Saturday, August 8, 1890, in the grove in front of my home. Kind friends placed me on a cot and, carrying me out to the grove, placed me on the stand. *Coincidence:* The welcome address was delivered by an invalid, and responded to by an invalid, the venerable and beloved Mr. T. F. Jeffries, who has not walked in more than forty years.]

Ladies and Gentlemen, Editors and Correspondents of the Marietta Journal, and my friends all, known and unknown:

Out of hearts that are earnest, we come to you with greetings glad and warm. Rejoicing in the auspicious blending of the circumstances that have brought us

together, on this, an occasion somewhat unlike anything our county ever before has known, we invite you to come, and with all the zest and carefree spirit of children playing at home, or happy in the unrestrained freedom of a holiday outing, gather around this vine which patient hands have tended, and pluck whatever of grapes you may be able to find, remembering if you see some not full ripe, that the vine which bears them is a plant of little less than two weeks' culture.

And now, after the action of the committee in behalf of the people, for whom I have the pleasure and honor to speak, and after the generous introduction from my friend, Mr. McElreath, to whose chaste and beautiful address we have just listened—after this, it does seem if I were physically and mentally able, an address of welcome, broad in its scope and heart-reaching in effect, would be in order. I do bless the great Hand whose kind providence enables me to be here to-day, and I thank each one of you earnestly for your presence. My heart swells with a glad, anxious "God bless you all!" And I would that I might speak to you with all the happy enthusiasm and earnestness of my nature; but I cannot—my condition and my voice will not allow.

(Just here, Prof. J. S. Stewart, the handsome young president of Harwood Seminary, Marietta, Ga., stepped to the side of my cot and read the remainder of my address for me, in a most captivating manner. At intervals and points of special approval, his voice would grow more mellow, his face would light up and give my words a beauty and tenderness which otherwise they could never have possessed. I will always love him for this little act of service so cheeringly and delightfully rendered.)

And this fact of my being unable to speak myself forces upon me a memory, the full meaning of which it seems hard yet to realize—a memory which seems

to "touch a spring that unlocks the past," and brings a glad period and especially one bright, golden day in one great panorama before me. I feel sure, my friends, that I will be pardoned just here for indulging in a little personal allusion and reminiscence which the circumstances seem to justify: Six years ago to-day, on this, the second Saturday in August, this selfsame boy stood before many who are here now, and made an address of welcome to a large Sabbath-school gathering under the shade of these selfsame trees. But how different my condition then! How many changes great and small, that great change-worker, Time, hath wrought! THEN I stood before you in all the glad exuberance of boyhood, with Hope singing each day in my youthful heart her ever gladsome song. I lived then in the bright halo shed about me by such gilded plans and golden dreams as only a boy of my age and ambition knew how to cherish. I saw through glasses tinted and fashioned by the *wish of the heart* instead of by the hand of judgment and experience; and, looking away to the gleaming heights beyond, and forgetting that they only could be reached by years of patient toil, and that, too, through perhaps many a deep morass and dark-shadowed valley, and along narrow, flinty paths which human feet had seldom trod—forgetting all this, there arose before my enamoured vision suns of glory and castles of promise that seemed to lift me almost to the very skies! But ah! those suns have gone down—those castles have fallen! And I feel very sure that without that strong and sustaining Arm—without the glorious and refreshing fulness of that love—that newness of heart and life in Christ to which I had then been so long a stranger—without this, I could not, through all these years I have spent on my bed, have said willingly and ofttimes gladly, "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight." But pardon so much of self.

Only this again—while I, as a *Journal* correspond-

ent of other days (for I have dictated only a few notes during the past year), while I speak to you in behalf of the whole people, and while I feel that my words find a responsive echo in the heart of every one of our community, as I bid you earnest welcome to our hearts, our tables and our homes—while I believe this, I feel that no one not circumstanced as I am, can possibly speak to you with just that degree of joy and warmth and gladness with which I speak from my own heart. Five years on a narrow bed have prepared me to feast on the beaming smiles of the faces before me, to drink in the music of gladsome voices as I meet in sweet communion with these happy hearts that gather and mingle around my cot, and to appreciate the warm grasp of a friendly hand, as I never could have done while my step was yet elastic and Hope's eye was yet undimmed. What a bright day in my life you will make this one for me! How fondly and tenderly will my thoughts love to linger about every incident; the words that have been spoken, the recitations rendered, the essays read, the addresses delivered, the songs that have been sung, and the new friends I here have met, and the bright new faces that have been added to the pictures on memory's wall!" And how they *all* will throw back their mellowed beams of tenderness and splendor, falling into my heart and refreshing my secluded life, long after the day is done.

Just here it has occurred to me that some who do not know me, might, from some things I have said go away with the impression that except on *such days as this* my life is a dull and dreary one. No, no, no! Please understand and remember, all, that although my sun of promise, which rose so bright and fair, went down when life's day had but begun, and although the ideal plans I cherished and the sweet hopes whose glad fruition seemed so near by have fallen before the sickle, and now lie withering like sheaves of un-

garnered grain at the feet of sceptered Fate, the sweet peace of Christ within gloriously makes up for all! Life is still for me sweet, joyous and happy, and with my heart aglow and a new hope high in my breast, I await whatever cargo the coming years may bring.

And now, in extending my hand of welcome to all, in behalf of all, and in bespeaking your kind consideration for all concerned in the exercises here to-day, it seems fitting that I should personally allude to the gifted young correspondent from Lost Mountain, Prof. McElreath, who was unanimously elected to preside as master of ceremonies. Over these grounds, to memory always sacred, Walter and I have played together when little more than barefoot boys. Together we talked of our prospective journey up the steep of fame, and together dreamed as those always eager to "go where glory waits them." The hand of Fate touched me and I stood still. But he goes on to increase. And although his marked success seems yet in its early dawn, we cannot fail to see that the brilliancy of what he has already attained is but a natural reflection from the glow of that midnight lamp which he so often burned while his fellows sought the shadowy pleasures of a light and frivolous society. And now those who love him, look forward with proud and hopeful hearts to a time when

> The "American log cabin" will in him find
> Another hero true and great,
> Who will in coming years defend
> The cause of Church and State.

In conclusion now, let me say, and make it fully known, that while this entertainment is in special honor of the able editors and correspondents of the *Marietta Journal,* a paper clean and wholesome, as pure in its sphere as our great and only Southern literary weekly, the *Sunny South,* and certainly the neatest country paper we have ever seen, we stretch out a hand no less cordial to teachers, farmers, law-

yers, doctors and men of every name, with their wives and their children.

We would have every little boy and girl to catch here an inspiration and an ideal that will stir their young hearts and benefit and lead them on, when the bud is blossoming into the full flower of noble manhood and womanhood—yes, and be sweet in their memory until the petals have fallen at last to the ground. Let the young men and maidens (and I must confess that in them I feel a peculiar interest), let them, when they have listened in sweet charity and patience until the dinner hour, then, as we said in the *Journal*, let them gravitate together into delightful groups of two, and talk of "forming an alliance," or whatever else may fill their youthful minds or stir their fond and hopeful hearts. Seriously, now, my heart yearns for them, and may God bless, shield and lead them all. And to old age—ah! with head uncovered and with what reverential step and tender grasp do I come to them who, having borne the heat of many of life's long summers and been pierced by her wintry and chilling blasts, now walk with unsteady step along its western slope which "leads downward to the place of common sleep." And among all these whose heads, in warning admonition to buoyant and thoughtless youth, are now blossoming for the tomb, I feel sure that all who have ever known him, or heard his golden words from tongue or pen, will unite with me in placing with deep tenderness and affection, the laurel of laurels on the brow of our highly honored friend, and my brother in affliction, the venerable Mr. Jeffries, of Smyrna, and also in thanking the God of our life and his, that his health permits him to be with us to-day. Though for many years unable to walk, he travels joyfully along with his hand in Christ's, resting on that golden staff that supports the trusting Christian, however weak his physical frame. And although bent and short in form,

he has a LIFE and CHARACTER straight enough, and a FAITH and a LOVE high enough to reach to Heaven above! And though his hair is whitening with the crystal sunshine from over the Everlasting Hills, we feel that his silvered locks are but the gray dawn of the morning of that life which awaits him up yonder,

"Where the stars dazzle and the angels sing."

Again my hand and my heart go out to everyone, and I breathe an earnest prayer that we ALL

May in Christ united be
'Till we reach, at last, the Crystal Sea.

HAPPY GRATITUDE, LOVE AND MUSIC.

If I must, I reckon I must. There are some things I can't well endure in silence. I fear that I am not, or rather would not always be as placid under the stings of reproof, the darts of calumny or the cries of derision, as I should be, for under these "silence is often golden"; but golden or not golden, just now when things are graciously different—when sweet words fall on my listning ears to refresh and encourage the imprisoned soul within, and when other lives than mine need whatever of help we all may mete to them and what I fear I can but feebly give, my heart pleads against further silence, and breaks through circumstances very unfavorable, to greet those who, it seems, know how to be naught but generous, and those whose lives seem both gay and sad.

To give me assurances, as so many of this dear band have repeatedly done, that my words benefit others, and to seek as it were, to smother my narrow bed with the soul's fragrant flowers of tenderness and love—is it not a good way to keep me from coming among you oftener than I am really able, and that too, with letters which I feel painfully sure, are always longer than they are good.

Now I wonder if that thoughtful kind-hearted individual from the land of Ponce de Leon, placid lakes, perpetual spring, golden fruits and rare, redolent flowers, thought he or she could send me a box of orange blossoms and no one find out who sent them? They were so fresh, so fragrant, so beautiful; but not a line to tell whose heart was behind them, and only "Fla." was legible on the postmark to betray that they came from some Florida heart and home, unless perhaps, it was some traveler in the flower-land. Whoever it was, may have intended not to let the left hand know what the right hand did; and if he or she will not add another kindness by writing to me, I can only in this way warmly express my thanks for them.

Orange blossoms! How suggestive they often are in our clime. But for me, I fear a good many suns will rise and set before I lead to the sacred altar some sweet faced girl on my arm—the wealth of woman's love in her heart, orange blossoms in her hair, and her bright, earnest eyes looking up tenderly and trustingly into my own. But be that fair day now near me, or as distant as the pole, understand that my "left organ," that realm where the tender passions dwell, is presided over by an optimistic philosophy that shuts out from its vital precincts every phase of cynicism regarding the *existence* of that love that is so sacred, so divine; and while I place, while I feel the love of Christ (His wonderful love toward us, and the begotten love of the redeemed soul toward Him, and His believing and fallen creatures), I say while I place and feel this glorious, peculiar and inexplicable love to be above anything mere human nature knows or can know, I regard next to it, that grand true love between kindred souls, which is itself divine, not a mad, foolish passion, but that strong, sweet, tender love that touches and soothes in a way its very own, the twin soul it goes forth to meet—love which thrills, ennobles, purifies and inspires—which receives not the

slightest complexion from wealth or station and knows no motive but virtue. But I must stop this. It would not do for me to begin to discuss such a vital question.

Indeed, I had not thought of saying even this when I began. * * * *

To Miriam, Schoolgirl, Kitsie Minnie Lee, Beryl, Timida, Virginia and all others who have spoken kind words to me, my heart comes with warm, grateful greeting. And I want to say to them and all who have asked why I did not, and urged me to write oftener, that my silence has not been as my heart willed it. Their words have been sweet music to my ears and heart. I have longed so much to write, or rather talk to you, and have feared that my continued silence might be construed as caused by a lack of appreciation. No, a thousand times, no! My heart has plead for an earlier coming, but I have just felt not able to even dictate a letter. Please always know the spirit is not only willing but anxious, though the flesh is oftentimes weak.

My invalid sisters, Gertrude and Stella (and you are indeed stars of no uncertain light), although you say you are but partial invalids, my heart goes out especially to you. To have you, or any one, tell me that my words and my secluded life have been blessed to your good or theirs; that from my pillow, which, but for the great love and sweet presence of Christ, would be so hard and dark, has gone out to help other struggling soul, some beams of that priceless, gloom-dispelling light which Heaven has often poured into my heart, and which God alone could have vouchsafed to me—to be told and feel this, makes me supremely happy, and causes me to sometimes feel, as a sweet private letter recently said, "like thanking God for my affliction."

Max, for a special reason (by the world unguessed) your name as well as your letter makes me interested

in you. No, Max, I have never heard the song, "Too Late." Won't you come and sing it to me?

* * * *

Seth Bede, my "cousin" and brother, I think you would feel gratified if you could hear the comments I have heard on your tender, Christian letters. I hope before a very great while to be able to send my picture to you and all who have cheered me with theirs.

At my side lies a sweet letter from Genevieve, one from sorrowing Goldie Ashburn, and two from ever constant Cecil.

Dear bereaved, sorrowing ones, go trustingly unceasingly to Christ, for He alone in your hearts can the sad vacancy fully, sweetly fill.

* * * *

Next to the music itself, do I enjoy a rhapsody on the master and ought-to-be artless art, like those indulged in by Stella, Olivine Soudes, Gertrude, Spicy and others. Surely no one with a capacity no greater than mine loves music better than I do. Not the overstudied, operatic, chilling kind in which the heart is frozen over by the ice of art, but that which flows naturally and refreshingly as the streamlet that ripples or the breezes that play—the sweet, earnest soulful music which

> "On the spirit gentlier lies
> Than tired eyelids on tired eyes."

If I am happy—I feel like breaking forth in some joyous, heart swelling anthem of praise; if I am sad or restless, I want to listen to, and if able join, a sweet voice or voices, and in some tender, soothing song of Christ, of Heavenly grace and peace and love, sing my sorrow away!

"Earnest Willie."

May, 1890.

A VARIED BLENDING.

MUSIC—"LOST LOVE" AND AMBITION.

"But tell me," says some one, "you closed your last letter with a rhapsody on vocal music—is there no other kind of music you like?"

Yes, indeed, dear friend of mine; of course there are other kinds; and while I must aver, I believe, my decided preference for that music from instruments straight from the hand of God—human voices well attuned to the sweet symphonies of sacred song—I must declare also my great fondness for instrumental music, from the sweet girl at the piano (and how thrillingly her voice and instrument blend), or the grandest orchestra that ever played, down to the little ten-cent French harp in the hands of an unlettered negro, such an one as sometimes comes to my window after the day's work is done, and sweetly breaks the stillness of the twilight hour with "Sweet By and By," "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," "Home, Sweet Home," and other delightful melodies, such as a king might listen to with rapture. There is a peculiar charm about such music to me; it is so free from cold and studied art, and shows so beautifully the simple African child of nature, whose native genius is master of the matter which he cannot comprehend.

* * * *

A picture from Cecil at last! Sometime ago, when visiting us, Aunt Judy said to me: "I just have it fixed up in my mind that Cecil is not pretty. How can a girl write such a beautiful hand, such nice, sweet letters, and be pretty, too? I just imagine she's ugly." But Aunt Judy was mistaken. Cecil had always said things in such a cute little way that I imagined she would look decidedly girlish, but she seems quite a dignified little young lady, and her face is so sweet and earnest.

And our long-absent Fernie—bless her little (?) heart! Although she wrote me many months ago, and had received no reply, she recently sent me her picture, too. How noble and cheering! I wish others would follow her example. Of course she has a sweet face, and I hope to see her soon again in this delightful realm.

Lena, our fisher-girl of North Carolina—what shall I say to you for your very kind words and that box of beautiful, fragrant tuberoses? And what to that dear old grandmother of yours, who thought one of my *Sunny South* letters equal to a certain great man's sermon? I don't know what to say; but I do know I love you both for your too generous words and deeds.

Alpin, I wanted to tell you long ago that I was charmed with the new subject you proposed for discussion, "Our ideal as painted by fancy and realized in history." It is grand! And now I must tell you how I am charmed with your own Henry Grady-like letter on that subject. Some one read it to me and said, "I'll declare that is the finest letter that has been in the "Letter Box" this year!"

Now, I have had several letters in this department this year myself, and of course I felt like paying my respects to that complimentary (?) individual. Sure enough, my boy, you shine among a bright galaxy of writers, and if Opal and others are inclined to award you the palm, here is my hand of congratulation. I can't now, but some day I will be glad to comply with your request and tell my "ideal." Ours are so kindred, yet different.

Oh, Eloquence! the power to touch, and, with God's blessing, lift up the heart of fallen man, how I love and yearn for thee! * * * * * *

Dear, bright Evening Star, shine on us soon again, and gather around you the bright constellation of your sisters of true loveliness. Little One, Truth and

Purity, Mountain Lassie, Clementine and Elaine, Blue Eyed, Little Mae, Dixie Lassie, Beryl, Lynnette and Evangeline, and all of you other dear ones who have cheered me with your kind words and sweet assurances that my letters have been helpful to you and others, how your words have comforted my heart, and gilded with pure gold the days that might otherwise have been somber and drear! * * * *

COME, YE WHO HAVE LOVED AND LOST.

And now, Kittie, with "Love's Young Dream," Eloise, Opal, Timida, Heritage, Little Daisy and Lonely Beatrice, and all you others, who have loved and lost, come and gather around my bedside. I have a few earnest words for you. I am not one to laugh at these little heart troubles in the cold, worldly way. Far from it! Such stories, however small, always appeal to the best part of my sympathetic nature. Still, I do feel that

"It is better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

But let my poor words be still. Let me speak to you through the words of the only Tom F. McBeath, so full of beautiful music, poetry and philosophy. In his "October in the Cumberland Mountains," he draws a graphic picture of the golden Autumn and fading nature about him, tells how it brings to mind another Autumn day, when a pair of bright, sweet eyes looked out and caused his heart's wild beating, and how,

"Like a dream of heaven she came,
And like a dream departed;
One moment waked his life to joy,
Then left him lonely hearted."

But then he says, and oh! with so much truth:

"What boots it that with tearful eyes
We mourn o'er dreams departed?
Should true love such dear tribute pay
To one so shallow hearted?

Can sighs recall a broken vow?
Or has the world no gladness
Because some disappointed hope
Should wrap itself in sadness?

The spring will go, the summer come,
The days will pass as fleetly,
The sunshine fall as warm and bright,
The roses bloom as sweetly.

The world will still move on as glad,
The years trip by as lightly,
The same stars, soft and silver-eyed,
Will shine at night as brightly."

And then he falls again into several verses of a melancholy tone, but soon breaks them with—

"Enough! O foolish heart, shake off
This mood now gathering o'er thee;
The past is past—what's that to thee?
Thy hope lies all before thee.

Our spirits sleep, forgetting God—
With sorrow's hand He wakes them;
We carve our idols, build them shrines—
To prove them clay He breaks them.

Turn from thyself each inward grief,
Each vain desire repressing,
And learn, in blessing others' lives,
To find thy own life's blessing.

So white-winged Love within thy life
Shall build again her bower,
And Hope within the mellowed soil
Shall plant a fairer flower.

Swift-footed joy shall from thee chase
The shadows that oppress thee,
And Peace shall clasp her tender hands
Above thy head and bless thee."

Ah, the beauty, sweetness, the true, comforting philosophy in those words! Wear them in your hearts. How often God breaks our idols to prove them clay. And how often in our hearts, mellowed by experience, love and disappointment—if we will only look up and trust and work,

"White-winged Love within our lives
Shall build again her bower,
And Hope within the mellowed soil
Shall plant a fairer flower."

God can and *will* gloriously bless such things to our good, for this life and that to come. *I believe it.*

AMBITION.

And Hascal, my dear friend, are you unsatisfied still? You, with unrealized hopes, unsatisfied ambitions in the musical world? Your story stirred my heart deeply when I first heard it, but I have forgotten all I wanted to say to you then. Do you still long to sing for happiness in worldly fame and the wealth of "yellow gold"? Let me speak to you, too, and all who follow after this luring phantom, in the words of the almost incomparable McBeath:

"Do dreams of fame thy restless heart engage?
With sword or pen thou canst inscribe thy name
Upon the brow of envious Time himself,
And bid defiance to his blighting breath;
But thou must first build round thy human heart
An adamantine wall, impregnable
Alike to Love's sweet smile or Pity's tear;
Must on the altar of thy purpose lay
Freedom and ease and rest and calm content,

The joys of home, hope, happiness and heaven;
And when thou'st reached the lonely mountain top,
And stand at sunset by the glittering thing
For which thou'dst left the peaceful vale below,
Thou'lt find the brightness that had lured thee on
Above the dear companionship of men,
Was but a mocking gleam of chilling light
Reflected from some bleak and icy cliff
That frowns above eternal fields of snow."

Oh, Hascal, if circumstances would allow you to go out from the sacred confines of the home nest and sing with the "Boston Opera" or some other gilded company before the careless world, I fear you would find the brightness that had lured you on, "was but a mocking gleam of chilling light." I sympathize with you, Hascal, and all others like you, but I do feel that Christ can make your disappointment easy—yea, glorious to bear! If you are not now a Christian, I pray you may ask Him for a new heart and love and life in Christ. Then your heart and voice will sing a new song.

Did you ever know *one* sorrowing heart to gather solid comfort, or one soul led to happily trust in Jesus, from listening to an artistic opera song? The Holy Spirit may honor the devout singer and ride to, and make new, some poor sin-benighted heart, on the bosom of sacred song, where thundering pulpit eloquence has failed. Oh, what a privilege is yours! And the knowledge of a song "breathed into the air" thus blessed—*one* soul thus redeemed, will fill your heart with more sweet, genuine, satisfying peace and joy than the acclaim of countless thousands before the dazzling footlights.

I have a special young man friend—for years the companion of my boyhood, and drawn closer together by kindred likes and ambitions. We together dreamed and planned as those always eager to "go where glory waits them." But the hand of Fate touched me, and

I stood still, while he goes on to that arena, for the ardor of whose conflict I once so much longed. A few days ago he came down for a last good long talk, before taking his leave for Washington and Lee University in Virginia. I bade him good-bye in the twilight. Rejoicing at his bright prospects (and not sorrowing at my own); saddened at the thought of the long separation, and with my heart swelling with prayerful anxiety for his safety, a tear came to my eyes, and I was not ashamed of it, either.

Another self-made young man—a cousin, a warm, special friend. We, too, with like longings, had stood down in the valley and looked away with wistful eyes to the glory-crowned heights of fame beyond. A few weeks ago he returned to me with his diploma, and with the multiplied and blushing honors of Emory showered fresh upon him. He has reached an elevated plain from which to grandly climb, but I am in the valley still. Bright his past; promising his future! But I will not repine; for who can tell but that the valley may be sweeter after all. If I live, I shall have passed on October fifteenth, my sixth birthday on bed. "Hard!" you say? Without God's help it would have been. But with the sweet peace and strength of Christ within, I am content with whatever the future may hold, and with my heart aglow and happy, and with sweet hope ever high in my breast, I await the freightage of the coming years.

"EARNEST WILLIE."

October, 1890.

THE SINGLE PASSION.

Unto you do I come on a startling and important mission. I want you to elucidate a subject on which the light for many sometimes shines with almost noonday brightness, and sometimes flickers almost to extinction.

It is a subject with which all the world has to do —blooming and often inconsiderate youth, those in the philosophy and vigor of life's fair morn and prime, and even the palsied hand, tottering step and shrinking heart of snowy age, from the "king on his throne to the peasant in his cot."

What is it? you ask. I can better answer and illustrate by the incident suggesting this letter.

Sometime ago there was gathered in my room a gay party of two young ladies and two young gentlemen, who, strange to say, got to talking about that sweet, strange, strong, yet delicate passion called by the poets and a good many other people, *love*—that feeling in its varied phases, so human and so divine, which is such an enigma to many hearts, and which has been the creative and motive power of more bitter pain, and more sweet, satisfying joy, peace and rest to the human heart than anything else on earth. Isn't it surprising that young people should get to talking about such a subject? But they did. And in the delightful, *animated* conversation about the delightful and *animating* topic, this question naturally arose, "Can a person love more than once?" Words and glances quickened, eyes sparkled, cheeks flushed, voices met and mingled in cheerful confusion—bits of humor, logic, wit and wisdom—the boys affirming, the girls denying. The zest, so facetious and earnest, was memorable, and can be better imagined than told. The young men argued with vehement eloquence from the rich archives of experience, and the young ladies quoted poetry and brought to bear that well-nigh invulnerable and wonderful argument, woman's logic, "*just because.*" One young man, (aged twenty-seven) drew himself up to a great height and declared that he knew a person *could* love more than once, for he had loved at least a dozen different girls—loved them truly and genuinely. Whereupon the other (aged past thirty) rose to a still

greater height and concluded the affirmative side by the declaration that he, too, knew it was possible to love more than once, for in his checkered experience of fifteen years he had actually loved fifteen or twenty different girls.

Cousin Beulah coyly and blushingly said she knew she never had loved anybody but "her Claude," and *never would.* The other young lady, a bright Householder, declared with a special little friend of mine, that *"Love is love forevermore."* This same little friend speaks of the follies and fancies of youth, fancies which never reached her wiser heart, and says, "I, too, hope that when my Prince comes, he will be one in whom I may feel—'A heart responsive rise and fall'—one whose hopes, aims and ambitions are so identical with my own that we may work together, each helping, instructing and ennobling the other, blending our two lives into one grand harmonious whole. And again,

"Love once. Let its forge fires glow hissing and bright,
Be the sunflame of noonday, the noonglare of night;
For it comes but once."

The only true love should satisfy the heart, giving perfect rest and peace.

The fair Householder who agrees so heartily to these beautiful poetic sentiments, also declared she did not believe in second marriage. She said, were her first husband to die, she would want to live alone ever afterward and sacredly cherish his memory. She did not feel that it would be properly honoring him to yield her whole heart (if such a thing were possible) to another. This brought upon her merry but earnest words from both young men, telling how simple it was to live perhaps many years of loneliness merely for the sake of a backward dream of early love, when she might sacredly cherish the memory of

one dead and still truly love a noble heart yet living; and that some of the purest and happiest loves and lives they had ever known had been the result of second marriage. Still she was inexorable.

But the question: Can a person really love twice? I promised the group then that I would tell of the circumstances to the "Household," introduce the discussion under the above caption, and ask each one, as I ask you all now, to come and tell just how you feel, just what you think about the "single passion." I will keep quiet and listen with intense interest, withholding my own views, already formed, until the last.

I bring this question to the "Household" instead of the "Letter Box," because I feel that the members, being in many cases much older, are better prepared to speak from a ripe and more varied experience.

But let all who have an idea speak out! Old and young, great and small—everybody who has a heart that has felt the wonderful feeling.

* * * *

To a number of unknown friends I extend my earnest thanks for very sweet, cheering private letters, and to every one who has spoken to me so generously and assuringly, though I cannot call each name here, remember this: Your words never escape my eyes and heart. They accomplish their mission of cheer. And I thank God and you for them.

Happy Mother, it would do your heart good to know how much your sweet cheering Christian letters are enjoyed by different ones, in and near my home.

All of you—your published letters—I enjoy them greatly. Sometimes they inspire me so that I feel like I want to come at once and tell the thoughts which this or that one has suggested. They are all good; not a poor one since I was here last. But one that has clung to me with special strength and tenderness was "Forgotten's" letter on the "Influence of Song." She spoke so sweetly of the sacred hymns of Christ,

sung by her sainted mother before she went "Home." Then my heart was struck and sweet memories awakened by her saying that for a special reason a favorite song with her is: "I will take you home again, Kathleen." Association, too, makes it a great favorite of mine. While living at Powder Springs, three bright, sweet schoolgirls from Shorter College, Rome, came to see me, and gathering around my bedside where I had lain so long, talked to me, and sang for me that among other sweet songs. They filled my room with such a fascinating, mellow light, that I dedicated to them and the hour a joyous poem. That night they came near my window and awoke me, singing with guitar accompaniment, "I will take you home again, Kathleen." Oh, the delightful, indescribable sensation of being awakened from sleep by music, sweet music! Let not even a poet attempt to describe the thrilling, weird feeling—the sweet and magic spell.

And aye! for another reason, one which the world cannot understand, that song is dear to me—the name it contains. "Kathleen!" Ah! there is a refreshing cadence about the very sound, and there cluster golden hopes and memories about the name which give to it a charm and sweetness all its own, and a place in my heart and thoughts just like which none other ever held.

That sweet name, whatever of good or ill the future may bring, until my latest sun shall set, I *will not, would not, cannot* forget!

"EARNEST WILLIE."

P. S. We are glad there are *some* things the world can't "understand." WILL.

April, 1891.

OMEGA.

Just why I put that word up there at the top, I hardly know. One thing certain, I did not put it there to display my knowledge of Greek. Of that classic tongue I knew barely more than the alphabet, and that is now almost entirely forgotten. But somehow, I remember that "Omega" is the last letter; and I have noticed that from the Bible down to many writers and cross-roads orators of the present day, the terms "Alpha and Omega" are used to express the beginning and the end—"the first and the last." I hope you will all feel wonderfully enlightened by this information, and will thank me for my learned (?) disquisition.

But to the point: You all remember that a long time ago, I wrote a letter on "The Single Passion," and promised that I would wait until all the others had expressed their varied and manifold opinions, and at the last give mine, already formed before a single soul had spoken a word on the subject.

And so "Omega" denotes, I reckon, that this is the last move by the somewhat abashed "mover of the resolution." I say "somewhat abashed" for, to tell the truth, I was rather ashamed for me—a boy lying here on bed, to introduce such a Tom Moore kind of a subject as the "Single Passion"—love, once, twice or thrice, or anything "appertaining thereto." What was I supposed to know about love, anyhow? Ah! "mine" friend, I know all about it; if not all, I know lots about it. I have "felt the feeling"—that wonderful feeling that makes a moonlight night more moony, a starlight night more starry, a summer sun shine brighter, an autumn wind sigh softer, a winter fire in a maiden's parlor beam with a cheeriness no artist's brush can ever paint, and the balmy, refreshing breezes of Spring (that favoring season of "love's young dream") blow up a thousand radiant fancies

and tender notes of music in the brain and breast of youth, for which they else had blown in vain. I know, from experience all about that feeling that will make a farmer boy walk two miles out of his way just to get one flitting glimpse of the bright-eyed little girl of his heart, as she passes the window, or pauses on the veranda for an instant, filling his whole week's work with a rare, sweet, radiant light, cheering his heart and nerving his arm to labor, and gilding anew his rosy dreams with longings which naught but her can satisfy. I know that feeling which at a picnic transforms into love's mirror the limpid stream that ripples along between mossy banks through the "honeysuckle glen," and invests a bare, gray rock, or even an old dead stump with luxuriant foliage, and about whose unpicturesque surroundings there will, in later years, play delectable green memories, diffusing through retropecting age that fragrance which is the heritage alone of hopeful, happy youth. Ah! we all know the feeling (or, I am sorry for those who do not) that would make us exclaim of either nature's most barren or romantic retreat:

"Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crys'al and brightest of green,
'Twas not her soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Ah, no! it was something more exquisite still:
'Twas that she, the beloved of my bosom, was near,
Who made everyday scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve
When we see them reflected from looks that we love."

It is not the "sugary" sentiment that burdens so many of the rhymes of Thomas Moore, but that which colors some of his sweetest poems like the above.

Ah! it is that eminently proper, heaven-ordained impulse of nature which first gave true poetry birth in the heart of Scotland's beloved bard—the world's only Robert Burns! For in his "Common-place Book" he declares: "For my own part, I had never had the least thought or inclination of turning poet

till I got heartily in love, and then rhyme and song were in a manner the spontaneous language of my heart."

Let the World take off her hat and make obeisance to Love! For, having made a poet out of Burns, she made him a wonderful philosopher as well, whose epigrammatic wisdom has become current coin in our common speech.

But turning aside from all pleasantry, the pure, wonderful love we have been talking about is the sweet, tender, indescribable power which, I verily believe, next to the Christian religion, lifts the human heart up toward that purity which it first knew when it came fresh from the Creator's hand.

As I said, I was just a little bit ashamed for an invalid boy to introduce such a subject (though I guess I have a heart like other folks), but it grew out of an animated discussion which took place in my room, between four merry young people—one a bachelor, the hero or *victim* already of about twenty "affairs of the heart."

I was both surprised and gratified at the widespread interest awakened, not only in the "Household," but the "Letter Box," the editorial page and the world outside. But I should not have been surprised, for "it is love that makes the world go round," though some poor, unpoetic wretch has said that "a jug of bad whisky will do the same thing." I am sorry for any mortal who has not a *speck* of poetry in his soul!

Not having time to refer to all the papers, I cannot remember nor mention all, but I know that Billy Cucumber opened the discussion, declaring that we love the *heart*, the *soul* in another; that however beautiful a marble statue we cannot love it, and that as we find awakening animation, attractive graces and congenial spirits in more than one person, we can of course love more than once. Billy's letter was short, but any jury would agree that it was splendidly logical. Eugene

Edwards (the remarkable!), in a philosopher's essay, declared that no criterion would suit the whole world; that different natures love differently; but illustrated by a vivid picture that it is wiser, better and happier under many circumstances to love twice or even more.

Hermione espoused the "single passion" side in a brave, tender, womanly way, but was more conservative than some, believing that man could love more than once, but "woman loves on to the close."

Lone Wanderer, in a beautiful letter, believed in one "lone" love. Presto change! Julian DeWitt (a poet, mind you!), declared he had already loved several dear "old maids and widows," but that his heart was now free, and could easily enjoy the same blessing again. Verder (the brilliant and versatile), declared that there might be many "fancies," but dazzled me with: "But there is one love that is the *sun* of life—that sparkles through the ages." Whereupon, two girls (ages fourteen and sixteen) laughingly pointed their fingers at me, and avowed with enthusiasm that Verder had converted them to the poetic side—the "single passion."

Mack, the busy merchant, "had a theory," but from lack of time or something else, he did not care to express it. Sufficient unto him is the fact that the "points" in the cotton-market do not go below what he has counted upon, and the fact that he loves devotedly his wife and little children.

Amicus Curiæ (just like a lawyer) believed in a kind of ethereal, intangible abstraction—yes, possibly a sort of Platonic love, I believe; but he knew from experience nothing about that sweet, fervid passion that brings the rosy flush to the maiden's cheek, the sparkling lovelight to her eye, and the swaying joy to her bosom; nothing about that strong, tender passion that thrills the heart, nerves the arm, flashes the eye, gilds the dreams, and influences a boy's whole being when every other earthly power has failed. Knows

nothing about it! Poor fellow! I hope he will take time from his lawyer's unending "brief," and learn something some day.

And Mary Wilson, wise and noble Mary, "knew all about it," and she knew that woman's heart is fixed, but man's is "patent removable." I resent it! In behalf of true manhood, I resent it! Ah! dear Mary, you are noble and the wisest of us all, but even philosophers are sometimes sadly, and sometimes gladly, mistaken.

And then Ellen Starwood (formerly as funny as "Eli Chatham," and now always classical and grave) declared that "woman is devoted, constant and true as the needle to the pole, while man casts off his loves as easily and carelessly—as unfeelingly, as he does his worn-out shoes, or his old threadbare and tattered garments." Ellen! oh, Ellen! how could you say such a thing? and why did you say it? Shall we make that expression of yours a window through which to view the gentlemen—the men of your acquaintance? Now let me tell you something: Let those who will, disparage the constancy of man. But I know many men who are as true and pure as a woman's ideal, and as tender as they are strong. God may have made woman to love with more constancy and strength than man. May be she can. I admit it, I reckon. But oh! there are true men—men who wear in their hearts a passion as constant, as pure and brave as the stamp of nobility God has placed upon their brow.

Now can anybody yet tell whether I believe in the "single passion," or in loving more than once? The answer must come: Yes, a person *can* love more than once—or at least I can. And I know from experience, that school of all schools, an evidence which no lawyer can shake by cross-question, and which no court can set aside. First, it was a little girl of twelve, to whom I wrote letters of studied

precision and childish ardor (for I too was only twelve). That of course, was only a childish fancy, but it did me good. Three years later I met, visiting in my home community, a bright-eyed little girl of fourteen, one tender "Autumn when the leaves were turning brown." She waked to strange sweet music and impassioned poetry the heart of this farmer boy. For three years it reigned; then, like all things earthly, "went down to death." As I told her, it began too early to last, and painlessly faded away. Our little story, written, would read like a romance, for indeed it was one (and I have been asked to write it).

Next came a fair-haired, high-souled, queenly girl who called me "Mr. Will," and sang to and played for me with a sweetness which I never can forget. But circumstances which neither of us could control, controlled us.

"The hand of inexorable Fate,
That stern and relentless disposer
On whom even princes must wait,"

decreed that the rose petals should fall to the ground. And I know that it was best.

Then, ah! then, came an experience too sacred to tell. The world cannot understand it, and the world shall not know it! Under favoring circumstances any of these pure passions might have grown unto grand and beauteous perfection and fruition. But now my heart is at peace with the world, and from its "mellowed soil" may yet spring a rare, sweet flower of love, refreshing my life with its holy fragrance, and shedding all about my path a heaven-blessed strengthening light that shall endure until, melting away in the Jordan of death, it shall give place to that supreme love of Christ which is the reigning joy of Heaven.

Understand me, I give respectful deference to Madeline, Darklight, and all others who honestly be-

lieve in the single passion, but they must not "hit at me" because I enjoyed Annie Lee's humorous declaration: "It seems to me that any one that can't love more than once, must have a mighty little bit of a 'squinched-up' heart."

How many follow the practice of the inimitable Musa Dunn, who "out of one love scrape, had little enough sense to tumble back in again!"

Many earnest "single passion" advocates love *truly* several times, and then in the last crowning affection, declare that all others were but "mere fancies," but that the present rapture is the one grand single passion—"the sun of life." Their experience is aptly told by Crecile:

"When poets their rapture may tell,
Who never were put to the test,
A first love is all very well,
But believe me, the last love is the best."

Happy Mother sweetly said she believed we could love more than once, but none was so pure and tender as the first. Not necessarily so by any means! The last love may possibly be not quite so ardent as the first (yes, it may, too!), but just as pure, just as tender. Suppose a young man or young lady, a young husband or young wife, be providentially bereft (or shamefully deceived) in the rosy morn of youth. Shall they go mournfully disconsolate and pining throughout all life, refusing to love another because, forsooth, they want to remain true to the memory of their first golden love? I do not believe God intended any such lonely, dreary life. They can fondly cherish the memory of the first, and yet truly and happily love another as noble as they. True philosophy, common sense and true happiness blend on the side of those who may, can, and often do love more than once.

I do believe it is better to love, though we lose, than

never to love at all. Seriously, if you have loved and lost, follow the beautiful, the sensible advice of Eli, the Bachelor (but he is not a bachelor now), who agrees with McBeath and me, that under such and kindred circumstances you should—

"Turn from thyself each inward grief,
Each vain desire repressing,
And learn in blessing others' lives
To find thy own life's blessing;

So white-winged Love within thy life
Shall build again her bower,
And Hope within the mellowed soil
Shall plant a fairer flower."

Or, if not fairer, God willing, just as fair; a dew-kissed flower springing up into and so refreshing a desolate life that its owner, with Eugene Edwards, will thank God for a second love.

But if that second sweet passion be not given, then, oh! then wed yourself to a path of consecrated, active duty to God and His Christ, blessing those around you; so shall your heart be filled with a love and happiness and peace and rest beyond all earthly giving!

March, 1892. "EARNEST WILLIE."

GONE! GONE!

DEAR HOUSEHOLD BAND—Whatever the world—the poor, tired, restless, unsatisfied, grasping world may say, I hope the time will never come when we will not approve the motive prompting any word that is spoken or written to make us think of the fleeting, flying years, and form fresh, firm resolves to awake and "redeem the time." But this is not a New Year's talk. The first three chapters of that new volume have been completed, and the fourth is now almost

finished. Still, however much I honor words from any one spoken with such intent, I am moved to speak now, not of any special new day or New Year, but of a special opportunity in my own bitter experience—gone, forever gone!— *lost! lost! lost!*

There are few indeed, I suppose, whatever their occupation in life, who do not at times go back in memory to some neglected opportunity, and think with regret, and often deep pain, of that neglect. He who unduly loves and strives for "gold with its yellow glare," remembers with aggravating exactness, some instance in business, when, if he had been more vigilant and discerning, he might have added broad acres to his estate, or filled with greedy, care-bought gain, his coffers nearer full. The politician whose heart, far from being "proof against," so longingly yearns for the "sweet seducing charms of popular applause," thinks with uncomfortable recollections of some misused opportunity, some word, if he had but spoken, some deed if he had but done, which would have left unbarred his path to worldly glory. The aspirant for literary fame (whose name is legion, and his disappointment hard to assuage) thinks of some hour, some unmistakable crisis, when that essay or story, if he had but written it, or that poem if he had only sung, would have won the public's glad acclaim, and borne him on its unreceding wave to heights that dazzle in the temple of Fame. The dashing beaux and belles of society's fashion and folly, still looking for a time when they may, recur with positive annoyance to some lost opportunity when they might have, by a little more diplomacy (in reality, sheer deception), added another "conquest" to their girdle of deeply wounded hearts, yes, and though little they think it, ofttimes deeply sorrowed lives. And I expect, too, that even the poor wretch of a still deeper dissipation, in some hour of blind exultation, thinks with irritating "goodie goodie" kind of disappointment, of a time

when he was foiled in an effort to lead one of his associates into some gilded temptation, the first step, perhaps, towards a life as foolish, as worthless and as fatal as his own! And in all these and nameless other employments (whether gross and material, or shadowy and light), there are few, I imagine, who do not remember in a general way, opportunities lost in the school-days of childhood, and the idler hours of youth, which, improved, would have the better fitted them for their battles all life's journey through, and helped them to launch into that "tide which, taken at the flood, would have lead them on to fortune."

If such pain be felt by those who have lost opportunities to increase in wealth, to exult in power, and to revel in fame, things that so soon perish, how much deeper his sorrow, how much more poignant his grief, who has let pass *forever* an opportunity whose consequences, to all human eyes, may reach the grave and through all the eternity beyond!

There was a person, an almost unknown, but highly honored fellow being. I had long admired his genius, his great brilliancy of mind, and the warm generosity of his heart, and while I felt assured of his belief in the Bible and the general truth of Christianity, I feared he might not be truly a Christian at heart; and I felt long and often like I wanted to write an earnest letter and ask him if he felt that he was a Christian; not merely a church member, but if he had been truly converted, given a new heart and life in Christ. I kept thinking "I want to write, I intend to write, I *will* write some day." I did not feel able to write with my own hand, and somehow I did not—waited, and the days went on. At last when least prepared, it seemed to hear it, the news came that he was ill. I was seized with a fear, but only for a while, for it seemed that I could not associate the idea of death with him, could not feel that he would die then. I felt in my heart that I would love

to send him a little note pointing him to Christ, that Saviour, who during so many great trials, even in the prospects of death, had so sweetly and gloriously sustained me. But being feeble, and hearing that his illness was not considered serious, day after day I waited again. Oh! if I had only known! Just when I supposed that he was almost well, the crushing news came that he was dead, bringing deep pain to my heart and bitter tears to my eyes. Oh! if I had written him that letter! I now have by me the little note I had begun, and thought to send him. Oh! as I have lain here and thought of it, my bosom surging with burning, deepening, but *unavailing* regrets, it seems that if I had only sent it, *if I had only sent it,* to have it now unsent, all the strength of glittering, tempting thousands would appeal to me in vain. It is no answer for my conscience, it does not satisfy my heart to be told that God would not let the destiny of a human soul depend on so small an act of mine. *I feel that I* OUGHT *to have spoken,* and while I have a heart to feel and a mind to remember, it seems that I will continue to feel this way. O you whom the Spirit of Christ teacheth to speak words of pleading, warning, of comfort or cheer (and the devil gives you no such impulses), *speak them now,* or endure through life the pain of vain regret. And for those of us who have failed, what refuge have we? Go to Christ, fall on His all-sufficient breast, and in the robe of His perfect righteousness, find that fullness without which all are forever incomplete, undone and unsaved!

* * * *

And while we mourn the sudden death of the brilliant young whose youthful exuberance and ambition, if nothing else, cause them to shrink from the merciless edge of Death's keen sickle, we think with blended sorrow and gladness of the "going Home" of dear and venerable Age, whose God-given faith has cheered and guided them through a long life of Christian labor,

happy veterans who, like golden grain, ripe and ready for the harvest, stand with reverent heads, anxiously bending toward the scythe of the coming Reaper. In the words of our White Heather's beautiful tribute, I reflect and wonder, "Dead! Our Veritas dead!" How we will miss the dear noble heart and gifted pen! It will ever be one of my great regrets that I did not manage some way to have a letter written to him, that I might have received at least one message from his consecrated hand. May we all be as ready as I believe he was, to meet the Great Judge of all the earth, clad by penitent faith, in the righteousness of the dear Redeemer he loved so well.

Nightingale, dear sister, I want to tell you how I thank you for your sweet words; and as I think of your beautiful letter of last October days, I remember a song we children used to sing with happy childish melody at old Crew Street school in Atlanta:

"Nightingale, nightingale, all do list to thy lay,
list to thy lay,
Whenever thou art heard."

And with warm greetings, I extend my hand in tender sympathy to little motherless Lonely Lily, sighing, and I hope soon to be comforted by Christ, whose presence can sweetly fill the vacancy in her bereft and lonely heart.

* * * *

Clarissa Johns, for more reasons than one, my heart has been drawn to you.

May God bless and help you in your every trial, and give you a happy life of faith, and, at last, a triumphant death, only the true Christian's heritage.

This letter has grown too long, much longer than I intended, yet I have not done. I want to say as earnestly as briefly, to every one who has done me a kindness, that they have the gratitude of a loving heart.

And before I go, I want to say one more earnest

word to every one who reads these lines: Mother, father, brother, sister, teacher, minister and friend, if your heart bids you speak to some loved one, some wayward wanderer,—to any one out of Christ, *speak now!* with discretion of course, but *speak!* for in such an hour as you may think not, *the night will come when you can not speak.*

"EARNEST WILLIE."

A NOBLE LITTLE WOMAN.

[NOTE.—I feel impelled to incorporate in these "echoes" from my bedside the following tribute to Miss Mollie A. Mitchell, of Douglasville, Ga., which I wrote as correspondent of the *Marietta Journal.* She boarded with us and was my faithful amanuensis for two years, helping me largely on my book, and also in my necessarily large private correspondence. I can never forget any favor, especially one so very great as this, and I am happy to thus put on enduring record this simple but earnest tribute from an ever-grateful heart.]

It becomes our sad, glad duty to chronicle the departure of one of the loveliest characters that ever blessed our community.

Sad, because it pains us, as it must pain any one who has known her well enough to fully appreciate her worth, to say the final "good-byes" to such a character, and know that our community can no longer speak of her as "ours"; glad, because it is our duty and high, sweet pleasure to bear testimonial to her great beauty of character and genuine, exalted worth. Miss Mollie Mitchell, the noble young lady who has taught the school at this place for the past two years, has closed her labors among us, and gone to her home in Douglasville. She intended to have an entertainment for the public, but was unexpectedly called away by a letter, and dismissed her school earlier than she had appointed. Her pupils, however, rendered some splendid recitations, and at the conclusion, Miss Mitchell gave them an earnest talk, and read to them,

in her soft, tender, mellow voice, McBeath's beautiful poem, "Good-bye," concluding:

"Good-bye, little people, God bless you!
* * * *
And at last when this life school is over,
And the Great Teacher calls up His class,
To examine and make out the records,
May every dear one of you pass.
And to each, when the session is ended,
May a card, pure and spotless, be given,
That shall read in the hand of the Master,
'Promoted from earth up to Heaven.'"

We feel that such rare excellence in a brave little woman, stemming the rough tide of life alone, should receive more than a mere passing notice. Exceedingly gentle, yet firm and stable, Miss Mitchell moved among us for two years, not so much like the meteor's flash, but like a brightly, gently beaming star, blessing all on whom her light has shone.

Happy that community who secures her services! God bless such brave, true women, and give us more of them. "EARNEST WILLIE."

A NAMELESS MEDLEY—HOW I WAS HURT.

Who cares to know at this hour of a happiness three months gone? My Christmas-tide, I mean.

Although one of the fullest, purest and sweetest I have ever known, I would not tell you of it now, but for the fact that my near and dear, though faraway, *Sunny South* friends are so closely connected with it. But before I go further, I want to tell you that this long delay in thus acknowledging your cheering kindnesses has not been of my own willing; and again, I want to tell you that your many and generous calls for my return to the "Letter Box" have not fallen on

unheeding ears or on unthankful heart. No, no! My heart has been greatly touched to remember that week after week, as I have welcomed the coming of the *Sunny South*, not one issue has come that did not contain some kind allusion to "Earnest Willie." I do thank you from my heart for remembering me so constantly during my long absence. It deeply humbles while it exalts me. I have wanted—indeed I have thought to come back to you long before now, but I have had causes to hinder you know not of.

For the sake of the great world outside that knows not our circle, and for the sake of any other who cannot feel interested in it, I regret that this must be a largely personal letter. I am sorry for them, yet for myself I am glad, in one sense, of the cause that makes it so. I have been the grateful recipient of quite a number of little souvenirs, bearing no name (in some instances only the *nom*), and as I have no possible opportunity of knowing the real names of the senders, I can only receipt and thank them in this public way.

The booklets, "Rest in the Lord," from Opal; "Old and New" and a "Bunch of Primroses," from Nixy; "Sometimes," from M. W. Q; "Thy Will be Done," from Bridget; "Sweet Gems" by Frances Ridley Havergal, sender unknown; "Memories of Home," by Mrs. Mary D. Brine, from Zirline; and I had just been wanting a calendar, when one, unique and beautiful, came from Genevieve; delightful selections for my scrap book from Belle Laurence, and other favors. These little gifts are not only cheering, but helpful to me. I thank you earnestly for them.

And there's another so different from the rest that I mention it apart. From across the solemn Mississippi, in far-off Arkansas, comes a rare fabric of simple elegance, unique, opportune, beautiful—a "slumber robe" for me to tuck around me while resting in my *Sunny South* chair, and "think just as kindly as possible

of"——there now! I didn't say whom. But tell me, do you all think it would be any harm for me to dream, whether asleep or awake, of the fair hand in the bright, happy valley of Arkansas from which the treasure came?

Flowers! A box with no name; another from a friend, another from L. S.; and still another, rose-buds and orange blossoms, bearing no name. This last box contained some rare specimens of art work.

Bless all of your hearts! But listen, while I greatly appreciate the spirit that prompts you not to let the left hand know what the right hand doeth, I would much rather you would tell me your real names. I want to know who you are, so I can store away your names, and where you live, as bright little stars that have broken in from the great old world through the walls of my narrow room. Heaven bless you all!

Bonnie Bell, my dear invalid sister, your letter touched me deeply. I am so happy that in hours of pain my letters have given you comfort. I can only point you as I pray to the Lord Jesus who knew a Gethsemane of anguish, and "even so Father," a Calvary of agony more bitter than man can ever know; and sweet submission to all, "even the death of the cross" (for us!) and ('tis all the Christian's hope) a resurrection of glorious triumph! Trust and be happy!

As usual, I must leave many calls unmade, many words unspoken, but to all who have been so kind to me in word and deed, I make glad and grateful homage. And now this, and I shall have done.

Many seem anxious to know how I was hurt. Perhaps I should have told you all before now, but somehow it had never occurred to me to do so, for I had always had things of greater moment to tell. And for the sake of all who would care to know, I will give you this brief story:

On the misty morning of February 18, 1885, while

a happy, hopeful farmer boy, I was hauling timber on an open wagon frame. After unloading, with the thought, "this work must be finished to-day," I sprang hurriedly upon the wagon. The team started suddenly, I lost my foot-hold and fell backward, striking my spine on a cross-piece in the frame. A kind old negro man working near by, helped me to the ground. Apprehending little trouble (as I felt little pain) I walked home, a half mile away. Was in bed only a day or two. Never tried to work again, but because anxious to go to church and Sabbath-school, rode in a buggy which hurt me; was able to walk about the house and yard seven months, but finally broke down, went to bed and have been here ever since. That is the story. Ah, but is it all? You cannot know it all. Brightest plans, sweetest hopes and fondest dreams stood still. "Pain and pleasure, hope and fear," temptations terrible, trials, struggles, triumphs—suffused with sweetness and tears of joy more than sorrow. Christ's countenance long withheld, the light tarried long, but it has come at last, and floods my pillow and heart! Sometimes a new sorrow comes that the world knows not of, but in the words of a little booklet that came to me Christmas, whatever may come,

"Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Christ's sweet spirit for its guest.
My God, to thee I leave the rest—
Thy will be done!

Yes, sometimes for the moment sadly, but always sweetly done.

Trustingly yours,

"Earnest Willie."

A TOUCHING PRIVATE LETTER.

NO MOTHER, NO FATHER, NO HEALTH, NO HOME!

Heavenly Beauties of the Christian's Earthly Home.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD—Here is a sweet, rich feast for you; yes, and surely for everybody who has a heart. It is a private letter recently written to me by a young lady living only a few miles from my home. She has a sweet, open, noble face; but has long been very poor in this world's goods, and has for years been a great sufferer from the withering hand of disease. And now she has no mother, no father, no health, no home!

Not long ago her good old father died, and I sent her a letter expressing my tender sympathy, and also trying to comfort and cheer her. I knew that although so weak in body, she was strong in Christ—that her faith—her trust was beautiful and sustaining. I knew, too, that she must feel assured of my sympathy and prayers, but I felt that I wanted to speak to her in such an hour, words of earnest consolation, pointing her anew to Christ who had so gloriously sustained both her and me during all the years of our affliction. Below I give her letter in reply. Some personal allusions toward the latter part might have been left out, but I send it in full that her chain of thought be not broken.

I do unto you as I would have you do unto me. This letter was so sweet and touching that when I read it, I wanted you to enjoy it too.

* * * *

LOST MOUNTAIN, GA., April, 1891.

MR. WILLIE D. UPSHAW:

DEAR FRIEND—I feel that I must answer your kind letter which I received some time since; would have written sooner, but ill health and trouble pre-

vented at first; then I was out of paper, and have just gotten some this morning; so I hope you will accept my apology.

I thank you from my heart for your sympathy. It did me good to have you say so, although I knew it before I received your letter. I felt that when your prayers ascended to a Throne of Grace that I would not be forgotten; and I thank God for the blessed privilege of prayer; we could not live without it. I have indeed passed through sore afflictions since I saw you, but the loss of my dear father is the greatest trial of my life. I had hoped that it would please an all-wise Providence to take me first; and it is hard, oh! so very hard to say, "Thy will be done."

Did you read my "*My Father's Will*" in those books I lent you? It expresses my feeling better than I can; and I can say truly that in the last three months I have been dwelling in the valley of Baca. I have tasted the bitterness there, and felt the darkness. Oh, my Father's children, sympathize with me in my sore trouble! (and ye do sympathize with me). If I had health or a home, I could bear it better, but I have neither. Brother Willie, think! what would you do in your present condition, without father, without mother, without a home? Tell me, in pity, tell me! Is it selfishness that makes my heart swell almost to bursting when I think of these things? God grant that you may never feel the want of father, mother and home like I do; for sometimes I get homesick. Oh, so homesick! and then I long to sleep quietly by the side of my parents in old Midway cemetery. Forgive me for writing thus to you, for I must not say anything to trouble you, for our Heavenly Father will take care of both you and me. And I must remember that "in my Father's house are many mansions," and I have a glorious home *there*, where there is no more sorrow, pain nor death, "and the

Lord Jesus will wipe away all tears from our eyes." Precious promise! I have found many kind friends, precious friends, that have been good to me in many ways, and have helped to lift the burden of grief from my heart. As long as memory holds her own, I will ever pray that God will bless and reward them. It is all I can do; but they will never know the good they have done, 'till they hear the blessed Saviour's "Well done, thou good and faithful servant—inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto me."

I thank your kind mother and yourself for your kind invitation to visit you; would be delighted to do so, but fear that ill health and the lack of opportunity will prevent it. I will have to go to Marietta soon (sister is there now), so I will have to save myself for that trip; though if I can do so, I will see you before I go. How I wish I could, for I feel that your cheerful face and kind talk would do me good. Give my kindest regards to your good father and mother; I have never forgotten their kindness to me, nor my pleasant visit there.

Do you remember how we sang? Dear, good Mrs. Morgan was there then; and now she is singing that glad new song before the throne of God. May God grant that we may all meet our loved ones there.

Again I thank you for your kind letter. God bless you!

Your invalid friend and sister in Christ,

ELLA F. WRIGHT.

* * * *

How did you feel, oh reader! as you read her words? We often hear of such desolate persons—we read of them in stories, but this is a real character. Without mother, without father, without health, without a home! Who can read, who can hear it, and their heart remain unmoved!

I have given her letter, hoping and praying that

it will benefit many. May it make those who are blessed with happy homes and health and plenty, more thankful for what God has given them, and more watchful, more eager and determined to "go out into the highways and hedges" and brighten the lives of those living in wretchedness, want and pain· more determined that, however great or small their own store, they will use a part of it at least, to carry comfort into the lives, and sunshine to the hearts and faces of their brothers of unfortunate humanity, in homes and garrets of pinching poverty, where

"On pallet of straw Age rests the head,
And blue-lipped children cry for bread."

May those who have no health, and yet have smiling plenty around them, be made not only content, but thankful and happy when they remember how much harder their lives would be without the comforts of life, such as their poverty-stricken brothers and sisters never knew. And may the poor and rich—yes, all who know not the blessing of rest and peace, be led to seek a home such as this poor, suffering, homeless young lady knows—a 'home in Jesus and His love.' Some time ago she was able to visit me for a few days, and we talked so much, and to me, oh so sweetly! Speaking of a time of great and unusual suffering when it was thought by herself and all others that she must soon die, I asked: "Miss Ella, was you afraid to die?" She replied about in these words: "When they first told me I must die, a shrinking feeling of human fear flashed over me, as my whole past life came up in review before me, but with an earnest, trusting prayer, I turned and looked to Jesus, casting all upon Him—falling by faith into His arms; I saw all my sins covered in Christ's righteousness, and there was given me a perfect trust and peace and joy, even in the immediate presence of Death."

Did any skeptic ever feel that way? Never, never.

Telling to my glad ears and heart all about her long years of suffering, she said, with reverent, trustful eyes, "I would be willing to go through it all again to receive such bright evidences of my acceptance with God, and be lifted to as much higher plane of faith and glad spiritual life in Christ." Oh! my unbelieving friend, you *cannot* understand such language. No one can understand it, whose heart has not been made new in the blood of the Lamb. *It is a reality, a glorious reality.*

Shall not this young lady be allowed to testify? She who, without health, without loving parents and without a happy fireside she can call her own, can still be happy in the comforting and sustaining power of Christ. Shall I not be allowed to testify? I, who was so long a wicked, homeless stranger to His grace, but who have, during my six years of invalid life, struggles and disappointments, felt and been happy in the new life Christ has given me? Shall not the millions of earth who now feel in their hearts and show in their lives this glorious, uplifting power, shall not they and we all be allowed to testify? and *will you not receive our testimony?*

"A home in Jesus and His love." Oh, what a home it is! To the poor and rich alike, what a home it is! On its hearthstone, in bleak and dreary winter, burns the brightest fire, glowing, warming, brightening all within. And through its open windows, in parching summer, blows the fresh, sweet breath of God's Holy Spirit, refreshing and strengthening the soul with the fruit and fragrance from the Tree of Life, and whatever the painful condition of the body, feeding the soul on heavenly manna, giving it ruddy, blooming health and hope and peace! And the walls of that home are adorned with the rarest pictures painted by the Master of all master-hands, pictures of fiercest struggles and glorious triumphs, battles in

which, though they lasted long, we have always come off conquerors through Him that loves us; pictures of bitter times when

"Tears have been quenched in the sunshine of gladness,
And anthems of sorrow been turned into song."

And most beautiful of all beautiful spectacles, pictures of poor, weak fallen men and women, redeemed from lives of wantom sin unto lives of purity and self-sacrifice for the blessing of others. And through all the recesses of this home in Jesus' love, there rings a full sweet music, a music so pure and sweet, so mystic and gentle that only those ears and hearts can hear it, which have been attuned by the touch of that Divine Hand whose law of love is the harmony of the world.

Oh, how sorry we are for those outside, who cannot hear this sweet music! It can humble the highest, and richly glorify the humblest spot on earth.

Sinner, you have no home! My unconverted friend, whatever your station in life, you have no home. Although many broad acres stretch out before you, and you can say, "I am monarch of all I survey, my right there is none to dispute"; although your house is one of simple elegance or gorgeous grandeur or a plain and humble cot, whatever your abiding place, *if you are out of Christ you have no home? Do you not want one? Where are you to-day? Will you not seek a home now? If so, there is no hope for you, but a penitent new heart in Christ Jesus.*

And when you have found it, when it has been given you, will you not write and tell me? Then, aside from your own gladness, there will be another happy, joyous heart on earth. And (for Christ said it) "over one sinner that repenteth, there will be joy among the angels in heaven."

Again I ask, *where are you now?*

Earnestly, anxiously,

May, 1891. "Earnest Willie."

STIRRED BY A SENTENCE!

(A SPECIFIC MENTION, BUT GENERAL IN APPLICATION.)

DEAR LETTER BOX BAND—Mine is a very susceptible nature, naturally impulsive, easily touched, but unlike many such natures, perhaps, the sunrise brings some unexpected story to impress me, does not witness that impression effaced at evening, by the drenching of one day's rainfall, or the glare of one day's sun; and the twilight shadows that bring a wave of feeling to my breast do not always look upon that wave hushed into a placid and forgetful calm, by the streakings of the early dawn, or even the full burst of that kingly light, the forecast beams of whose radiant coming put out the glittering stars. I feel deeply. As I said, I am easily touched. Indeed I am almost always touched by something. It is my normal state. But occasionally something is said or done in the dear home circle or out in the great big world, the tidings of which touch a keynote in my heart and stir my being more and deeper than ever.

This time I am stirred by something that has been said in our "Letter Box", a circle of hearts and friendships, not fully appreciated by the world perhaps, nor indeed by any one who has not come within its magic touch by actual and continued membership.

The kind, sweet words spoken to, and of me, from week to week, reach and cheer my heart always, but the words I here give from Hyacinth's last letter (with the many that followed) stirred me with mingled gladness, pain and gratitude. There is a Hyacinth over in the "Household" whom I love very much, too, (she writes in the "Letter Box" over another *nom*), but it is Hyacinth, the bright, sweet maid of the Tennessee mountains, whose words now stir me:

"'Earnest Willie', would you object to a private letter from me, one whom you know nothing about

care nothing about and perhaps will never come in contact with."

Now, most people read that sentence, I suppose, without giving it any special thought, but I was not one of them. Indeed I think that no one who knows me well could have read it without being arrested by these words, "one whom you *care* nothing about." True, Hyacinth, I know very little about you, but I was delighted with your first letter to the *Sunny South*, amused with your little pleasantries, but more than all, touched by the sweetly sad story of your mother's death and your being sent away just afterward to a boarding school; and now, alone in the world, without a mother. Ah! what would I do without my own pure, sweet mother, whose first self-sacrificing joy is the comfort of her boy? But those words of yours "care nothing about." Why, my dear friend, there is no being on this earth whom I care nothing about. Of course there are millions of whose individual circumstances I know nothing, but there are none, however humble or exalted their station in life, whom I "care nothing about." Sometimes I notice some little something about the sorrow or misfortune of one perhaps across the sea, and my heart is touched as I think of that one's grief-stricken home. Surely no one who names the name of Christ as his personal Redeemer, surely no true Christian can read or hear of another's pain without feeling in his heart like breathing a prayer that Christ will bless that suffering one, although thousands of miles may separate them, and he never heard of that one before, and may never hear again. I pray God to ever give me

A heart to feel for other's woes,
A heart to bleed when my fellows moan,
Impaled in sorrow's throes.

Yes. and we want not only hearts that feel, but

hearts that will lead us to do something to carry sunshine into the hearts and lives of those who hardly ever have one of its refreshing beams. Happy that Christian who tries to carry to such persons both healing for the body and balm for the soul!

But your question, would I object to a letter from you, Hyacinth? No, indeed, I would not object but be glad. You said you would "wait to write to me until you received my permission." Why, my dear girl, let me tell you now and tell everybody else, that I am no Japanese monarch, no Russian Çzar, living in a palatial fortress with sentinels stationed far out to guard and question the approach of every one. Neither am I a formal society person with whom you must make a special engagement, or even send in your card before you call. The door of my room is open, the door to my heart ever open! And however many there are now within, with each new entrance, the capacity of my heart seems to increase. I bid you come, and all who will, I bid them come. I receive many letters which my condition makes it impossible for me to answer as my heart would lead me; but I never receive any letter that I do not appreciate and enjoy. There is a special charm to me about the letters that come to me from people far away, whom I have never seen, telling me that they have read, enjoyed and been benefited by my letters in the *Sunny South.* I never forget them; I remember each one, and often refer to, and take them out and reread them.

They are my greatest earthly wealth, and I hoard them about me in boxes and under my pillow, as a miser keeps his gold.

Yes, my friend and "cousin," and, I hope, sister, I gladly accept your offer to help the poor motherless, fatherless, homeless invalid young lady whose touching private letter I published not long ago. I have received some very sweet letters concerning her, for which, in a note, she begs me to thank everyone, and

something of material value from "two unknown friends" in Mississippi, more helpful than letters. The generous, unselfish gift greatly cheered her heart.

Since my last letter I have received many beautiful private letter and some pictures which I highly prize. I will not record all their names here, but they are recorded in my heart.

Handsome Robin, I did not mean to chide Lucile for loving you. Indeed, I believe you deserve all, but I only wanted her not to give so much that none of the treasures would be left for others, "one of whom I am which."

* * * *

Tête-à-Tête, your defence was quite a masterpiece. Surely all is peace again. I like to see a girl who can, like you, deal with popular questions of the day, not of choice and continually, but who knows how to talk about them with acute intelligence and delicate grace, like a true woman, when it becomes necessary.

May Belle Clyde and Paul Tyndon, you are both young, but you are decidedly interesting. Strive ever upward! * * * * * *

One's Life Work.—Elle, your letter is highly spoken of for one yet only fourteen. Your thoughts on life and its work were mature and impressive. Truly, what a vital question is one's "life work."

"Not how we can make a living—nature keeps us everywhere;
But *why do we live's a question worth the soul's supremest care!*"

Choose wisely then your life-work, my young friends, and having chosen, wear it in your heart and press it to your bosom as if it were the husband or wife of your youth. Cling to it with a tenacity of purpose as strong and pure as Heaven would have it, endeavoring to honor your Creator, and in His name, help and bless his poor fallen created.

Yours in earnest, "Earnest Willie."

A PASSING TRIBUTE TO GENERAL GORDON.

[From local notes in *Marietta Journal*, whose editor, W. S. N. Neal, is one of the strongest, purest editors among the members of the Georgia press.]

We believe the circumstances are few when anyone should wholly eschew politics who really loves his country's weal. And because we believe in honoring true nobility in a man whose heart and work have ever been and will ever be for the good of the whole people—because of this, we feel like throwing up our hat (if we now wore one) and saying hurrah for the *Journal's* editorial of last week on the senatorial issue! It was the grandest and manliest defence of Gov. Gordon's consistent position that we have yet seen. Of course this brave and noble-hearted man, the grandest of Georgia—yes, and of Southern statesmen—is with the laboring people, and he will exert his great efforts and influence to better their financial condition. How can any man, remembering Gen. Gordon's life of labor and sacrifice for the people he loved, and viewing now on his manly face the saber mark, telling yet only a meager mite of that devotion, and remembering too, his able, unsurpassed and spotless career as governor of Georgia—we say, remembering all these eminent services, and knowing his transcendent fitness for the position above all the other aspirants that are now or may be, how can any true Georgian, any true Southerner, any true American, be opposed to Gordon for senator or any other position he might ask?

Opportune indeed seem the following strong and beautiful words from that grandly eloquent Christian minister, Dr. J. B. Hawthorne, which I feel constrained to incorporate in this little passing tribute: "If I should ask you to name the man who more than any other Georgian, living or dead, has filled your ideal of virtuous chivalry, lofty and unselfish

patriotism, and unflinching fealty to principle, there would be but one response—John B. Gordon. Every mind's eye would instantly turn and fix itself upon the veteran soldier and statesman, who did not falter in the times which tried men's souls, and who has been loyal to the last degree to every responsibility with which his loving and confiding countrymen have clothed him. But behold him to-day, traduced and maligned, held up to ridicule and reprobation, among the people who have known him best and loved him most. But his is not an exceptional case. Every such hero must have his Judas and Golgotha."

Taught from childhood to think on the name of this prince among men, as a synonym of grand, noble manhood and great and patriotic leadership, we believe that the able, brave and gallant statesman, John B. Gordon, would illustrate true Americanism, battle for the good of Southern workingmen, and honor the name of Georgia in the Senate of the United States, as no other man could do.

October 16, 1890. "Earnest Willie."

SEVERAL THINGS.

PREFACE.

I would not be human if I did not enjoy a compliment now and then. But not for this alone do I give the following: In order that my letter which follows may be the better understood, I give here three editorial notes, all of which appeared the same week scattered about in the "Editor's Easy Chair" column of the *Sunny South*. It was in answer to some editorial comments kindred to these—ingenious blendings of somewhat caustic criticism and beautiful compliment, that a part of this letter was written.

In opening the paper, my eyes fell first on the second paragraph here given, and I laughed as heartily as I hope the reader will, when I read its merry, mirthful arraignment. No one situated just as I have so long been is fully prepared to understand the cause of, and enjoy my long letters, and indeed, enter into, and throw the mantle of charity

around every minor detail of these letters, affecting the interest of the world so little, but meaning so much to me. But hear the editor's notes:

"The fact that some portions of 'Earnest Willie's' letters are in his own hand, and others in that of an amanuensis, testifies pathetically to his condition of invalidism. The assistant hand is evidently that of a woman—doubtless an affectionate mother or sister."

"We cannot deny that 'Earnest Willie's' excuse for the length of his contributions is a good one. He is not physically able to write often, and the materials to be handled accumulate so, that when he does take up the pen, we are not surprised to hear him sing out like the fellow who dances the double shuffle at a frolic: "Give me room to swing!" It is dangerous to confine a strong head of water, gas or steam, and the effect of damming up ideas may, for all we know, be fraught with equal peril to the "biler" or the by-standers. So in the interest of our contributor, and his faithful amanuensis, we say—when cloud-bursts of thought send down their floods upon him—when the waves seem ready to dash over the dikes—open the flood gates; the *Sunny South* will undertake to distribute the surplus through its many trenches."

"'Earnest Willie's' long letter habit is evidently incurable. We jabbed him with a sharp paragraph about it some weeks ago, and though he started up as if he might have sat down on a tack, the effect didn't last long. He soon settled down in his old place. You have seen a spider spinning his web; the supply of material seems inexhaustible. For hours he goes briskly up and down, round and round, but always successfully. He never fails to build a filmy palace. So it is with our 'Letter Box' favorite. It takes him some time to spin his web, but his work is so artistically done that the 'Letter Boxers' never weary of seeing him work. And when it is finished, it is so graceful and pretty, they all cry out, "make another, 'Earnest Willie,' make another"! And if our girls don't look sharp, somebody will get hopelessly entangled in the meshes of that same net. And how very sad it will be then to see the cunning architect rush from his hiding place and throw his ar—ropes about her to make her fast!

But to change the metaphor. The journey through a long letter from this correspondeut is very much like that through a fine street miles and miles long. You see so many strange and beautiful things in the show windows that you are unconscious of the distance or time until you reach the end. Read it and see if this is not true."

SEVERAL THINGS.

A "TILT" WITH THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR—THE BARD OF AVON—QUOTING POETRY—MY BIRTHDAY—HAPPY CONVERSION OF TWO VERY DEAR FRIENDS.

Even one worthy incentive is enough to stimulate to powerful effort, Herculean action and mammoth ends. (I made and said that sentence all "by myself.")

With only one motive to prompt, one proposition to begin with, and one single object to accomplish, to inspire and lead them on to the shining goal, many beginning in obscurity, have by a singleness of aim and a steadfast heart and purpose, placed themselves among the world's great heroes, and had their names and deeds written by posterity's impartial hand on history's deathless page.

(I invite your special attention to that sentence, Mr. "Easy Chair"—you who so much admire and illustrate (?) by your example, directness of expression; surely it will throw your eagle-eyed nerves into violent and confused agitation.)

If, with only one incentive, one moving cause, people are inspired to do so much; then surely with a number of causes moving them, they should do greater things,

Now, several causes prompt this letter; but when I shall have done, you all will perhaps agree that it is not best to divide one's energies; and will advise me to stick to my first proposition, and not have "too many irons in the fire."

"Self-preservation is the first law of nature;" hence I have a little business with the "Editor's Easy Chair." That accomplished, merry individual is very gracious—*about some things*.

In behalf of myself and many other "Letter Boxers", and "Householders", I make to him obeisance. I do my best to make a courtly bow. It is far from unpleasant to us—young folks—"lesser lights," to be taken up and favorably mentioned in "open court" by the great Editorial Judge. Somehow, the "Easy Chair" column has taken on new life of late, and fairly sparkles and laughs and dances, and reasons and muses, and sighs and sings, with a brightness and music hitherto unknown. Whence this great betterment?

We must believe, we of the "Letter Box" and "Household," who have afforded him so much food for thought and comment, that the great improvement is due to the fact that he has such fine subjects to talk about. Of course every member agrees with me, and it is unnecessary for me to "put the question to the house."

The editor is a genius. Twice he takes occasion to allude very kindly to me (which I greatly appreciate), but each time he manages to couple with his complimentary words a furtive allusion to the length of my letters. Once he supposed my "many admirers would think the report of my little gun, lengthened sweetness long drawn out," and another time, in calling for my ideas on the Bard of Avon, he goes out of the way to weave in with his compliment the words: "Whose envelopes are so long and so corpulent, that we must sometimes unscrew the lid of the "Letter Box" to let them in."

Now, may it please your Honor, Mr. "Easy Chair," I plead guilty to the "soft impeachment"; but the defendant should be allowed a statement. I know my letters are long, but there have been others almost, if not quite as long as mine. I know mine are too long, and in all my experience, I don't think I have ever written a letter (or talked it through the fingers of an amanuensis) that was not nearly, or quite twice as long as I intended when I began it. But in my

condition, I can't write very often (two or three months between each letter), and during each interval so much accumulates, that it seems impossible, having once begun, to write a respectably short letter.

I am ashamed of it; and often I have apologized, "vowed and declared" that I would never do so again. But each time some sweet, gracious, gentle voice rises up through the *Sunny South*, and says: "'Earnest Willie', please write us another long letter soon. I enjoy them so much." And I haven't a bit better sense than to obey the soothing voice.

* * * *

Tell what I think of Shakespeare and some of his favorite works?

I am reminded of a little incident: I remember hearing my brother ask our pastor if he had ever read Hugh Miller's "Testimony of the Rocks." He smilingly replied, "I am like the man was by reading Shakespeare—I have '*tried.*'"

Well, I am sorry it is so, but I have not tried very much. In my condition, I can read but very little without injury to myself, and I never think of such a thing as taking up a book to read it through, or even one full chapter at once. I find it easier to follow Shakespeare than, from description, I had been led to imagine. I wish I knew more of the man who said:

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;"

"There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;"

"All that glitters is not gold;"

"A woman impudent and mannish grown,
Is not more loathed than an effeminate man
In time of action;"

"She looks as clear as morning roses newly washed with dew;"

"One touch of nature makes the whole world akin;"

"Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;"
"To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man;"

And a thousand other beautiful truisms that adorn our language, and have woven themselves into and made classic, common speech.

It is remarkable to contemplate how this bard and philosopher could carry twenty or thirty different characters through a long play, and make each preserve so strikingly his individuality. His great versatile mind, to us, seems a vast sea, whereon, from the shore, to our enchained spirit and wondering eyes, the sunlight dances, the waves splash, the threatening clouds lower, the sea birds flap their wings, the lightnings flash the thunders roar, and the storm in all its fury bursts.

Rare, versatile Shakespeare! how many generations shall pass away before the world shall give us thy like again?

* * * *

Mary Wilson, I dislike very much to have to disagree with any one whom I admire as I do you. But I think there have been few, if any, letters in the "Letter Box" that quoted poetry profusely enough to really merit your well-meant criticism. Of course the poetically inclined will not repeat: "The melancholy days have come," etc. Spare us—do spare us, please!

But an occasional poetic quotation helps greatly. It is an evidence of well-remembered reading to know something to quote, and it evinces true genius to know just when, where and what to quote. I have a friend who is thus specially gifted. Her own words are golden, and she handles quotations with ready and masterly hand. Even frequent quotations, if appro-

priate, give a classic, cultivated tone to a letter or speech. Massive colums of prose are tiresome even to look at, often; but a few rare, musical, poetic gems sprinkled about through them, are like stars that scintillate in the vast sky of deep and solemn blue.

* * * *

Evangeline, Evangeline, brightest and best (and Fairy Queen, somehow I nearly always think of you together), I was charmed with your ideal in music, and your beautiful allusion to John Howard Payne, of moneyless life and humble death, but who left to the world and his name, an incomparable legacy "in one deathless song,"—"Home, Sweet Home."

Echo, thank you! Those sweet little dainty flowers fair, tied with threads of auburn hair, hold an honored place in my scrap book.

Lenore Wells, your recent letter is one of the sweetest and grandest I have ever read in the *Sunny South*. It was so womanly, in gentle, independent grace and strength of thought.

Angeles, your letter on "Leisure spent with books," and especially "Christ in the Camp," was as sweet and impressive as your eyes are pretty and brown. And Carrie Randall, with Evangeline, I think your beautiful letter on charity was indeed a jewel.

* * * *

How many of my friends know that October 15th was my seventh birthday on bed? I will not comment much, but you with health and strength can put yourselves in my place. Just think! Oh, what would I have done during all these years, and what would I do now, without the sweet presence of God in my heart?

I recently enjoyed a rich and unusual feast. During a protracted meeting, I was rolled in my *Snnny South* chair out to the church very near my home, and heard some sweet, glorious sermons—the first in years, and oh, joy! two of my special, dearest friends were

converted to Christ! Both had been church members from childhood, but had never been "made new in the blood of Jesus."

One, a young man, had cherished worldly ambitions which came between him and Christ. He told me of his great struggles in meeting the tempting suggestions of the Evil Spirit, but he yielded all for the sake of the Saviour, and his ambitions are now happily lost in the will of his Redeemer.

The other, a dear young lady friend—gentle, modest and exceeding kind-hearted and noble, who had joined the church in early childhood under the delusion that such a course would "help her get religion." Oh, instead of this, she should have been pointed *direct to Christ*, our only hope, help and salvation. She said she had lived on the dry husks of *mere morality* until her soul was almost starved; but she was enabled to see herself a sinner before God, and went to Christ, saying: *"Lord Jesus, take me just as I am."* He always receives such penitents. And now, thank God! she is rejoicing in "newness of life." Such experiences make me so happy.

"EARNEST WILLIE."

October, 1891.

FRANK HARBIN'S CHRISTMAS DAY.

When and where will you find a livelier set of boys than on Christmas day, at a prominent street corner in a little country town? Such a crowd of boys—characteristic boys, boys that were verily boys in all their manners, noise and antics, were gathered around the main street corner, the arena for their youthful exploits, in a certain little village on a certain bright Christmas day, as fresh and sweet in memory as the fragrant breath of yesterday's rose. They popped firecrackers, they blew Christmas horns, they guyed each

other with much display of boyish wit, they jauntily accosted every passing stranger, and laughed till they almost fell down, when one of their number, more boisterous and forward than the others, received in answer to one of his sallies to a passer-by, a humorous and cutting reply that withered him into a stammering hush. Just then, another boy who might be described by a word which we believe Webster does not recognize, but which fits him so well that we hazard classical criticism, and call him an "uppity" boy, threw a cannon cracker into the air with a great flourish, and as its boom shook the atmosphere around, he gave a glance up the street and began to sing in a hilarious manner:

"A black cloud's a risin'—
I think it's goin' to rain—",

but he didn't have time to finish his rhyme and tell that it was nothing but some colored boys "coming down the lane," for he was interrupted by an earnest, impatient voice:

"Stop, Harry Stout! Why do you want to do that way?"

"Just because I want to. What have you got to do with it, Frank Harbin?"

"Oh, well," replied Frank; "I have nothing special to do with it, but I can't see why you want to make such an allusion as that."

"Lusion, nothing! I was just announcing to the crowd that a black cloud was risin', or in other words, that a crowd of negroes was coming down the street."

"Of course we know what you wanted to do, but why do you want to allude to them in that sarcastic way? How would you like for some negro boy to announce the approach of our crowd of white boys by such a remark?"

"I wouldn't like it at all!" said Harry. We are white folks and they are 'negroes,' as you call them. That's

difference enough. You must believe in social equality, don't you ?"

"No," replied Frank, his face reddening, his eyes kindling, and his voice growing more earnest, "I believe in no such thing! My dead father was as brave and true a Southern gentleman as ever lived. And he taught me that it was as much our duty to do our duty to our inferiors, as to our superiors, or to any one else. He often said to me, 'Frank, my son, duty is duty, and right is right. Be sure that you always act a true gentleman toward everybody, in all things.' Now I tell you, Harry, I love my father's memory, and I honor his teaching, and I don't feel like it is the part of a true gentleman to make such wilfully sarcastic allusions to a crowd of negroes, simply because they are ignorant and black. Think awhile, and see if you don't agree with me."

"Oh my goodness, me!" replied Harry, relaxing almost into a smile; "then you are a *'true gentleman,'* are you ?"

"Well, I don't claim that much for myself yet, I reckon, but I am trying to grow in that direction just as fast as I can."

And with these good-natured, but still earnest words, Frank Harbin turned and walked slowly down the street. And there followed after him a perfect fusillade of voices: "Good bye, old man! Come back and touch off this cannon!" Good-bye, smarty !"

"Good-bye, 'true gentleman!' where are you going?"

I am going to see Uncle Frank. Good-bye, boys. I hope, I wish for you all a happy Christmas day."

Frank Harbin was the namesake of his Uncle Frank, his father's aged, invalid brother. From little Frank's infancy his uncle had loved him, as one who was named for him, and as a brave gentlemanly boy, such as the above street conversation showed him to be. And Frank had loved his uncle as one

whose name he gladly bore, and as his father's honored and only brother. And now at the age of fourteen, Frank's nature was just beginning to appreciate the condition, the great heart, and the firm, yet gentle tenderness of his invalid uncle's nature. He had read much that was good for a boy of his age, and although he could enjoy fun and laugh as loud and merrily as any boy, he was yet given to moods thoughtful beyond his years.

And so it was with a glad heart that Uncle Frank heard his nephew's well known knock, and young Frank heard his uncle's loved voice, "Come in, my boy, come in." He entered, and looked pleasantly and steadily at his uncle's patient face.

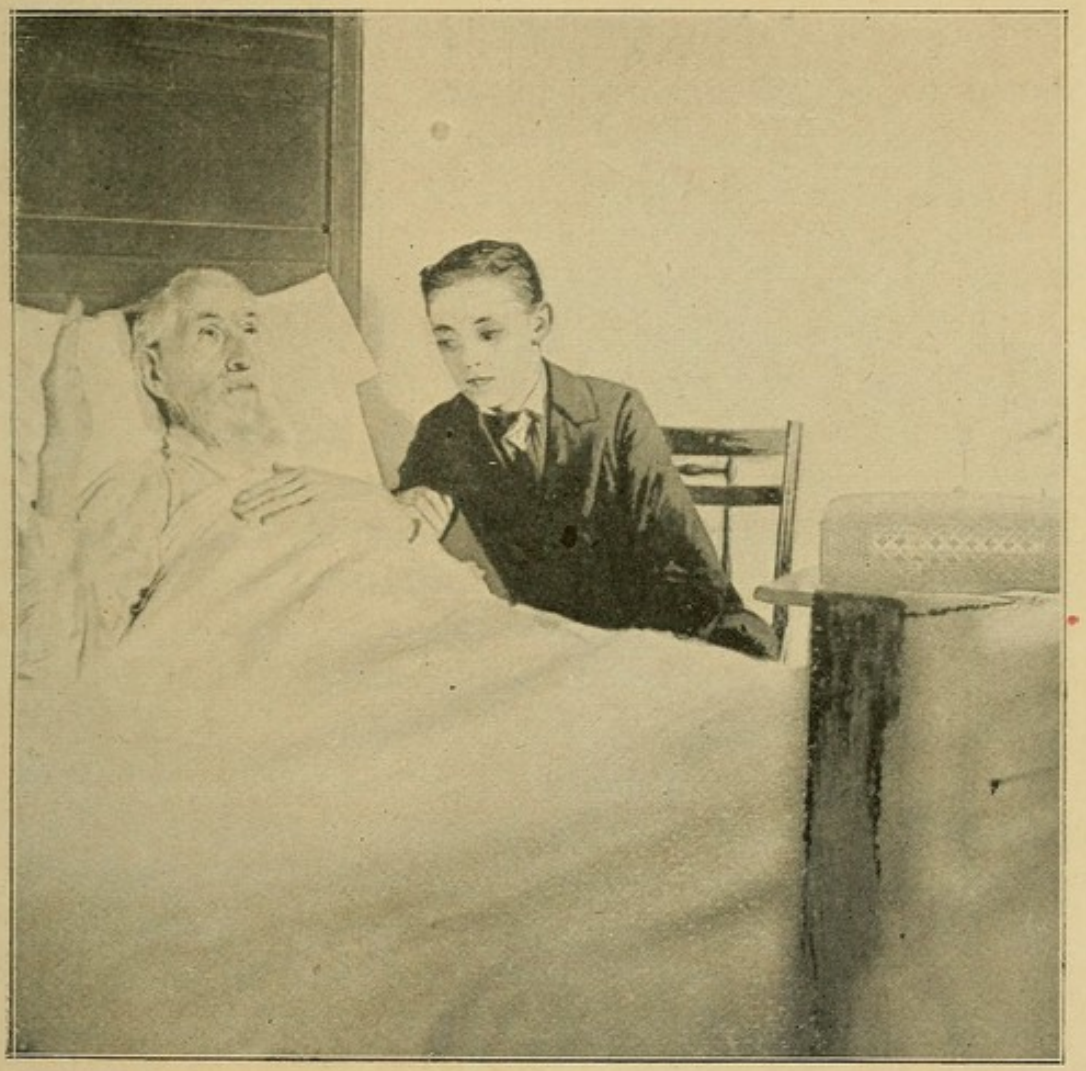
"And what of the day, Frank, since you rushed in and awoke my old heart this morning with your cheery 'Christmas gift, Uncle Frank! and a happy Christmas too! Ah, my boy, it has been a happy one thus far. Though I've been alone, I was not alone. What sweet communion has been mine!"

"Oh well, Uncle Frank, I'm tired. I have been out yonder in the street with a crowd of boys. I like to have fun and a big time sometimes, but somehow it don't seem just right to me, to spend Christmas day popping firecrackers, blowing horns, and indulging in every other wild freak that boys can think of. I got tired of it, and of their 'smart talk,' and felt like I wanted to get away from the noise and sinful foolishness, and come down here and talk with you, or rather have you talk to me."

The old man's face brightened, and happy joy was in his voice: "I'm so glad, my Frank, I'm so glad! and what will you have me talk about?"

"Talk to me about Christmas day, Uncle Frank, and tell me how you can be so happy to-day when you are so old, pain-racked and helpless."

"Why, Frank, outside and through my window the Christmas sun shines with the balmy brightness of



"*Go on, Uncle Frank, go on!* I just feel like I could sit here and listen to you talk always!" Page 147.

June. But if it did not shine at all, and if the windstorm and rain beat with darkness and fury outside, there would still be sunshine in my heart; for *Christ is there*, Jesus my blessed Redeemer. O desolate must be the heart and hungry and unsatisfied the soul, that cannot at all times, and especially as a solace in adversity, feed on the manna of Heaven!"

Frank leaned forward with interested and wondering eyes, moved his chair a little nearer his uncle's bed, his manly young face beaming, and said in his earnest, sweet voice:

"Go on, Uncle Frank, go on! I just feel like I could sit here and listen to you talk always!"

The dear old man's face brightened more and more, and a tremor was in his voice as he said:

"I am so glad, my dear boy, that you love to listen, and I'm so glad, too, you feel that the unseemly hilarity and dissipation of those thoughtless boys on the street is not the proper manner in which to spend Christmas day. Sweet day! in commemoration of the birth of Him whose life, death and teachings have been a hundred-fold more to the happiness, the blessed inspiration and purification, the general uplifting of mankind and the emancipation of woman than all things else beside. Well may we sing with raptured souls:

"Joy to the world—the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her king!
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing."

"Oh, that it were joy to the *whole* world! Oh, that weak men and women with weak hearts and weak natures, who know not how to control themselves, would recieve and lovingly obey the true King! Oh, that He might have room and reign supreme in every heart, and that all people, every member of this great family in our own favored land and "every kindred, every tribe on this terrestrial ball," might join this day with Heaven and nature in singing:

"To him all majesty ascribe
And crown him Lord of all."

"Surely only those 'will refuse to sing, who never knew our God.' God pity those who cannot sing because they do not know Him!

"Frank, my dear boy, when I feel the Heavenly music ringing in my own heart to-day, and remember that you and all the world who are not Christians cannot feel and hear it, nor understand it, I feel so anxious about you, and wish that you could feel and hear this music too. Knowing your thirst for knowledge and your fondness for reading (and I am heartily glad of these), let me urge you, as one who has traveled over the long and eventful path and seen and felt the dangers lurking one very side, oh! let me urge you to be careful of what you read.

"Be not enticed by beautiful language to follow any writer, take into your mind and heart any pernicious thought that would reflect upon or deny the truth of your good father's Bible, your loving uncle's Bible, the Christ of their blessed redemption and glorious hope, the Christ of this sweet and blessed day!

"I am an old man now. The sun of my life is slowly but surely setting, but, thank God, the clouds about it are a pillow of golden fire guiding me through the River of Death, to the happy land of my Father's promise. My sun is sweetly setting, but it is setting to rise again!

"Oh! shun, as you would shun the serpent's deadly bite, the skeptic's cold thought and the infidel's merciless hand that would wrench from me that golden staff which supports my feeble steps as I totter toward the grave; the hand that would blot out, through all eternity, the light that robs the waiting tomb of its darkness and its gloom, the light that glorifies that River whose waters my feet are almost touching, and on whose crystal bosom I will soon be basking while I catch the angelic music from the Beautiful Shore.

as it floats on celestial waves and rings in Heavenly strains through my enraptured soul!

"Oh! Jesus, who didst redeem me from a life of wickedness and from an eternal death—Jesus who has been my stay and comfort through so many seas of suffering and sorrow—Jesus who now stands with smiling face an beckoning hands, inviting me up to that Throne from whence He let down into my heart this steadfast anchor of Eternal Hope,—oh blessed Redeemer, how precious thou art to my heart this hour!

"Frank, my dear, dear boy, oh that my Saviour were your Saviour, too!"

During Uncle Frank's fervid outburst from his heart that felt so much, his voice, usually weak, grew in mellow strength and fervor, and when he finished, his eyes were filled with tears. His young nephew hardly moved the while, listening with rapt attention and much emotion. Frank thought he could see the Heavenly light of which his dear old uncle had so confidently spoken, even then breaking upon his aged face. With throbbing heart and tearful eyes, he said:

"O Uncle Frank, I am so wicked! I want to be a Christian, too. I want to be happy like you are now."

"Thank God!" said his uncle; "if you really wish it, you rightly desire it, God will make you one."

"I want to be a true Christian gentleman like my dear father was, Uncle Frank. Ever since he used to read the Bible to mother and me and bow at the family altar and pray for me so earnestly, I have often felt that I was a sinner before God, and at times I have tried to pray that I might be saved. And last year during the meeting at the church here, when so many were converted and baptized, this feeling of my being a lost sinner was greatly deepened. I tried to do right, pray and be saved, but it seemed to do no good. Oh, that I could be the true Christian gentleman that father was, and die the happy death that he died!"

"Then, my dear boy, you can only be the truest gentlemen by being a true Christian; and you must trust the same Saviour that your father trusted and loved. Being merely a moral boy cannot save you; the priest cannot save you, the church cannot save you; nothing can save you but being made as the Bible says, 'a new creature in Christ Jesus.' You are weak, all human nature is weak. Ask God to give you a new heart."

"I know I am weak," said Frank, "and I mean to ask God to make me a Christian, some day."

"O my boy, *now*, NOW is the day!"

"Uncle Frank, I do feel that I am such a sinner! Please pray for me right now." And with these words Frank dropped on his knees by his uncle's bedside, and the dear old heart fervently prayed that his loved nephew might be enabled to give up every earthly trust, and yield himself into the open arms of Christ, and thus be happy and safe for this life, happy in the hour of death, and happy in the world to come. When Frank arose from his knees, his uncle said:

"My dear boy, ask God to help you believe." Frank looked at his uncle, raised his tearful eyes to Heaven, moving his lips in silent prayer, and in a few moments said:

"With God's help *I can, I will, I do* believe and trust Jesus as my Saviour." And throwing his arms about his happy uncle's neck, exclaimed: "O Uncle Frank! I feel in my heart like a new boy! I am so happy!" and falling on his breast, he wept with a joy that only the redeemed can understand.

When at last Uncle Frank could speak through his rapturous tears, he said:

"Thank God! How beautiful and glorious that this blessed Christmas day, the anniversary of the birth of the Son of God, is the day on which my Frank, the only son I have ever known, has been born anew!"

And there was great joy in all that household, and

j y, too, among the angels in Heaven, on that bright sweet Christmas day.

A GEM FOR WEARY HEARTS.

MY DEAR UNKNOWN FRIENDS—You all have been very gracious toward and thoughtful of me, and whenever I have an opportunity I love to show my appreciation.

I recently received a sweet letter from Miss Fannie H. Marr, the gifted Virginia author, whose strong, splendid poems have appeared from time to time in the *Sunny South.* But her sweetest poems, those that get closest to my heart, have come to me in private letters.

In her last letter was the sweet poem now enclosed, "For an Invalid," which has never been published, and when I read it, straightway came the feeling: I want my *Sunny South* friends to see it, too. God grant it may help many hearts, and especially invalids, for whom it is specially intended.

"EARNEST WILLIE."

"FOR AN INVALID."

"How dark would be my weary years,
Were they not lighted by thy love!

Bound tighter than a felon base,
By bolt and chain,
I helpless lie, and, face to face,
Look full on pain.

Pain everywhere, and nought but pain!
O, can there be
Amid it any good or gain
To come to me?

I cannot think my Father dear,
(Whose own are blessed),
Would keep me bound and fettered here,
Were it not best.

If all this bitter suffering be
My given task,
Then let me bear it as for Thee;
Nor ever ask

Thee for that other, different part
I would have sought;
Nor blame Thee with my lips or heart,
In word or thought.

I dare not question Thy wise love
That seeks my gain;
I dare not ask Thee to remove
Thine Angel, Pain;

Lest in my blindness I should mar
Thy plan for me;
Should pluck out of my crown a star
Placed there by Thee.

What can I ask, what can I pray
But to lie still;
And let Thee have in me Thy way,
And work Thy will?"

F. H. Marr.

And now since you have read it, let me repeat the first sweet, glorious lines:

"How dark would be my weary years
Were they not lighted by Thy love!"

What mellow, sweet music for the trusting heart—what living bread for the faith-fed soul, are encouched in those dear words!

I know they will carry a sweet, refreshing light and peace into many hearts who can look up into the

benign face of Christ, our dear Redeemer, and say with me:

"How dark would be my weary years,
Were they not lighted by Thy love!"

"EARNEST WILLIE."

"McBEATH" CHRISTMAS SONG.

[NOTE.—Written for the Christmas entertainment of the "McBeath Literary Circle," 1891. Our circle had just passed through a great crisis, and this entertainment, in the face of great opposition, was crowned with a beautiful, blessed, nspiring success beyond our dearest hopes.]

Come friends, all, we bid you!
Come, strangers, and hear
The deeds of our "Circle,"
To our hearts all so dear!

We are young, but aspiring—
Our experience is small;
Let sweet charity, we ask you,
O'er each member fall.

"Literature and Religion"
Is the motto we unfurl—
To exalt our own natures,
And to brighten the world.

Come, parents, uphold us
By your nurturing arms!
Let no one deter us—
Heed not false alarms!

Come, comrades, let's be faithful
To each duty that comes—
Let's cling close together—
Let's lift up our homes!

Now, for Christ's sake, God bless you
At this time of His birth!
May He go with and keep you
To the ends of the earth.

"BONNIE BELL"—AN INVALID GIRL.

A few days ago, while looking over some old letters, I found a sealed envelope bearing this address in my own hand: "Bonnie Bell, Brunswick, Ga.," and across one corner were stamped the words: "Returned to writer." This letter has a little history, and it is this:

In the spring of '91 I received a very pathetic and touching letter from an invalid young lady at Brunswick, Ga. The real name and address of the writer were not given, or I would have been glad indeed to write to her promptly. But her sad story touched my heart so much, and lingered with me so constantly, that I felt that I just must try to reach her with a message of Christian sympathy and comfort. Being very feeble, I dictated her a letter and sent it to the only address I knew, and wrote the *Sunny South* a note telling her I had sent it and asking her to call for it immediately. In two or three weeks it was returned to me. Sadly disappointed, and anxious still to let her know my appreciation of her letter, and how deeply interested I felt in her condition, I put the letter, with the seal unbroken, in another envelope and sent it to her again. But by and by it came back to me; and fearing that without her address every succeeding effort might also fail, I laid the letter away among the many I have received from my unknown friends, for I keep them all. The other day I found it with the seal still unbroken, and opening and reading it to my amanuensis, he said he thought it ought to be published. And so I give it to the world, indulging the hope that some day, and in some way, the suffering young lady for whom it was intended, may at last see it. And even if she does not, maybe some other hearts to whom this message goes may be benefited by it.

I give below her letter and my answer to it, earnestly hoping and praying that God's sweet spirit will go with and bless them both to all who read:

BONNIE BELL'S LETTER.

DEAR "EARNEST WILLIE"—Yes, I am sure you have endeared yourself to every one who has read your sweet, patient letters in the *Sunny South.*

To-day was a dark, gloomy day, and I have been looking over old *Sunny Souths,* and it has brightened me up so much that I can no longer restrain my desire to write to you and thank you for the many consoling words that I have read from your pen, and how they have so often helped me out.

I, too, am an invalid; not a hopeless one, but it does seem hopeless to me. I have always been such a bright, happy creature, and now it nearly breaks my heart that I cannot be merry with the rest.

I have been an invalid for three years and I cannot be resigned. I do try, and for a long time I felt as though I would be content with God's judgment, but I get naughty and feel so disappointed with life that I want to die. Everything and everybody is wrong, and I am so fretful and cross that I am sure that everybody must hate me; then I feel like I would like to creep up to your chair and be consoled—to be told of His sufferings all for us.

O, how I wish I could, but the next best thing is to read them in the *Sunny South,* and I always look for yours the first one.

How I would love to be like you—so resigned, so happy with the "hope that dwelleth in you." Sometimes while reading that chapter 8th of Romans, I feel that I could endure anything to meet such a Saviour in the end, but ah! the pain comes, such pain, and I forget all and cry out against everything, and wish I could die. What shall I do? will He hold me responsible for what seems an absolute impossibility?

In my quiet moments I think it over and wonder if I will have to answer for all I have said and wished during my periods of suffering, and I pray for more enduring power and patience.

O! "Earnest Willie," how I envy you, cannot you give me the secret? Alas! I know it, and it does not help me much, to all appearances. I do love my Saviour, but oh! I get so far away sometimes. Write, do write often, "Earnest Willie," and your letters will be read eagerly by me. I wish you could write to me, but as I know that your correspondence is large already, I will not ask it, and will be content with the ones in the *Sunny South*.

I have never written to the "Household" or "Letter Boxers" yet, but may some day, and if you see a letter from "Bonnie Bell," you will know it is your little invalid admirer. I sign myself as in the old merry days,

BONNIE BELL.

Brunswick, Ga., March 18, 1891.

MY ANSWER.

UPSHAW, GA., July 14, 1891.

DEAR "BONNIE BELL," MY COUSIN, FRIEND AND SISTER—When your sweet, touching, thrilling letter came to me a good many weeks ago, I felt that although I could not answer all the letters I received, I *must* and *would* answer yours.

How truly does "one touch of nature make the whole world akin"! It rejoices my heart greatly to know that by my life and letters, God has been pleased to use me as the means of helping *any* one, but to know that I have been the means of helping an *invalid* friend and sister in affliction, one who, like me, added to physical misfortune, has felt the pain of disappointed longings and fallen hopes—to know this, is pleasure sweeter far than all the rest, and a joy that

can only be understood by one in my condition. I thank God, and I thank you very much, for the sweet assurance you have given me!

I have been anxious to write to you before now, but in my condition, it is impossible for me to do even one-twentieth of what I have longed to do. You can't understand how I am situated with regard to writing; I am talking to you now through another's fingers, while dozens of sweet, beautiful letters—many of them that came long before yours—lie heaped around me still unanswered. Then, too, I did not know your exact address, but I have decided to address this merely to "Bonnie Bell," hoping it will reach you, and praying God, that however short, it may cheer and brighten a little fragment of your sometimes dreary journey.

And you suffer a great deal and have many conflicts with the Tempter and enemy of souls? Ah, my dear friend and sister, my heart will not let me go further without saying, *God bless you!* God bless, strengthen and comfort you! I have never suffered much acute pain from my afflictions but, the pain of my crushed hopes and bitter disappointments has sometimes seemed greater than I could bear; but in hours of deepest sorrow, I have turned and looked to Jesus, "casting all my care upon Him," "for He careth for you" and me; and, although the darkness has sometimes lingered long, the light from the sweet presence of Jesus would break through at last, mellowing and refreshing my heart, and making me feel that I could bear all things for Christ who bore so much for me.

Do I think God will hold you responsible for "becoming impatient and crying out with cross, pettish words in hours of suffering?" Jesus cried out in Gethsemane, and even on Calvary's cross. "We have not an High Priest who cannot be touched with a feeling of our infirmities."

"He knows what sore temptations are,
For he has felt the same.'

I cannot tell just how much you can say without sin. *God knows. Ask Him.* Yes, and beseech and trust Him, too, to help you to refrain from saying anything at any time that will reflect on His guardian care and goodness.

"The purest souls that ever blest the earth,
Have come forth from the hottest fires of pain;
The sweetest songs that ever thrilled the heart,
Have by lips white with agony been sung."

My dear friends, *I* BELIEVE it.
Remember that

"Beyond some Jordan every Canaan lies,"

And, too,

"Paths of peace the *humble* only find."

If your are a Christian—if you have been born again—made a new creature in Christ Jesus—given a new heart and life in Christ—if you have, God will save you always. "My grace is sufficient for thee."

Although He may not see fit to remove the pain, but *honors* you with suffering for His name's sake, if you will only trust Him aright, fully, completely, He will enable you to hear the voice of Jesus saying:

"The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine."

Did you read the sweet, touching private letter which I published and commented upon in the *Sunny South* of May 9? Read it again, and be comforted by her sweet words. She has no mother, no father, no health, no home! Yet she is *happy* in Christ. May God bless you and make you happy, too.

Write to me again and tell me all about yourself, your home and loved ones, and above all, God help you to tell me that the sweet, refreshing presence of Christ

"Is brightening up your way, that will lead to endless day,
With the light of a Saviour's love."

Your invalid friend and brother in Christ,

WILLIE D. UPSHAW.

P. S.—I am so glad, my dear little friend and sister, that looking among old *Sunny Souths* (dear paper) and reading my letters "brightens you up so much." To touch and influence human hearts for Christ is my greatest ambition and prayer, yet I know my words must fall like chaff to the ground, unless the Holy Spirit accompany what I say. Remember the words of God's servant of old, and make his language yours. "Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him." If I were to sum up all I have said and write many pages more, I could not say more than when with a prayerful heart I tell you now: "*Look to Jesus.*" "EARNEST WILLIE."

Written for the *Southern Collegian.*

LIFE AS BURNS SAW IT.

To write of life as seen by Robert Burns!—a task of great scope, weight and opportunity for the scholar, linguist, poet and philosopher, and indeed for all those who love to study and talk of the beauties, frailties and peculiarities of great lives and their influence upon mankind. But for a youthful, rural pen, unpracticed in the arts of the classical essayist, and one who has only played with "the pebbles on the seashore," so to speak, of the multiform writings of Burns, and whose meager physical strength, time and space make it impossible for him to go far out on the long sea voyage, and, returning, exhibit *all* the rare pearls he has sought for and found, to the critical readers of a famous college magazine—to such an one, the writer, it is a task which I naturally approach with more than usual trepidation.

To write of life as Burns saw it, I must *see* it as he saw it; and to see life as Burns saw it, I must go back a hundred years, set up my abode in that great, strange heart of his that felt and joyed and suffered

so much, and look out through his large, dark, lustrous, poetic eyes, as he did on Albion's friths and forths, the heather of her blooming hills; her picturesque Highlands and sunny Lowlands; the meads and forests where fought the incomparable Wallace and the intrepid Bruce, and where lived, and still lives all the historic and poetic grandeur of the Scotland he loved so well.

If mine were the biographer's task, I would tell that Robert Burns first began to "see life" on the 25th day of January, 1759, two miles south of Ayr, near Alloway Kirk and the Bridge of Doon, in a little clay-built cottage constructed by his father, which cottage, a week after little Robert's birth, gave way in a terrible wind, and the young mother and her babe, in whose little breast slept the passions and genius that were to gild a nation's literature with a new glory, and wake to a purer and sweeter music than they had ever known, her lay-loving people's cheery songs, were carried one stormy midnight to a neighbor's dwelling. A weird and eventful beginning of a weird and eventful life! not a presage of the life that was to follow—no, no! but looking now back over thatstrangely tender and touchingly checkered life, we can but dwell for a moment with interest upon its natal hour.

Born of sturdy, typical Scotch parentage (and to the admiring student of Scotland's history, that means so much), their first-born poet-son, we are told, inherited from his father, "brain, hypochondria and general superiority," and from his mother drew "his lyrical gift, his wit, his mirth." She had "bright, dark eyes, cheerful spirits, and a memory stored with song and ballad"—a love for which young Robert drank in from his nourishment at her breast. How *all* these shone out in, and made the glasses through which he saw life, can only be fully appreciated by one whose thorough acquaintance with Burns enables

him to live, as it were, in his very *heart* and *life.* To sturdy William Burns and pretty Agnes Brown must have come sweet, proud compensation for their hardships in raising him, if into their humble "cotter's" home might have shone some of the beams of light from their son's future poetic glory, which was to render grandly historic every foot of earth, stone and stream around that yeoman's cot — a light which, instead of waning, has been widened and deepened and brightened by the breath and sunshine, and even *chill criticism* of a hundred mighty years. But his biographer tells us that "however we may value every fact and hint, and attempt to make it a window of insight," his childhood days, as they passed on, "seemed dull and matter-of-fact enough to all concerned."

Mr. Murdoch, their teacher, liked the two little brothers because of their industry and intelligence, but his favorite was Gilbert, the younger, "on account of his gay spirits and frolicsome look." Robert was "taciturn, distinctly stupid in the matter of psalmody and his countenance swarthy, serious and grave." Taken altogether, how *unlike* and yet *how like* a poet in embryo!

I stand dumb with admiration before Alexander Smith's biography of Robert Burns. For its scope, I have never read its equal in grandeur, in the sketch of any man. But, although he lays not much stress upon the meagre events given, and although the child does not promise one-tenth of what his manhood gave, I must see in these little incidents, a striking prophecy of a far more striking life. Once in early childhood, Mr. Murdoch, his former teacher, who sometimes visited the Burns family, and brought them books, read aloud "Titus Andronicus," and "Robert's pure taste rose in a passionate revolt against its coarse cruelties and unspiritual horrors";

not a great prophecy, but a beautiful and impressive glimpse of the tender and refined poetic soul within the breast of the child.

Betty Davidson, an old woman in the family, sang songs and told many weird stories about devils, ghosts and fairies. Young Robert listened with relish, unconsciously laying up material for future "Tams-o'-Shanter" and "Addresses to the Devil."

He read the magical history of the dauntless patriot, Sir William Wallace. Long afterward he tells in a letter how the story stirred his boyish heart: "I chose a fine summer Sunday, the only day my line of life allowed, and walked a half dozen miles to pay my respects to the Leglen wood, with as much devout enthusiasm as ever pilgrim did to Loretto, and explored every den and dell where I could have supposed my heroic conntryman to have lodged."

See his poetic fancy; listen to his excited patriotic heart-throbs, as with boyish yet manly thoughts, he pursued his long journey and explored each den and dell where Wallace slept and trod! Thus he saw life then, and *felt* it, too. To contemplate such an act is beautiful, thrilling, inspiring, refreshing! No *ordinary* boy would have been so deeply moved.

Until the age of fifteen, Burns went to school some, worked some on the farm, and at night, read theology, philosophy, poetry and the Bible. Leading "a solitary, self-contained life, with no companionship save his own thoughts and what books he could pro cure, with no acquaintances save his father, his brother and Mr. Murdoch," neither Burns nor his associates had had an opportunity to know what manner of boy he was. At sixteen this quiet life was about to cease, and a new lens be placed before his eyes, made demure by seclusion, through which to view the wonder-world around him. To "brush up his manners," he went to a country dancing school where "he first tasted the sweets of society," and the

whirling fascinations of the outer world burst upon him, dazzling, charming, entrancing! For a fresh companionship, he met other rustic youths seeking a finishing touch to their manners, but *far more important!*—let Youth blush approval for generations to come! let Song trill a new lay, and pure, artless Art forever do homage!—*he met their fair partners, too.* Burns was another Burns, now and forever! He worked hard all day and went sweethearting at night. "His brother tells us he was almost constantly in love. His inamoratas were the freckled beauties who milked cows and hoed potatoes; but his passionate imagination attired them with the most wonderful graces. He was Antony, and he found a Cleopatra (for whom the world were well lost) in every harvest field." His taciturnity was gone; his grave, serious face shone at every pore with the gay, new light of love; and his stupidity in psalmody cleared away into now mellow tones, now ringing music! Burns the poet, we make to thee, obeisance!

He *read* little in those days, but in sweethearting experience his heart *felt* and *learned* a great deal. The staid, stoical philosopher would cry out, "Time lost!" but for the poet-life that followed, he could not have been more fittingly employed. Because it illustrates a truth, and also supports a hobby of mine, I love to quote some of Burns's own words jotted down at twenty-four, in his private "common-place book": "There is certainly some connexion between love, music and poetry, and therefore, I have always thought it a fine touch of nature—that passage in a modern love-composition:

> "As toward her cot he jogged along,
> Her name was frequent in his song."

"For my own part I never had the least thought or inclination of turning poet till I got once heartily in love, and then rhyme and song were in a manner the spontaneous language of my heart."

(Apropos to this idea, is the following *fact:* One of the editors of the *Southern Collegian* once chided and derided my efforts at, and love for, poetry, and my *love for love:* whereupon I replied: "Just wait, my boy, until you feel the 'strange, wild thrill,' and a change will come over you." *The change came!* The experience of a Burns waked his prosaic heart to music, and he became not only *tolerant* of my "poetic vagaries," but turned poet himself.)

Burns here speaks of his first poem, written he says "at an early period in my life when my heart glowed with honest, warm simplicity. The performance is very puerile and silly; but I am always pleased with it, as it recalls to my mind those happy days when my heart was yet honest and my tongue was sincere."

It was "Once I lov'd a bonnie lass!" to Nelly Kirkpatrick, his first sweetheart, and after a fervid declaration of love for "my handsome Nell," he admires her dress "sae clean and neat," and declares:

"A gaudy dress and gentle air may slightly touch the heart,
But it's innocence and modesty that polishes the dart."

I take issue with the author; it is not puerile and silly. Girls of every clime, age and condition, breathe that spirit into your lives and natures, for *here* every *true* man is *at heart* a Burns.

To show what kind of thoughts and discussions were going on in the mind of Burns as he approached the threshold of young manhood, he ventilated in the Tarbolton debating club, how a poor boy, bred a farmer, should choose between a homely girl of frugal wealth, or a poor girl of beauty—a question in which he was more interested *just then*, than "whether Cromwell deserved well of his country."

Genius *per se* glories that Burns, the ploughman—in literature now almost incomparable—was *far* from a classical scholar. He did most of his "fruitful

reading" before he was seventeen, his store being some works on theology, philosophy, a few novels, two or three poetical works and the Bible, when he "broke out into literature." But *know* him and you will exclaim: "If there ever was a *natural-born poet*, Robert Burns was one!" And "all Ayrshire was an open page to him filled with strange matter, which he only needed to read off into passionate love-song or blistering satire."

Thrilled with a consciousness of his newly-blooming, ever-ready and transcendent powers, a little indiscreet and naturally enjoying every opportunity to give those powers play, he rushed into the fiery theological disputes then going on between the "Old Lights" and "New Lights." Following the sympathies of his father and his good friends Aiken and Hamilton, he naturally espoused the "New Light" cause, ridiculing with wit and "blistering with satire" what he deemed the frailties of the "Old."

When in the full flush of inspiration, every other day gave birth to an outburst of cutting wit or soulful song. But amid it all, working the while on the farm, he kept close to Nature's heart around him. It is refreshing to contemplate that from a heart beneath the "hodden-gray of the farmer, with a splash of mud on his top-boots" burst forth that pure, brilliant, fragrant flower, "The Cotter's Saturday night," which he recited to his brother Gilbert in a walk one Sunday afternoon, surprising and electrifying him, as he has the reading millions since.

What a grandly beautiful and poetic conception that, "What Aiken in a cottage would have been,"—imagining the heart of Robert Aiken, his high-born friend, in the breast of an humble cotter; resting, the week's work done; around him the happy home-scene of lowly cheer—

> "His clean hearth-stone, his thrifty wife's smile,
> The lisping infant prattling on his knee,"

that make him forget his toil; Jenny, his daughter, in "youthfu' bloom," with sparkling "e'e" and flushing cheek because "a neebor lad" has come; the brothers and sisters mingling in "unfeign'd joy," anxious for each others "weelfare" while "the social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet," until the "sire wi' patriarchal grace" takes the old family Bible, "once his father's pride," and reads of "rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire," or

> "How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed:"
> * * * "Then kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal King,
> The saint, the father, and the husband prays,"

commending, in faith, his loved ones in this little type of Heaven to their gracious God and His sweet Christ. O Burns! for this grand, faith-inspiring picture—the grandest you have given us, humanity thanks you still! It alone had made thee immortal in literature, if poet's name ever was!

A child of nature, Burns burst forth in praise of his loved mother, ere he had been spoiled by the art of man.

He needed not, like poets formed by the philologist's lecture or fashioned by the rhetorician's chisel, to go for inspiration to classic Greece or Italia's sunny clime. Scotland, his loved home, his own Ayrshire, spoke enough for him. The hypocrisy of a neighbor, the follies and virtues of a friend, the heathered moor, or a "wee" white-faced daisy buried by his plow—these were his thrilling texts for a sermon or a song. But while he had a nature to enjoy the mellow Scottish moonlight, an eye for the new light of the tw inkling star, and an ear to catch the music in the winds and the ripple of the stream, his true poet's heart loved yet *more* the *people* for whom (shades of Pope forgive me!) all these things were made.

Sweeter and more musical to his ear and heart than the refreshing breeze of spring, brighter than the crys-

tal splash of "Afton's water," was the sound of a *human* laugh, a song, a sigh, a tear.

Dear Burns! because thou wert so *humanly human*, we love thee with all our weak *human* hearts.

Alas! that a soul so resplendent, a life that might have been made so wholly beautiful as that of Burns, was so sorely marred by slaving passion and dissipation. But at nineteen he became acquainted with society that introduced him to "the interior of taverns and scenes of swaggering riot." A chief friend of his, too, he says, "spoke of illicit love with the levity of a sailor, which, hitherto, I had regarded with horror. There his friendship did me a mischief." At twenty-three while he and his partner were ushering in the New Year with a bacchanalian revel, their flax-dressing shop took fire and was entirely consumed, leaving him, he says, "like a poet not worth a sixpence." He consoled himself thus:

"O, why the deuce should I repine,
And be an ill foreboder?
I'm twenty-three, and five feet nine,—
I'll go and be a sodger."

But beneath all his song and levity there was an undercurrent of hypochondria and fits of torturing despondency. It was while the sour land and poor crops at Mossgiel were weighing heavily upon him that the news came that Jean Armour, his "bonnie Jean" was about to become a mother. Prompted by a noble feeling, he determined to make the unhappy girl all the amends in his power, and placed in her hands a written acknowledgment of marriage. When he learned that Jean had suffered her enraged father to destroy the paper, "pride, love, anger, despair" swayed his breast. Tired of his country, almost weary of life, and with financial ruin "staring him in the face," he determined to seek balm for his bleeding heart, as bookkeeper on the estate of Dr. Douglas, in far-off Jamaica. He published his first volume of poems to

secure passage-money. There are tears in his patriotic farewell lines to his loved Scotia. Truly it is now "curious to think that the volume which Scotland now regards as the most precious in her possession, should have been published to carry its author into exile." But he did not go. Cheered by the wonderful success of his poems, and urged by his friends, he went to great Edinburgh to bring out a new edition. To Edinburgh's staid literati he was "a new thing under the sun." A burly young ploughman, with no card but the stamp of genius, he was introduced into the society of lords and nobles and the kings of letters as well, and bore himself with manly complacence. His associates looked on with wonder. Burns knew they expected it, and he charmed them with his wit, without being officious. He knew that his genius alone commanded their consideration; and proud, suspicious and sensitive, he talks to his diary, telling how it wounds him to see a man of acknowledged genius and honest pride received on an equal with a very "ordinary character decorated with the trappings of wealth" and station; how it mortifies him to see a "Squire Something or a Sir Somebody whose abilities would scarcely have made an *eight penny tailor*, and whose heart was not worth three farthings, receive attentions denied the son of genius and poverty. Such brooding was the cause of much of Burns's unhappiness and pessimistic bitterness of heart. Let those "fawning sycophancy, whining at the haughty heels of pride" read his withering lines on "The Toad-eater:"

"What of earls with whom you have supt,
And of dukes that you dined with yestreen?
Lord! a louse, sir, is still but a louse,
Though it crawl on the curls of a queen."

See his vivid photograph of some little-souled folk you know, in his "Epitaph on Wee Johnny":

"Whoe'er thou art, O reader, know that death has *murdered*
Johnnie,
An' here his body lies fu' low—*for saul he ne'er had ony!*"

Again see his striking picture of an unstable braggart, bereft of soul and dull of comprehension: "Epigram on a Noted Coxcomb."

"Light lay the earth on Billy's breast
His chicken heart so tender;
But build a castle on his head—
His skull will prop it under."

While on this line of cutting and philosophical wit, it would be unpardonable if we should fail to merely mention those inimitable lines suggested by seeing on a lady's bonnet at church one of those annoying little inhabitants with not a very attractive name, and whose identity would still be the same "though it crawled on the curls of a queen." Looking on with twinkling fun, he watches the unloved little creature crawling along on the gay Sunday bonnet, notes the fair lady all unconscious, and thinking of how uncomfortable she would feel if she only knew it, and knew that the other people saw it, too, he so naturally invokes:

"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us!"

Perhaps no one saying of Burns has been quoted so often as that. It is so much like human nature for all of us, whether from the pride of personal appearancé, or whether from an honest and laudable desire for self-culutre by improving on the frailties and shortcomings of the past, it is so natural for us to want to raise before us the mirror which the world affords, and see ourselves as others see us.

Burns's stay in Edinburgh was flattering, dazzling, but could not last always; and with a little fortune in his pocket which was soon scattered by family expenses, mismanagement and ill-fortune, he went back to become a farmer again.

I love Burns too well almost to charge him with his own accusation soon afterward written, "I am still

a rhyming, aimless, idle fellow." He was not aimless; he meant well; but he did lack decision and strength of character. Cutting himself loose from brilliant society, he evinced his true manliness by marrying "my Jean," now twice a mother. Many children "played 'round his door," and he seemed to have been truly devoted to their mother and them. But the world to him went wrong. His brilliant society coveted, he was often invited to brilliant saloons, where he flashed his wit over the convivial bowl. It seemed that hard fits of drinking and sieges of hypochondria in turn produced each other. His new duties as exciseman made him somewhat unpopular. Expenses increased and impending poverty and local unpopularity rankled his heart. The sweetness of the applause he had tasted now turned to bitterness, and availed not to pay his bills; and our once cheery Burns for a while presents the strange anomaly of a pessimistic poet. Shame on the ancestry of a world that now delights to do him honor.

"Genius touched his lips with living fire,
But, alas! denied them bread."

The light of his Edinburgh success and the fame it brought him, shone with "tantalizing sweetness," ah, bitterness, through the weary years; but oh! why to him could it not now bring relief? "In the east were the colors of the dawn, but the sun would not arise." A full look into his heart-life, especially through his latter years, portrays too painfully how he lived out what he wrote in early life that "Man was made to mourn."

Burns was a wonderful philosopher in his knowledge of, and acute, analytical insight into human nature; but, like most poetic souls (and more of him than many), he was best at himself in the rosy realm of love. And the sweetest, mellowest, tenderest piece he ever wrote, was "Highland Mary," which gives a humble maid-servant in the family of Burns's friend,

Mr. Hamilton, a place in history with "Dante's Beatrice" and "Petrarch's Laura"—and (we rejoice that it is true) gives her, in the heart of the world, a tenderer place than they. Having "plighted troth," Mary quit her employment to go home (some distance) to prepare for marriage, and a bright second Sunday in May, at a "sequestered spot" on the banks of Ayr, was appointed as a day and place of "parting love." This pure, sweet, mutual, happy love was made more sacred as "they stood on either side of a brook, dipped their hands in the water, exchanged Bibles, and—parted." They never met again. She died (poor Burns! if she had only lived, how different he might have been !), and long years afterward, he tenderly addresses—

"Ye banks and braes and streams around
The Castle o' Montgomery"—

and tells of all their sacred sweetness,

"For there I took the last farewell
O' my sweet Highland Mary."

Read those words with the pathetic Scotch brogue, and it will add twofold to their touching sweetness.

"How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me, as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary."

What an unparalleled picture of fleeting bliss!

* * * "But oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!"

When I read these words, and his "To Mary in Heaven"—how "Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes, and fondly broods with miser care," and think of the long, bitter years of neglect, sorrow and suffer-

ing his great, tender heart endured, I feel like I want to go off somewhere and *cry*, or get somebody to cry for me.

With all his complex nature, or *natures*, of great virtues and great failings, any heart must be mellowed, any life made better, by studying the life and works of Robert Burns. Perhaps his two crowning virtues were his hatred for hypocrisy, and his love for and fidelity to his friends. Only he who has known the blessing of a devoted, unselfish friendship, can fully appreciate the concluding lines of his "Lament" for the Earl of Glencairn, his noble patron and benefactor, who introduced him into Edinburgh literary circles, and to whom he declares he "owes all" his fame:

"The bridegroom may forget the bride
Was made his wedded wife yestreen;
The monarch may forget the crown
That on his head an hour has been;
The mither may forget the child
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee;
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
And a' that thou hast done for me."

It seems from his private letters that Burns often wrote light, gay songs and convulsing wit, while beneath, his heart was bitter and bleeding. Anyway, his flight was often quick, from the Valley of Baca to heights of careless and inimitable gayety. He sometimes wrote irreverent and irreligious things, but the former especially were inspired, I think, by aggravated surroundings, or flowed from "the wine when it was red."

Although the pendulum of his fiery nature oft swung him far into unseemly indulgence, his reverence for God and right would bring him back, anguishing in remorse and penitential tears. Whether Burns was truly a Christian in newness of heart we cannot tell, but in his penitent, reflective hours (and what sensible man ever lived, or *should* live, without

such seasons) his heart seemed to glow with reverence for his Creator, and love for the teachings of Christ. In a private letter he declares: "Religion, my honored madam, has not only been all my life my chief dependence, but my dearest enjoyment." His "Prayer, in the Prospect of Death" impresses us with dependent trust and reverential humility:

"O thou unknown, Almighty Cause
Of all my hope and fear!
In whose dread presence, ere an hour,
Perhaps I must appear!
If I have wandered in those paths
Of life I ought to shun,
As something loudly in my breast
Remonstrates I have done;

* * * Where human weakness has come short,
Or frailty stept aside,
Do Thou, All Good! for such thou art,
In shades of darkness hide.
Where with intention I have err'd,
No other plea I have,
But Thou art good; and Goodness still
Delighteth to forgive."

In other lines, on the same occasion, he tells his Maker how "unfit I feel my own weak power,"

"Those furious headlong passions to confine, * * *
O, aid me with Thy help, Omnipotence Divine!"

There is a striking resemblance between Burns and our own loved Henry Grady, in that he found in every phase of frail humanity his heroes and heroines; like Grady, because "an old soldier in tattered scarlet interested him more than an old ruin; a gnarled character more than a gnarled oak;" like Grady, because, standing one morning on Braid hills, with the classical Dugald Stewart, looking out over Nature's fair expanse, the blue smoke curling up from cottages in the distance, and noisy sparrows flitting in the morning sunlight, he declared the worthiest object in all the beautiful landscape to him, was the "cluster of smoking cots, knowing, as he did, what worth, what affection, what pious contentment and

happiness nestled within them." Sweet gleam into his poet's soul! There was more true poetry to him in "the cottage than the tree that overshadowed it, or the stream that sparkled past it." Listen: "*From scenes like these, old Scotia's grandeur springs.*"

"To make a happy fireside clime
To weans and wife—
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life."

O rare Burns! gay Burns! sad Burns! in whose words, like beaming faces, varied flowers, floating clouds, sighing winds, and kindling stars, we find a distich for our philosophy—a gay laugh for our merriment—a prayer for our devotions—a song for our loves, and a sigh for our tears, and whose simple, strong, fearless, peerless pen has given thy loved Scotia a name and fame as powerful, quite, as the sword of glorious Wallace or the helmet of dauntless Bruce—when shall we see thy like again?

One verse from his rhythmic "Elegy":

"Behold, where round thy narrow house
The graves unnumbered lie!
The multitudes that sleep below
Existed but to die."

True, and yet not true, O Scotland's Bard! We exist to *do something before* we die. You did much, alas! that was amiss; but for the good you did—your indispensable embellishment of, and addition to the world's literature, and your cheer and comfort, left for humanity, this same humanity will bask in the scintillating fields of your thought and song, and bless your memory

"As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes."

I could not appreciate it then, but I believe now I must echo the feeling so memorably expressed by the venerable T. F. Jeffries, who has not walked for forty-four years—himself an author, poet and philoso-

pher, who has caught in his life the music of the "rolling Shenandoah," on whose banks he was raised, and the faith and love of his Creator, whom Burns so revered. When, at my bedside, I asked him to name the *one* poet he most admired and loved, he reflectively mentioned master after master (for he had read almost everything), and then reaching out his arms as if to clasp him, his aged face beaming, said: "If I must only take *one*—then, Burns! 'A man's a man for a' that!' If only *one*—Burns, dear Burns, I cannot let thee go!" Justice to my opening words demands an explanation to complete this sketch. I spoke of my circumscribed space, and my little acquaintance with Burns. Alas, for the expectant reader! I have written three times my prescribed task. Why? I *knew too much of Burns.* He is simply too great and varied a character for a pigmy's untutored pen in space anything less than a volume.

Dying at thirty-seven (his death really brought on, no doubt, because of dissipation); loving purest virtue, yet with not strength enough to always practice it; admiring firm resolve, yet lacking resolution; deeply reverent, yet sometimes far to the skeptic's side; exceedingly gay, then of morbid melancholy; but withal, grandly honest, independent, patriotic, deeply grateful and faithful and loving, I feel of my hero that,

My task I've done, yet 'tis not done;
But for this my spirit yearns—
That you may *not always, yet oft see*
Life, as seen by Robert Burns.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

Like a prismy, floating bubble—
  Like the ripple of a stream—
Like soft music, sweet, Æolian,
  Is the spell of Love's young dream!

In a bark of rainbow colors
  Sailing far the earth above,
'Round them music softly playing,
  Seem two young hearts first in love!

But ah, alas! how oft in ether
  Scattered all the clouds among,
These fair, youthful dreams have vanished
  With their wealth of love unsung!

Then comes a deeper, stronger passion
  Like the fervid glow of noon—
Warms their hearts, maturer, wiser—
  Makes their world with roses bloom!

Smile, O God! smile but in mercy
  On each tender, rosy gleam,
Glinting thro' the helpful lessons
  That we learn from Love's young dream.

MY HEART IS STIRRED WITHIN ME!

FIRST LETTER WRITTEN FOR "THE CHRISTIAN INDEX,"

MAY 5TH, 1892.

But before I tell you why, readers of the dear old *Index,* may be I would better tell you somewhat of the body in which this heart finds its present home. It has lain on bed its last seven birthdays, as the result of an accident while engaged in farm labor, in which my spine was injured. Seven years an invalid! Years whose omniscient, gracious cause and march and purpose have felled to the ground, with broken,

bleeding wing, that bird of Hope which sang each day in my heart, its sweet roundelays of thrilling inspiration; a stroke which shattered as bright dreams and glowing ambitions as ever stirred the breast of happy, hopeful youth. But during all these years of trying afflictions, the sweet, refreshing presence of Christ in my heart—full, sustaining, glorious! has richly compensated me for all my earthly loss.

"How dark would be my weary years
Were they not lighted by Thy love!"

And if my life or words will only be blessed of God to the strengthening of Christians and leading those out of Christ and without hope to Jesus my Redeemer, whose power to sustain and comfort, not only in mirth's glad hour, but sorrow's dark and bitter night, I have had such a glorious opportunity to put to the test—Christ who has been more than ample in every trial and been always so precious to me—if His Holy Spirit will only enable me to do this, I am not only content, but happy, very happy! Because of my lack of strength, I am now talking to you through another's fingers.

But why is my heart now so specially stirred? Oh! it is that thrilling extract from her son's letter from Brazil, published in a recent *Index*, by Mrs. A. Smith Irvine, of Augusta, Ga. Her fervid consecrated letters concerning mission work among the Chinese and negroes around our homes as well as beyond the sea long ago won my heart. It seems that everything she takes hold of she touches with living fire and practical Christian zeal. But to return to the letter, telling of the converted Russian Jew who, from a simple, earnest study of the New Testament has become a Baptist in Rio.

There is always a peculiar rejoicing in my heart when I hear of a Jew being converted to Christ—a Jew, one of God's chosen peculiar people. They were

his own. Jesus came to his own, but his own received him not.

Nowadays, as in apostolic times, it does seem that when Jews joyfully find the Messiah for whom they have so long looked, and He is enthroned in their hearts, they make almost, if not quite the happiest Christians in the world. Our Saviour was a Jew. I love the Jews. We should always be tender and loving toward them, and try to lead them out from the weighty and darksome bondage of the law, into the glorious, sweet, *restraining liberty* of Christ.

This Russian Jew, Solomon, converted several years ago in London, disowned and disinherited by friends and family, for becoming a Christian, comes to Brazil as an evangelist, and while working among the natives in the Bahia Mission, becomes concerned about our Baptist faith, carefully studies the Bible, and in consequence is led to follow the footsteps of Jesus in baptism, in his own appointed way. Educated and brought up for a Rabbi, he is a fine linguist and an energetic and zealous man. And now here comes the part of the story which especially stirred my heart: "Some months ago some German Baptists, about twenty in all, were driven from Russia by persecution and came to Brazil and found their way to San Paulo—some locating in the city of T Paulo, and the others in the city of Campinas. We heard of them, and when Brother Bagby visited these places recently he looked them up.

As they knew no English and but little Portuguese, Brother Bagby had to speak to them through an interpreter, which is not very satisfactory. They were overjoyed to see him! They sang hymns in German and when Brother Bagby knelt to pray, they wept aloud, and accompanied him to the station to bid him goodbye.

Beautiful, beautiful scene! How touching! How strengthening to every Christian's faith! Think of

that faithful little band driven from home and native land by the merciless hand of persecution,—all for the faith of Jesus, and devotion to His plain teaching and principles, dearer to them than the sweet joys of home and even life itself. Far across the sea; to human eyes, desolate; strangers in a strange and unfriendly land, they are found by a brother of like Christian faith, prompted to look them up by a burning love planted in his heart by the gracious hand of Christ; they cannot understand each other's words, but through the help of an interpreter, and by "upward glance and reverent tone" they learn that they are children of the same Father and trust the same Saviour; joy unspeakable thrills their hearts—the holy fire spreads from breast to breast, breaking through the jargon of hitherto meaningless words; they understand each other now—they are one in the Lord! These happy disciples singing German hymns which Brother Bagby cannot understand; Brother Bagby kneels and prays to their one Father in words which they cannot understand, but God understands it all, and pours into their hearts to overflowing His common blessing of indescribable happiness! Persecuted long—long homeless and weary—warmed and refreshed by this unexpected meeting and service, they weep aloud for joy. As I think of their happy tears and of their following Brother Bagby to the station to bid him good-bye, I am carried back to that touching scene where the disciples at Ephesus "fell upon Paul's neck and kissed him, and accompanied him unto the ship."

Look at such a scene, poor infidel, with hopeless life, darkened soul and still more hopeless death! Surely, if all the apostles and disciples of skepticism could have witnessed that glorious little scene—looked upon those persecuted faces beaming with the light of transfiguration—eyes suffused with joyful tears, tears crystal with the feeling over which even the angels

in Heaven rejoice—hearts, regenerated hearts, wearing in them an implanted faith which rejoices to be counted worthy of persecution for the sake of its Author, their Redeemer—a faith which lives through every storm and triumphs in every contest!—oh, surely, if earth's unbelievers could have witnessed it, their unbelieving hearts would have been touched, their cold skepticism would have melted, and their deadly doubts, like dark and lowering clouds, would have fled away before the sunshine of such radiant faith and love!

The story tells us that Brother Solomon, the converted Jew, who could converse with them in their own language, went down to see these German Baptists, and such a meeting—such a time as they did have!

He organized a church at Sao Paulo and one at Campinas, but had to return to his work at Bahia. So anxious were these people to enjoy their church privileges that they had been contemplating coming to the States, so they could hear the gospel preached.

They are poor—they need houses of worship and a pastor. Just think of our blessings, our privileges compared with theirs! Oh, think of these things, you who have any gratitude in your hearts for Christ who has redeemed you. Pray for them, and remember the striking words of Brother G. S. Tumlin, of La-Grange: "I tell you, brethren, a prayer to be heaven-high, must be pocket deep!

Now, lying here on bed, you all can imagine what a poor chance I have for making money, if any at all. But this is the great Centennial year of missions among the Baptists of the world; and in thinking of it, my heart has been set all aglow, and I have determined to try to give at least five dollars as a thank-offering to the Lord Jesus, who has done so much for me. And if Mrs. Irvine or some one else who is able, will take hold and push the matter, I will give half of this humble amount (Oh, how I wish it could be more!) to start a fund for a house for these

poor, persecuted brethren in Brazil, surrounded on every side as they are by a degraded and degrading Romanism, the light in which (if ever any) has become a gross and deadly darkness!

* * * *

My heart is stirred within me when I read in the *Index* of glorious revivals among our people; the sweetest news that comes to my ears and heart is that of Christians being awakened and strengthened and ransomed sinners coming home and rejoicing in newness of life! My heart was glad when I learned that our grand and consecrated Brother. J. G. Gibson had raised, through our State Board, so much more for missions this year than was raised the year before.

It makes me happy to read of earnest, consecrated men and faithful bands of zealous women pushing the work of Christian missions at home and abroad, with dauntless faith and courage, and tireless hearts and hands. I cannot go out and take an active part in such work myself, but my heart is stirred with joy when I hear of its being done.

And ah! but it is stirred another way when I hear the appeals of our Secretaries, Brethren Tupper and Bell, Tichenor and Jones, telling of the scarcity of receipts, of promises unfulfilled, sacred pledges unkept, missionaries' salaries unpaid, or paid out of the private funds of brethren to whose hearts the glorious work and the honor of the Baptist name are so dear.

My heart is stirred and thrilled with joy when I read (or hear read) the happy letters of Brother Powell, of Mexico, telling of "a member of the Greensboro, Ga., church," who gives over $2,000 a year to that work alone; and the quaintly beautiful letters of Brother Diaz, so full of faith, in Cuba, humbly working under God, and with the simple banner of Jesus, wresting the Queen of the Antilles" from the power of Romish darkness and superstition. But my heart is

stirred another way when I hear the strong appeal of Brother C. W. Pruitt, for men and women to go with him to China. His conservative, tender and earnest letters long ago won my sympathy. He has been on the field for years and knows its needs and its advantages. For a long time he has plead for active help, but so few say, "Lord, here am I, send me, send me." And so few say, "Lord, I cannot go myself, but out of love for thee, I will send or help to send another."

My heart was happy when, in answer to a letter, humbly but earnestly suggesting such a plan, I recently received a letter from Pastor Hawthorne, telling me that they were fitting up for the Southern Baptist Convention a house that would seat five thousand people. Then, it will be the most comfortably entertained session in all its history. God grant that the cause of missions may receive a new impetus, the whole South and Christian world be set ablaze with holy enthusiasm, even more than one hundred new missionaries be sent out by Southern Baptists, and all of us pray and give and work, and trust, until we stand at last in the glorious presence of Him who has redeemed us!

Your young invalid brother in Christ,

WILL D. UPSHAW.

THE OLD SOUTH AND HER LOVED TRADITIONS.

THE OLD SHOTGUN DAYS AND ANTE BELLUM CIVILIZATION.

[NOTE.—The following article was written as a private letter to Mr. Wallace P. Reed, the brilliant new editor of the *Sunny South*, as an earnest commendation of a glowing editorial from his pen. He said he felt constrained to publish it, and, changing the address, kindly gave it this caption: "A Ringing Letter." Whether it "rings" or not, I cannot tell; but one thing I do know—I mean it every word.]

EDITOR SUNNY SOUTH—A good impulse followed late is better, I suppose, than one not obeyed at all.

Some weeks ago, when I read your editorial, "The Old Shotgun Days," in the *Constitution*, I was so thrilled with its truth and patriotism that I was at once seized with an impulse to write and thank you for it; and if I had had some one to write for me, I would have spoken to you the warm message of congratulation which your article then inspired. I have just had it read to me again, as copied in the *Sunny South*, and it stirs me up anew. There is instruction in it! There is proud comfort for the old and refreshing inspiration for the new generation, who verily need to be reminded and taught of that Southern patriotism, chivalry and statesmanship, of which was born the fair and proud little republic "that rose and fell without a crime," and whose checkered, but brave and glorious life is a matchless legacy to the history of the world.

"The old shotgun days," and "Southern plantation manners" have indeed been the subject of caricatures at once unkind and misleading to those and by those who then and yet understood and understand us not!

I have to especially thank you, and every true Southern heart should thank you as well, for these burning words:

"And the pity of it is that we have allowed a new generation to grow up in ignorance of the old South, her rights and her wrongs, her traditions and her customs, her society and the soul of flame that illuminated it." * * * "The old shotgun days and plantation manners trained up a nation of brave men and fair women, whose deeds and whose virtues spangled the page of our history with stars in the days when they made and ruled the republic."

Thank you, again and again! I'll declare those fervid sentences ought to be "framed" and placed before every Southern schoolboy and young man who, in these troublous and uncertain times, needs to be taught an intelligent devotion to our glorious history,

the South's best interests, and the nation's widest good, which no demagogy can swerve, nor sweeping fanaticism shake.

I love to think of the brave words of Henry Grady (bless his dear name!), who, with love in his heart, but a "love that was a lion when aroused in behalf of her own," was not afraid of "the Douglas in his hall," and declared with a kind, yet unflinching bravery, that won the heart of an audience and a nation: "Sir, I accept the term 'New South' in no disparagement to the old."

And these words, which in conversation I have repeated numberless times, have rung in my ears ever since his pleading, fearless, clarion voice rung them into the ears and hearts of New England, the North, the South, and the listening, applauding world: "Dear to me, sir, are the home of my childhood and the traditions of my people! And I would not, if I could, dim the lustre of their renown won by them in peace or in war."

I can't remember his exact words, but on and on he goes in an impassioned outburst, matchless in bravery, sparkling with wit, fervid with eloquence and crystal with tears, until my breast is all aflame, and I laugh and cry, and amid smiles of victory and irrepressible tears of joy, say: God bless the man and his mission!

I love especially to hear you speak in just praise and defence of these old plantation people, who were chaste in life and language, and orthodox in religion—a faith which Henry Grady commended to the young men of the University of Virginia in preference to the "modern thought," newisms and strange ideas that have been imported and have sprung up to our spiritual hurt and dishonor—a faith springing alone from new hearts in Christ, "that sustained their fathers through the trying conflicts of life, and led

them serene and smiling down into the valley of the shadow."

I am an invalid boy or young man, having spent my last seven birthdays in bed, but although I cannot go out into and face the busy, stirring world, in these duties of the happiest manhood and truest citizenship, I *cannot but feel*—indeed, I feel it the duty of every one to take, or try to take, an intelligent interest in these vital things, which, had I the strength which buoyant, hopeful youth once promised me, would now engage my time and head and heart.

You may smile, and suggest that the tone of my letter has been just a little too "Southern" for this advanced age of fraternity. Well, maybe so, but I don't believe it.

Of course I love with unswerving patriotism the American flag that shields me beneath its protecting folds; I love the *whole* American union—North, South, East and West—but if the old French surgeon were probing for a bullet in my wounded side, and should approach very near my heart, as he did the French soldier in whose breast Napoleon was lovingly enthroned, I could change the devoted soldier's words just a little, and say:

"*A little nearer, doctor, and you will find the South.*"

What mother's son or father's daughter—child of America, this free land that we love, does not rejoice at the dawn of that loving fraternity and confidence between the sections for which our dear, dead Grady so earnestly worked and plead? Surely every such child, with the fire of true patriotism burning in his or her breast, rejoicing in this happy dawn, longs for the full sun-burst of that united, loving national comradeship, before which the chill of envy, indifference and estrangement will quickly melt and the clouds of distrust flee away! But while our love for our own home, state and section, is, in one sense lost in our love and devotion to our common country, yet

it is so natural, it is *human*, it is *right* for us to turn with the tenderest ties of the heart to "our own, our native land," when family honor, home customs, cherished traditions and loved people are involved and unjustly assailed. It is right! I repeat it. And, too, I believe, sir, that in such a brave spirit of unshaken and immovable loyalty to home, our whole nation finds its surest strength. Sir, the South is *ours*—even as the nation is not, and if *we* do not defend her fair name, then whom can we expect to speak for us? And while we will not suffer the distrust and malignment of those who know us not, understand us not, and, it would seem, love us not, to shake us from our constancy and devotion to the Union, we will still cling with a tenderness and fidelity which stranger-hearts cannot understand to the home of our childhood, the fair Southland of our birth—the glory of whose history, the prowess of whose arms, the splendor of whose intellect, the vastness of whose wealth, the beauty of whose suffering and the warmth of whose heart, we lay as a glad and faithful offering on the consuming altar of our beloved country; *forgetting not—never, no never!* that the "Old South" with the strength and purity of her *ante bellum* civilization was the great pedestal from which the rising "New South" with all her famed glories, has so surely and so grandly sprung! * * * * And I am heartily glad, my dear sir, that a man with a head of such thoughts and a heart of such feelings as portrayed in your article referred to, is to stand at the helm of the new "*Sunny South.*"

I pray God to bless you and your long-popular and high-toned paper, in your exalted mission of elevating instruction, blessing and good cheer.

Very respectfully, your Invalid Friend,

WILL D. UPSHAW.

"BE NOT A DREAMER"—YET, O 'TIS SWEET TO DREAM.

[NOTE.--Written for the first annual Picnic Entertainment of the "McBeath Literary Circle." Intended for all, but especially written for young people, who, I trust, will put their hands and hearts in mine, and cheerfully and patiently go with me through this valley of "dreaming"—on to the heights which I *seek* to reach beyond.]

TEXT: "Be not a dreamer,—life is not for dreams.—MCBEATH.

Poetic in sound, and eminently practical in sense. These words of beautiful prose-poetry, "Be not a dreamer; life is not for dreams," taken from that masterpiece, Biopsis, by Tom F. McBeath, the brilliant, mellowed, classic genius, for whom our Literary Circle is named, are suggestive of both poetical and practical thought, almost unending.

That the head of a country boy, born and reared among rural, but far from classic shades, is unequal to the task of painting their revealed loveliness and developing all their hidden beauty, is a patent fact—clear, very clear, goes without saying. You all will admit it without further discussion.

"Be not a dreamer." Oh, but we *love* to dream, honored poet and philosopher, we *love* to dream—we can't help it! We naturally suppose, of course, that these words of admonition are especially intended, not for those who have already sailed far out on life's stormy ocean, and now with snowy, weather-beaten locks and sails well-nigh furled, are nearing the farther side, but those of us younger ones who are just now launching or *seeking* to launch our frail but proud little barks, amid the laughing of the elements, the cheering clapping of congratulating hands, and the even sweeter cheer of our own "shining, starry hopes." But *all* people *will* dream—from the early, undefined dreams of babyhood, the brighter and often weird and grotesque dreams of childhood—from "rosy youth to snowy age," whatever their color, whatever their sta-

tion in life, they all *will* dream. The *artisan* at his workbench, or upon the carpenter's scaffold, dreams as he works away with chisel and plane, or hammer and saw, of when the intricate task of his undertaking will be fashioned into a thing of flawless beauty, or the unfinished structure of his building will grow day by day, unto a commodious edifice of comfort and grandeur.

The *sculptor*, with chisel and mallet in hand, works away with patient toil, as the completed, life-like figure of his poetic conception rises up in fancy before his artistic vision.

The *poet* dreams—ah, it were a travesty, it seems, on fancy, feeling and expression—*all*, to try to tell what he *does* dream! The true poet dreams until every phase of nature is photographed in his heart, and in his bosom he finds a responsive echo for the music of her laugh, the fierce thunder of her anger, the melancholy tones of each pensive sigh, and the sweet symphony of her every song. He dreams until every star in the skies is at once a door of Heaven and but a dim outside reflection of the glory within,—yes, a jewel set in the shining crown worn by the matchless goddess, Night—gems flashing in the coronet of God's marvelous handiwork, each gem telling, perhaps, of a peopled world within—these glimpses of whose glory are but revealed by each coveted coming of creation's beautiful sable Queen, which his poet's soul loves so passionately and so well.

And yes, too, he sees in each star the fittest emblem of the fascinating brightness of his sweetheart's sparkling eyes. He dreams until each sun-kissed dewdrop of the morning becomes a glittering diamond; each crystal streamlet, as it ripples over pebbled bed and golden sand through meadow wide and woodland grand, is Nature's happy child, singing as it laughs and plays on the fond bosom of its mother, Earth. The poet hears sweet music, soft, æolian, in every

breeze that blows; he glories in the crimson glow of each coming and going of the day's great sun, whose mellow beams paint with their transient Midas touch each object upon which they gently fall; he fairly revels as he dreams in twilight's peaceful, sacred hour,

When the evening is taking its slow-measured flight
And Day falls asleep on the bosom of Night.

He feels his own heart throb in happy unison with the swellings of Nature's heart about him, and he sees in each bright flower that blooms the radiant smile of God.

But more than all, his big poet's soul dreams of and loves *human hearts*—the men and women (especially the fair women) for whom all these charms and blessings of Nature were made. And, breaking forth into impassioned music and fire which his soul, aflame, can no longer contain, his iridescent dreams now crystallize into soulful song and hymn and story—soaring and deepening, sighing and singing, with a height and depth of fervid feeling which the cold, prosaic world does not feel nor appreciate, nor understand. The true, the sensible poet, dreams not merely of the fancied, the weird and the unattainable; he makes practical things poetic, and pervaded by and enveloped in such an atmosphere of the highest, purest and truest poetry, he stands, transported, as it were, when, in dreaming contemplation, he beholds the wonderful economy of Nature, and sees in the sublime harmony of all creation *one grand and God-like poem,* spoken into divine rhythm by the infinite wisdom of Christ's creative power, and inspired by the gracious depths of God's eternal love!

How quick and great the transition from sweet, noble and tender dreams like these, to longings as fierce as they are unholy.

The too ambitious military student, perhaps, and

especially the petty army officer, or rising military general, exulting after some hard-fought and victorious battle, in which his valor, stratagem and genius won the day, dreams of how he will "wade through slaughter to a throne," and, returning sometime from the field of ruthless conquest, be garlanded with the laurel wreath of the conqueror, "wined" and toasted at banquets, loaded with titles and decked with badges of honor amid the acclaim of approving thousands, *mindful not* of the once happy homes now smoking in ruins and sickening desolation—the bleeding hearts around them on which he has trodden and the dreadful carnage through which he has come; dreaming, too, of the time when, like Alexander and the Cæsars, a conquered world shall lie suppliant at his feet, and when, like Napoleon, a continent shall shake beneath his tread.

The *merchant*, behind his counter or in his narrow and confining office, with account book and ledger, weary with days and nights of toil, dreams of the time when, by tardy debtors, his accounts will all be paid, his own pressing bills all settled, and he can begin the year of business anew. And thus he goes on, as all of us dreamers do, until he is called on to close his great ledger for the last time and go to settle his last account before the Great Judge of all the earth.

The *sensible farmer* works with industry, practices rigid economy, and as sure as the sun shines and the showers fall, gains steadily an independent place in the world; he dreams of success and happiness of course, but has little time to dream, except in the night of sweet sleep which follows a day of honest toil.

And the *silly farmer* works awhile and rests awhile in a kind of spasmodic way, goes to town on "first Tuesday," buys a great deal, comes back and works a little, *fails to inform himself*, listens to the inflaming

sophistries of the unwise, hot-headed politician, and idly dreams of the time when the "bottom rail will be on top" in government affairs, and he will be "boss of the whole shebang!"

The electrical *inventor* in his shop or laboratory, not content with having already startled the world almost "out of its senses" by his wonderful inventions, dreams yet perhaps of a time when he can make the sound of a human voice reach across the ocean—*maybe, belt the entire globe*—or when he will be able to send a message to the "man in the moon." And while such planning and dreaming goes on in the realms of business, science and art, with *equal pleasure,* far south in some Georgia cotton field the simple, *unlettered* darky jogs along down his grassy row, humming to himself an old plantation tune and dreaming of *"dat big 'scussion on de Fofe o' July,"* and *"dem big red-meat watermillions";* or another time, perhaps, as he coaxes on his ancient mule, dreams of how, when the day's work is done, he will sit by a dim torchlight on the bank of the creek and watch "dem catfish bite." His mind knows of nothing higher. And thus they all dream—the wise and the ignorant, the low and the high. Who shall say it is all wrong? Wake not the inventor's reverie; disturb not the "darkey's" dream.

But there is another class: The unprincipled adventurer or adventuress dreams of an opportunity to beguile and defraud; the sneak-thief and villain of a chance to entrap, plunder and rob; and the political demagogue dreams of corrupting power and ill-bought fame.

The prospective *society girl* dreams of her formal "début," the festive society queen, drunk on fashion and folly, of her gorgeous reception that shall far eclipse all others of the city and season.

The *"flirt"* dreams of her conquests, and the number of young men's hearts that, wantonly misled and

wounded, shall dangle upon her girdle; and the flippant *fop*, "*dude*" and *deceiver*, of the impressions and conquests that he, too, may make on credulous girls that thought him honest, *caring not* for the wound in the heart of "the girl he left behind," whose eyes will fall, and whose face will long tinge and sadden at the mention of his name. Deliver, oh, deliver us from such dreams as these last! Dreams, reddened with crime, poisoned with intrigue, and blackened with the sins of deception; of such, we cry out with McBeath: "Be not a dreamer—life is not for dreams."

But McBeath was not thinking of such dreams as these when he wrote those words; we feel sure he was not. He was thinking of people who *dream* their lives away doing nothing. They have *great ideas* of doing some great things in the world, but they have no *executive ability*, no energy, no "*get-up-and-get*" about them, and so their life is an idle dream.

How true Charles W. Hubner's words:

"They lose life's sweetest zest,
Who long for stagnant rest."

But *fairer* than all the dreams I have named, and more blameless, if wrong at all, is that of the industrious, honest farmer boy, who, as he walks along between his plow-handles, or at some other labor, dreams as did the fair favored Hebrew youth of old, of how the "sheaves" of his cultured *city* brethren bowed down to his in the field, and how, when his farm labor is ended and his education is acquired, he will go forth to lead them all.

* * * But sweeter, ah, *sweeter* than all these other dreams, is that of this same farmer boy, perhaps, who, amid all his ambitions for fame, dreams a dream nearer still to his heart—a dream of the sweet, blushing neighbor girl, whom he hopes to "see at church next Sunday," or at the next meeting of the literary circle, and win from her an approving smile

that shall fill all his next week's toil with a pure, sweet, radiant light; and *then*, ah, *then*—yes, by-and-by, you all know what then! But sweeter still, if possible, is the early dream of the fair young maiden, who, with bits of cheery laugh and beaming face, goes singing about her duties at home, and

> "Presses her hand to her throbbing breast,
> With love's first wonderful rapture blest."

dreaming of the brave and gallant youth who shall some day place her where God intended her to reign, as the loved and loving queen of a happy home.

There are those who cry out against such dreams as these, as sentimental and foolish. *But I plead that they be not disturbed.* *I*, for one, am glad that there *is* a time when boys and girls dream, *light-hearted and free from corroding care*—yes, *I am glad* (and you all are glad, too), even though these sweet, fair dreams are too ideal to be realized.

But there is another kind of dreaming that is indeed pitiable—*dreaming in ignorance!* McBeath beautifully says:

> "Seest thou not the magic circle God's own hand hath round thee drawn,
> Where the lips of Heaven, stooping, rest the lips of earth upon?
> So within a like circumference, circumscribed by its own hand,
> Every soul itself the center of the world it sees, must stand."

And so, if the world to us is small, because of our ignorance, we make it so by our own hands. Did you ever think of it? *To some people the world is no larger than Cobb county.* They sit and dream in ignorance, and seem to have no conception of anything beyond their country postoffice, or, maybe, the county seat where they buy their guano and sell their cotton in the fall, and the children go to buy firecrackers and candy. It was such a person who, when the "Alliance" enthusiasm first *flashed* over the country, talking to

one of his neighbors who refused to "jine 'em," said with glowing assurance: "You just wait till we get our railroad built to Liverpool, and we will send our cotton straight to headquarters, and get a good price for it!" His smiling friend replied: "*A railroad to Liverpool!* Well! you would have the distinction of having the *longest trestle* in the world." The poor man was surprised, never having dreamed that Liverpool was three thousand miles across the ocean. Another of like information, speaking of our being oppressed by the money power, said: "Old Wall Street, Jay Gould, old Jute and all them fellers—they are just as rich as they can be!" and another spoke with much complacency of the "State of Cincinnati." Just think of it! They thought "Wall street" and old "jute" were actual men. The "State of Cincinnati" and a "*railroad to Liverpool!*" *The very idea!* These are not mere newspaper squibs; they are actual occurrences, and didn't take place a thousand miles from here, either.

I honor every honest laborer, however weak and humble, but I only speak of these as *living* examples of *dreaming in ignorance.*

"Every part itself the center of the whole it comprehends, and the circle widens only as the climbing soul ascends." We begin deep down in the valley of ignorance, and our circle is *very small;* step by step we go up the mountain, and our narrow range slowly widens; by patient, persistent effort, higher up the mountain side "the climbing soul ascends," until the knowledge of one's county gives place to that of his State, his State to that of the nation; until finally he reaches the golden sunlit top, where, as well as *finite* man *can* do, with one sweep of his mental vision, he takes in *the entire world!*

Wake up! wake up! my young friends of our literary circle; when such possibilities await you, sit no



You just wait till we get our railroad built to Liverpool!

Dreaming in ignorance. Page 194.

longer in blissful ignorance, with folded hands and *dream.*

Ah! but sadder than all other dreams is that of the person who dreams away a life in *indifference* to *eternal* things, and sinks down to the grave *without Christ* and *without hope!* Then, alas! he will be awfully awakened from his deceptive and surely fatal dream.

"Be not a dreamer, life is not for dreams;
* * * *
God gems thy path with opportunities
Thick as the summer dewdrops on the grass,
Rich with his promises.
But *manna-like*, they must be gathered ere the sun
be risen,
And used upon the instant;
Else they breed within the heart
A never-dying brood of worms
Armed with stings of vain regret,
And to a loathsome hell of torment turn
The Paradise of memory."

Oh, my young friends,

"Do noble things! not dream them all day long;
And so make *life*, *death* and that *vast forever* one grand,
sweet song!"

Seek a new heart in Christ; then take him for your model, and your life will be *fairer*, *safer* and *sweeter* than even a poet's dream.

BLOW! GENTLE BREEZES, BLOW!

[Note.—Tired one day from over-mental work, and hot as the summer-time could make me, I arose from bed, walked to the window, and just as I got there, a cooling breeze met me, sending a refreshing thrill through my whole being. I repeated, impromptu, the first four lines, and the others naturally followed.]

Blow, gentle breezes, blow!
And fan my fevered brow;
Let your music be soft and low,
And ever sweet as now.

Your pure, refreshing breath
My brain so tired laves,
And rest, sweet inspiring rest,
Floats on your cooling waves.

You speak to mem'ry's listening ear—
Ah! breezes, *gaily* blow!
For notes of tenderness I hear
In accents "soft and low."

Now on learning's pretty campus
Two glad hearts promenade—
Words and eyes great volumes speak
In the twilight's gath'ring shade.

They walk, they talk, they dream!
While the breezes 'bout them play,
And Hope, with rosy-fingered dawn,
Gilds bright their closing day.

But now that dream has vanished,
That baseless hope has fled;
And I? *ah, heart, we're happy still!*
True Hope is *never* dead!

Then blow, gentle breezes, blow!
From north, south, east or west—
Messengers from the God of love,
Sweet throbs of His gracious breast!

"ACCORDING TO LAW."

A TOLERABLY SHORT LETTER AND A TOLERABLY LONG "P. S." FAVORS, PRETTY GIRLS, NEGROES AND FAITH THAT WILL LIVE FOREVER!

[NOTE.—When the *Sunny South* changed from a broad newspaper sheet to magazine form, the editress of the Boys' and Girls' department made a new law, discriminating strongly against long letters. This new mandate did not meet with favor among the members, especially those who

were fond of writing and reading letters long enough to have some point and scope about them.

The young people were exceedingly good to me, and asked through the paper for a continuance of my long letters, saying they would gladly yield their whole page whenever I felt able to write. This, of course, made me humbly grateful, and did my heart "lots of good." I am so constituted that I feel that I am obliged to say just what I want to say, just as I want to say it, or not say it at all. And so as my unknown friends were graciously and strongly on my side, I determined to "get ahead" of Aunt Judy and her new law by writing a letter a little shorter than usual, and then add a postscript even longer than the letter. Hence the otherwise misunderstood title.]

Let me get my breath! or in "Easy Chair" parlance, "gim me room to swing!" I have been wanting to swing in among you, or rather roll in on my *Sunny South* chair (every look at which revives the deep gratitude that lives ever in my heart) for a long, long time. But it has been next to impossible. Why did I say let me get my breath? Because you all are about to smother me. But you have made me think that I could hardly die a sweeter death than be smothered by fresh, fragrant roses. Since I have been writing (or dictating) letters for the *Sunny South* its readers have been good—too good to me; but for some months past, and especially since my last visit, it seems your sweet words have been more gracious, more frequent and more cheering than ever before. What have I done to deserve it? And in addition to what has appeared in the paper, private letters have poured in upon me in delightful abundance. Now let all who have thus favored me bear continually in mind that while it is simply impossible for me to respond as promptly as I would love to, I esteem each letter a treasure, and I would be greatly disappointed if a mail should ever come that did not bring me something. You all make me very happy, and I can only pray, as I will often do—God bless, keep and save them all!

My last Christmas tide was the brightest and happiest I have ever known during the seven I have spent on bed. My unseen friends helped greatly to

make it so, and aside from that, local causes conspired grandly to the happy end. A work among the young people around me, for which I had planned, devotedly striven and prayed, was crowned with a brilliant, blessed success, almost beyond my dearest hopes. My friends were enthusiastic and happy; and I just floated along on a sea of bliss through the closing scenes of the old year, into the shining portals of the new. Oh! what happiness it gives the human heart to feel conscious of having tried to do ones' duty to all *fully*, and then to see that "duty done" blossom into radiant success and blessing before the eyes of those who have helped you, and those who have not. The sweetest music in the world, next to the rejoicing of the redeemed, is the inward peace that lives through every storm, sung by the "still small voice,"—"You have tried to do your duty!"

I want to gratefully acknowledge some new additions to my delightful collection of photos; Opal, by whose letters and poems in the "Sunny" as well as her strong, pretty, sweet face, the people are always charmed; Oneal, the boy who loves his home and never spent an evening out on the streets with "the boys of the town" in his life, and whose face is as lofty as his example and letters are noble and grand; Lynwood, in whose face you can see both the poet we love and the strong, considerate Christian woman whose warning words against the evil tendency of card-playing found echo in so many hearts; Queenie, whose benign countenance makes me feel that the subjects of her realm would love their noble, gentle Queen; and Misses Mattie and Beulah Bruns, sweet sisters together—the latter a sufferer, but with countenance gloriously purified by that light of Heaven which helps to make her sufferings light. Thank you, thank you all.

I thought to mention each pretty souvenir that came to me Christmas, and each box of flowers which

has freighted my room with fragrance since my last letter, but I see the list would be too long and would tire the public. Again, please, every one of you know that however simple, I heartily appreciate each one, but far dearer than any gift, is the thought of the tender, far away heart from which the treasure came. * *

Mountain Daisy, you little midget, gypsy or queen! who long ago told me "that if there were more boys like you, there would not be so many girls enjoying single-blessedness," I have never forgotten you and never will.

The very first words of another merry girl acknowledging my picture, were: "Sweet boy!" with a great big exclamation point after it. Do you all reckon I am going to stand any such talk as that? and I could entertain the "Letter Box" a whole week with such cute, sweet, ardent little sayings that pour in upon me from these fair lilies, roses, cherries, dewdrops and crystallized sunbeams of earth! Again I ask, do you think I am going to stand such things always? No, sir! I just feel like getting up and going to see the last one of them! My father often laughingly tells me, or my friends in my presence, that when I get well, I will have to be a "book agent," a "patent medicine vender," or some other itinerant—so I can get to see all these pretty, sweet girls who have been writing to me. (With my own hands: Awhile ago when I indulged in that "roses and sunbeam" talk, the pair of brown eyes who is writing this letter for me, exclaimed: "*My me!* how much more are you going to say about the girls? I know boys are just as sweet as girls are, and sweeter!" But I told her that she had never been a boy, and didn't know anything about how sweet the girls seem to the boys!) Oh, my! do you all think I have lost my senses? If you do think so, I think you have lost yours, for I have rarely said a more sensible thing. Some of you girls can just look out for me—when I get well—when?

Meantime, continue to smother me with roses—like those of primeval Eden—roses without the thorn!

Hopefully yours,

"EARNEST WILLIE."

"*Post Scriptum.*"—The Apostle Paul commanded us to "be in subjection to the higher powers," and as I love to show by example how to be a law-abiding citizen, I have, according to law (Aunt Judy's command), written a much shorter letter than usual, but I am going to make up for it in a postscript, "cep'n I slip!" and I find encouragement to proceed because so many of my friends have kept urging me to "write a *long* letter soon." Bless all of you for it!

First, I have been anxious to second the nomination made by our brilliant Tête-à-Tête, naming Colonel Seals for Governor, because he is proprietor and projector of both the old and new incomparable *Sunny South!* I have had the pleasure of seeing him but once, when he charmed hundreds by his eloquence, and impressed me as, in many respects, the most magnetic and thrilling speaker I ever listened to. He has a head on his shoulders and a heart in his bosom. Just let him be a candidate for Governor, and I will arise from bed, and, gathering around me the sturdy yeomanry of my section (and from people like these, America's "log-cabin" grandeur springs), I will rest in my *Sunny South* chair, and make the first political speech of my life, in advocacy of the candidacy of a man who, by his grand and unique *Sunny South*, which no other paper can approach—cheering, instructing and inspiring the youth and age of his native land, has conferred a greater blessing on mankind than all the congressmen from any one State in the Union, sitting in the nation's legislative halls. * * * * *

Julia, even without one word of your sweet little letter, your very name would have attracted my interested attention, for it awakens delightful memories of

a certain golden period when I had a bright-eyed little sweetheart named "Julia." Such letters as were written! Such a time as we *did* have!

OUR DUTY TO THE NEGROES.

Your highly appreciated words concerning my little story, "Frank's Christmas Day" (in *Sunny South* of December 26th), lead me to mention that from a remark made to me by a special friend of mine, I feared that some people might not like the first part of my story because of its favoring allusion to negroes. No, I did not *fear* it either; I said what I did because I felt it to be my *duty*, aware at the time that it might not meet the approval of some.

Before the Lord made me, I trust, a Christian, I was as quick almost as any one to speak flippantly and sarcastically of negroes, but since my conversion,

> "Oh happy day, that fixed my choice
> On Thee, my Saviour and my God!"

my heart has felt differently towards the negroes around me, and everywhere. Having no sympathy, of course—indeed heartily disgusted with the "social reforms" proposed for the negro by the strange unwisdom of some of his unknowing Northern friends, I yet feel that it is the humane and Christian duty of a superior race (and such we claim to be, and are) to help the negroes in their weakness, and into their hands—many of them still trembling, as it were, from the recently released shackles of slavery, prayerfully place that Bible, the light of whose truths alone can make them "free." It is a genuine pleasure which I have often enjoyed, to have some good old darkey (and some not so very good), calling at the postoffice, come and sit down by my window, near my bedside, while I try to encourage them and teach them the great importance of strict honesty, purity and truth, and how fatal it is to think that merely belonging to the church and "shouting" aloud, will save them

without they have been given new hearts in Christ, and are truly Christians. I believe such a course will help solve the "much mooted" race problem. It has been my course for years, and as long as I feel it to be my duty, God being my helper, I will continue it to the end. I expressed my own feelings briefly, but exactly in "Frank's Christmas Day," and adopted that manly character in Frank Harbin, to catch the reader and lead him into the deeper truths and glories of the Christian religion. * * * * *

I wish I had more space to tell you all of a most delightful visit paid me since my last long letter. A Mr. W. H. Montcastle of Mossy Creek, Tennessee, whom I had never seen, but who had read my letters in the "*Sunny South*," came nearly two hundred miles, he said, "simply to see 'Earnest Willie.'" I tell you I felt honored! He is a young man twenty-seven or twenty-eight years old, with a wife and two children, poor in this world's goods, but rich in Christian faith and works. He comes as near literally "walking with God," I believe, as any man I ever saw. An industrious farmer, and an interested, thoughtful American citizen, as he is, I have often thought, since I have known him, that in such plain, earnest, honest men, our nation finds now, and *must* always find, its surest strength. Mr. Montcastle (or "brother Harley," as I sometimes call him) is a lively, delightful companion, a most zealous Christian, and I had with him such a social and spiritual feast as I had seldom, if ever before, enjoyed. * * *

Hyacinth, sweet friend without a mother, I trust you have learned, ere this, that my negligence never springs from my heart, but from hands, yearning, yet weak.

There was a striking concord between all the letters in the New Year number—each containing a beautiful tribute to Nature. Cousin Ell on a Florida lake, wrote a poem in prose; then Angele's sweet com-

munion with the stars; May's soft, mellow twilight; and Lydia Vernon, telling of "the sun that illumines this meagre earth with fluid gold and invests it with vital air"; Carrie Randall, Claire, and Fairy Queen who loves nature so well, should have been there, too. But the circle would not have been complete without Hilda, from Virginia, who, whether awake or sleeping, moss-pillowed in the grand old forest, writes or dreams so beautifully of the "prince that might awake her" and the handiwork of God.

Florida Girl, my space is about out, and I will answer your impressive words about death another time. But I cannot leave without a special word to my unseen invalid friends.

Alabama Girl, your letter, so beautiful in language, thought and radiant Christian faith, thrilled me, and I was seized with an impulse to drop everything else and send you a letter, but did not know your address. * * * Love and thanks to "Ollie Stanford," for a copy of "Comfort," containing a cheering corner for "Shut-ins;" and a Tennessee lady, for "The Open Window."

Ah! how verily, to invalids shut in from the outside world, and to all shut in by this tabernacle of perishing clay, Faith is the open window into the greenest pastures and sunniest meadows of this life, and shining around and above the death-bed, the "open window" through which the enraptured soul takes its flight to its everlasting home with Christ and His redeemed.

I have not done, but I must stop. You don't know how glad I would be to single out each new member, and each one who has spoken to me so kindly, and speak words of welcome and loving gratitude, but you all know such a thing is impracticable. Just know I'm in love with you, individually and collectively. So many things crowd upon me that my

strength (or rather my lack of strength) will not let me do.

It is so hard sometimes, to lie with folded hands, while numberless ships come to my bedside, earnestly seeking cargo, which I am forced to send empty away, I can only lie down and rest on my Maker's will, and sweetly trust to Christ to fill them.

Faithfully, happily,

"EARNEST WILLIE."

P. S. No. 2—Ah! just to see the letters "P. S.," or to hear the word "*postscript,*" has a peculiar and thrilling charm for me. Some of the sweetest, most refreshing things that have ever been spoken to me with a pen, were spoken in a "P. S."; and ah! some of the most sacred confiding things I ever spoke, were spoken in a "P.S.," too. Sometimes I would dictate a special letter to a special little friend, and then on wide margins purposely left, I would write in my own hand, words for no ears, no eyes, no heart but hers. And then would come the sweet, thrilling answer back: "I have turned over the pages, searching vainly again and again for more marginal writing." Ha, ha! how good that would make my heart feel! She would call her "after-words" "a woman's failing," declaring that she must have a "P. S."—it was necessary to her happiness (mine, too, ah, ha!) But aside from these little (?) things of tender sentiment, my heart often feels that it cannot rest until I pick up the pen and add a few words, if to say no more than: "*God bless you!*"

Hear me, O my friends! and be sure that to all the letters you write me, you add the coveted "P. S."

1892. "EARNEST WILLIE."

Written for *The Christian Index.*

A GLORIOUS MEETING—FOR THE LORD WAS THERE.

DEAR INDEX—When anything unusual or startling occurs in the secular world, a detailed account of it is given in the secular papers; and it does seem that when anything graciously rich and unusual occurs in the religious world, the thrilling *details* should be given in our religious papers. For what truly regenerated heart does not love—not merely *like*, but *love*—to hear of the individual conquests of our Redeemer and our King? We, too, can each say from the depths of our hearts:

"I was once far away from the Saviour,
And as vile as a sinner could be,
And I wondered if Christ, the Redeemer,
Would save a poor sinner like me."

And we who once were afar off and have now been "made nigh by the blood of Jesus," love to hear others tell of the dark and thorny road they have traveled—how at last, when they could do no more, or when they quit trying to do and fully trusted in Jesus, the light burst in upon their darkened and burdened souls, and how they now rejoice with joy unspeakable in a newness of heart and life in Christ. Oh, however varied, yet the glorious sameness of the sweet little story every redeemed soul has to tell! During the first two or three of the seven years I have spent on bed, when the devil took advantage of my condition to make shipwreck of my faith, and I was cold, doubting and skeptical—mourning because I could not mourn---my spiritual sensibilities so deadened that it seemed I could neither enjoy prayer, God's promises, nor even spiritual conversation, during all these dark and dreary days there was never a time when my sad heart could not rejoice to hear of a gracious revival---Christians happy and strengthened,

and sinners being led to Jesus, sweetly rejoicing in a new-found Saviour's love. In beginning to tell of the recent gracious meeting at our church, these thoughts came to me, and because my heart felt them I have spoken them, hoping that my experience may possibly help some one else who has "*suffered like as me.*"

Our young pastor, Brother A. J. Coalson, conducted a series of meetings at the Baptist church at Powder Springs, Ga., lasting about two weeks, embracing the third and fourth Sundays in August, and resulting in twelve additions to the church by experience and baptism. At the September meeting, a young lady who was converted at the August meeting, was baptized, making in all thirteen new ones who have come to sit down with us at the table of the Lord, and arise and go forth to fight His battles, and gently win others to His glorious cause and sure salvation. Only thirteen! That doesn't sound very large, does it? Our hearts have been made happy to read in the *Index* of meetings where five times that many were converted and baptized. But, oh! if *only one* soul had been saved, the meeting would have been a grand and blessed success, for it took *God through Christ* to save that soul, and any meeting where God is—where Christ is—is a gracious meeting indeed. And even sometimes where no one is converted, but where Christians are strengthened and quickened to a more active service for Christ who has redeemed them, and seeds are dropped into the hearts of sinners, which the Holy Spirit will cause to spring up in after years and bear fruit unto Life eternal—such a meeting is not a failure, but a glorious success on which Heaven sweetly smiles. Indeed, no meeting is a failure where God's pure truth is preached, for he has promised that "My word shall not return unto me void." Oh! longing, and sometimes impatient pastors—yearning and anxious hearts of brethren and sisters, wherever

you are, cheer up! "go forward," and *rest* while you *work*, in this sweet assurance!

But Powder Springs was considered a *hard* place; a noble people, socially, but almost dead—spiritually dead. Brother Coalson said that when he came out of a warm meeting at Chapel Hill, and surveyed the field at Powder Springs—thought of how hard it had always been to reach the hearts of the people there, he never felt so much in his life like he *needed* to rely *wholly* on the power of the Holy Spirit. He began to preach the strong, yet simple and earnest Gospel. It rained and rained, but the people came anyhow, night and day. The church upheld him with her loving sympathy and her earnest prayers. He preached with refreshing freedom, clearness, bravery, consecration and consequent power. The services continued almost a week without any accessions, but the pastor and people remained faithful and trustful. There was all the while a *something* about the meetings that made the faithful ones want to be there, fearing not the mud, the rain, the threatening thunder, nor the lowering clouds. Brother Coalson's power of indurance is remarkable. He had just conducted two protracted meetings before he came to our church, yet he did all the preaching for us (with the exception of one sermon), and seemed almost, if not quite as fresh (and some thought stronger) when our meeting closed, than when it begun. His deliberation in preaching is very marked and unusual for a young man of his brief experience and great earnestness. He has a way of leaning slightly over the pulpit, and with his honest face looking straight into the faces of those before him speaks in a calm, earnest, pleading voice that rivets the attention of both ears and heart. Brother Coalson is only twenty-seven years old, and has had poor educational advantages, but he is an earnest student of God's word, and other things as well, and has a happy way indeed of utilizing what he

reads and what he hears. As a meeting progresses, some incident he has read or seen, some conversation with a brother, a sister, or some poor unconverted one, will serve as a seed-thought from which will grow a beautiful and impressive little sermon.

Special Incidents of the Meeting.—Most of those who were baptized were young ladies—one a sweet little girl of twelve, one a man of thirty-eight, and one a boy of sixteen. Two sisters, impressed by the unusually sad death of a loved brother of twenty years with the great importance of being "ever ready" when Death's summons comes, felt themselves sinners before God, and trusted Christ; one young lady who had laughed at religion and loved the ballroom, was touched, awakened, brought to the feet of Jesus, and arose happy in a new life in Christ; one lady who had cherished a hope for many years, surprised everybody by coming forward and confessing her Redeemer; another young lady who had been a member of a pedobaptist denomination for a year or two, but had never been "born anew," was made to feel herself a great sinner, and found a new heart and peace and joy in a Saviour's love, and then a happy consciousness of "duty done" in following that Saviour in baptism in "His own appointed way." On Sunday night I looked at a noble gentleman who has long been highly honored as a man of perfect morals, a loving husband, and a true and genial citizen; and as I looked at his manly head, now almost covered with gray, I thought and said in my heart: how long, oh! how long, poor man, will you continue to be a mere moralist? God touch your heart and teach it that "you must be born again." That very night he came for prayer, as he had seldom done before; and that very night he was so deeply impressed that he could not sleep—wrestled with God for a long time—finally ceased to wrestle, trusted Jesus with his burdened soul, and was a new man. Next morning he came

forward and told the church about it all—how he had resisted the wooings of the Holy Spirit for fifteen or sixteen years, and how, the night before, his burden became so great that he could not rest until Jesus gave him rest. O what a meeting! tears of joy flowed and with his rejoicing wife, our hearts were exceeding happy. But sweetest incident of all: a young man or boy of sixteen, had been so distressed for several days that he sat in church with bowed head, and his face plainly showing the burden that was weighing down his heart. One night he came for prayer, and an invalid young man said to him: "Willie, will you not kneel here beside me, and yield your heart to Jesus right now—even now?" He knelt. When the congregation arose from an earnest, glorious prayer led by Brother Coalson, the boy was still on his knees—feeling his burden of sin so great that he could not rise, fearing not to kneel *alone* before all the people. Brother Coalson looked at the bowed form of the boy and said to the invalid young man by whom he was kneeling: "Will you not lead a special prayer for that poor boy?" The congregation again knelt, and the invalid young man prayed with all the helpless earnestness and faith which God gave him, that the poor, mourning boy might be enabled to give up everything and fall into the arms of Jesus—that he might be enabled to say and feel:

"Here, Lord, I give myself away—'tis all that I can do;" that he might wholly surrender himself as dead, and *look, look to Jesus and live.*

When we arose from prayer there was a new and happy light in the little fellow's face as he threw his arms around the neck of the young man who had led the prayer, and said: "I love the Saviour with all my heart, and I love you, too!"

Let every redeemed soul remember its own experience, and know how that happy boy felt! Let every

company of Christians imagine how the church felt! And let every one who has sought to lead a soul to Christ, and seen his or her weak efforts so richly blessed of God—oh! let all such imagine, if they can, how that invalid young man felt just then! There was heavenly joy in that house, and joy, too, among the angels in Heaven.

The two baptismal services on Thursday and Sunday mornings were indeed beautiful scenes—impressive reproductions of that pattern given us in the "far off forests of Judea"; a scene which the people always flock to see; a glorious sermon, preaching to every witnessing eye and heart the doctrine of Christ's sweet life, self-sacrificing death, burial and triumphant resurrection.

Old men say they never heard anything on such an occasion to surpass Brother Coalson's sermon on Thursday to the new converts, and the church in their behalf. And his sermon on Sunday after baptism, the last service of the meeting, from "But thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ" (1 Cor. xv., 57), was one of the most powerful and effective sermons ever delivered in Powder Springs by young man or old. He spoke of life as a temporal, moral and spiritual battle-field; spoke of the glorious victory which God, through Christ, had given us in the meeting just closing; spoke of how the Holy Spirit woos the sinner's heart, battling with a stubborn, carnal nature in possession of the Evil One, and the great victory Christ gives us, in our conversion, over self, sin and Satan; then of the warfare that follows, and how, throughout life's trials and temptations, we are given strength and victory through Jesus, who redeemed and will keep his own; and then, oh, at last, the glorious victory Christ gives us in the hour of death, driving away its chilly waters with the crystal "River of Life," and lighting up the dark "valley of the shadow" with the strong, sweet,

sustaining presence of His refreshing, welcoming smile! These are not his words, but they are in line with his beautiful, touching thoughts. And I'll declare, verily he spoke like one inspired—his eyes often filled with tears and his voice broken and tremulous with emotion. The large congregation was deeply moved, many sinners came, inquiring the way of "victory" over earthly life and death; the parting hand was given among those who loved the Lord; tears of Christian joy freely flowed; the holy fire spread from breast to breast; those who could sing lifted their voices in sweet hymns of happy praise; cold hearts melted—proud heads bowed, and eyes long unused to tears filled and wept with "penitential grief," promising to seek to enter the Christian's glorious Home; and others, seeing the hard hearts of loved ones thus affected, wept anew with a joy which only the redeemed, longing still for those out of Christ, can fully understand. And thus closed our gracious meeting at Powder Springs, beginning low down in the dry, cold valley of yet longing thirst, lifting us by the ladder of prayer, communion, work and faith, up to the refreshing fountains that flow straight from the bountiful throne of God, and leaving us, it seemed, almost in the very gate of Heaven!

* * * * * Brother A. J. Morgan, now of Acworth, our much-beloved pastor before Brother Coalson came, whose strong, tender sermons were so much enjoyed, and whose mellow, beautiful, consistent life among us was a *walking sermon,* could not be with us, but it made us glad to know how his heart would rejoice to learn that God had so blessed his former charge.

All of us, and especially the older members, were glad indeed to hear a sweet sermon from and have with us a few days in our meeting Brother Robert Baber, who long ago served the church for many years. Our hearts go out in tender sympathy to this

aged "veteran of the cross," who has recently passed through the "deep waters" of sorrow in the loss of a dear son and daughter, and now

> "On Jordan's stormy banks he stands,
> And casts a wishful eye."

And now, brother or sister—whoever reads this, you feel that you would have greatly enjoyed being at such a meeting as I have told you of, don't you? But suppose you had spent your last seven years on bed—shut away from the loved house of God—how would you have enjoyed it? It was exactly eight years since I, a happy convert, and in the strength and buoyancy of youth, was baptized in Powder Springs creek by that noble man of God and grand expounder and fearless preacher of Christ's gospel, Brother A. B. Vaughan, Jr. (now of Canton, Ga.)

A few months after my baptism came the accident (?)—the fall which has made me an invalid for more than seven years. O, the joy of being back at my dear old church once again, the unspeakable delight to my heart to lie there and hear such preaching as I did, and witness such a revival as I had longed and prayed for years to see. Just put yourself in my place, and you can, maybe, understand the heart that has prompted and urged me to tell you in detail of this gracious meeting and the thoughts each happy feature sprung. God grant that in remembering my situation, your charitable hearts may be as much interested in these details from a great battle and victory on which God and His angels smiled as the world and, alas! many of the church, recently were, over columns and pages of the secular press, giving every blow and echo from the prize-fighter's brutal ring. This story is twice as long as I intended, but my heart was in it, and it seemed that I could not stop until I had told you all I had seen and felt; for that meeting was manna to my hungry soul, and to my weary heart and frame sweet rest. And it

seems that if God should will me to stay seven more years on bed, the precious memory would light up the entire way, keeping ever bright my thoughts and hope of Heaven, of which it was a rare foretaste—radiant, sweet and glorious!

Your happy invalid brother in Christ,

WILLIE D. UPSHAW.

September 22, 1892.

VAUGHAN—A HYMN.

[NOTE.—The following words were written not very long after I broke down and went to bed, and at a time when I was passing through a terrible season of trial and temptation. I felt spiritually cold and "far off"; skepticism gnawed at the very vitals of Christian hope; faith seemed almost dead, and I longed for God to "restore unto me the joys of His salvation." My good friend, Mr. J. B. Moon, set the simple words to music and pleased my heart by naming the piece "Vaughan," in honor of my beloved pastor, Elder A. B. Vaughan, Jr.]

O for a heart of Christian love!
The heart that I once had;
A heart to think on things above—
'Twould make me Oh, so glad!

O for a steadfast faith and hope—
Glad anchor to my soul,
Before which evil shadows flee
When waves of darkness roll.

O for the pow'r to do some good
While on my bed I lie;
A heart to labor for my God
Till He bears me Home on High.

Then let my lot on earth be sore;
Let hardships e'er be mine;
Gladly will I endure it all,
If His grace on me shine.

O blessed Christ! be this my joy
While this short life I live;
Then take me to Thyself above,
And "*rest*" forever give!

MARION, BROWN EYES AND WOMAN—BLESS HER!

"MINE DEAR MOTHER HUBBARD."—The man who has a fixed purpose which is the result of mature thought commands my admiration. The man who stands with strategic eye or plays see-saw "on the fence" of all moral and political questions, has never received much sympathy from me. But I sympathize now with these poor "undecided" fellows. I too, am "pestered." For some time I have been feeling like I wanted to make a little speech to the "Household," with Marion Durham's recent "Woman's Rights" letter as the subject. My honest conviction and the training of a lifetime force me to take issue with Marion, yet for her own sake, and because of other circumstances, I dislike to array myself against her. Marion thinks women should vote, and if she votes, she should also "propose." Shades of southern civilization and natural beauties of woman's "sweet dependence," save us!

One reason I dislike to make a speech against Marion's position is, that several others are already strongly and persistently storming her castle—a castle from whose ramparts has been unfurled, and now triumphantly waves, the ensign of royal independence, bearing the words: "This fortress is *manned* alone by *women!* Ye 'lords of creation,' ye are not needed in our business!"

Zee fires a volley—a strong mixture of humor and logic; and Mary Wilson, as usual with every line she starts out upon, so completely exhausts the sub-

ject that the rest of us are left with little to say, so we must needs fill up our speeches with applause.

I enjoyed the letter of our wise, noble and popular Mary Wilson immensely, but I don't like it much about her saying all the big, good, strong things that I wanted to say. I can do little more than point to her magnificent article and say, "Them's my sentiments," while I look on with a kind of vexed admiration.

Another thing which makes me dislike to oppose Marion (and ah! this reason is so strong, because so tender), I like her name. A long time ago I conceived the poetic idea (possibly from reading of William Wallace's fair and noble Marion) that I wanted the sweetheart of my youth and the wife of my bosom to be named Marion: and naturally because my eyes are somewhat blue, I wanted hers to be brown.

"How fanciful," says some one, "I wouldn't have thought it!' Well, my friend, you might as well have thought it. For despite what some folks say, fancy and idealism play an important part in this so-called prosaic and matter-of-fact business world. And this very little fancy influences me in this instance. Smile if you will, but it is so.

Marion, my dear girl, I am sorry to oppose you, but if I must, I must. But what can I say that has not already been said? I would be a great simpleton to get up here on the speaker's stand and with a would-be imperial gesture, dilate upon the grandeur and beauties of woman as "queen of a home," her God-intended sphere. Everybody knows that He intended her as sweetheart, wife, mother and queen—queen of a far sweeter and more glorious realm than that which Semiramis led to destruction, or the one over which Victoria now so grandly reigns. It has been said a thousand times. Everybody knows that God intended most women for such a sphere, but it does seem that He appointed a few brave-hearted women

who, rather than sell themselves cheaply, or even marry at all, however grandly, go through life single-handed, single-hearted and alone, independent of men and dependent alone upon God, moving along through their happy spheres like gentle beams of sunshine, blessing every day the lives of those around them. Some of the sweetest, sunniest, purest Christian women I have ever known were never married; and if some "smart" individual tauntingly calls them "old maids" in my presence, I just feel somewhat like "knocking him over" into some sphere where he can get up, scratch his head, look about him and find a term, to common acceptance, more suggestive of the delightful self-abnegation and beauty of character in the noble one to whom it applies.

The question of "woman's suffrage" was debated in the "McBeath Literary Circle" on last Saturday afternoon. I rolled out on my *Sunny South* chair to the grove where the meeting was held, and listened. The argument on both sides was superb—a rich blending of humor, logic and eloquence. One young lady plead strongly for the "right of women to vote," and equal rights with men, because she was just as intelligent and far purer and more faithful than man. She was answered by a young man who paid a brilliant, beautiful tribute to woman, but said it was not a question of "rights and privileges," but whether it was *best* for her to vote. He said she "had a right to ride a bicycle, split rails or cut a ditch, but it was not best for her to attempt such things; better leave them, he thought, for the men for whom they were intended.

I for one would be glad to see the fair, brave-hearted women rise in their purity and might and vote on the great moral question of barrooms *vs.* society. But my great love and admiration for modest, true and exalted womanhood causes me to stagger, somehow, at the thought of indiscriminate "woman suffrage" as advocated by some modern reformers.

When any important question is at stake, a man would be simple indeed to attempt to speak in its behalf when he knows that his side can be defended far more ably by another whose services are available.

Mary Wilson, you who don't like for people to quote poetry much, I don't want to boast, but I rather believe you will be a convert to the aptness of an occasional poetic quotation before I have done. I will not work this change. It will be the South's, indeed America's, only Tom F. McBeath. I may not quote him just as he wrote it in his matchless "Carmen Aetati," but I give it as I remember. Listen:

"Here's the paradox of ages; solve it ye who solve it can,
Woman is no longer woman, but another kind of man;
She whose hand upon the lever, guides the world along its way;
She whose voice can still the tempest, she whom wind and wave obey,
She would forfeit all her glory, all her matchless, mighty power,
For the poor and paltry triumph in the contest of an hour;
She who wears upon her forehead a far more than queenly crown,
For the bauble of the ballot is content to lay it down.
Woman, modest, tender, gentle, sent to brighten sterner life,
Woman in the sweet relation, mother, sister, sweetheart, wife;
Not without its deeper import was she cast in beauty's mould,
Woman is of finer nature, purer purpose, whiter soul;
But she is not woman—she who steps down in the ranks of men;
Let us call her by her title: *Madame Fellow-Citizen.*
She who, scorning sweet dependence, in her own right arm would trust,
Does but trail her woman's garments, white and holy, in the dust.
Give her then the sword and pistol, nor withhold a single right—
She would be of earth and earthly—for her kingdom she must fight.
Burn the songs of all the ages, bid the minstrel cease to sing,
Blot from out the page of passion every tender, holy thing;
Once the poet's inspiration, she is nothing finer now
Than an honest sun-browned rustic whistling at his dusty plow.
Yet, not all—some modest roses in the world's great garden grow,
Still content in fragrant beauty, as God meant them, but to blow—

Roses still which do not envy the coarse cabbage its huge head,
Even though it be more useful when the cows are to be fed."

Born as we are, reared as we are, and influenced by the feeling that pervades me through and through, I can but see before me the motley crowd around the ballot-box—listen to the confusing and sickening jargon of the polls, and hear:

"The name of wife and mother, holiest words on human tongue,
Mingle in the senseless ditties by the drunken rabble sung."

Such a picture unavoidably rises before me when I think of "woman suffrage." It is bred in me, it is part of me; I can't help it! But there are those who honestly believe in it, and to every such one I take off my hat and bow with that true respect and reverence which every true gentleman owes to a true and honest lady.

Woman—"modest, tender, gentle"—Heaven's best gift to man; bless her dear heart! She has done so much to brighten and sweeten my life since I have been on bed, filling my past with happy blessings, flooding my present with purest joy, and gilding my future with radiant hope! May my right hand forget its cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I forget her and all her benefits to me! Woman—aged, fair young lady, or blooming girl, who reads these words, God bless you in your brave work for humanity, for Christ's sweet sake. Amen!

"EARNEST WILLIE."

August, 1892.

EYES THAT SPARKLE AND HEARTS THAT THROB.

[NOTE.—While writing this paper for a bright young lady, capable of composing a beautiful essay herself (which urgent circumstances prevented), it occurred to me to insert the facetious allusion to the young man whose heart was "encased in a Plaster of Paris jacket," simply to amuse the audience who knew "the facts." The paper was charmingly read by Miss Lilla Watson, whose tender brown eyes "sparkled" as they mirrored her throbbing heart.]

It is a fine thing, isn't it? that we all have eyes and hearts—eyes that sparkle and hearts that throb.

One look of the eye can pierce the heart like deadly steel, or melt it with the gentle beam of its tender, subduing light.

If the eye be dead and soulless, it can chill the heart on which it looks with its cold and vacant stare; but if it glow with fervid warmth of soul and happy animation, it can set the heart ablaze with happiness, with love, with strong, consuming passion.

The *eyes* are more to a maiden's face than ruby lips, clustering curls and cheeks of rosy bloom, the eyes are more to a young man's face than flowing mustache, curled and perfumed, or even a brow high and sublime.

The *heart* from which every true action springs is more to the actor and all who receive and behold—more to the body of which it is the *life*, than all else beside. Then we see that almost always the *eyes* are the *face*, and the *heart* is all.

It has been said that the heart is generally supposed to be about the best or worst part of us. It is our real self, our being, our soul, and our eyes are the windows of that soul; they are usually the reflectors of the heart within. They have wonderful power sometimes. If that heart be happy, and throb and jump and leap for joy, the eyes laugh and dance and sparkle with a brightness that plainly tells of the sunshine and music of the hemmed-in soul; but if that heart groan beneath a weight of sorrow, or

throb with bitter, wearing, ceaseless pain, the eyes of the weary sufferer wear a shadow of the lurking anguish, or, as she hides her face in her hands or turns her tired head in bed, emit a light, bedimmed, desolate, restless and dreary!

Eyes that sparkle! ah, we love to think of them! And we love to look at them even more.

The bright little eyes of the infant laughing with childish glee—its little heart just budding with mother-love, as it sits on that mother's knee; later, in prattling, joyous childhood; and ah! glad time of times—in happy, hopeful youth—the girl when standing in the rosy flush of the gaily colored vestibule of young womanhood, or the boy with the morning sun of life just rising and shining full in his eyes and face as he longingly watches for manhood's early dawn.

Just here, it is hard to imagine a more radiant being—brighter, more sparkling eyes than those of my fair Juliet—happy maiden! when her Romeo (his own eyes glowing with gallant tenderness and fond affection), bending above her, tries to make her believe that her eyes, to him, are brighter than the "far sparkle of the evening star," beneath which they stand, and that her willing, constant heart is the temple of his earthly devotions. Ah, girls! have your eyes ever "shone like twin stars" on occasions like this? and, boys, have you ever been "particeps criminis" in foisting such an illusion upon girls, alas! sometimes too credulous when you talk poetry beneath the stars?

In the language of the stump orator after a strong point on the political platform: "I pause for reply."

No one denies. Silence gives consent; and I must believe *the last one of you is guilty!* Not one but whose heart has thus felt the pitiless, roguish glance of those eyes,

> "That strike more deep than foeman's steel,
> And leave a far more helpless wound."

And then, there is another light with which eyes sometimes sparkle—no, hardly a sparkle, either, but rather a dangerous glitter—the fiendish glitter of deviltry, that often flashes from the eye of irate man or woman; the serpent light of cunning deception. Ugh! It chills the heart to think of it—a light that indeed "leads to bewilder and dazzles to blind"—a light that kindles and lurks in the eyes of man when he sometimes comes to trusting woman, with low-murmured words of love as false and mean as the Devil himself would have them; ah, yes! the light that gleams in the eyes and wreathes the face of a girl when she comes with affectionate words and complacent smiles, and implants a Judas kiss on the lips of her girl friend, when she knows that beneath, her own heart is full of deceit and blackest falsehood! There may be as much deception—as dark a lie in a seemingly genial smile and merry twinkle of the eye, as there is in a studied plot, planned and fashioned by the Devil's own chisel, or conceived and woven by his own painstaking hand. God bless the pure and true, and save us—heaven save us from eyes that smile and gleam and glitter with such deceptive light!

Kindred to this light of dark deception, is the wilful, but insincere sparkle of that eye which makes other men besides the "lover's poet," sing, or rather *sigh* with disconsolate air:

> "The light that lurks in a woman's eyes
> Has been my heart's undoing."

But we don't love to think of eyes that sparkle merely to deceive. We would far rather think of and look into those eyes that sparkle with so much soul and earnest beauty that we forget for the time, whether they are a firm and piercing grey, a lustrous, melting black, as blue as God's blending sky above, or a soft and tender brown. We forget all colors, forget everything except their soulful sparkle of entrancing light and the magic spell they put us under, as did our

poet-philosopher McBeath, when, vainly endeavoring to describe "A Southern Girl," and tell his untellable fascination, he declares:

"I *can't* put that gleam into words;
I could easier put down on paper
The May-morning song of the birds."

And speaking of her face, goes rapturously on:

"Is she blonde or brunette? *What a fellow!*
I am sure I can't tell, I declare,
No more than if I had never seen her—
What color her eyes or her hair!
Who could notice the shade of those tresses,
That dazzles the sight till it blurs,
And eyes—who could think of their color,
With a *soul* shining through them like *hers!*"

Ah, it is the *soul*, the *soul!* we love to see gladly sparkle and brightly, sweetly shine in the eyes, inviting us to their open, uncurtained window, where we can look down into the warm, true heart that throbs below!

HEARTS THAT THROB!

Ah, these hearts of ours! How would we get along without them? What magazines of feeling and passion, good and evil, "pain and pleasure, hope and fear!" Our hearts are the thermometers or barometers perhaps, of waves of feeling, seasons of heat and cold, showers of tears and gathering storms of passion. Although by their eyes unseen, a boy or girl can lay his or her hand on the heart, and after feeling it beat a few times, can ascertain almost exactly whether the last arrow of Cupid found lodgement there and made a delicious wound, or struck a stony surface and fell harmless to the ground. Many hearts are enigmas even to those who possess them, both in feeling and in action. Although not shaped at all like an athlete, they can perform some wonderful gymnastic feats. The coquettish sparkle of a maiden's eye, with her radiant, approving smile, or the steady, earnest gaze of a manly face, will sometimes cause the heart of a boy or

girl to almost turn a somersault. And if that heart could speak after such an experience, it would doubtless say: "Ah! I feel very considerably shaken up, but the escapade was delightful; I think the exercise did me good and I feel like I want to try it again." I recently heard of a young man who, after a conversation with a pretty, bright-eyed girl, discovered that his watch was broken. Now you know he wore this unfortunate timepiece on the left side very near the organ of life; and he declared he could account for the mishap in no way whatever, unless it was when the bewitching girl looked at him so sweetly that it made his heart give such a tremendous throb and jump that it broke the crystal of his watch! And another—a certain invalid young man in this community (possibly you all might manage to imagine who he is) was heard to remark that it was well, he reckoned, that his body was encased in the stiff, strong plaster of Paris jacket that he wears, else his heart might leap out and go sailing off o'er vale and mountain, hill and stream, toward—toward—ah, "The Star of Empire westward takes its way."

But leaving this crude mingling of pleasantry and truth, we come to think of our hearts that teach us how to love and rejoice, and, ah, alas! that teach us how to suffer too. With many sensitive natures suffering seems to predominate. Though the fires of suffering, blessed of God, only serve to burn out, as it were, the sinful weakness, and purify the intended abode of purity and peace. But I am glad I have a heart which God allows to swell with poignant grief and pain, for He will be there to help me bear each throb; a heart, too, to

> Rejoice in throbs of bliss,
> With pleasure kindred to a world
> Better far than this.

A heart that can

"* * * Feel in its quivering fibres
The thrill of unutterable love,
In the passionate depths of its fulness,
Unknown to the angels above."

Yes, I am glad I have a heart, although in human blindness it may sometimes seem like a Marah of bitterness, and although this heart which would be stout and brave, still "Like a muffled drum is beating funeral marches to the grave."

And I am glad that beyond that grave the secret of every heart shall be made known. God knows us now, and we will "know each other there." Honest hearts are often misjudged now; but cheer up, all you troubled ones, misjudged and misunderstood, your honest motives which now seem dark to the world's misunderstanding eyes, will then shine out in the transparent rainbow colors of God's eternal love! And many hearts thought to be honest now will then be revealed in all their wicked deception and blackness before the assembled hosts of the universe as clearly as they are now known to God's all-seeing eye. "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." Lay up treasures in Heaven, and where thy treasures are, God says thy heart shall be. And where thy heart is, there thou art, for heart is all. And Heaven thus be thine. But oh! wonder of all wonderful things to contemplate, connected with these hearts of ours is the fact, the *glorious* fact that the Creator and Ruler of this vast universe—the Omnipotent and Holy God, should come down and make his abode in human hearts so sinful, so wicked, so unclean! And yet, gracious Being! He *does* do this through the person of Christ, His dear Son, and the sweet refreshing presence of His Holy Spirit, causing our sinful hearts to throb with new and holy emotions, and suffusing with penitent tears of joy eyes that once loved to look on sin. Oh! in the last solemn hour



At my Little Angel Brother's Grave. Page 225.

that surely awaits each one, may our eyes sparkle with the dawn of celestial light, and our hearts throb with heavenly peace.

AT MY LITTLE ANGEL BROTHER'S GRAVE.

A week ago to-day—a peaceful, beautiful Sabbath—I stood for the first time at the grave of my little angel brother, Glenn, who was suddenly taken from me—torn from our loving hearts and happy home nearly four years ago, when he was a little past eight years old.

Remarkable as it may seem, I never remember to have stood before at the grave of any relative. Little wonder then, that when I stood first at the grave of my dear little brother, around whom in life my heart so fondly clung, emotions swept through my being which I never can forget. When he died I lay on bed very feeble and helpless, and of course I could not go to the burial. And since I have begun to travel some on my swing, my strength has been so meager that I have gone hardly anywhere except where it seemed real necessity carried me. I had been attending for the first time in years, a gracious revival at our church at Powder Springs.

Brother Jot Camp, out a mile from town, came to carry me to spend the night with his delightful family. Coming in sight of the cemetery, the white shafts flashed upon me, and I felt that I must embrace my first opportunity to see my brother's grave. Brother Camp helped me out of my swing, and two kind lady friends, Mrs. Florence and Miss Hannie Abbott, attending the graves of husband and mother, went with me to where lay the body of little Glenn. Oh, my feelings! There the green grass and flowers covered his little form, once so full of happiness and animation; there carved on the marble stone was the pretty lamb, so emblematic of his tender, gentle, sunny

disposition; there were engraved the words I had written to speak of him to those who should come to his grave:

Sweet little Glenn—blue-eyed darling!
With merry laugh and golden hair,
You are, we trust, with Christ in Heaven,
To dwell through endless ages there.

I could but stoop down and press my lips to the marble letters that spelled the name "Glenn." Oh! the memories precious, the memories sad that gathered in my heart! How on that calm September evening, in 1887, he lay on bed awhile and sometimes walked around, his little face pale and form slender, from a summer siege of chills; how on my bed awhile, then on another near me he grew restless—why, we could not understand; how he sweetly laughed at the shorting of his own breath; how the good doctor came in, bent his ear to little Glenn's breast, listened, then shook his head and said: "Congestion;" how the medicine was given and mother and father bathed his little feet, in loving, anxious tenderness, looking on with a fright and anxiety which I could not comprehend; how, as father carried him in his arms to put him to bed in an adjoining room, he spoke to "Brother Willie" as he passed through the door, and sweetly said: "Good night!" how he looked up and smilingly said: "Mother, I feel good! No, mother, nothing hurts me—I feel good. I don't know what makes me—I just feel good!" Then, turning over, he said: "Now, let me go to sleep." Oh! how then he began to sink rapidly; how mother rushed to the door to send a neighbor to hurry the doctor to come back, and how I never fully realized that he was dangerously ill until my little sister ran to my bedside saying: "Father says he is almost gone!" how then I was almost crazed, as with frantic but futile effort I tried to rise and go to him. But I could not go, and in the bitterness of that hour, darkened and

deepened by the suddenness with which the cloud of grief had burst upon me, I was obliged to sink back on bed and endure what it seemed God alone could help me bear. I shall never forget how, like a ministering angel, my little sister Sallie Blanche, or "Tattie," as Glenn called her, and who, though not quite eleven, had recently trusted the Saviour, came to me to try to console me during this hour of my unspeakable grief.

"Brother Willie," she would pleadingly say, "don't cry so! don't take it so hard! don't you know God does all things well? Don't grieve so! Just trust it all with Jesus, and it will be all right. Oh, I have no little brother, and I loved him so dearly! But let us just trust it all with Jesus and He will help us bear it."

Bless her little heart! bless the Lord for such triumphant faith! Christ was speaking words of blessed comfort through His new-born child. Think of it—a little girl of eleven at the bedside of her grown invalid brother, her little arms about his neck, comforting him at such a time, with the words of Jesus. Did Heaven ever before witness such a spectacle?

How hard the experience of my other sister, who was visiting at Canton, and who, because of the delay of the telegram which a premonition the night before had impressed her would come, had to ride thirty-five miles by private conveyance, to find cold in death the little brother, whom she had so recently left happy in life!

Never can I forget the shrill, melancholy and saddening signal of the train as it came in from Atlanta, bearing my oldest brother to see what I could but say to him as he bent over my bed: "Brother, at last the family chain is broken!"

We had seen the Reaper year after year,

"With his sickle keen,
Reaping the bearded grain at breath,
And the flowers that grew between."

We had seen him go to this family and that one, taking old and young, but our home circle had been unbroken so long that it seemed we could not realize that he had invaded *our* home at last, and suddenly taken *our* own little Glenn!

How sweet the memory of that little service conducted by our dear pastor, Brother Vaughan, and our beloved neighbor, Brother Morgan, who had been Glenn's teacher and loved him so well.

"The child can not come to me, but I can go to it;" thus spake the words of the psalmist David. "I Would Not Live Always," was tenderly sung, and then the little coffined-form was brought to my bedside for me to look at Glenn—dead, the last, till he should rise in the resurrection morn. As I kissed his lips, now cold, I could but remember and repeat the glad words that those sweet little lips had repeated only a few days before. I was teaching him his Sunday-school lesson—something about the life of Jesus while on earth, and his little face brightened as he said with happy manner and loving smile: "O, Brother Willie! I wish Christ would come down here now!" And if Christ had come then, I feel that such a spirit would have made little Glenn crowd into His loving heart and gracious arms. Just a few minutes before my little brother died, I was thinking of the words which my friend, Walter McElreath, had but recently quoted to me in a letter speaking of the death of little Minnie Watson, one of his brightest pupils: "How sweet in childhood to give the young spirit back to God, ere it has learned to tread the paths of sin!" I gathered much comfort from those words. And on the day that Glenn was buried, these words kept ringing with comforting sweetness through my heart:

"There is no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal."

I was happy that day—happy in the supporting and

comforting presence of Christ. That evening, or in the family service, some of us were singing:

"Precious name—oh how sweet!
Hope of earth and joy of Heaven."

when my sister Addie said, "Yes, precious name! Jesus our hope here on earth and little Glenn's joy in Heaven." And the full meaning of the words seemed to flash upon me as it never had before—how Christ is our only hope of salvation here on earth, and will be our chief celestial bliss—the central, crowning joy of Heaven.

* * * * Glenn was very fond of speaking at school or wherever called on, and one day he came running to my bed with his little school reader, saying in a perfect fit of delight:

"O, Brother Willie, I have found me the prettiest speech! Listen!—let me read it to you."

And so sweetly did his sunbeam face and soft, bird-like voice learn to recite it, his words gathering new beauty from his graceful and expressive little gestures, that we must always associate with his memory this little speech, "If I Were a Sunbeam," so like his sunny nature. Oh! the music of his clear, gentle little voice as he spoke:

"If I were a sunbeam, I know what I would do:
I would seek white lilies, roaming woodlands through;
I would steal among them—softest light I'd shed,
Until every lily raised its drooping head.

If I were a sunbeam, I know where I would go—
Into lowly hovels, dark with want and woe;
Till sad hearts looked upward, I would shine and shine,
Then they would think of Heaven, their sweet home and mine.

Are you not a sunbeam, child, whose life is glad
With an inner brightness sunshine never had?
Oh, as God has blessed you, scatter light divine!
For there is no sunbeam but must die or shine."

As he would speak these words, his face would look down and sadden, or look up and brighten, as the thought of the piece demanded. As I think of his

beaming face and manner as he recited these verses, which I never can forget, and of all his bright little life, it seems that verily he was but a sunbeam lent us from God to shine in our hearts a little while on earth, then fade and deepen into the brighter light of Heaven.

The time and manner of Glenn's death make me think of some words in that beautiful poem, "Over the River," afterwards recited by my little sister. They are so descriptive of him:

"There was one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of Heaven's own blue;
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
And the pale mists hid him from mortal view.

I know he is safe on the farther side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be;
Over the river, the peaceful river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me."

Glenn was a natural musician. When he was six years old, without any instruction whatever, he learned to play on his little accordion any tune he could sing; and he could carry a tune delightfully before he could even talk plainly.

On Sunday before he died on Tuesday, Brother Herschel came up from Atlanta, and while we were all in my room, Glenn got the Sabbath-school book, and we sang together, "Shall we gather at the river?" When we had sung with him as far as we knew without the book, he sang sweetly on to the end by himself. Yes, little darling, you have "gathered at the River" where the happy hearts now quiver "With the melody of peace."

Dead? Little Glenn dead? "But as the sun dies"; but as the stars go out; but as the flowers fade—to rise and shine and bloom again with new and infinite brightness in the beautiful garden of God! And ah, Glenn, sweet child, the sunbeams there, the flowers there, the music there, and your little "beckoning hands," all woo my heart nearer Christ, my blessed Redeemer, nearer my heavenly home.

"Earnest Willie."

A LONELY CONFEDERATE'S GRAVE.

On a neighboring hill, just a quarter of a mile away, is a lonely grave; and that grave is invested with an interesting and touching history.

The war was drawing near its close, but its steps were slow and terrible, not alone on the sanguinary battle-field, but in thousands of once happy homes it left its blood-stained tracks of privation, suffering, desolation and death.

Andrew Turner had gone to the front, engaging bravely in the active scenes of war, but a painful wound and sickness brought him home—a very humble home with such meager comforts, or discomforts rather, as characterized war-time with all its trials.

The sick soldier gradually became worse, grew weaker and weaker, sank lower and lower, until one lonely, dreary night found a sad little band of watchers, his wife and two little sons, gathered anxiously about his bedside, waiting for the dread summons that they could not stay, and whose chill shadow and aching desolation no kind neighbor's presence could cheer and help them bear.

The dim candle threw its feeble light across the face of the dying man; mother and children, with tearful eyes, clung about him, looking with unspeakable agony and tenderness into his eyes which for hours had seemed hazing with the film of death. At last a smile of recognizion lighted up his face. His lips moved; his wife bent her ear close to catch even the faintest whisper:

"God bless you, dear wife, in your utter loneliness. And my sweet little boys—let me kiss them ere I die."

Throwing their little arms about his neck, they wept with a grief the full cause and meaning of which they could hardly understand.

"My dear little sons, yield your hearts early to

Jesus, my Saviour, who now sustains me so sweetly in this trying hour of death. And oh! dear wife of my bosom, thank God! He is now your stay and comfort. God bless you again. I commend you and your fatherless little ones to Christ."

He ceased to speak, and exhausted, sank back upon his pillow. His wife, with her faith smiling through her tears, bent down and kissed his fevered brow.

And with the memory of all his love in the past, and his heavenly hope for the future, gathering in one tender, longing look, he smiled at her and died.

Alone with their dead, they watched and waited through the stillness of the solemn hours that crept so slowly by, until the welcome light of dawn came to drive away the darkness and help dispel the gloom.

Judge D. N. McEachern, an old and honored citizen—too old to go to the war, lived where he now lives, about a mile away. He told me not long ago how the dead man's little son came to his house early in the morning, with a piteous message from his mother to, "Please come and help bury her husband, as there was nobody to dig his grave but his own little children."

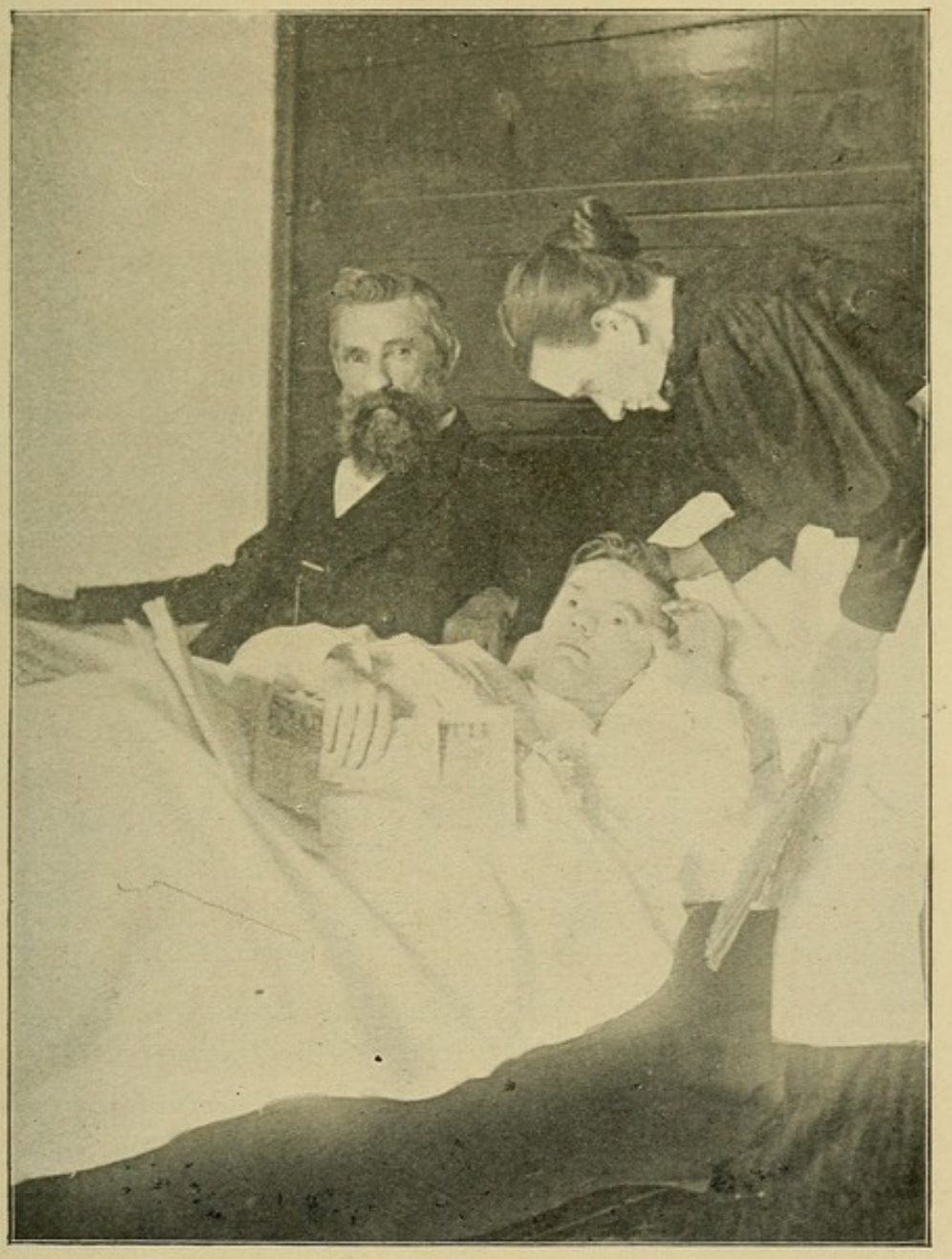
Soon he went to perform as best he could the melancholy task. As he neared the Marietta and Dallas road, he unexpectedly came upon two Federal soldiers in their suits of blue. These stragglers from Sherman's army accosted him: "Hello, old man! Where are you going?"

"I am going to that house right up there to bury a man who died last night, and I want you to go and help me."

"Was he a Union soldier?"

"No, sir, he wasn't. He was a Confederate soldier, but he was an honest, good man, and I want you to help me bury him."

"All right," they said, good naturedly, "we will help you."



My Mother and my Father.

Brightening the bedside and cheering the life of their invalid boy. Page 233.

And so the Grey and the Blue working together, buried the soldier in grey.

The two Federal soldiers went on towards Kennesaw mountain to join Sherman in his march to Atlanta and to the sea, and the lonely grave they helped to make, reposes still as a silent witness of the trying days then so sadly felt, and now so happily gone.

"EARNEST WILLIE."

MY MOTHER AND MY FATHER.

[NOTE.—My readers, I hope, will pardon my giving place here to the generous words with which Mr. Henry Clay Fairman, the gifted Editor of the *Sunny South*, introduced this tribute to my parents, when it appeared with my picture in the handsome "Thanksgiving" edition, November, 1893.]

"For years and years 'Earnest Willie' has been, by common consent, the favorite letter-writer of the Boys and Girls' page of the *Sunny South*. Sympathy for his invalid condition, and admiration for the Christian-heroic manner in which he has borne himself through his long confinement and sufferings, have doubtless inclined the public to look with favor upon his productions; but he does not owe his popularity as a writer to these tender sentiments. The enviable reputation which he enjoys is a just and well-earned tribute to his pronounced gifts and literary culture.

And let him not fear that there is any want of good taste in the publication of the following article. We give it our hearty indorsement and God-speed. It cannot be read by any tender heart without tears, and in whatsoever household it may come, its influence will be ennobling to both old and young; and many a troubled father and mother, when reading it, will say in heart, if not in words—

"O would that Heaven had made us such a son!"

And in its heart-melting lines the parents to whom it is addressed will find their best earthly reward

and consolation, the warm and gushing outpour of filial gratitude for all their sacrifice and devotion. Nor will they forget Martha Patience, she who smote the rock and opened the long imprisoned fountain of tenderness."

MY MOTHER AND MY FATHER.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD—The strongest, yet tenderest chord in my heart has been touched. Everybody knows that I would not be akin to weak human nature if I did not enjoy the many kind words that have been spoken concerning me in almost every issue of the *Sunny South* for the last several years. If I am a "spoiled boy" (but I hope I am not), you all are responsible for it. The sweet, refreshing words from my unknown friends, telling me that God has been pleased to make the letters from my bedside, a pleasure and a blessing to others. Oh, the thrilling music that such assurances have so long been to my anxious ears and heart! I feed upon them, as it were; and oftentimes when some unusually stirring and refreshing word is spoken to me, I feel like I want to seize a pen, or call some one to write for me, and write or dictate you a letter of happy gratitude. You can understand, though, that such a thing, in my condition, is well-nigh impossible. So I go on in a silence which I trust you all understand—working for those around me as God gives me strength—silent before you all, because I have not the strength always to speak when I would—silent, but one of the happiest invalid boys in all the world! But silent as I must so often regretfully be, there are some things which so stir me up, that I must break through the bars of circumstance, and speak anyhow. Listen to these words of Martha Patience, in last week's "Household," put yourself in my place, and then see if you could keep from speaking. These are kind Martha's words:

"I heartily indorse all praise that is being bestowed on our noble 'Earnest Willie,' but I wonder if much of that praise is not due his mother. I wonder if it has not been through her training and prayers that God has made him the shining light that he is."

No other one can know just what a "flood of thoughts"—precious memories and tender, present joys those words have brought o'er my heart and soul. I think of Longfellow's "Bridge,"

"And a flood of thoughts came o'er me,
That filled my eyes with tears."

I said for you to put yourself in my place. You cannot do that. You can hardly *imagine* yourself in my place. I know it is natural for every boy and girl to think that they have "the best mother in the world." I have had them to tell me so, when I knew they were mistaken; not mistaken, as to the real worth of their own mother, but mistaken as to the transcendent worth of mine. Theirs are good, very good, grandly good, gloriously good, but, but—it seems mine *must* be better!

Do you smile at my loving confidence and enthusiasm? Ah, boys and girls, you have never been situated just as I have been. If you could have seen this dear mother of mine, as I have seen her for nearly eight long years, ministering to the manifold wants of her invalid boy, going in and out around him with body and hands often tired, but always tireless heart, laying on the consuming altar of his comfort, a self-sacrifice that Christ, her Redeemer would approve, showing ever a constancy born of God, and bending over his bed with a motherly anxiety and a loving tenderness on which even the angles themselves have smiled—oh, if you could have seen all this, as I have seen and felt it, you would not blame me or wonder if these words with a happy smile—"I have the best mother in all the world!" should come from her grateful child. Martha Patience wonders if it has not

been through my mother's training and prayers that God has made me what I am. Gladly thinking of this, I remember one sweet little incident which will give you a window of insight into her zealous Christian character and the influence she has sought to wield over me.

I was a wicked, wicked boy! It was an evening in August. For weeks our crops had been withering from a parching drought. That afternoon a gracious rain had fallen; all hearts were glad, and Christian hearts were thankful. I had been working hard that day, and coming into the house, went to my little room, lay down and fell asleep. When I awoke, my mother was sitting by me. I remarked something perhaps of the much-needed rain that had just fallen, and she spoke of how thankful we all ought to feel towards God for His goodness. Then she looked at me with tender anxiety and said with tearful eyes: "O Willie! my dear child, do you ever think of the fact that you have a soul to be saved or lost forever? Your mother has prayed for you so often. Will you not yield your heart to the Saviour? Then you will be safe for this life, and safe and happy when Death's awful summons shall come; and your father and I who have prayed for you so long and so earnestly will be so happy, too."

Oh, those tears of my loving mother! Oh, that earnest, tender, pleading voice! They went with me to the happy hour of my conversion. I have never yet forgotten them, and I never will so long as life shall last. Yes, and—sweet, precious hour! I feel that through the mercy of God, in Heaven the hallowed memory will be precious still.

Such was her watchful and prayerful solicitude for me while I was living in such unrepentant wickedness; and when I was led to Christ, and rejoiced in newness of life, her happiness can only be understood by an anxious mother who has lived and prayed for

her sinful "wandering boy." And since my affliction her attentive devotion to me has been only such as such a mother could give. For many years almost an invalid, her strength seemed given back to her just for the purpose of ministering, with her own hands, to the needs of her invalid boy. Although not at all strong, yet, maternal love nerves her frail strength to labor and endurance. For a long time she would not leave me at all, but I insisted that I was not sick, and that because I could not attend church, she must not absent herself from God's sanctuary, whose service her heart so much loved. She yielded at last; but even now she rarely goes anywhere except to church, and to visit a neighbor, if that neighbor be sick. She so often says, with a joyful devotion beautiful to behold: "My sweetest earthly pleasure is at home with my husband and my children." As I think of all that she has been to me —her gentle tenderness, her prayerful devotion, her self-sacrificing love, I remember these beautiful lines written years ago, before the war, by Charlie H. Nichols, a noble young man from the North, who taught school near Newnan, Ga., in the community of her childhood. I have often heard her speak of them, as he wrote them in memory of his own mother, then far away, and I think of them sweetly, when writing now of mine:

"My mother, O my mother! how can I speak thy worth?
Thou dearest, purest emblem of my Saviour here on earth!"

Thus I feel, and thus feel my two brothers, for whom she lives and prays, and longs to see also safe in Christ, and for both of whom her love is as great as it is for me. Although past fifty, my mother is yet young. She looks young; her heart is young; she loves the young people, and sympathizes with them in their innocent pleasures and little troubles; she loves

to gather the young people around her in her home, and the young people love her and love to come.

But to me, oh, to me, she is the one mother, the one woman of all! The time may come when I will love some other woman as well or better than I do my mother (mother says it will), but that time is not now.

To me, no sweetheart's voice is so soothing, the touch of no sweetheart's hand so gentle, no sweetheart's coming so longed for, the depth of no sweetheart's eyes so pure as my mother's tender blue eyes, and no sweetheart's face so sweet as my mother's own sweet face!

I may some day yield (I trust I will) to that other deep and powerful love ordained of Heaven, and as pure and reigning as Heaven would have it; I am very human, and there is a place in my heart for such a pure and mighty passion to dwell; but it will be a *different* love. It shall not diminish or rival my love for my mother—that mother who has been the veritable yet modest queen of my father's home, that mother who has been my earthly "guiding star" in sickness and in health, and who has especially been to me a ministering angel from the hand of God, brightening my room and refreshing and blessing my heart through all these years of my invalid life. God bless my noblest confidante, my truest friend! God bless my dear, sweet mother!

But much as my mother has been to me, I cannot say with many men, from the humblest to the greatest in the world: "All that I am, my mother made me," or "All that I am, I owe to my mother."

Thank God for the life, the influence, the self-sacrifice, the protection and the blessed companionship of a noble Christian father as well. All that I have said of my mother he has been to me, as near as it is possible for man to approach the depth and tenderness and wealth of that constancy and those virtues known

only, I believe, to the most exalted type of pure Christian womanhood. I know not how to better describe his character than to say that those who know my father best see in him this rare and beautiful combination: the strength of man and the tenderness of woman.

When a father *can* do so (and I believe that all *can* train themselves to it who *will*) it is such a beautiful thing for him to be in reality a companion to his children. Then how they will love his society and seek his needed counsel! My father, too, is my "companion" and "friend," and such delightful, refreshing conversations as we do sometimes have! The strength of man and the tenderness of woman! Ah, how man *needs* this strength born of strong gentleness and virtue, manhood's truest grace. My father is rather small in stature; yet I have seen him, when fell misfortune came and foul calumny did her worst, stand like a giant oak, unmoved amid the beating storm. Unmoved? Why? Because like that oak was planted deep down in the bosom of its supporting mother, so his faith was planted in his Redeemer, his soul was anchored on the Eternal Rock, his hand lay trustingly in the guiding hand of Christ, his head was pillowed on the bosom of his God, while he and his loved ones sweetly rested beneath the shadow of his protecting wing.

No one can ever know the anxiety that my affliction has cost my father. How he has sought my relief and lingered about my bedside with such tender solicitude, such fond and anxious care! Thinking of it in one way, it has sometimes seemed that I could never be satisfied until I have a home of my own, and, settling my father in my easy chair, place my hand on his head and say:

"Rest, father, rest! Now take that unbroken rest which your tireless labor for me during all these years makes you so much need;" and to mother at his side:

"And, mother, I know you well enough to know that your heart will rest as sweetly as it wishes, to see father resting and your boy happy and well. A century of happy rest could not repay you both for all that you have done for me."

* * * * This letter, I know, has been a very personal one. Of those to whom it has seemed too personal, I ask pardon, and submit to them this little explanation: You know that this is the first letter telling much of my parents which I have ever written you. Year after year I have lain here and listened to your gracious words concerning "'Earnest Willie' and his letters," with glad and thankful heart; and I feel that it is my duty as a grateful son to lay this loving, yet inadequate, tribute at the feet of my noble, working, praying, self-sacrificing parents, and thus put on record just where I feel that by far the major part of your kind and cheering praise is really due. I thank you, Martha Patience, for your sweet words that have called forth this letter. But for those words, this tribute, which I have so long felt in my heart, might never have been written just as it has now bubbled up from my grateful, happy bosom. Do you not think that if any boy should be allowed to speak in such terms of his parents, I have rare cause to be heard?

There are many other things my heart would love to say—beautiful little incidents which I feel sure could not fail to interest you, but space will not let me tell them. And now, as I bid good-bye to this humble tribute which every boy should pay to his parents, (and I more than any other), as I turn for one last fond look, two sweet pictures rise before my grateful, happy vision: the glad new light in the faces of my mother and father who have watched over me so tenderly, so anxiously and so long—so happy, now that I am growing stronger—a happiness that has crystallized not only into faces of beaming gladness, but even into

tears of radiant joy. And the other picture—Oh! I pity all children who for the present have not such a picture to look upon, and no such memory to go with and bless them through all their life to come!—'tis the picture of father and mother bowing around the family altar, praying for all the world around, for the sweet sisters, one in the home circle and one absent with her own little family; and then, oh! with so much earnestness praying for the dear boys away from home; and, with "Thy will be done" crowning every petition, asking that all the dear children may be blessed, led and kept by His power, and that the family be unbroken around the Throne of God in Heaven.

Oh, thank God for the hallowing, saving influence of Christian parents and Christian homes in this blest land of ours! And I earnestly pray that each son and daughter who reads these words will be enabled to unite with me in thanking their Creator for *some* Christian father's fond devotion—*some* Christian mother's wonderful love!

Your happy invalid boy,

"EARNEST WILLIE."

November, 1892.

A VISIT TO A DYING FRIEND.

When I lay on bed all the time, far more helpless than now, I used to feel that if the Lord should ever raise me up, and I should hear of the illness of either friend or stranger, I would try to hurry at once to his bedside, carrying the balm of tender sympathy and the sunshine of a happy spirit. Indeed, I feel that way still, but to show how human nature asserts itself, and the absorbing claims of business make us forget resolves, at the time well meant, tender, even sacred, I must confess with pain that before I am even

half well I find myself yielding to the engrossing and corroding cares of business, which make the world too often forget that tender and thoughtful attention to the afflicted which would brighten their lives so much, and fill the heart of the attending one with reflex joy and thankfulness.

I have an intimate friend, Mr. Joseph B. Moon, who has shown symptoms of consumption, and been gradually growing weaker for about a year. Of course I have been pained to notice his affliction, to look upon his calm, saddened face, and contemplate the end so near, yet which seemed far in the distance; but it has grown upon me so gradually that it could not have the shocking effect that the sudden announcement of his severe illness would have done.

By and by the announcement came, "Joe Moon is sinking rapidly. He is now unable to leave home." And then came the 'still, small voice' of forceful rebuke in my heart, "You have not been to see him as you should have done. Go at once." I determined to go; and, getting on my wire swing, without which I cannot ride at all, I went to his home (about a mile and a half away) one Sunday afternoon not long ago. He was never very demonstrative, but his face lightened and wore a glad look as he calmly stood on the veranda and watched me nearing the house. I told him how exceedingly busy I had been preparing my book, and, knowing how little strength I had, either to work with or visit any one, he did not chide me for not coming.

It was a sad sweet hour I spent with him. Greatly loving music since early youth, he has, for a number of years, been an author and teacher of considerable note in this section. It was sad to look at him, standing so near the foot of life's western slope, so young, just at the age when manhood's powers and stirring ambitions would have been burning to steady upward flame, had not this fell disease laid its chilling hand

upon him, causing ambition's fair tower to topple, and the bird of his earthly hopes to sadly fold its wings; sad to think that he must so soon give up the work he loves so well, and especially leave desolate the hearthstone around which gathered his noble wife and four little children. But it was sweet and strengthening to hear him talk of the preciousness of God's promises, and the sustaining presence of Christ, his Redeemer.

I came away feeling that I must soon go back again. And I did go back in a few days, carrying with me this time my venerable crippled friend and brother, Mr. T. F. Jeffries, who has not walked himself in so many years. We three invalids spent a while in sweet converse, and then Brother Jeffries read a chapter from the Bible, and we all prayed together. At the conclusion of the prayer I sang:

"'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die"

These words seem to tell so truly the power of religion through life, and especially in the hour of that death in whose forecasted shadow, or rather in whose dawning presence, we seemed to be resting then.

On one side of the room sat the little "teacher's organ," which had for years been his loved companion in teaching, and especially in the composition of music. My heart wished for at least one more song from him, but his voice was too far gone to sing. So frail, and really too weak for the exertion, he went to the organ and played while we sang his popular song, "Marching in the Light," and then another of his sweetest hymns, "Sing praises to His name," beginning:

"Come, listen friends, I'll tell to you
How my salvation came;
'Twas Jesus' blood that brought me through—
Sing praises to His name!"

Looming beyond the sad thought that the voice which had loved to lead so many congregations in song, could not now even be lifted, however gently, in his own song for a friend, it is beautiful to think that while he could not sing aloud, his soul within rang with unspoken music, a faint prelude to the celestial symphonies from the angelic choirs, soon to break upon his enraptured soul as he crosses o'er "Jordan's swelling flood."

I mentioned something of his composing some more music—an employment he had loved so much, and with a sad suggestion of a tremor in his lips, he said:

"That day is past; my strength is gone. I can write no more."

No one can possibly appreciate the painful depth of those melancholy words who does not know how his heart and thoughts have been wrapped up in his work.

When I think of his life, his work, those sad words and the expression of his face, which accompanies them, I feel now almost like I want to cry. But O, he has the comfort of Christ in his heart to help him bear all his trials, and he looks with steady, reposeful trust into his Saviour's smiling face. Soon the end must come! How dark it must be to one who feels himself being pushed nearer and nearer toward the brink of the tomb, with no earthly hand to save and no heavenly light in his heart to brighten the dark and darkening way!

Thank God for that golden staff which supports my friend and brother as he goes forth to meet the last enemy to be conquered, Death, which to the Christian is but the open door into the glories of the Heavenly Land.

* * * * *

Later: I was returning home from a trip to Atlanta, where I had gone to raise money for the Hall, the "Home of the McBeath Literary Circle," an enterprise in which he was much interested, when a

friend told me: "Joe Moon died last night." How saddening! Oh, that I could have seen him again! But the rain fell so heavily I could not even go to his burial. Thank God for the sweet hope that I shall see him again some day, where we will bask together, as he said, "in the beautiful light of God."

* * * * *

From *Marietta Journal*, February 16, 1893.

A sad, sweet duty and pleasure are mine just as this rainy, dreary Sabbath weeps itself to sleep on the dark bosom of night. Mr. Joseph B. Moon, after a lingering illness, died of consumption at his home near here on Saturday morning, 11th inst., and was buried at the family burying ground to-day, Elder Mitchell conducting funeral services. A sad duty to chronicle his death for *Journal* readers, many of whom have long known and loved him; and a sweet pleasure to bear testimony to the talent and virtues of a loved friend. Mr. Moon was a son of the Elder I. N. Moon, and was for years a valued correspondent of the *Marietta Journal.* Besides being an excellent writer, he was possessed of rare musical talent, having taught many vocal classes in Cobb and adjoining counties, where his memory will be cherished. He was author of many beautiful hymns and tunes, and associate author of several books, especially "The Gospel Voice" and "Glad Evangel No. 2."

It is sweet to think that although his tongue is silent, his pen still, his sweet and mellow songs will live for many years, strengthening Christian hearts and inviting sinners to Christ, whom he had trusted as his Saviour for many years, and who lighted up his way through the "valley of the shadow."

To the bereaved young wife and four orphan children of Mr. Moon we tender Christian condolence, and pray God that they, and all those whom he has led in song on earth, may meet and sing with him the glad new song of redemption around the throne of

God. We believe that the happy spirit of Joseph Brown Moon is now "marching in the light" of that Saviour's love, about which he has often so sweetly sung.

"EARNEST WILLIE."

Sunday night.

MY FIRST NAMESAKE.

[NOTE.—Written on hearing that Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Clay had named their little son in honor of my *nom de plume*, "Earnest Willie."]

God bless you, my dear little namesake—
I send you a happy greeting!
Tho' yet unseen, I love you well,
And wish for an early meeting.

You are the very first one named for me,
Of whom I've ever heard,
And genuine pleasure the tidings brought—
My heart is pleasantly stirred.

Men of greatness, wealth and fame,
Such honors oft receive,
And each, however lofty they have grown,
Must them true pleasure give.

But no Grover Cleveland, with all his brains,
Nor Henry Grady—greater still,
E'er felt more honor at the world's applause,
Than your parents, whom I love, thus cause
Their friend and brother, "Will."

To bear my name thro'out all life—
A token of confidence and love,
Will keep alive my thoughts and heart,
And win for you a special part
In my prayers to God above.

From my invalid's bed will oft go up
The prayer that he'll fill your little cup
With sweetest joy. Your infancy guard, your boyhood lead
To feel of Him your daily need.

Honor your parents, and thus honor God—
Be to each a blessing, and the world abroad.
May Christ to you a new heart give,
Without which none can truly live;
Then I'll meet, I trust, in the last great day,
My loved namesake, Earnest Willie Clay.

Your glad and anxious invalid friend,
"EARNEST WILLIE."

Sunday Morning, October 11, 1891.

AN ANXIOUS LETTER.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD—Here is something which I feel impressed to send you.

The letter from which this extract is given, is from one of our loved "Sunny" band. It is somewhat kindred to many letters I have received, but while I greatly enjoy and appreciate each one, I have not the strength to answer all. Although unseen, this young man has been especially kind and attentive to me. I have long admired him from afar—indeed, we have become confidential friends, and my heart felt that it must respond when he held out to me his hand, earnestly seeking help and encouragement. After I had begun my letter to him, the thought occurred to me that there might be many others, scattered here and there, with restless natures, uncongenial surroundings and dissatisfied hearts, who might possibly be glad for me to talk to them as frankly as I do to this friend, or as I would to them were they sitting at my bedside.

I give only

AN EXTRACT FROM MY FRIEND'S LETTER.

She is a very dear, sweet girl, and I shall ever be grateful to her for "lifting and leading me from the mire." And yet I am not the Christian that I should be. I feel like I am "backsliding," instead of pushing ahead. I don't suppose,

Will, that there is a more discontented boy breathing the atmosphere of our land than myself.

Many a boy would be proud to possess my surroundings, and happy in their influence, but I am not. And now I am going to talk to you about it.

I have a good home—in fact, there are only a few better ones in point of convenience, etc., in our town. I have worked my way from the bottom up, and am now managing one of our leading mercantile houses.

I know every one, and am known by them, and congratulate myself that I can claim the confidence of all of our best people. But with it all, I am restless, discontented and anxious to get out. I feel like I was not born to live in a sphere of such common-place work. It may be merely my youthful enthusiasm, but the last five years have only served to increase it, if such it be. If I aspired to financial success I suppose I could succeed moderately well where I am. But I long to be situated so that I can develop myself into a power for good. Now, don't think that I wish to preach. I do not think that I could be successful as a preacher.

I would make a better moralist. But I am ignorant in books of learning, and also ignorant of how to start in literary work. Nor can I prosecute study while in the mercantile business. What I need is a work requiring study, and offering opportunities for development.

Now, Will, can you give me any instruction or encouragement?

ANSWER.

My Dear Boy—Your letter had a twofold effect. It gratified me very much to have you talk to me so frankly; and yet it saddens me to know that because of your feelings you have cause thus to speak.

I wish I could talk to you as fully as my heart feels like talking, face to face, but alas! I cannot. So I pour out on this accommodating page my earnest, heart-thoughts to you as I would to a brother.

You feel "restless," "dissatisfied," although you are as the world would say, "well fixed" in life.

What shall I say? How encourage? *Rest*, you know, comes *from* and is of *the heart*. If that be at ease, though incarcerated in a dungeon, you are satisfied—you are content.

I can understand how a boy of your taste and disposition will not be satisfied in a circumscribed field where this taste, this disposition, these powers, are not

brought into full play, and hence, not into full gratification.

What must you do?

I can have only one answer—that which you must already see, and which consistent "common sense," as 'tis called, with due deliberation, must dictate.

If the congenial field your heart longs for does not present itself, and by proper efforts you cannot make it come to you or you to it, then be brave where you are for the present—full of faith, hope and work.

If your field be now prosaic, and you love poetry, then put the poetry of life into it. You *can* do it.

I know from experience and observation. I have seen and felt it done. Ah! my life has not been "what I wished for, longed and sought," but God has made it sweet and happy. Much, very much, of the dreary, cheerless discontent felt and expressed by many hearts and lives because the work they are doing does not suit them—the atmosphere they breathe is not "congenial"—is caused, I think, by the natural inclination of most human beings to feel and manifest discontent unless everything around them is as perfect and as happily arranged as they could wish it.

Oh! remember that such happy and faultless arrangement rarely comes to any one in life.

We have known many people, both young and old, to speak often something like this: "Well, I can't do what I wanted to do in life. I am not following the vocation I had hoped to follow. Circumstances have shaped my course and now bind me, and it seems that I cannot break the chain; And, as I cannot, I have just made up my mind to be content with being discontented. I can't be satisfied, and I reckon never will be." Such a feeling is natural, I know. But oh, what a melancholy state to be in! *Break away from it!* If such a chain binds you—if you can't break through the "bars of circumstance," then look through those bars at morn to the rosy east; at noon look

above; and at even turn to the golden, glowing west; stretch forth your hands, open your heart and let the sun of glory and blessing, the sun of faith and of peace shine surely and sweetly in!

If your life—your duties are cheerless, put cheer and sunshine into them.

If you have not that cheer—that peace and brightness within, remember there is a never-failing reservoir above, filled by the Father's own gracious hand.

"Thou canst not drain that cruse wherein God pours the never-failing streams of His rich blessing." What if Disappointment, Uncongeniality and Sorrow do often "sit and sup with you when you have bidden smiling Joy alone?" God can take anything—any circumstance, and bless it to your good—*if you will.*

I love congeniality—my heart, my very soul has often longed for it. And I would that its sweet face and comely, satisfying form were now your abiding guest. But if that cannot be, then inject into your surroundings all the cheer, all the sunshine, all the literary culture, all the faith, all the hope and all the love that, by God's help, you possibly can, thus assimiliating unto yourself, these unbidden and unwelcome guests, and transforming them as nearly as possible into moral, spiritual, literary and social companions—delightful in that they, affording you opportunities for elevating work, are a blessing to you, and you a blessing to them. Do all you can, fettered by your present environments, to prepare yourself for the congenial sphere, for which your heart now so much longs; do all you can, as I said, to bring this sphere to you, and then if it does not come, you will be all the better prepared to be happy where you are; for, standing down among these elements, commonplace and uncongenial, you can view them from the high pedestal of true philosophy and Christian faith, brightening for you the dreary valley, and making each effort to bless them a firm step up the flinty path

of the mountain side, carrying with you the clinging retinue of your surroundings as you surely and grandly rise!

God can make even the lowly valley a beautiful mountain height, gilded with glowing faith and crowned with happy achievement. Do everything you can, and then be glad to leave the rest with God.

"WORK, WATCH and WAIT! and trust His tender love,
whate'er befall."

Speaking of your relative, a noble Christian girl, you say: "She is a very dear, sweet girl, and I shall ever feel grateful to her for 'lifting and leading me from the mire.' And yet I am not the Christian that I should be. I feel that I am 'backsliding' instead of pushing ahead."

Do you mean that she lifted and led you, by the blessing of God's spirit to Christianity—a newness of heart, or merely a higher plain of morality and general right-living? If the latter, you need first of all, my dear boy, the full, sweet satisfying presence of Christ in your heart to make it ever glad; if the former, and you have let the world and human ambitions cause you to neglect and dim the light God has put within you, thus making you feel "far off" and unhappy, hurry back—yea, fall at once at the foot of the cross,

* * * * "Where you first saw the light,
And the burden of your heart rolled away."

Go aright—go as Christ bids you—go *unreservedly* —*stay there* with persistent faith. Peace will fill your heart, and the mists and clouds in your life will flee away before the Heavenly sun of radiant joy.

You would develop into a power for good, yet you feel that you "could not preach." Pray God's special guidance in this. I have often thought that an earnest, consistent, active Christian, who is not a preacher, might sometimes do as much good through word and deed, by personal contact with the people,

as a regular minister of the gospel. Whatever you do, hold up Christ to those around you.

Their hungry, famishing souls need not science—they need not mere moral philosophy, however high. *They need* Christ.

But, ah! if I were to fill fifty pages in my earnest effort to help and encourage you, I could do no more than say: *Look to Christ!*

God bless you, my dear boy, and lead you into "all truth," for His truth will "make you free."

And when you are "free," you will want to help—indeed you cannot rest unless you *are* helping to break the fetters of those around you—everywhere, that they may be as "free" and happy as you.

Your faithful, anxious, happy invalid friend,

"EARNEST WILLIE."

THE COLUMBIAN CELEBRATION.

HELD IN ATLANTA, OCTOBER 21, 1892, WHEN THE SCHOOL CHILDREN WAIVED THEIR LITTLE UNITED STATES FLAGS AND SANG "HAIL COLUMBIA."

Columbus, our hero, tho' thy story be old,
And thy name hath frequent been said
Since thy illustrious deed; then in cruel neglect
Thou didst go to sleep with the dead;
We feel it a duty we owe unto thee,
And the land which thou didst discover,
Not to let thy name die; so we tell it again
Over and over and over.

Just four hundred years! In these October days
(And, ah! 'tis the month of my birth)
I would sing thee a song—tho' a weak, humble lay—
A song that would girdle the earth

With thy name and thy fame, thy faith and thy work,
And the blessings which from them have come—
How the heroes of Faith in God and His Christ
Found here their freedom's sweet home.

Thy name is *our* name, O, Italia's son,
And where'er thy rare triumph spoken,
'Tis for America's grandeur—America's dear name,
An inspiring and beautiful token.
How meet that the nation which under God,
Owes its being to thy genius and might,
Thy undying patience, heeding not the gross doubts
And the foul deeds which thy fair name would blight—

How meet that we celebrate in this city of pluck,
Which patriots built and defended,
The event that hath blessed us, and all the broad world,
And will bless till the earth's life has ended!
Behold! ye of the North who think us disloyal,
We teach our children the Union to love;
See their little flags wave—hear their glad voices blended,
Our strength and our hope from the Great Hand above!

But not America alone should honor thy name,
And keep alive thy mem'ry so grand!
Europe should tell it; old Asia speak forth,
And, yes, from Afric's dark strand
Should come the acclaim: Hail, Columbus! Columbia, hail!
We owe thee a debt, deep and vast—
Thou hast lightened us much—thou art lighting us now,
And will brighten the whole world at last!

Columbia! to thee once again would I turn—
Dear name, my protection and crown,
Next to God and my home, I would yield thee my heart,
And if need be, would lay my life down.
Let anarchist threat thee—let skeptics deride;
Thou art great—thy strength standeth sure,
If thy sons and thy daughters bravely work and trust God,
Thy glory will ever endure!

Thou *art* great—I declare it! because thou art good,
Let the pessimist deny if he can;
But there's none other land like thee, and we'll rejoice 'neath the sway
Of peace and prosperity's wand!

Columbia, we love thee!
We gladly exalt thee!
We crown thee gladly our own!

Despite the "McKinley law" tariff,
The demagogues and all—
Misguided and strangely
Embittered with gall—
Despite the mad cry
Of fanatics who rave,
Thou'rt *still* "the land of the free
And the home of the brave!"

YOUTHFUL LETTERS.

CHEERY, PRACTICAL TALK TO BOYS AND GIRLS ON THE GREAT BENEFIT TO BE DERIVED FROM EARLY LETTER-WRITING.

THE SURE BLESSINGS—NOT MATRIMONIAL, BUT EDUCATIONAL—THAT BEGAN WITH MY ARDENT ATTEMPT TO WRITE LETTERS TO THE LITTLE SWEETHEART OF MY CHILDHOOD.

[NOTE.—When I sent this letter to the *Sunny South*, I couldn't think of a title that suited me, and asked the Editor to supply it for me; when behold! he introduced it with: "*Earnest Willie's Cornucopia* of Fruits and Flowers for Boys and Girls."]

"Mother, I am tired—tired of thinking and composing so continuously; please get the *Sunny South* and read me some bright letters from the boys and girls; they will cheer, rest and refresh me."

Thus I spoke one day not long ago, and Mother got the *Sunny South* of January 28th (unusually full of gems), came and sat down and read to me while I listened in glad and gladdening attention.

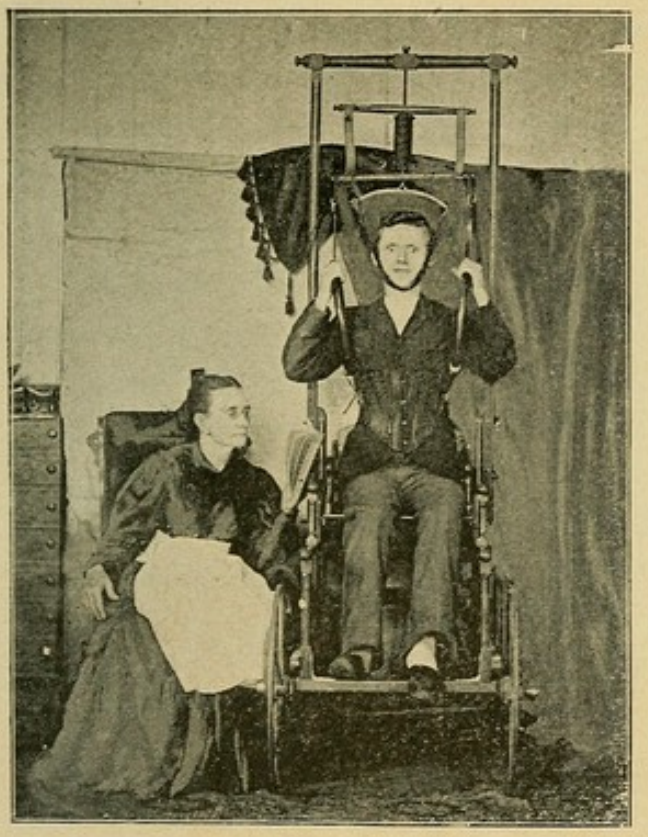
It is a delight to follow the newly-born, newly-budded and blooming thought of boys and girls, who are just beginning to try to express a little of that which God has given them so much of, if they will but develop it. It charms me as I follow the interesting letter of a rather unpracticed pen, to watch the dawn of that power to express one's own thoughts, describe place or delineate circumstances—real or imagined—a power, the steady splendor of whose sun, and the refreshing fountain of whose ready genius and happy tact have feasted the world's reading millions with the philosophy of a Paley or a Bacon, the history of a Macaulay, the travel notes of a Wharton, and the fancy or opinion of a Dickens or a Longfellow, a Miss Marr or a Miss Rutherford, a Julia Truitt

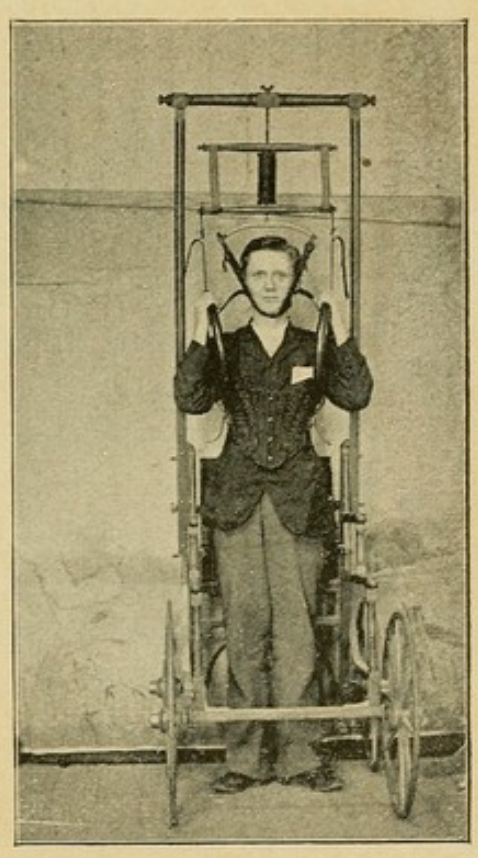
Bishop or a Mary E. Bryan, a Henry W. Grady or a Tom F. McBeath.

Ah, boys and girls! listen to the earnest and sensible words of our able and anxious editor who is such an ardent friend of youth: "Have something to tell," and then come and tell it in a straightforward, forceful beauty to his interested, lenient ear and heart—his faithful, correcting editorial pen, and to this delighted and delightful circle of boys and girls who listen, not in a spirit of chilling criticism, but with an interested charity that lends encouragement to every effort and strengthens the newly feathered wings which are seeking to lift the birdlet of thought to soar out of, away from and above the home-nest of its happy birth.

Let me tell you all a bit of my own experience in letter-writing:

First of all, I have been to school only a few months since I left Atlanta at the age of twelve, and hence I have almost no education, except the little I know about practical letter-writing. Soon after we moved to the country, I fell in love with a sweet little girl about my own age, who came out from Marietta occasionally to see us, with her cousin, a young man who was the sweetheart of my cousin who was living with us at that time. Anxious to impress my little sweetheart with the fact that I was very smart, and thus win her admiration and affection, and being unable to do this just as I wanted to in shy boyish conversation, I conceived the idea that if I would just write her a fine letter, the victory would be won. But I didn't know how to begin a letter, I didn't know how to proceed, and I didn't know how to close. I was perplexed. *What should I do?* Letter after letter I began myself, but it seemed that every effort would fail to satisfy. I couldn't move off just as I wanted to. Finally I caught an idea and took pattern somewhat after a let-





First step toward improvement. Using Dr. Meigs Case's Spinal Apparatus.

The author alternating between a standing and sitting position, while his attentive, faithful mother is reading to him.

ter which her cousin had written to mine, and which I chanced, somehow, to see.

Having once begun, the task was easier, the ice was broken, and O, such letters as I did try to write! letters verily of studied precision and childish ardor. I wouldn't have misspelled a word for anything! Even now I think that those letters must have been right good productions for a child of my age. Anyway, they had the anxiously-coveted effect, and for awhile, at least, as long as the sky of my boyish love and hopes was cloudless, I was the proudest little fellow in the land.

Childish fancy faded; but the start I was given—the lessons I learned in letter-writing have lingered with me until now. That little girl has recently become "somebody's else darling," but I can never repay the debt of gratitude I owe her for inspiring in me those early and fruitful efforts.

I earnestly urge every boy and girl, young man and young lady—and will always urge those who may come under my tuition or influence, to secure, as early as possible, at least one or two good correspondents; study closely your letters and theirs, answer promptly, fully, freely, deeply imbued and inspired with the thought that your present task is well worth your time and effort—do all this and everything else you can to keep alive an engaging interest and stimulate active thought.

When I first began to write letters, I, like most other beginners, was greatly bothered for something to say. I would sit for a long time scratching my head in painful silence, trying in vain to bring forth an acceptable idea. I soon found that that would never do. I must just sit down and go to talking; and now my great trouble is in knowing when to stop, as you all long ago learned, perhaps to your own discomfort, the amusement of the editor, and the chagrin

and annoyance of the too voluble talker who, often before his letter is completed, would gladly wrap his shrinking individuality in the winding sheet of his own profuse profusion, and hide from mortal vision.

When, after much persuasion, I began dictating letters for the *Sunny South*, the kind words of my unknown friends, so sweet and so unexpected, cheered me greatly; and with subjects often suggested by the bright letters of the "Letter Box" and "Household" members, and encouraged by their generous words, but above all, by the supreme hope of doing some good in the world, which my invalid condition prevented my doing through personal contact, I have gone on and on, and now the greater part of the book which I am now anxiously preparing for publication is the result.

I have never been able to read a book since I have been on bed, and have had very few indeed read to me. And if I didn't know the little I do of writing letters, it seems that I would hardly know anything; and too, I would have been pitiably shut in from the world during all these years, powerless to give out any of the sweet sunshine and rich experiences which God has graciously put into my heart; and without this, the many boxes of sweet, delightful letters now setting about me, bearing cheering testimony to the fact that this has been done, would never have been mine.

When a young man or a young lady goes a stranger into a community, they are not going to be put up to a blackboard, that society may see what they know. And however highly they may be educated in mere text-book knowledge—however classical they may be—if they have neglected language, history and literature—those things which help so much to make a ready, intelligent and fluent conversationalist; or if, when opportunity offers or circumstances require it, they cannot write a letter, attractive in appearance, ease, beauty and strength of

expression, they do not make the impression that they are educated. On the other hand, a person who knows absolutely nothing of classical lore, but who is perfectly at home in conversation with any one, and who writes a fine, catching letter or a strong paper on any ordinary subject, will make a far better impression than the classical person who cannot do these highly necessary things.

Beauty and strength of expression in conversation and in writing are the crowning adornments of any education, and to those who possess them, they are always a ready passport into the popular favor of society.

I urge every one who wishes to improve in ease and beauty of expression, to write not only private letters, but letters for the public whenever they can get papers to publish them. Byron says: "'Tis sweet to see one's name in print" And to every thinking person, there is an inspiration in seeing one's own thought in print. This is not hurtful egotism; it is a commendable pride, humbly felt, in one's own mental growth, self-culture and influence. Be thankful that the great educating press offers you such an opportunity to spread out your thoughts before so many thousands of readers; and surely it will fill you with an earnest anxiety and effort to make your letters not only entertaining, but instructive and truly elevating. I remember here with pleasure the experience of "Claire" or Wm. Malcolm Courtney, of Liberty, Mo., so entertainingly told us some years ago. He said that for several years he had greatly enjoyed reading the *Sunny South*, but had the mistaken idea that the "Letter Box" was for the sons and daughters of wealth, or at least for a favored few. He wished, but feared to write. But finally he did write, his letter was published, and greatly encouraged, he wrote again.

He began to study the letters of the best writers, and pattern after them. He continued to persevere

until, as he facetiously said, he had then grown to be a "right respectable somebody." And now he is and has been for two years, editor of the Clay County Progress, and writes with a force and fluency that is refreshing.

Write! Be not afraid of failure. *Think! Think!! Think!!! write! write!! write!!!* And remember always one of my mottoes in everything: *Let nothing discourage you! Never give up!* Gather new inspiration from every success and every failure.

And ah! drink in glorious inspiration every day and every hour from the sun that shines, and brightens and blesses the world! from the music of the refreshing breeze, the sighing winds and singing birds; from sombre clouds, showers that fall and storms that madly burst; from the tender, mellow glow of twilight's reflective hour; from the queenly moon, the kindling stars, the rolling river, the laughing brook, and the shining bosom of the placid lake with God's handiwork above, tremblingly mirrored there; learn from springing buds, verdant trees and leaves that sadly fall; learn from seed now sown, bright flowers that bloom, stretches of fleecy snow and fields of waving grain; but oh! above all, learn from the frailties, the virtue and the *needs* of humanity all about you—learn with earnest hearts and anxious mind, from all these speaking things, and as you learn, write back to bless the world and honor God, what he has so richly given to you!

Yours in earnest,

"Earnest Willie."

March, 1893.

BRIGHTLY AMONG DEATH'S SHADOWS DAWNS THE ETERNAL MORN.

[NOTE.--Suggested by the dying words and song of Mrs. Lula Northcutt, wife of Hon. J. J. Northcutt, Acworth, Ga. Miss Lizzie Logan, editor of the *Mineral Post*, told of her glorious death in these beautiful words: "Her death was a most triumphant one. She went down into the chilly waters of death clapping her hands and saying, 'My soul is happy in Jesus!' The last rational thing she did was to sing two stanzas of the hymn, 'Jesus Lover of My Soul.'"]

"My soul is happy in Jesus!"
O skeptic, look! and be still;
Tho' the cold hand of death is upon her,
She fears not his dread, icy chill.

Oh, look! yes, and tell me with candor---
Where, this broad planet upon,
An infidel died thus rejoicing
In hope of a happy Beyond?

Did he say, "I am happy in 'science,'
Unbelief makes th' darkness all bright."
Ah no! he sinks down without Jesus,
Hopeless—into gloom, into night.

"My soul is happy in Jesus!"
O sinner, look well on the scene!
Should the dread summons come, are *you* ready?
To pass thro' the dark, chilling stream?

Would fright and despair seize upon you?
Would your soul shrink back in dismay?
Ah! trust now the Saviour she trusted!
And your night will break into day!

"My soul is happy in Jesus!"
O husband! O glad Christians all!
What hope her joyous words giveth!
How they brighten th' tomb and th' pall!

They strengthen *our* faith for th' conflict—
They make us to rejoice as we come,
Praying others to know Christ and love Him,
And sing as she sang into "Home!"

AMBITION'S OWN.

TO HASCAL AND TO ALL.

DEAR MOTHER HUBBARD—It seems that one of your worthiest daughters—one whose ready genius and aspiring mind have from the first commanded my sincere interest and admiration, is under a misapprehension, somewhat painful alike to her and to me. Hascal recently wrote a most engaging and impressive letter, telling of her own ambitions, how her spirit insatiably longed for place and station in the world—how this feeling seemed inborn, a part of her life, and she could not crush it out; could not repress that longing that has been the bane of so many lives, yielding to the alluring charms of popular applause.

She said she had expressed these thoughts and feelings once before and "Earnest Willie" reproved her for entertaining them. Ah, my friend, I think you mistake my words. Go back and read my letter, "A Varied Blending" in *Sunny South* of October 11, 1890, and you will see that I did not reprove you, but only urged you and all other ambitious ones not to sacrifice too much anxiety, labor, golden time and phantom hope on the altar of inordinate ambition.

I told you and them of the gnawing unrest and unhappiness it would breed, and plead with you to gladly lay your hand on the duty and labor nearest you, longing not for dazzling heights that may never be attained, and that, if attained, would not and could not give your heart that pure, sweet peace and happiness, free from alloy, which hope now whispers they would bring. I tell you now, as then, that yours is not to me an unmeaning story. Did I not walk down the rows of corn and cotton and dream, as a thousand farmer boys have done, of Learning's boon and Fame's fair and shining crown? But that ambition was tempered and sweetly subdued, I trust, by the regenerating power of God's blessed Spirit—the Holy in-

fluence of Christ's redeeming love. If you be His, remember the words: "Ye are not your own; ye are bought with a price." Give back to God the talents He has given to you. And *now*, if I know my heart, I would have every ambition, whatever its phase, however wide its extended field, to gather all it may—then come back and lay every trophy down "at Jesus' pierced feet."

When, before I had entered upon even the preparation for my life-work, I was so unexpectedly cut down, and could not do the things I had "wished for, longed and sought," I felt prompted to apply myself to the field—the untilled garden spot that lay immediately around me. I knew that the work would be laborious, with little promise of success. I knew that the path did not lie along the flower-strewn highway where princes tread and *prima donnas* gaily sing. The truth is, rather, I never thought at all of where the humble path might lead. I simply saw the need of the work, and seeing it, began. Fiery trials I never suspected, happy victories I never dreamed of, have crowded this path of duty. Enemies have mocked, and even some friends who lacked strength of character and depth of purpose, hovering between petty influences, sickening jealousies and a misguided popular favor on one side, and aspiring intelligence, justice, truth and right on the other, have halted in the fiery blaze of trial, fainted by the wayside, and rising, turned aside with uncertain step to company with former and present foes. But thank God! where one halted and turned aside, five rallied and stood firm; and we have been made to lift up our hearts in thankfulness for the purifying fires of trial. And amid such experiences as these, whose counterparts are taking place in the world every day, how sweet it has been—how sweet it is always, to lay one's hand on his heart, look up with smiling trust and say: "Father, Thou knowest. Thou knowest my heart,

and I thank Thee for the peace and blessing Thou wilt bring; I thank Thee, even before I will garner that blessing from Thy gracious hand."

Such experiences will come, Hascal, to those who, closing their eyes to the beckoning hand of Fame which would lead them up the glittering but desolate highway of worldly greatness, turn aside to the humble path of duty plain and clear? And those, I imagine, who seek for fame for the sake of fame alone, often have a far harder time than those who choose the humble way. For, if *they* meet with disappointment —if *they* fail to reach the goal of their fond, ambitious dreams, they have not for their cheering companion, the sweet consciousness of having tried to lift up and bless those around them while they were striving upward which they otherwise would have. Sometimes it happens, or rather God brings it to pass, that those who walk the lowly way for duty's sake alone unexpectedly find the recognition and admiring applause of the world gathering about them as a part of their reward. And surely, next to the "still, small voice" of God's approval in the heart, such recognition must be the sweetest fame of all.

But is it wrong to be ambitious? Is it wrong to indulge, to keep alive and even fan to flame in the breast, the burning desire that our names shall live and bless the hearts of those wherever they shine, long after our hands have ceased to labor, our hearts have ceased to hope, our brains have ceased to think, our bosoms ceased to throb, and, folding our hands in obedience to the touch of Death, we have gone to lie down in the bosom of that Mother that so surely waits for us all?

Is it wrong to listen with enchanted ear to the song which unborn generations sing to us, telling us, and calling on the centuries past to impress it, that if we would not be passed by, by them, unnoticed and unsung, we must build for ourselves, especially in human

minds and hearts, a monument whose shining shaft will catch their attention as they pass among so many unmarked tombs?

Is it wrong to be thus ambitious? I tell you it is *not* wrong—if that ambition be always a noble one. Every one of us, however humble, and whether our present circle of work and recognition be wide or narrow, may live in the hearts that follow us, if we will —if we only *will.*

Let me urge every boy and girl—every young man and young lady—every father and mother—all of every age to seek to build for themselves a pyramid more enduring than those of Egyptian splendor, that stand even now to tell in frowning silence of departed earthly glory and the "mockery of human pride." Build for yourself a pyramid, but be sure that, concealed in the bricks and mortar of your structure, there is not one vain, not one inglorious, not one ignoble atom! Build for yourself a shining pyramid, but oh! take care that you place in its walls only such stones of Christian manhood and womanhood, only polished gems of truth—

"That will new lustre boast
When victor's wreath and monarch's crown
Shall blend in common dust."

Yours in earnest,

June, 1893. "EARNEST WILLIE."

POESY AND SONG.

MY AGE? JUST EIGHTEEN STILL.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS—Of course it is wrong to "bet," so I will just "guess," or rather question if you have not been surprised at one thing: Are you not a little surprised that a boy of my impulsive and poetic (?) temperament should suffer the grim form and face of King Winter to die and vanish, and

Spring, with all her vernal beauty and glorious queenly crown to lift her scepter of rose leaves, jessamine and verdure over the glad nature about me, without ever saying one single word about it? If anybody should ever be so unfeeling as to taunt me with being a "spring poet," in the commonly accepted sense of the term, I will just meet them with this instance of "total abstinence."

Ah! I have been too much engaged with the poetry of work to have much time for poetry of expression. Really, I have little sympathy anyway with these pessimistic, prosaic people who are always guying and making thrusts at "spring poets," as they are pleased to call them.

Poets are a necessity, anyhow, a necessity to themselves and to the world, and especially that part of the world whose souls are afire and whose hearts are aflame, but whose lips seem dumb to express that untold and untellable feeling, that subtle power, that "strange, wild thrill," that delightful, inexpressible passion—that sunshine of life that the poets call LOVE!

I am sorry for any poor mortal with his eyes so dimmed and his soul so cold that he can look out, unmoved, upon Nature's fair expanse when she is breaking forth in all the beauty and music of blooming spring; watch, like Burns, the crystal splash of Afton's water; quaff her fountains; pluck her flowers and inhale their fragrance in the holy hush of twilight's peaceful hour; watch the kindling glories of night's fair crown; or look at a pretty, sweet girl with her face as radiant as if the "glow of a thousand summer mornings had spread over it all at once" as you walk together down a shady lane, or talk to her beneath the stars—I say, I am sorry for anybody who can look on such inspiring things as these without feeling the spell of their charm, and being animated with the burning wish to tell out to the world in im-

passioned prose or rhythmic verse this true poetry of pure and lofty inspiration.

I can tell you all of one somebody who will not laugh at, but rather sympathize with and encourage your poetic fancies, flights and sonnets, and that individual is the friend of youth, the present editor of the *Sunny South.*

I know from experience that he may not indorse everything you write; he may do you the favor to give his time and use his chisel to fashion the meter and finish the thought, but it will do you good, and you will thank him for it.

So, tune up your lyres, open your hearts, strike your harpstrings, and let the pent-up music of your souls flow out and ring through the "Letter Box" corridors, while we lean forward, strain our ears, to catch the notes as they nearer come, feel our own hearts thrill with the fervid touch of your happy genius, and bask in the glow of that "light supernal that never shone on land or sea," and all of us float away together on the springing waves of this enchanting music to the ideal land of poesy and song!

Then

> "We will sleep and dream that life is beauty,
> But wake to find that life is duty."

What think you, boys and girls, of "THE MYSTERY OF NUMBER TWENTY-SEVEN," by H. A. Beach? To my thinking, it is the purest and most wholesome story of a "detective" character that I have ever read—the best of the kind that has been in the *Sunny South* for years. It must give the author a high place among Southern writers, and make his delighted readers anxious for something else from his golden, gifted pen. He is a Northern man, who has become thoroughly southernized. His heart was warm and genial before he came from his Pennsylvania home, and Southern sunshine and Southern people have made it warmer still. "*Farmer* Beach, as he is

known and loved in our community (although he is really not a farmer), is the author of a beautiful drama, "DEATH UNMASKED," which reveals how Faith, Hope and Love rob Death of its terrors. I wish its inspiring lesson could be taught in every community in America.

I am happy to claim this noble man with golden heart and head of versatile genius as one of my most faithful personal friends.

* * * *

Lucile, across the plains of the "Lone Star" and over the bosom of the rolling Father of waters, come the gentle but thrilling strains of "FRIENDSHIP'S TOKEN," as this charming piece of your ingenious creation trickles from your fingers with the deft touch of a conscious master. O Music, how I love thee!

* * * *

Ethelred, your letter on seizing upon and improving our opportunities has lots of good, hard sense in it, and it was clad in a language befitting the strength of thought within.

* * * *

Florida Girl, your picture of the graduating girl, to whom life then seemed a garland studded with the flowrets of beauty, truth and love, was so rare and beautiful that when my sister read it to me I was so thrilled that I raised up, sat on the side of my bed and made a little speech about it.

* * * *

What shall I render unto the editor for all the generous, beautiful things he said of me in his "DEDICATION SPEECH." But he was obliged to "get after me" about my long letters again. O! how can I—? but I forbear. And then, too, that great mistake about my age! *My! my!!* AWFUL!!! Then a country youth of eighteen, I was not hurt "nearly nine years ago," as he says, but a little over eight years ago. See the difference? My age! I must tell it now in

self-defence. I am eighteen years old! I was eighteen when I was hurt. There my life, so buoyant with hope and rosy with promise, seemed to stop and stand still, and I feel just eighteen yet—just eighteen years old at heart—and it seems that I never can feel any older. But from the ashes of those dead hopes, a sweeter happiness has sprung. God grant that that star of hope, help and salvation which has made for me the very darkness bright and dear, may rise and shine in the heart of each of our "Boys and Girls," leading them in happy triumph through life, through the "valley of the shadow," and into the smiling presence of God before whom you must some day stand in joy and glory or in despairing gloom.

Yours in earnest,

"EARNEST WILLIE."

June, 1893.

MORNING, NOON AND EVEN.

[NOTE.—Written in the album of my affectionately esteemed *friend*, MISS NORA OLIVE WATSON.]

Like the glow of the morning
  Be your womanhood's dawn;
Like the sun fair at noontide,
  When your day has full come.
A shower, then sunshine,
  A storm cloud, then the light—
Hope's star beaming sweetly
  When gathers th' dark night.

But this cannot—this will not
  Be your morn, noon and even;
Make your life here on earth
  But a foretaste of Heaven—
Your sun rise in brightness—
  Sink in splendor away,
Unless Christ be your hope
  And Faith be your stay.

His Star will guide you thro' life,
Through Death's turbid tide—
Into His presence—*how sweet!*
On Eternity's side.

UNCONSCIOUS TALENT—"KATHLEEN'S" LETTERS.

Charming, indeed, it is to contemplate bright natural talent in any one, especially in the young. Refreshing, too, is the charm of innate modesty. Then, peculiarly fascinating is the contemplation of *unconscious* talent.

If there is anything that is disgusting, it is to see a man or woman gifted with a naturally bright intellect, yet unbalanced enough to be forever parading before the world the talents with which Heaven has blessed them, and which they should unsparingly but *modestly* use.

It is not at all wrong for one to be conscious of one's own talent. Often, and indeed generally, such self-confidence is an inspiration to strong mental effort, and consequently success. And on the other hand, I feel that a lack of self-confidence weakens many a mental arm that would grow stronger for the using; and this loses to the world much that it so much needs. In my brief experience I have known many instances of this kind. I have thought of them a great deal—have urged and remonstrated with all the persuasion and earnestness at my command, and have often been actually pained to see brightness of talent in a measure dimmed, and the beauty of language and the fragrance and nobility of thought wasted, because unspoken, to the world that they would bless so much; and all these powers of inspiration and blessing pent up and lost simply because the mind where the Creator has bestowed them is pitiably afflicted—I had

almost said cursed—with the haunting and unaccountable conviction often expressed in words like these: "Oh, I haven't got a speck of sense! I just can't write like I want to, and therefore I won't write at all!"

Perhaps the most striking instance of remarkably bright but unconscious talent which I have ever come in contact with is exhibited in the person of a little girl. No, no; she is a full grown young lady now—a very special unseen friend who lives far away beyond the broad, solemn bosom of the "rolling Mississippi."

It was in the autumn of '88, nearly a year after I began writing for the *Sunny South.* More nervous and feeble that morning than usual, and feeling unable to read a letter of much length, I sent for my accommodating next-door neighbor, Miss Anna Lois Glenn, to come over, as was often her custom, and read a letter from a stranger, which the mail had just brought me.

With soothing voice she read on and on, until the unusual strength of thought, and clear, simple beauty of expression, added to the catching and refreshing "congeniality of spirit" coming from a sixteen-year-old girl, so completely captivated and impressed me, that I determined that, although I was unable to write to many, I must and would try to write to her. The rare, delightful, and, to me, the highly inspiring correspondence which followed, certainly forms one of the most unique and important periods in my life of seclusion, and if I could only give it all (which would make a large volume in itself), I feel sure that it would form, to many, a story more entertaining than aught in this volume. Some of my readers may wonder, at first sight, that I give so much space to her letters (since the matter is not original, of course, and the space, it would seem, should be given to my own), but when they have read them they will marvel no

more. However inappropriate it may seem to Mr. "Critic," it matters not with me; a few of these letters are going in here just the same. If I err against the literary "proprieties," I can't help it. Remember this is not very much of a "literary" book. Anyway, it has been for years my cherished intention to publish them, and I do so now, feeling that "Kathleen's" letters will make at least *one* fine chapter in my book. Leading up to the publication of them "hangs" a little story: Soon after our correspondence began, seeing the delightful ease, strength and beauty with which she wrote, so remarkable for a child of her years, I began to urge her to write for the press, telling her that her Creator had endowed her with a great power for doing good for herself and the world, and that she ought to use it. But she would always come back with grateful thanks most gracefully expressed, declaring that she would be happy to accede to my honoring request, but she could not possibly see her talents in the favorable light in which my "generosity" saw them, and she "just could not write well enough to write for the papers." This importunity on my part, met each time with almost provoking blindness on hers, continued for a long time, until, really impatient, and feigning much displeasure, I told her that she had a "perverse head," and further declared: "Now, let me tell you something, my little girl, If you do not wake up to a realization and use of the powers nature has given you, I am determined that the world *shall not* remain always ignorant of your talents! The world *shall not* go always without the blessing of the beauty and purity of your thought and language! I intend to publish a book some of these days; and in that book I intend to put a special chapter on 'Unconscious Talent,' and in that chapter I intend to publish some of your letters as illustrations of such unrealized gifts! *Do you hear me?*"

Again she came back laughing and thanking me,

saying she did not care if I published them, just so I did not let anyone know who wrote them. A word of explanation as to how we, after a while, grew to address each other: In Mrs. Julia Truitt Bishop's beautiful story, "Kathleen Douglas," was an invalid character, Max Arlington. And some of my unseen friends (she among them) were generous enough to say that "Earnest Willie" remnided them of "brave, patient Max Arlington." My little friend was so like the precocious, soulful, womanly child, Kathleen Douglas, that—well, I became "Max" to her, and she was to me, "Kathleen."

And now, as I introduce to my readers this unknown girl genius, I ask them to keep well in mind her age, as they drink in the clear, strong beauty of her words, which I publish, hoping that they may prove a real joy, and, indeed, a genuine inspiration to all who read them.

HER FIRST LETTER.

[NOTE.—Follow closely the mature thought in this letter, coming as it did, from a sixteen-year-old child, and see if the thought and the spirit would not have impressed you as they did him to whose heart they sang such sweet, strong, satisfying music for years.]

————, ARK., November 12, 1888.

FRIEND "EARNEST WILLIE"—For, though you have never dreamed that such a creature as myself existed, I feel as if we were already friends, and your last letter to the *Sunny South* struck so *many* answering chords in my heart, that I could not resist the temptation to write to you.

I trust that you will forgive me for tiring you as I doubtless shall.

For several years I have been a constant reader of the *Sunny South,* and have read your letters with increasing interest each time, until it seemed as if an *indefinable something* kept urging me to write to you and express my sincere sympathy for you, but more

particularly the admiration I felt for your bravery and patience. I must also thank you for the pleasure your letters have afforded me, and, although I am not a member of either "Household" or "Letter Box," I am about to make a very daring request, which "*I* just can't help" making. I suppose your list of correspondents is already a *lengthy* one, and yet I am strongly tempted to ask you to add my name to this list

However, I suppose it would be proper for me to first tell you something about myself, but such explanations seem scarcely necessary to me, as I feel more like you were an *old* friend, than an *entire* stranger. It is my misfortune to be an only child, and my good fortune (or probably you would call that *misfortune* also) to have every whim humored and every wish gratified. I have hosts of friends—some who are *really* friends, and others who only *call* themselves by that name, yet often and often I grow lonely in spite of myself, and wish for another friend—a true and more *understanding* friend. I verily believe that I haven't one who understands me. Not that I am by any means an *enigma*—I am not *deep* enough for that, but simply that they don't take the trouble to *try* to understand me. It is only natural for us all to have "blue" spells and to feel lonely and even discontented in the midst of the most pleasant surroundings. Please don't conclude from what I have said that I am habitually gloomy or dissatisfied, for I am not, and persistently look on the bright side of life.

For two years my life has been spent in boarding-schools (the common *fate* of girls), and I would not be at home now had it not been for the recent yellow fever scare, which kept me away from Memphis, where I intended to go.

Last year—rather five months of it, was spent in Nashville, Tenn., at Dr. Price's, or the "N. C. Y. L.,"

and the year before at Hamilton College, in Lexington, Kentucky.

I am a great reader, and fond of study, but I am *not* fond of boarding-schools, and feel that I really owe a debt of gratitude to the "Yellow Jack" for keeping me at home. ——— is a small place, but it is *home.* I am a genuine "Arkansas Traveler"—for I was born here and have lived here sixteen years.

I think your letter must have brought on one of my blue spells, or more properly, *thoughtful fits,* for it set me to thinking how utterly useless I was, and brought back that old wish for firmer friendship, and for encouragement and sympathy.

God has implanted that longing in all of our hearts. I think you will understand my feelings, for I think I read some of this same longing in your last letter; and your heart seems to be going out in search of some one to help, and possibly some one who may help you, too; of a friend who will understand and appreciate what good they find in you, and will both encourage and assist you. That is something of what I wish to express, yet it is often hard to *say what you mean.* A friend of mine is always saying, "If I could express half the beautiful thoughts that come to me, the *world* would stop to listen." It is so with most of us. I think we are all more or less *poets at heart.*

But I am digressing, and must return to my subject.

You say in your last letter, "How glad I would be to know that what I have said has done, or will do, somebody some good." Then you may be *very* glad indeed, for all of your letters (and especially the *last* one) have done me inexpressible good. Now I am perhaps a little selfish to ask it, but I want you to write to *me,* and, if I may ask so much, to be *my friend* also.

I have not even thought what impression this letter would make upon you, but it has come straight from

my heart, and that is usually supposed to be about the *best* of us; so I can only *hope* you will understand, and not think me too presumptuous.

I have just returned from a long visit to St. Louis, where I had a delightful time and met a great many old friends. It is little wonder I find ——— rather dull to me now. Still I manage to make the time pass very pleasantly, and the long days spent in reading or painting are very quiet, but very happy ones. I have always been a great deal alone, and am fond of the peace and quiet of a little town like ours.

I am an amateur artist and passionately fond of anything connected with painting, or even artistic needlework. Should you think my letter worth answering, I will be pleased to send you some sketches of our Arkansas scenery, and samples of my painting also. Art is my dream and my ambition, and has been for years, though I have been so situated that I have only taken lessons for five months.

I see I am letting my pen *run clear away* with me, *as* usual. That is a weakness of mine, but you must try to pardon the offence, and in the future (if there should be a future correspondence) I promise to industriously *strive* not to write over *ten* pages, anyhow, though I seriously doubt if such a thing is possible with me.

You expressed a desire for the "cousins'" pictures. I am not a cousin, and mine is scarcely worth having, but it *may* prove more interesting to study than the "*knots* on the ceiling," and I will send you one if you would care for it.

I think you have much—*so* much to be thankful for, even if some hopes and bright air castles *have* been crushed and torn down; for you have gained *more* than you have lost. While you have lost strength, you have grown braver, more patient, nobler, more thoughtful and *better* than you might otherwise have been.

"It will matter by and bye,
Nothing but this: that Joy or Pain,
Lifted you skyward, helped to gain,
Whether through smile, or rack, or sigh,
Heaven, "home"—all-in-all, by and bye."

I sincerely hope this letter will find you better and stronger, and that you may not be too weak or *too astonished* to write to

Your sincere friend,

———— ————.

P. S.—I will not apologize for the penmanship of this epistle, as you can see the paper is wretched, but I certainly *ought* to apologize for the *length* of it. However, I have not told one half I *wanted* to, and feel inclined to write more yet, but you need not sigh, for I am *not* going to do so.

———— ————.

ANSWER.

[READ THIS FIRST.—As you plod your weary way over these pages and espy blots and other irregularities, remember, please, that the letter was written by piecemeals by a nervous boy, while lying in bed with pen sometimes *crosswise* and sometimes *otherwise*, and do not frighten at its length—the end will come in the "*sweet after awhile.*"]

POWDER SPRINGS, GA., November 27, 1888.

MY DEAR LITTLE ARKANSAS FRIEND—Many letters of a date less recent than yours, by weeks and even months, lie on my little stand and in my treasured box, still unanswered—letters to which I have really long wished to respond, *but—I begin a letter to you.*

It is not that I have recently drunk of some life-giving elixir and suddenly become so much improved that I have decided to begin at the last letter received and answer each one as it comes, following on down to the far off end; it is not that I feel duty bound to answer your letter first, when others, equally sweet and condoling, still await a reply; it is not (I speak candidly) because your letter towers so high above others

I have received in intelligence and rhetorical embellishment (though I unhesitatingly aver that it is equaled by few and surpassed by none), I say it is not for this, or for these, that I now write to you. It is because—well, it is because this: After your letter had been read, and I began to reflect upon its general tone and contents, I became possessed with a certain "indefinable something" that caused me to decide at once to write to you as soon as I should feel strong enough.

You said you supposed I had a long list of correspondents. No, I have been too feeble for months past to correspond promptly with any one, and as I like only a prompt, lively correspondent, I have had none at all, only passing an occasional letter with some special somebody. But your letter was so chaste and pure, so elegant yet plain, so beautiful yet simple, so teeming with kindness and good common sense, and above all, afforded a mirror in which I could see reflected such a great big heart, and *congenial* soul, that I feel that I must write to you a "little bit" anyhow. And, if I grow stronger, something for which I hope, and our correspondence does not grow dull or monotonous to you, maybe I can write a "*big bit.*"

And you have read my letters with increasing interest, and they have really been a comfort to you—really done you good? Then, I am glad. It is something for which I feel thankful—something for which I have prayed. Having been compelled to lie here so long and watch the temporal, and perhaps final dissipation of my cherished plans and sweetest hopes, and knowing that in one sense I cannot live for myself, it is my greatest wish and pleasure to live for others. And whenever I receive such assurances as your letter contained, that something I have done or said has been blessed to the comfort of some Christian or the admonition of some sinner—some unconverted person,

it cheers my very soul and makes me feel that my life is not a perfect blank.

You commend me for my bravery in bearing my disappointment and affliction. I feel so thankful that I was not stricken down five or six years ago, before I was converted, when I was a wicked, irreligious boy, inclined to scoff at rather than find pleasure in the solid, lasting things of life. Then I must have been restless and complaining, and possibly skeptical; but as it is, prepared by a gracious, loving Hand for the blow before it came, and still sustained and soothed and comforted by that same great and benign Power, I can look up and *say and feel,* "Thy will, not mine be done." And I just know that were it not for the Help of a stronger Arm than mine, I could not feel as I do. I would be so glad to know that such a Comforter, such a Saviour, is yours.

An "only child"! Yes, sometimes it is a fortune and sometimes a misfortune. I fear it is often the latter, to have every whim humored and every wish gratified. I trust, however, that you have no "whims."

"Art is your dream!" Though not an artist myself I am a great admirer of art, used to like very much to *draw* in school. How can I thank you enough for your considerate and generous offer to send me some sketches of Arkansas scenery and samples of your painting? I think it would be hard for you to send them to any one who would appreciate them more highly or cherish them more fondly. They will cheer my heart and delight my eye as long as I am blessed with either.

Here is my hand to you and that friend of yours who said if she could "express one-half of the beautiful thoughts that came to her, the world would stop to listen." How often I've had a kindred thought.

I know that it must be pleasant indeed to be at "home, sweet home" after being so long imprisoned in boarding schools which, sometimes *unfortunately,*

but more often, perhaps, *fortunately*, are the "fate of girls." Aside from the cheering pleasures and associations of home, it gives such an excellent opportunity for reading and reflection—those great developers of the latent faculties of the mind. How I once looked forward to the times when I would be in school or college, enthusiastic over my literary societies, making speeches, writing essays, perplexed over abstruse problems in mathematics, and trying to extract pure English from the jargon of some classic tongue; and endeavoring in all things to prepare myself for the great battle of life. But a Father's arm, a Father's head and a Father's heart and love decreed otherwise; and now, great as is my trial and disappointment, that same Father helps me not to complain, and even sometimes smile and rejoice as I feel the pressure of the chastening rod. You spend much of your time in reading and painting. I would be so glad for you to live next door, or just over the street, so you could run over and read to and write *for* me. It would help to brighten and beguile the lagging moments of some lonely hours. Fond of reading and writing, especially the latter, I cannot do either—rarely take a a book or paper in my hand. Most all of my writing for the press is done by an amanuensis; and, perhaps you have never tried it, but I can tell you now that it is no easy matter to think and talk through another's fingers. But the difficulty is greatly mitigated when the amanuensis is intelligent and *congenial.* Such an one is "Cousin Bertram," or "Ma Belle Carmen," of the *Sunny South,* who is Miss Beatrice Christian, a sweet, refined and noble-hearted girl, my seventeenth cousin (more or less).

And you "sometimes long for a more congenial, more *understanding* friend?" Ah, me! There we are alike again. *And you thought you read such a wish, such a longing,* between the lines of my letter? Are you a *sage* or a *prophet?* True, I did not say it

in so many words, but beneath the lines and *deep down* in my heart the feeling *dwelt,* and does dwell.

Like you, I have a large number of kind and generous friends—more, it seems, than I deserve, but how many, *many* times have I felt within *me a longing for a more congenial and as you say a more understanding friend,* a friend to "praise me when I am right, to chide me when I am wrong, one before whom I can "think aloud," and to whom I can pour out my best and simplest thoughts, my strongest, yet delicate heart-throbs, *"chaff and grain together,"* and feel assured that a charitable breath will "blow away the chaff" and garner into the tender depths of the heart the grain for sacred keeping.

Will I be your friend? Yes, tender, true and—but our short acquaintance forbids my saying here just what is in my heart.

Let me thank you, please, for seeing enough of me through my "S. S." letters, to cause you to make such an assuring and complimentary request.

You say you never stopped to think what kind of an impression you was going to make, but that it came *"straight from the* heart." Had it made other than a most favorable one you would not now be reading this. "Straight from the heart:" if there is anything in the world that I *do admire* about a person, it is that frankness and animation that causes thoughts to bubble up from the heart, free from cant and guile, and as pure and refreshing as the crystal stream that gurgles up from the bosom of Mother Earth.

But listen, my little friend, you who have followed me so long and patiently, and whose mind is perhaps tiring under such a long and trying tension, a *brighter moment is coming;* for, if my ingenuity can devise a plan, I will soon bring this letter to a close. Pardon me if I have written too much; forgive me it I have spoken too freely. It seemed as I touched upon each topic, my thoughts would begin to expand (I reckon

it was because they had nothing else to do), and I just couldn't well stop short of what I have written. Then too, your letter was one of such good sense, such chastity, such congeniality and such frankness, that it drew me to you, and made me feel like throwing aside a reserve that would have been unnatural and talk to you *just as I felt.* "Now, surely that couldn't be wrong."

Hereafter if such a thing is possible, my letters must be much shorter, and in them I will try to tell you something of this beautiful country and village. family, home, longings, ambitions, heart-throbs and all. Even now I could, if able, write much more, but prudence, something to which I seldom yield, touches my fingers and bids them be still.

One question: *What moved you to write to me as you did, one who is so nearly congenial, thinking so much as I think, liking what I like and ofttimes longing for that for which I long?* a truly congenial friend. I cannot tell. I feel confident of one thing, however, *that it was no evil spirit.*

And now, hoping, trusting that what we have said and may say, will be to each a help, and breathing a prayer for the blessings of Heaven upon the little Arkansas girl whose peculiarly attractive letter and kindly interest have been to me so refreshing, I am

Your new but true friend,

WILL D. UPSHAW.

SPECIAL: Your *picture, please,* and a letter *soon.* I *impatiently await both.*

"EARNEST WILLIE."

HER SECOND LETTER.

————————, ARK., December 5, 1893.

MY DEAR FRIEND—Will you accuse *me* of using a very extravagant simile, when I say Achemenides was not more delighted when he discovered the law of specific gravity than I when I discovered that you had actually had the strength and *patience* to answer my letter?

I am happy to know that the "same something" which possessed me also took possession of *you;* but I am happier still to know that I have gained *a friend,* for I do not agree with Goldsmith, that *friendship* is but a name,

> "A charm that lulls to sleep.
> A shade that follows wealth or fame,
> But leaves the wretch to weep."

My idea of true friendship is something much more exalted, much purer, much sweeter.

If you had *seen,* or could *know,* how highly your letter was appreciated, I think you would feel amply repaid for any trouble or inconvenience the writing of it caused you; and in the future you need not apologize for the length of your letters, *knowing* that they will never prove tiresome.

You say I am *candid.* Yes, and I could not be anything else if I tried, being born with a natural hatred for anything deceitful. Surely you did not think *I could blame you* for *your* candor, or say you were wrong in speaking so freely? I might, in return, ask if *I* was wrong in writing to *you at first.*

Frankness is natural to us both, and I shall never blame you for speaking freely, when I have spoken with still greater freedom *myself,* and in the future I trust that you will continue to lay aside all useless reserve, and say freely what you think.

Let me answer your *last* question first, at least as far as I *can* answer it.

"What made me write to you as I did?"

How can *I* tell? I feel tempted not to try, and say, like "Sam," "*That is one of them things no f—fellow can't find out.*"

No, *surely* it was no "evil spirit" that prompted me to write, but I think that God himself, who implanted and instilled in my heart that desire for a congenial friend, must have whispered that down in Georgia there dwelt a kindred spirit (if I may call mine akin to a soul so lofty as your own), and it must have been at His bidding that mine went forth in search of it.

No, I am neither sage nor prophet,—not even wise, but only wise enough, I trust, to realize my ignorance.

Human nature is much the same, the whole world over, and, as I said before, it was the similarity of many of our

ideas, and the secret whisperings of some inward monitor, which enabled me to see your spirit shining so nobly through your pen, and made me feel sure that anything, or *all* I said, would be understood. Yet, I scarcely expected an answer to my letter, and yours came as a pleasant surprise, made more pleasant by the fact that you wrote it yourself instead of calling an amanuensis to do it *for* you. To say I am glad that you have consented to begin a correspondence with me comes so far from expressing the pleasure the thought gives me, that it seems almost useless to say it.

The thought that anything I might say could help you had never occurred to me. Possibly the knowledge that you are helping *me* may waft some happiness back to your own heart, and I believe it *will*, for you are one who can "gather bliss to see his fellows bless'd."

Ofttimes I look at some human heart and shudder when I see how little good there is in it; or glance backward over the wasted days and years of some life, and seeing such little good that has been done, wonder at the patience and mercy of our Heavenly Father, hoping and praying that *my* steps may be guided aright and that *my* life may not be a wasted, *useless* one. I am ambitious and admit it, but let that ambition be a noble one, and who shall blame it? The greatest desire of my heart is to do some good in this world. Now had I your patience and less of my own pride, the way would be much clearer. I have a large class of little girls at Sunday-school, and they are all just at the age to begin to observe closely their surroundings, and watch every act of those who are attempting to instruct them. I know that for *them*, "Example is better than precept," and often tremble to think of the consequences if I should, by some careless word or act, mislead them, or set for them a wrong example. I often wonder why such a position, and so much influence was given to one so faulty as myself. Still I see this, as I do all other things, in its brightest light possible, and am always certain of help, for—

"Though human help be far, my God is nigh,
Who feeds the ravens, hears His children's cry;
He's near me wheresoe'er my footsteps roam,
He will guide me, light me, help me Home."

So we are to be friends. I am very glad, and can but echo your wish that I *might* live next door to you, for I would gladly do all in my power to help you while away these dreary winter days. I must say you have rather a meek (?) way of asking me to send the picture I promised *before you asked for it*, but I will keep my promise, and send it with this letter. You can do whatever you choose, with it, and above all things, remember it is the *casket*, *not* the jewel of which you have a picture, and try to be as lenient as possible in your criticisms.*

I am very sorry I have not been able to go sketching yet, and am still hoping I shall be able to go soon. I am just recovering from quite a severe spell of sickness, and had not been able either to read or write until yesterday. Otherwise your letter should have been answered much more promptly.

You call me "*your little friend.*" To show you how far I am from being "little," I will just say I am five feet and four inches tall, and weigh a hundred and ten. Not very small, is it? Pray do not think I am objecting to the term. On the contrary, I like it.

You expressed your intention of shortening your letters in the future.

Don't do it, please!"

I have become satisfied with the prospect of remaining in ——— this winter, and my only fear is that I shall *yet* be sent off to school again in January.

If I had been idle and wasted my time at home, I should say my duty was plain, and would go back uncomplainingly, but I have studied more and harder in the last year than I ever did at school, and think I have learned quite as much as if I had been there.

Now draw upon your imagination, and picture to yourself a little town settled snugly down in a valley, almost entirely surrounded by mountains, and secure from cyclones; a town whose inhabitants are so happy in their present state that they seem determined to keep out all progress and improvement, and you will have a fair pic-

*When I saw her exquisite picture, her strong, beautiful, tender face, I told her that I hoped the "jewel" would appear as faultless and fair to its Creator, as the "casket" did to the dim eyes of one of His created.

"EARNEST WILLIE."

ture of ———, our modern "Sleepy Hollow." Yet there is such a charm in the very peacefulness and unbroken calm and tranquillity of our lives here that one cannot be discontented.

One has nothing to do but *think*, and here indeed, one can find plenty of food for reflection. The beautiful, wild and picturesque scenery is enough to delight any one, no matter how insensible they are to the beauties of nature. Scores of romantic legends and traditions are poured into the ears of credulous childhood, and eagerly listened to by older lovers of romance.

I think I mentioned my fondness for horseback riding. In this one thing, at least, I am not ashamed to say I *do* excel. There is nothing I enjoy *more* than racing across the prairies which lie west of us, on my favorite "Duchess."

Already the clock has struck twelve and "'Tis midnight's holy hour." I did not realize how swiftly the time was flying, or how *much* I was writing, and now that I am reminded of the fact that it is late, and *you* are tired, I will bring this epistle to a close as rapidly as possible. I hope this simple missive will not so overtax your strength that you will be unable to answer it, for I shall anxiously and impatiently await the arrival of another letter.

I have *one* request to make, and that is simply this: When you *do* have an opportunity of having some photos taken you will send me one. I think that is a very natural, as well as a very modest, request. And now "I am ready to say good-night at last."

I will be very happy if anything I have said has even served to help you pass away the time, which *must* hang heavy on your hands, and if it is any comfort to you to know that one friend is longing *with* you, for the realization of your hopes and dreams, and praying that you may daily grow stronger, you are welcome to the knowledge. I hope you will have the strength and *inclination* to write soon to Your "Little Arkansas Friend,"

———— ————.

[MONTHS LATER—The months rolled on, and the letters, too. Note the happy progress. This letter and the one following might be called sections 1 and 2, as they came in separate envelopes, by the same mail.]

July 16, 1889.

MORNING REFLECTIONS.

MY DEAR FRIEND "MAX"—Smile if you will at the idea of my giving my letter a title, but it is your *own* fault, for it was your letter that set me reflecting most profoundly, upon what is *to me*, a serious subject and in fulfillment of my promise to be always candid, *can* I do *less* than record my reflections?

To begin with, your calling me "*Kathleen*," while a highly appreciated compliment, set me to thinking how very *unlike* Mrs. Bishop's brave, sweet little heroine I really am. Do not think, however, that I do *not* appreciate the compliment you pay me, for I do, and can only hope that I may grow as much like "Kathleen" as *you are* like "Max."

But let me go still further back into *to-day*, and tell you what I was thinking this morning.

The day has been an unusually long, dull, warm and *lonely one*, and I practiced, studied, and indulged in my favorite pastime—*mid-summer dreaming*—until I was tired.

Then I left my hammock under the shade trees, and came into the house, found Howell's "April Hopes" and vainly strove to interest myself in that. I ended by throwing it down in disgust, indescribably weary of Alice's whims and caprices. "Surely," I thought, "no one was ever so foolish—so irresolute and wavering." Some elfish, mischief-loving sprite must have whispered in my ear the words which then rose up in my mind:

"Be not too ready to condemn
The wrongs that others may have done;
Ere you too harshly censure them
For human faults, ask, "Have I none?"

Then began a long discussion, that mischievous sprite whispering in one ear, and some consoling spirit in the other.

One whispered that I was no better than "Alice," and may be not quite so good, coolly reminding me of an

old *diary* still extant, which would prove me as childish, changeable and undecided as "*Alice.*"

The other whispered that I had changed since then; that we are always the martyrs of our own faults, and that I always was self-deprecatory. "Yes," whispered the first, "and so they said of Alice, so you help me to prove a resemblance between the two, at least."

Then the point grew more and more hotly contested, and I don't know *how* it would have ended; for, in desperation, I ran to the piano and lost myself in twelve pages of Plaidy's techniques (more commonly known as *five-finger* exercises or finger gymnastics), and never ceased till an imploring voice from the library besought me to desist. Then I rushed on into Beren's, Cramer's and Heller's exercises, and all those others who used to stand with hideous grinning faces (*in my imagination*) between me and my *youthful dream* of becoming a *musician.* All the time I was striving to silence those tiresome debating spirits, and thinking I had done so, finally closed my musical performance with an improvised sonata, which must have been excruciating torture to any one unfortunate enough to be listening. When that evil little spirit began again with—"You are so s—— ——" I stopped him and instantly silenced him with: "*The finer* the nature is, the more flaws it shows through the clearness of it. The best things are seldom seen in their best form. The wild grass grows well and strongly, year after year, but the wheat, by reason of its greater nobleness, is liable to a bitter blight." Then your letter came, and I got started once more, upon the same, or nearly the same rather unpleasant train of thought. I do not mean that sentence as a reproach to you. No, far from it. The many kind things you said were just *about* to make me experience, for the first time in my life, a feeling of self-satisfaction, which I have seen in others, and seen others *enjoy* so much that I have *wished I* might feel so. But lo! *Again* began those whisperings: "Are you all he imagines you to be? Do you resemble Kathleen Douglas *in the least?* Haven't you been showing him the *best* side of your nature, and *not* the faulty one? Won't he be disappointed when he meets you?" And, do you know, I sank away down, *down* in my own estimation, and seemed to myself *terribly*

little and *insignificant?* I thought the matter over—as I said *profoundly*, and this is the conclusion I came to:

I *have* shown you more of my real nature than I ever *tried* to show any one, for I *want* you to understand me. I am sure we all have two natures. Then because I have shown you my inner and truer nature, need you be disappointed to find that it is *not that* nature, but my *surface* nature that most people see? I told you once *long ago*, that few people understood me—and it was because I wished you to that I have been so candid. But while I dismissed the subject from my mind by declaring I *had* shown you my true nature and said only what I thought and believed, I was forced to admit that if you were like myself—inclined to *idealize* one whom you regard as a true friend, you would, in all probability, be disappointed in me, so I look forward with great pleasure—and a tiny little bit of fear, to the time when we shall meet and see each other *as we are*—though I think we have already seen each other as we are, and already know each other better than if we had met, face to face. But my! what a long harangue about nothing!

Are you really as strongly inclined toward self-depreciation as you seem? Do you *really believe* your letters ever seem "tediously or foolishly long" to me? If they were twice as long they would be read and reread with great interest, and never, never be tiresome!

Do you know you amuse me very much sometimes? Even about the funniest things you say, there clings a shadow of that earnestness so characteristic of you, which gives these little jokes of yours a quaint, curious, refreshing sound which is—what shall I say?—laughably charming—charmingly laughable, and altogether refreshing.

Now about that discussion you were about to start when you discovered you had been mistaken in one word I had written.

Can we "*love*" up to our ideals, or "*live*" up to our ideals? I am ready to discuss it anyhow. So what have you to say?

I, too, hope that when my Prince comes, he will be one in whom I may feel,

"A heart responsive rise and fall"—

one whose hopes, aims and ambitions are so identical with my own, that we may work together, each helping, instructing and ennobling the other, thus blending our two lives into one grand, harmonious whole. I am told every day that I expect *too* much—that my ideal is too high. Perhaps so. Perhaps not. How can I tell? At any rate "he" shall be a *great* man! and

> "He *is great* and he alone,
> Who serves a greatness not his own
> For neither praise nor pelf;
> Content to know, and be unknown,
> Whole in himself."

I remember startling my mother some seven or eight years ago, by a remark I made upon this subject. We were staying at Ocean View that *summer, and I was a very tiny little creature then, but very fanciful, and as we sat on the beach one evening* in the moonlight, I saw the ocean and heaven dream smilingly, the one mirrored in the other, and pointing to the scene, I said: "That is the way it will be if I ever marry." She did not understand me, and I had no words to explain my thought; but it *shall* be so; and ours will be the peace of two souls united with each other—the one the crystal mirror of the other, and each by this unshadowed reflection—this perfect, peaceful confidence, helping each other nearer to our God.

* * * *

Max, wonders will never cease—I *am learning to sew!* My dressmaker is gone, and it is an absolute necessity. I realize the importance of such practical things as sewing and cooking, but my social duties have kept me from learning them as I should.

* * * *

Remember now, that I want you to tell me if you think it is wrong to cherish *high ideals.* Such dreaming has formed an important part in my life, and I am anxious to know if you think it in any way hurtful or wrong.

Please send very soon another one of your refreshing letters to

Your "Little Arkansas Friend,"

KATHLEEN.

BEAUTIFUL! BEAUTIFUL!

AT HOME, July 19, 1889.

MY DEAR FRIEND—As I did not mail my last letter when it was written, I couldn't resist the temptation to write again to-day, and send you two letters instead of one to make up for my delay.

Whenever the *Sunny South* comes, it makes me want to write to you—tell you—well, I scarely know what—but it is, I suppose, to add my praises to the song of praise and admiration the "Householders" are constantly singing to you.

I see several calls for you in the last *Sunny South*, and will you believe it, I have actually been selfish enough to sit here *smiling* and feeling *very*, VERY much pleased and *flattered* to think that you write to me more often than you do to your old "Letter Box" friends. Selfish, you say? I admit it—but—isn't "a wrong confessed—half redressed?" So, while I admit and *confess* my failings, they are not *quite so bad, are they?*

To-day has been a long, rainy, lonely day. I have been wandering forlornly about, trying to pass away the time. It is now almost evening, and the dark clouds have parted, showing through a rent in their inky surface a rift of gorgeous sunlight, like a woman's golden tresses shining through a rent in a veil of mourning which has concealed them.

Now in sombre grandeur all the clouds are rolling past, leaving a sky of gorgeous masses of fiery gold, rich salmon tint and the pale opaline hue that artists so often strive *in vain* to paint.

The clearing away of the storm-picture and the sudden transformation into this brilliantly colored scene with its thousands of *fallen* but *flashing* raindrops might have set me to moralizing, philosophizing and so on at any other time, but now I can simply sit quiet and drink in the scene, wishing with all my heart that you, too, might see it, or that I might portray its beauties to you, so it would charm you and stir your spirit as it is charming me and stirring mine! I think there must be few who enjoy Nature's beauties as keenly as I do. I have always felt the same feeling, when I witnessed a beautiful sunset,

that I feel when I see the moonbeams shaking bars of silvery light across the waters—a feeling of—what *shall* I call it? Illimitable aspiration?—the spirit's strivings to burst its bonds and soar upward, singing a grand anthem to the glory and praise of the divine Artist of such a scene?

Is it not strange that the moment we try to express a spiritual thought in *words*, we materialize it, as it were, and make it lose half of its spirituality.

It is as if the great heart of Nature, throbbing with praise and exultation, was beating against our own, each throb telling joyously of some new mercy—of some fresh blessing—and seeming to say:

"*I* sleep, but my *heart* wakes ever."

Then, perhaps, come to us glimpses—flashing, flitting glimpses—of that "light supernal" that "never shone on land or sea," and it creeps into our hearts, lighting all the dark places and bearing with it a message of peace.

But see where the sunset has carried me! Forgive me. I won't do so *any more*.

But this does remind me of something I wanted to tell you. You may chance to wonder how Amelie Rives-Chanler thought of such a curious title as "The Witness of the Sun" for her novel. I wondered, too. But since I have read Fredrika Bremer's "Midnight Sun," I have concluded that from that book Mrs. C. took her title.

There is, in "The Midnight Sun," one beautiful scene where Adolph declares his love for Ida, in the glorious light of Avasaxa's midnight sun, and turning to that blazing light says: "The *light* has been our witness."

As Fredrika Bremer's book is older than "The Witness of the Sun," I think it more than probable that this suggested to Mrs. Chanler the title for her story. * * * * My cousins Mr. and Mrs. ———, of ———, have been visiting us for several days. They are a newly married couple, and have afforded me considerable amusement. Their story is as romantic as any novel I ever read, and we are all heartily rejoiced to see them happy at last, after all their trouble and long waiting. * *

That *story* I would like to tell you. Ah, I fear it must wait till—well, perhaps till we meet. But won't you tell

me yours? It *is yours*, isn't it? The one I had to tell you was another's—*not* my *own*. Do you know, *you* half way gave me the impression that you had had quite a romance once? The remainder of the impression came, as a good many other things concerning you have come, *just naturally*. *Please* tell me about it.

How ridiculous! Still, "turn about is fair play," and you asked about "Kingsley II." who is, by the way, in Colorado now, and has been gone exactly a week. He says:

"After *years* have flown,
After he has wiser grown,"

he *may* return, but not *till* then. If he stays till *months* have flown—well, I'll be *surprised*.

Please forgive me for having taken so much of your time to tell you nothing, and write to me *very soon*.

That same "indefinable something" that made me write to you first has influenced me again this evening, and I have written *not* as a *stranger to a stranger*, or the dignified (?) Miss ——— to "Mr. Upshaw," but as your "*little Arkansas friend*" whom you have called

KATHLEEN.

ANSWER.

Words of Praise Refresh, but Do not Satisfy the Heart —Cherishing High Ideals—For the Old Who Have Cherished and not Attained, and the Young Just in the Dawning Splendor of Dreaming Idealism.

UPSHAW, GA., August, 1889.

DEAR "KATHLEEN," MY WOMANLY, GIRLISH FRIEND—When your two letters came, I laughed—a happy, satisfied laugh; and when I had reflected upon the strength and beauty of both, I *admired*. No, that word seems too weak and tame; for my whole being was athrill with exalted and exalting enthusiasm, tinged and fringed about with —— Shades of Webster and Robbie Burns, please fill out the blank. In speaking to a friend of your first letter of self-examination and idealism, I used the word *grandeur* to describe it;

and in speaking of letter "No. 2," such an artistic, poetic and soulful rhapsody, even a stronger word did me service.

What must I tell you? So many things come trooping up, that I hardly know which to say first. But this: I received the other day a "Lippincott's Magazine" having written on it, "Compliments of Kathleen." Bless her little heart!—(but I don't believe it is little, tho'.) That same little girl has made me indebted to her for other kindnesses than this; and, all combined, they sink so deep down in my heart that it makes me feel like—well, I want to see her "mighty bad," and until I do and after I do, my heart will swell with gratitude more easily felt than told, and which I hope you will never fail to understand. And you had never found out whether I liked "novel reading" or not. If I had been able to write as frequently as I have written *long*, you would have known more of my likes and dislikes. I like to read fiction only when I feel that it is pure, ennobling and instructive. Whenever I attempt to read any other kind, a feeling that I am dissipating my time comes over me, and to ease my conscience I just *must* quit.

My sister, Addie Lee (Lindsey), who, with her bright little Dora Oneill, has to our great delight been spending the summer with us, has read me seven chapters of the "Witness of the Sun." I was rather caught by the first paragraph, and somewhere back of the point we have reached (I will leave you to imagine where), there was an occasion or two that made me think on this wise: "Will I have to admit that I like it? Must I tell her so?" Of course, I will not commit myself now, further than to say that there is much beauty of thought and expression, and thus far, too, I see much that we *idealists* may well ponder. There was something in your letter "No. 2" of which I feel constrained to speak. I say what I do, trusting you will understand, for I do it to illustrate a principle—

a lesson which has been to me most wholesome. You spoke of the "song of praise and admiration the 'Householders' are constantly singing to me." You have all along been a witness of how such words have been almost continually accorded me since I first wrote to the *Sunny South.* I have by me many private letters of similar cast and charity. And, too, there have often come to my ears from those more intimately associated with me, words of like esteem and confidence. Now, I know that I appreciate such things, for I "love to be loved"; such loving praise seems like a crown upon my life; but so well do I *know* my *own* imperfections, that praise as extravagant as it has sometimes been, falls upon me with an almost sickening force, yet my human heart would not have it cease. Your words brought up a reflection very like some I had had before. However enjoyed your words were, however cherished such things ever are, I am forced to see how as nothing, how as blinding chaff, they must always be when it comes to atoning for one evil deed or thought of mine, or setting my conscience at ease before the holy law of my pure and exalted Creator. I say I enjoyed the reflection, as I ever do, for they always bring me to count my "deadly doings" as naught, and see in Christ, in His righteousness, *my hope and my all!*

I see how in Him alone we are complete, and *out of Him we are undone.*

"And when before the throne
I stand in Him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesus' feet."

Oh! what rapture of soul, what peace without alloy, it must be to every Christian to contemplate Christ!

And let me say to you (but such words must be useless to every heart that has been made new by the blood of Jesus—still, they come to me and I say them)

if you would know a never-failing source of perfect, satisfying joy, *contemplate Christ.* * * * * * Yes; I was amused by your experience in the culinary department. I feel well assured that your talents befit you for a sphere higher than that of a cook; but there can never be a sphere too high, I think, for a true woman to know *how* to do what a cook *must* do; can there?

And "wonders will never cease!" You are learning to sew! The wonder is, you didn't already know. "Plain," you say? Well, *candid.* But, then forgive, for circumstances have been such no doubt, as to make it wholly unnecessary, and you are now adding such knowledge as a realized and necessary accomplishment. For you must agree with me that in a country like ours, where the possibilities of the "American log cabin" are so great, where fortune may be so fleeting, where—I could continue the sentence indefinitely—the education of no person is complete without a *practical* knowledge of those things with which we all *must* have to do. We are *mortals.*

"We may live without poetry, music and art;
We may live without conscience and live without heart;
We may live without friends; we may live without books;
But civilized man cannot live without cooks."

Somehow I can but have a higher opinion of the Princess of Wales since learning that she is teaching her daughters to do all kinds of household work; for the reason, I suppose, that even royalty is no sure safeguard against possible poverty, and also for the wholesome lesson to the daughters of the realm. May be I have said enough; but I can but feel with George

Eliot, that "we ought to *idealize* these little things," which are not so little after all. If I could talk with you, may be I could tell you what I feel.

CHERISHING HIGH IDEALS.

And now to your question: "Does it harm one to cherish high ideals?" Again I say, if I could see you, I might succeed in telling you what I think. We may, I think, cherish two kinds of ideals, one for inward self-attainment, moral and spiritual; and one for outward attainment or elevation, which may be classified almost innumerably, but the most prominent and common of which, I reckon, are these, financial, political, literary, social, and last and most important of all *matrimonial* (laugh if you will, but I believe it).

Of these last, first and least of all—*financial.* It is pleasant and indeed alluring to dream of the comforts of wealth, and if it partake not too much of the plan and hope of Dives, the miser's dream or Wall street's power, it is not wrong. To strive for wealth that we may rightly use it, and to seek for grace that we may not abuse it—this be our *financial ideal.*

Political? To pray and strive to keep the body politic pure—to remember that statesmen, with all their wisdom, are very fallible men, to seek to hold up their hands in their efforts for good, and turning to new men when they have betrayed your trust—to cling to principle above all things, not allowing the unfaithfulness of men to swerve us from party fealty and individual action, to love our government next to our God and our homes—this be our *political ideal.*

Literary? Ah! there is beauty, and there is *danger* here. In the works of others and also in the efforts of ourselves, of course we should be satisfied with nothing short of perfection, remembering all the while that human effort rarely ever brings perfection. To exercise charity toward the imperfections of others, and to seek for this perfection in our own

efforts, never allowing failure to sicken, discourage or daunt us—in short, to do the very best we can, and have no ideal higher than God has given us the ability to attain—this be our *literary ideal.*

Social? Almost all that I have said about the literary ideal, may be applied to the social ideal as well. The ideal home, an ideal social atmosphere, the ideal community—these charm us and bless us with the thought of their beauties, and inspire us with their happy and glorious possibilities. To seek to make society pure, intelligent, refined and elevating, smiling and weeping with charity on human weaknesses, but firmly frowning on wanton vice—to allow no social aspect, however dark, to turn us into gloomy and croaking pessimists, but to herald sunshine before our coming, and leave it smiling in our wake, thus blessing and helping the circle of society in which we move up to the highest possible plane of literary, moral and social purity and grandeur—this be our *social ideal.*

Matrimonial? Ha, ha! It gilds our rosiest dreams with a rosier hue, and sends an electrical thrill all through our very being! Danger! How verily, too, there is danger here—danger in cherishing matrimonial ideals that are too high and unnatural—ideals, if you will, that are too *ideal.* How often have we heard young ladies say: "He is a noble, good fellow, and all that, and I love him a little bit, but somehow he does not satisfy my heart—he is not my ideal." How often, too, we have heard young men say: "She is the sweetest little girl in the world, nearly—noble, pure and good, and I know she would make me a true and affectionate wife; but somehow, she is not exactly the kind of a girl I have always wanted to marry. She is not my ideal in woman." Bless your heart, my dear boy! Did you ever see your ideal anywhere in woman? You may have looked at her through the rose-tinted lens of youthful

romance and ideal love, but if you have ever come in close and faithfully revealing acquaintance with her, with all the fancy touches of dreamland swept away with the merciless breath of actual existence, you have found that she was not an angel, at all, but a *woman* who had the blessed misfortune to be a *human being.* Ah! my boy, the wealth of affection and constancy, simplicity and economy of life, with all the little fragrant flowers that spring from honoring, trusting, confiding love, such as this sweet little woman will give you, may prove of far greater practical value to your life than the ideal things which, in themselves, may satisfy the heart of your chivalric young knighthood, without the power or knowledge to satisfy *needs* that are and must be, and thus keep your knightly affection from languishing.

And my little girl friend, I know from the delightful power of comparison, how sweet it must be for you to carve and fashion a shrine for your "Prince Charming," clothe him with all the virtues which girlish fancy can enumerate, and imagine that his heart and his brow are thrones indeed, where perfect manhood reigns. But remember, little girl, that your ideal king *is a slave*—a servant of natural sin and passion. And remember, too, that rugged hands and a plain but honest heart will often make a safer, broader ocean on which to launch your all, than the handsome knights of Camelot and Sterling in all their glittering array. Do I disparage the young man of chivalric and poetic taste? A thousand times, *No!* Far be it from me to forge chains to bind my own self in lonely ostracism, or warn every sweet fanciful maiden to shun a poetic heart *that loves so well to love!* I only speak of these things in their different phases, that we may view both sides in the "calm light of reason."

Now, as a crowning evidence of human weakness, after all I have said lauding the intensely *practical* and warning *against the ideal and visionary, if I were*

going to look for me a wife, I just expect that I would almost search creation o'er trying to find my *ideal* girl, whose congenial soul, whose every hope, and taste, and dream, and heart-throb found echo in my bosom—the girl, aye! the girl who *satisfied my heart!* For how often "the heart will have its way, its own delicious way." I tell you, any noble, intelligent, industrious, honest, aspiring boy or girl is worthy the ideal of the queen in her palace, or a king on his throne. I know that my ideal wife cannot be made out of rose leaves, sunbeams and dewdrops; I know that her body must be a mass of human flesh, and that the blood of life must course through every vein. I want it so. But I want that human casket to contain a jewel that reflects the brightness and glory of the God who gave it—a *congenial soul* that, as nearly as possible, will *satisfy* MY HEART—*a being in "whose existence* I forget my very own"—this be my *matrimonial ideal!*

These ideals that we have just discussed are of the second class—for outward attainment.

Infinitely more important, stronger and deeper than all these, are those ideals for inward self-attainment, moral and *spiritual.*

Of course, in these, there should be no ideal short of *perfection*—as high and pure and holy as God, the author of all true moral and spiritual good. How shall we, weak and sinful as we are, ever attain unto this? It is impossible; we cannot do it. Do we argue, then, that everywhere else, except in the moral and spiritual realm, we should not cherish ideals too high and unnatural to be attained; while in all things moral and spiritual, we *should* cherish ideals of God-like perfection which it is impossible for us to attain unto in this life? Do we urge this? Yes, verily *yes!* Why? Because, in all things human, our efforts are, to all appearances, *in* and *of* ourselves, and their possibilities are limited by the power and scope of

human attainment. While in things moral and spiritual, God's holy law alone is perfection, and "Christ is the end of that law to every one that believeth." And He it is alone who can carry us to our ideal heavenly perfection, when, beyond the stars, we shall "*awake in His likeness,*" and "*be satisfied!*" Not by moral effort, "not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit saith the Lord." And by the implantation of His blessed Spirit in our hearts, putting there a new life and a new love and purpose, we will cherish as our only ideal, Christ our Redeemer for whom our hearts will yearn and our souls pant, "as the hart panteth for the water-brook," seeking to reach high up to the great Author of this new love and purpose, and our anxious, upward strivings toward Him! How sweet to feel that after we who trust Him now, have thought and prayed and striven to present to the Master a perfect picture (but striven always in vain), Jesus will come, and with the finishing stroke of a Master indeed, present our life-picture to the great Judge, without spot or blemish, or any such thing! Oh, let Christ alone be our ideal!

But now, in conclusion, to briefly generalize: As to the crowning aim and ambition of one's life—their earthly work and purpose—the goal of their earthly dreams—is it wrong to cherish a high ideal? *No! no!! no!!!* For verily, no man or woman was ever better than his or her ideal. I believe with McBeath that

"No deed was ever greater than the thought that gave it birth;
And the greatness of thy *purpose* is the measure of thy worth."

A lofty ideal is an inspiration to lofty effort. But the great danger is, that many dreaming idealists who feed their whole life on the visionary fruits of their ideal land, find the fiber of their being of too weak and frail a texture to withstand contact with the

rugged front of the *real,* when suddenly awakened from their dreaming by its stern and unyielding touch. And thus their happiness is marred and sometimes, alas! their lives are wrecked because they could not attain unto the high ideal for which they had labored and dreamed; and when failure came, they were not content to modify their ambitions and adapt these ambitions and themselves to their new conditions—their controlling environments.

Suppose it had been the lofty ideal of my earthly achievement to be Lord Mayor of London; and after I have done *all that I possibly can,* fate finds me at last in old age sweeping the streets of the great city for an honest living, while the school-fellow of my youth—the comrade of my fond hopes and ambitious dreams (with, it seemed to all, no more talent than I) rides by me in his regal carriage, while expectant thousands make way for his approach, strew his path with flowers that I must afterward sweep into the gutter, covering *me* in an obscuring panoply of dust from the grand parade, and covering *his* passage with echoing strains of music and tumultuous acclaims of gladness! Suppose I must see and suffer all this. Why, if I have all the time trusted God, there will be no suffering at all; rather a calm, sweet, martyr-like, uplifting resignation!

I know that he who sweeps the streets to the glory of God makes the humble act sublime. I could be content to attain to no end however lofty that did not accord with my Maker's will. *His will* is the satisfying end of all planning and dreaming.

To be in God's thought, is enough for me. And so if, after I have done all that I can in life, I find myself at last, not on the shining mountain height of earthly achievement that had so long been my goal of inspiration, but instead, far down in the lowly valley, lone and obscure, I will just rest my head on my Maker's bosom, fold my weary hands, and there, pil-

lowing my tired brain with its "ceaseless contriving" —my ever trusting heart on the great sympathizing Breast from whose tender, gracious throbs it had gathered its happiest impulses and purest hopes, I will look trustingly up into my Father's smiling face, and thank Him that He so honored me as to lead my steps into humble paths which, with His presence, I had been able to make resplendent and glorious, thus teaching to the world a lesson of rare and helpful inspiration, while many of His unhappy creatures had failed to use the blessed faculty of idealizing the *real present* and making of it a recompense for the *ideal* future that never came.

This faculty blessed of Heaven, can paint the rough stones about us with living gold and impart a velvet touch to every thorn.

Ah! my friend of the "ideal," study well your capacity and your inclination, build your ideal high in the realm you choose, then work with judgment and a vim and determination that will know *no discouragement*, be girt about and imbued with a sunshine and a faith that will "see sermons in stones and good in every thing"—do this, and be content, *satisfied*—yes, *happy* to leave the result with God.

I am an *idealist* and a *realist.*

I will live in a realm of fancy—
I will bask in a land of song;
On the sea of bliss I will feel the kiss
Of the winds that waft me along!
I will paint in brightest colors
The Present, thro' drear its wings—
I will blend the *Real* with the *Ideal,*
And thank God for the joy it brings!

There is a complexion of the romantic in the fact that we are about to find Mrs. Bishop's characters in real life (for you and your magnanimity *will* have me like Max) and live as real, in part—the beautiful and soul-stirring story of "Kathleen Douglas." Yes, I

know "Malcolm" Lucius has been spoken of as like both Malcolm and Mr. Atbury.

And what? *I* like Max? Is that prophetic? Has my stately ship with its golden cargo gone on, *unreturning*, "to the haven under the hill"? Will a second, *which has risen out of new circumstances and conditions*, go down ere it reaches me? Or, reversing the figure, will that glad time of realized hopes and ambitions prove a delusion, which has shone out before me like a beacon light, its mellowed beams playing all about me and penetrating as it were, the inmost recesses of my heart? Will some great wave (a kindly wave, perhaps) sweep over me and prevent my reaching the shore that will prove what I now have, to be better than that for which I have longed? Will my sun go down while it is yet day? and

> "The dear little plans of my life-work,
> Long cherished, but hardly begun—
> Must I leave them thro' the ages eternal,
> Forever and ever undone?
> This brain with its ceaseless contriving,
> This heart throbbing high in my breast,
> These hands that would be busily doing—
> Must they thro' all eternity rest?"

God grant—but then I would not express a wish, for as He has been to me the God of my past, He will be likewise the God of my future.

Max Arlington was surrounded with all the luxuries that wealth could give. And then, however great his pain, however gloomy the shadow which the hand of affliction caused to brood over his young life, I have thought that the pain must have been unspeakably sweetened and the shadow wonderfully lifted and brightened by the happy and indescribable presence of little Kathleen Douglas. I have not those luxuries and comforts of wealth. *I have no Kathleen*—to flit about me like a fairy and bend over my bed like a little ministering angel, blessing and inspiring me with her presence. But mine is a happy home.

A father's loving sacrifice, a mother's blessed constancy, a sister's sweet devotion (my noble brothers are not at home), all these conspire to make happy the life that is yet gilded with e'en fairer dreams, I ween, than Max Arlington ever harbored. And with my hand in God's, and my heart aglow, I trustingly await *whatever* cargo His goodness may supply and His wisdom may approve. This letter has been long, but it holds my heart within its compass. God bless you, Kathleen. Your happy comrade, "MAX,"

or WILL D. UPSHAW.

BRILLIANT SOCIETY LIFE AND HOW IT TEMPTED OUR HEROINE—A HARD STRUGGLE AND A HAPPY VICTORY.

————————, ARK., December 23, 1889.

MAX, MY DEAR, DEAR FRIEND—Why is it that when I write to you the thoughts come so rapidly that before I can frame them in language the best ones are gone? Why is it that I can never write *all* I wish? Is it a fault of language, or is it *my* fault that I cannot find words to tell you what I might tell by a *single look*, if we stood face to face?

Through all these days of "April hopes," I have wished to write to you and tell you a thousand and one things that my heart has felt, but I have feared that my letter would carry with it some tiny whiff of the chilling air about me, or cast a shadow where I would have it carry only sunshine.

That is why I have not written. I cannot believe that you did me the injustice to think that I deemed your note unworthy of an answer. I have waited for your promised letter.

You have never failed to understand me about but two things, and those are the depth of my gratitude and the sincerity of my friendship, and remember always, I appreciate your frankness and candor. I have so often told you friendly candor could *never* offend me.

I dreamed once that I had a friend who broke my heart by telling me I was "*hopelessly selfish.*" If *you* were to say *that*, it would make my heart ache, but yet not offend, for

I should still feel sure you sincerely believed it, and only meant to do me good by the revelation of your *belief*.

Do you remember the ancient legend of the angel who came on his Master's mission to decide which was the best of all the good gifts God had given to man? When the angel had flown from sphere to sphere and viewed every phase of life in each, he returned to his Maker and simply said—"A friend." In later times His best gift was *still* "a Friend," better and truer and holier. And to us, Max—to each of us, I trust He has given "a *friend*"—a friendship whose incomparable sweetness and blessing we can neither measure nor tell.

You believe I *am* true? Judge me by yourself. Measure the depth of my friendship by the depth of yours.

I have always, to a certain extent, judged you by myself, and have written and expressed thoughts with the firm conviction that you had had the *same*. Often and often in the petty trials and vexations of daily life, I have thought, "He has had similar trials, and has suffered the same as I suffer," and the thought *has* been comforting. (I suppose that might be called a verification of the old adage, "misery loves company," mightn't it?)

I have just returned from a visit to ———, where I spent a week with a dear cousin whom I had scarcely seen for the last year.

One night during my stay she came to me and asked, between her caresses, what had changed me so—what had made me so much better. "A year or two ago," she said, "I saw but one position in life that I thought you would ever fill gracefully, and that was—*leader* in the gayest, most frivolous circles of society. *Then* I never dreamed that I should live to see you turn back when on the very threshold of a brilliant social career, and go out into the *cheerless* places of life to strive to brighten *them*." Again and again she begged to know what had changed my very nature. I had for her but one answer:

"God began it by making me think—and "Earnest Willie" has completed it by encouraging me to ACT." When I realize that but for you I might be still back in those old, dreamy days of half-miserable happiness, where I stood and dreamed of great things, but overlooked the *little* things which make the great ones, do you wonder I

find it hard to condense in a "God bless you, I thank you," quite all the gratitude I feel?

The first of your letters to the *Sunny South* (that is the first *I* ever read) found me a puzzled, half-satisfied girl, longing to do good, and unhappy because I saw no great good to be done, for *my* eyes saw only the *mighty* works which glittered and glimmered in the dreamy light of an *ignis fatuus* future, and as day followed day, that future seemed still mist-wreathed and in dim distance.

I found that *dreaming* great things is like the smell of choice dainties to the hungered—it pleases, but so far from satisfies that it tantalizes.

Then light began to dawn, and in the early dawning I read those first of your letters.

I began to see myself as in a looking-glass, and there reflected, saw the selfishness and pride which had almost blinded me, and began to turn from my ridiculously cynical views I had borrowed from some *blasé* men and world-weary women of my acquaintance. Perhaps you think all this should have come at my conversion.

That had been but shortly before, and I had been too much of an idealist to become a realist so soon—too much of a dreamer to leave my "people of the shades" and come down into the world of what I regarded, far inferior *humanity*, and work *for* and *with* THEM. I could *dream*, but did not realize that "faith without works is dead."

Your letters made me firm in my belief that *more* than a mere *do-nothing* faith was required, and when I indulged in my long, dreamy fits of exaltation and aspiration, I came back to earth with the humiliating knowledge that however pleasant, I had accomplished no new good. So the light brightened all along.

When I wrote to you I had begun to add my works to my faith, and had already determined on my course, but my determination was so weak it would not have held me up when temptations came, but for your encouragement, your help, and your friendship.

My friends (?) laughed at my views, and smiled at what many of them termed "—— aspirations" or "—— heroics." I have felt wonderfully discouraged at times, and it was in one of those moods of deepest dejection, when the need of a *human friend* was strongest felt, that I wrote to

you. I have always believed God put the thought in my heart, and always will believe it.

Now, after all your friendship has been to me—now, after all the good, but long hidden and scarcely known traits of character, your belief in me and sympathy for me has brought to the surface—now you "believe I *am* true."

I would have you *know* that if *my* friendship has been to you the half of what yours has been to me, I shall say "Thank God !" with all my heart, and feel that our correspondence has not been in vain, but a wondrous help to us both.

This winter there came that trial Cousin Anne mentioned—the announcing and putting into action my views concerning the social position intended for me. My friends (?) were again astonished, and though the titles "Old Fashioned Girl" and "Little Simpleton," *had looked* unattractive and unpleasant in the future I had planned for myself, I find that they are not at *all* frightful from a closer view, for those whom the world terms simple are usually the ones with the *sense*, and the old-fashioned things are the best, after all.

But enough. You understand how I have felt. I think I am just beginning to feel truly, for I am learning to realize the great truth Madame de Staël uttered when she said :

"Those who feel must feel for all who live."

Well.

"I slept, and dreamed that life was *beauty;*
I woke, and found that life was *duty*,"

and though the people of my dream world *may* have been nearer perfect, and things *may* have gone smoother, I find in my *duty*-life a peace I never found in my *beauty*-life, and realize more fully every day, that there is but one happiness—*duty.*

Through days that have been like Summer's smiles on Winter's grim face—through months when the lights and shadows on my life have been evenly divided, I have waited for that promised letter which reached me only yesterday.

And now, when the year is growing old, I want to wish for myself—and, I believe, with *you*—that our friendship

may be through the New Year as great a comfort to us both as it has been to *me* in the past, and I would not have you think that because it has encouraged me to a greater strength, I do not *need* it now, for I need it more and more, "Earnest Willie." As I grow older, my duties widen, and as the horizon of my duties widens, I want my strength, courage and wisdom to widen with it.

The hardest thing in life is learning to stand alone—to stand unaffected above the approval or disapproval of all the world, and being alone with God, feel the absolute sufficiency of His presence.

But I—? *I* cannot crush from my heart that old, old yearning for some one to understand and sympathize with what I feel.

You have done both, and given me new courage by your goodness. And "Earnest Willie," it is, as Annie said that night to me when I told her what had changed me, *so* comforting to be able to say "*I am growing better*—so sweet to know one is drawing nearer that mountain top where they may stand happy and content *above* the storms, in the full knowledge of God's goodness and greatness, and feel about them the warmth of His infinite love and mercy.

There *are* moments when it seems that I catch faint glimpses of the glory and peace that a soul so united with God must feel, but my humanly human yearnings draw me back to this beautiful sad old earth again and there comes that faint tinge of sorrow which mars the perfection of joy on earth and saves for Heaven the holiest happiness.

And so it was, I believe, that God intended it, so I try to be—and *am* contented. * * *

What a long, dull letter I am writing you. And what a miserably written, scratchy-looking thing it is, too! Well—I don't often apologize for I don't like to—but excuse this. If you could see the rate at which my pen travels you would be surprised that you were able to decipher it *at all.*

As "Edna Earle" is almost my ideal of feminine perfection, I feel complimented that your cousin should fancy she could trace a resemblance in our natures.

My old half-lost interest in my art work has revived, and among other things recently begun was what I in-

tended for a Christmas gift for "*Max Arlington*," but to my *intense* disappointment, some material ordered for its completion has not arrived, and I shall not be able to send it yet. Until I do, accept my best wishes, and my assurance that you have my earnest prayers for your recovery and your happiness.

I too, was disappointed that I could not come to Atlanta this winter, but I have tried to content myself with the thought that though not *now*—some day we will stand face to face after all, and in that day be better friends than ever.

Once more, try to excuse this long scratchy epistle, and if you value my friendship don't let anyone see such scribbling. I can do better when I have time.

I rarely think until I sit down to write, and if I were to read my letters several days after they are written, I would probably feel the same dissatisfaction I feel with my poetical effusions or long essays written in moments of enthusiasm, and thinking how unworthy they were (with their nonsense and revelations of dreams and theories) of the time and trouble you spent in reading them, you would probably never receive them *at all*. But it all leads back to the same conclusion—"Max-like" you *can* and *will* sift them of the chaff, and appreciate any tiny bits of grain that may remain.

God bless you, Max, and may the Christmas-tide bring you the wondrous peace and joy you deserve.

Your friend always,

KATHLEEN.

JUST AFTER RECOVERING FROM A CRITICAL ILLNESS—A REFRESHING INSPIRATION.

MARCH, 1890.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND COMRADE, MAX—Though not yet so many in *number*, the days that have elapsed since my last hastily scribbled note, have been long, dreary ones to me, and sometimes—nay *often*—I have feared that I had already enjoyed, for the *last* time, the pleasure of writing to one who has never failed to encourage and cheer me.

Oh, how I wish I might speak to you to-day instead of

writing. I find myself sighing, as in childhood, for a moment's possession of Aladdin's magic ring, or the wonderful bronze circlet of the Persian gardener's son.

But it is unwise to waste my time, *already* too short, in vain regrets. It would be better to follow out "*St. Brightside's*" manner of reasoning, and be so thankful for my ability to *write*, that I forget to wish for any better mode of communication.

Your last letter was enjoyed more than any you have written me for a long time, because it told more of *yourself*, and told many things I have long wished to know. You ask pardon for that very portion of your letter which made it most enjoyable. My letters always look like one mass of "*I's.*"

It is because we are denied the pleasure of seeing each other, and are compelled to accept each other's *words* as pictures of what we are, that it pleases me to see that little pronoun often used. What was the object of our correspondence if not to become acquainted and to become friends, and how could that ever be accomplished without a prevalence of "*I's*" in our letters? What might seem like egotism under other circumstances is simply *necessary candor* between *us*. So remember that an "abundance of "*I ism*" is not objectionable, but on the contrary a pleasure to me.

You *must* accept your friend's verdict concerning your health. I shall. My constant prayer shall be that you may soon—very soon—be able to begin the grand work you could accomplish and which I believe God *intends* you to accomplish some day.

How good you are! You cannot imagine how insignificant and altogether *unworthy* I feel, when I think of the kindness and charity you manifest in turning away from your own sorrows and worries to help *me* bear *mine*.

I cannot thank you for your kindness. My words never seem as I would have them seem, and look aggravatingly meaningless when written.

"But He *has* been with you, has He not?" Yes, oh, yes! He has been with me through the long, dark days, and His presence has brought light and warmth to my heart. And I have prayed that this peace of His might abide with me *forever*, and *always* satisfy my heart and soul.

But sometimes, Max, when I am weak with physical suffering, and when I try to see what joy the future holds, my loneliness makes me stand with a heart as tired and weary as the hands I stretch out yearningly, and like the Ancient Mariner feel

"*Alone on a wide, wide sea.*"

I do not mean that I doubt God's goodness, I never doubt Him. But while I realize that

"The heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind,"

I can feel only my present weakness and burden, and long —vainly long for what God has withheld from me. Yes, it is that old yearning for the *unattainable. Can* you understand and sympathize with me even in these wrong feelings, dear friend?

"*Do* tell me about it if you may," you say, when you wonder if I have had some sorrow.

I *may*—and yet I *cannot.*

There is none I would rather tell, and you know, without the assurance, that I trust you. But it is a long *unfinished* story. When the great Hand which alone can shape our destines has written the "Conclusion," be it sad or happy, I will tell you the story.

Till then—be patient with me, and pray that these dark moments when I feel the burden most may be brightened by the peace which makes me strong, and that I may be able to *always* say, "*Thy* will, *not mine*, be done."

This much I may tell you—my struggles are within my own heart. The world knows nothing of them, and if I do yearn for the unattainable, it is in a different way from the *old* way in which I longed for the realization of my beautiful dreams and sighed because the world and myself were not what I would have them. To explain sensibly, I must tell a story which could only sadden and which God will give the "Conclusion" *best* for me, if I only have the patience to *wait* and *trust.*

* * * *

Let me thank you for the papers you sent me. I never enjoyed a speech more than I did the reading of those of Henry Grady. The press has exhausted my vocabulary in praising him, and I can only say, what they *all* say, that

his speeches were masterpieces of eloquence and truth, and that his *life* was a grand and glorious one.

The initial number of the missionary paper which you kindly sent me contained many things of interest, and the Cuban news could not fail to make any Christian heart rejoice. I think with Diaz, that God is surely within their midst at work, for no *man* could accomplish such a grand work.

For your kind words concerning my literary ability I thank you once more. I am easily discouraged, and what I write is so *inferior to what I would have it*, that my productions give pain instead of pleasure or satisfaction. I realize my ignorance, and if I should begin *now*, without more study, I should feel like I was trying to impose unripe knowledge upon the public (if the public would endure it). "Knowledge, like timber, should be well seasoned before used." *You* seem so *willing* to be imposed upon that your very patience tempts me to a continuance of such impositions. I admit my ambition. But I have very little confidence in my *ability*. My *thoughts* are all right. If I could express them, my success as an authoress would be assured. But I *cannot* express them, and when I *try*, I feel like some caged creature vainly beating her wings against the gilded bars which keep her imprisoned. I can imagine circumstances under which it seems that I might break these bars, and my utterance, splendor-steeped, would tell the heavenly things I long to utter and cannot. But these circumstances, too, are visions—*airy* visions.

Still these "People of the Shades" haunt me, these *ignis fatuus* ideas torment me, and the beautiful things I *feel*, and would make others feel, are always the ones I cannot express. This is the conclusion I arrive at in my diary. "It sometimes seems to me that I never expressed one thought in my life, so that others understood and felt as I did. *That* is what I want. I want them to *feel* as I do. But they cannot do that. To feel exactly as I feel they must be *I*. Each individual must live some separate history which only the Almighty can *read* and *understand*.

* * * *

You asked me about my birthday. "Earnest Willie," there has always been a restless spirit within me, which is

always waiting—and which always *was waiting*. For what? I do not know. I cannot tell. But I have always felt that sense of waiting for something—sometimes calmly, sometimes impatiently. Surely every year brings me some nearer the solution of the many mysterious things which worry and puzzle me now, and I am glad to be eighteen. Sometimes when looking backward I wonder if I ever was a child as other children are. "Kingsley" says I never had any real childhood. I have always looked and acted older than I have been, and have always *felt immeasurably* older. They always called me "a little old woman," and my friends and associates have always been women and men years and years older than I.

* * * *

Feeling quite strong again after recovering from my illness, I yielded to the persuasion of my cousins to accept my invitation to a reception at Governor and Mrs. Eagle's, and the imprudence of evening dress and a promenade on the porch together sent me home much worse than ever before.

Since then I have stood very near the entrance of the Dark Valley, and only the love and care of those about me and the goodness of God have brought me back.

Speaking of Governor Eagle's reception calls to mind the fact that our Governor is a Baptist minister. They, Mr. and Mrs. Eagle, have set an excellent example for the society people of Little Rock, never having permitted dancing or card-playing at their receptions, and never permitting wine to come to their table. I should not blame the "society" girls if the entertainments were *all* as innocent and as delightful as those of our Governor and his charming wife.

But it is quite late, and certainly time for me to close this badly written budget. I trust that you will overlook its shortcomings, remembering that I am still weak and nervous.

Remember always that I await your letters most anxiously, and if you can, without imprudence, or without injury to yourself, write promptly again, for your letters always bring comfort. This has not been one of those "dark days" when "earth seems gloomed in mist," but I know it is human nature for those despondent spells to come, and

when they do, it will be a joy to know that you, too, are praying that I may soon be strong enough to climb upward *without* stumbling, and that the light of the "Bright and Morning Star" may *always* shine undimmed around me.

"Earnest Willie," I *do* believe firmly that God will answer the prayers that go up from all those over our land to whom you have held out a helping hand, and that He will give you strength to complete your work. I believe, too, that *some day* when we shall meet face to face, and that whether it be soon or late, I shall tell you and make you *understand* the depth of the gratitude, sympathy and loving *friendship* in the heart of

Your true friend,
KATHLEEN.

NOBILITY REFLECTED AMID BEAUTY'S CHARM.

"HAPPY VALLEY," May 13, 1890.

My Dear, Dear Friend Max:

"Letter by letter the days brought on—
Companionship's dearest lieu,
But among the lines I gazed upon,
There was never a line from you.

Letter by letter, day by day,
Longing, I looked them through,
But of them all I could only say,
There is never a line from you."

And when it came at last, the letter I had waited for, strange misgivings came with it. It was so small that there seemed something ominous about its very size, and I stopped to breathe a half-fearful prayer for your safety before I opened it.

You can forgive me for leaving it unopened *that* long, can you not, for when I *did* open it, well, I think the angels, if they heard my two prayers, must have smiled at the *difference* in them. The *first* one had given place to one overflowing with thankfulness, just such a prayer as has sung itself over again and again in my heart, since I have known the blessing of your friendship and help.

God hasten the day when these weary weeks and months of suffering and confinement shall become but a memory to you.

"My faith is large in Time,
And that which shapes it to some perfect end."

And when God's hand has shaped your life and life-work into some perfect end, you will already have a rich Past to look back upon, a Past in which you have

"Laid up lasting treasure
Of perfect service rendered, duties done
In charity, soft speech and stainless days.
These riches shall not fade away in life,
Nor any death dispraise."

I have pictured to myself a *golden* future for you. It is one gilded, too, in the hues that tarnish not, and I pray as earnestly as you for the time when your cross shall have been lifted from you, and you shall go forth into a *broader* field, *still* a willing worker, and a patient teacher of those truths so dear to every *believing* heart. Surely, yes, that *must* be *your* dream-future, too. It is not merely the one *I* have pictured for you. It is the noblest you could choose. Workers in every other walk in life think of and strive for self-elevation, self-aggrandizement; but to the teacher of God's gospel, the thought of self becomes a secondary consideration, and is drowned in anxiety for the bettering and up-lifting of *others*. I do not mean that the minister is less thoughtful of his own soul's welfare, but only that he rises above the pain of the world's disapproval, and no longer seeks *their* approbation, but God's.

* * * This is such a lonely day, so dreary and un-Maylike. If you were only near enough what a long, delightful talk we might have!

It is wonderful how such a day could follow such a perfect *morning*.

I saw 'neath the rose's green leaflets,
Low-lying above its root-feet,
The blue-grass bend low in green sheaflets,
Mute, seeking day's bright god to greet.
On a half-trembling grass-blade, I wondered
To see a round fire-flame's home won;
But watching, I saw the flames sundered—
'Twas a dewdrop with heart like the sun.

But my muse deserts me, for the sunlight is gone and I have been watching the green lily leaves nodding mourn-

fully to the damp earth as each heavy raindrop strikes their broad surface with a dull thud, or counting the slow-moving freight cars that pass into view through an open space between the trees. And I have been "*telling my fortune*" by them as they go out of sight.

Whenever I do yield to the impulse to do such a childish, silly thing, there comes a vision of Goethe's fair, timid, dainty, "Marguerite" standing by her vine-covered cottage in the twilight, and the sun's fairest rays seem to have lingered in the long braids of her golden hair as she stands plucking with trembling fingers the petals from her flowery namesake.

Slim, frail and flower-like *herself*, she is swaying with expectation, as she tells them, one by one: "He loves me, he loves me not, he loves me, he loves me not, over and *over* again. And through the flowers I see "Faust" stealing softly, and I catch the gleam of startled lovelight in her eyes as he draws the shining head with its belated sunbeams to his shoulder and with a whisper tells the last leaf for her:

"He LOVES *thee*, Marguerite!"

Soft and snakelike creeps Mephistopheles, and with fiendish looks of triumph, *listens*.

Shuddering with fear, frowning and shrinking, he hears her sweet story of "before little sister died," but he is *Mephisto* still, and looms up like the shadow the coming evils have cast before.

Ah! will the time ever come to us when there *is* NO evil shadow to mar our life-pictures? Will the time soon come when human hearts will be brimful of Heaven's peace, and when all evil shall flee in affright, as Mephisto fled from the cross of light above the temple door?

Still our heart-prayer and soul-cry must be:

"More purity give me,
More strength to o'ercome;
More freedom from earth-stains;
More longings for Home;
More fit for the kingdom—
More useful I'd be;
More blessed and holy,
More, Saviour, like Thee."

I have read your last *Sunny South* letter. *It is worthy of you.* What need to tell you your belief as to the grand passion, Love, is mine, too? You know it.

Quite a while ago I resigned my position as a teacher in the Sunday-school, being absent from home a great deal, and sick so much that I was unable to attend regularly or instruct my class properly; yet my pupils have not forgotten me, and sometimes their kind little remembrances touch me inexpressibly.

At church Sunday morning, one of them slipped a faded red rose into my hand, and who can tell the thoughts that came to me when she looked up fearfully, almost *tear*fully, at the mass of fragrant cream roses on my bosom, and with tremulous fingers laid that poor, humble, little withered red garden rose in my hand?

I knew it was a test of her *courage*, but she stood it *bravely*, and her appealing brown eyes said humbly: "It is all I have to give." There was a sermon in that *look.*

It would have done your heart good to have seen her childish face light up with happiness when I gave her my wealth of cream roses, and kept the faded *red* one. Both bouquets had been presents, but which do you imagine I valued most? The great fragrant mass of *Perle des Jardins*, sent me that morning with the dew still sparkling upon them, or the one withered rose given by a loving-hearted child?

I send you the rose. Look at it, and pray for and pity as *I* do, the infidel's child who gave it to me.

Dear friend, it is such little acts, such loving gifts as that small rose-token, that lend to life its sweetness, after all.

MAY 18, 1890.

With flower talk I ended my *letter journal*, and with flower talk must begin again, for up here in my own room I heard a carriage rattle up to the gate and some one say, "Some flowers for——!" But I cannot wear them to church to-day. I have not mentioned my illness, and did not intend to, but perhaps if I do tell you I have been sick again you will seize the very first opportunity which offers itself and write me another letter as much like your last as possible, only *longer*, please.

If I only knew you were as near well as I am how happy I should be! You must not be in the least uneasy about me, for when I once get back to Kentucky I shall be well and strong. I have more faith in Kentucky than in any celebrated *watering*-place in the United States.

In this long, long letter I have told you very little of what I wished to tell, but I must trust you to read between the lines and find there all I have been compelled to leave unsaid till some other time. I cannot tell you how much I appreciated your last note. Short as it was, it was one of the best, most reassuring and comforting you have ever written me. One sentence I must quote: "Indeed, never in my life—never in the life I have lived since our correspondence began, have I been as anxious to write *fully* and *promptly* as I have been this time." Sweet as the dews of Mt. Hermon fall the assurances that the past eighteen months have been as full of sunlight for *you* as they have been for *me*, and with a thankful heart I pray my same prayer for the continuation of our mutual helpfulness.

Sometimes there comes to me a vague, half-defined fear or presentiment that something will occur to rob me of your friendship. God grant that no such thing may occur! Surely He would not take from me that which has uplifted and strengthened me so—that which has lifted me nearer *that which* I *would* be than all else He has given me.

And Max, you who know my *faults*, know, too, that I do not err *wilfully*, and you will tell me of them and help me *correct* them.

Dear friend, there is *no* confidence like that which is inspired by a clear knowledge that no past trust has been misplaced, and by that radiant-hued belief in a similarity of our aims, hopes, and even of fears. Sincerely,

KATHLEEN.

I will never cease to feel grateful to you, Max, for deeming me worthy of that sweet name. I can only say again and again, God keep you every time and everywhere.

You have so much to make you happy, dear friend and comrade. I pray God to give you power to bless every life with which you come in contact. Here is my hand of happy gratitude, Max, for all that you have been to me.

I have but to look back over my own life and see what

it was before you came into it, comparing the picture with what I trust it is now, to see the wonderful and blessed influence you have exerted over me. How can I ever thank you enough? And how thank God, who has blessed my life so much with your dear friendship?

May that sweet hope that looks ever Godward, past "the shades where blind men grope," continually make "for joy the very darkness, dear," and may that faith, which is the righteous spirit's divination of the eternal truth, always abide with you. Your grateful, happy friend,

KATHLEEN.

"KATHLEEN'S" BIRTHDAY.

TO ONE WHO CAN BEST UNDERSTAND.

BY "MAX."

[NOTE.—The reader can draw his own conclusions about this "chapter" in my invalid life, and the influence upon it of this incomparable friendship in all its richness and beauty, from the following poem published in *Sunny South* by "Earnest Willie."]

Think not to thyself, "Kathleen, little girl,"
That only you and those
Among whom you move, take note and care
How your birthday comes and goes.
Tho' the "Father of Waters," majestic, sweet,
With long miles of hill and plain, between,
There's one whose thoughts about you play—
Whose heart leaps o'er the swelling stream.
Are you as happy, hopeful, at your eighteen,
As I was, Kathleen, at mine?
And will your bright sun so soon go down?
God grant that like some beckoning shrine
It may ever brightly, sweetly shine!
Did I now but have a Midas touch,
I might paint your path with glimmering gold
Or flood it with an argent sea
Of glittering pearls—their wealth untold.
But comes joy to you from *material* things?

Of *earth* they are and *to earth* return;
And while I confess my dearth of *them*,
In my heart its simple treasures burn;
Such as I have I give—the prayer, the wish to God,
That you may in His cheering presence bask—
That He'll make the day what He can and will,
Nor more nor less I could not ask.
Yes, this for now and this for aye—
'Twill sweet strength and comfort give,
When before the blighting breath of Time
Earth's diadem's no longer live.

* * * *

I turn, I think of our little past,
I wonder, I dream if it may last,
And in the firmament our friendship hath given—
Whose ties, whose memories can ne'er be riven—
I see some stars which help, bright as they shine,
That mystic "*something*" to define.
And as I think, I question and dream again—
The future, *our* future, as a seer I would ken:
Will fate keep forever her face from my eyes
Which now beams in fancy like a star in the skies—
Whose likes and whose longings—whose hopes that I've known,
Whose dreams and ambitions are so much like my own?
Has the hand that hath led us, or hath seemed to lead,
Has that hand in its wisdom thus strangely decreed,
That friends, frank—as earnest—as congenial as we,
On earth, now nor never, each other shall see?
Faint gleams of hope tinge the far eastern sky;
They tell me that ere another birthday goes by,
Some something may bring us "some day" face to face—
When reserve, cold and formal, to sweet freedom will give place—

When by a "*single look*" our glad spirits may—well,
It's just something our pens, howe'er facile, can't tell.
But to these passionate questionings, God whispers,
"*Be still*,"
And I await the bidding of His unerring will.

"MAY BLOSSOMS" IN DECEMBER.

Yes, and in any other month of the year! The first fresh flower of spring delights the famishing heart and eye; the "last rose of summer" causes us to scan its beauty and linger fondly about its somewhat wasted fragrance, as we look on the face of a loved friend whom we must bid a long good-bye; but sweeter than all, are flowers which lift their bright, pretty faces in the cheerless dead of winter—flowers whose petals never fall throughout the whole year—refreshing your very soul with their rare sweetness—flowers whose pure fragrance is perennial!

I have recently been reading anew, "May Blossoms," a little volume of poems by Minnie Quinn; and knowing the tastes of many of the *Sunny South* readers, I have been made to feel that they would be glad for me to transplant a few of these rare blossoms from the little conservatory where they were planted and tended by loving heart and hands, out into the garden, aye, the neglected field of the great world; for the world needs their fragrant cheer, their beauty and their blessing. Most were written by a bright, noble Atlanta girl between the ages of fourteen to sixteen years.

To know that the author belongs to that brave class of fair bread-winners to whom the world owes homage, and that she is proud of and happy in her work; that she teaches fifty scholars during the week and a large Sabbath-school class on Sunday, to whose interest she is devoted with tireless refreshing Christian zeal; that

she devotes her life and earnings toward the support and comfort of her widowed mother and invalid sister; is the business woman of the family, the young lady of the parlor, and swift-footed to carry comfort and sunshine to others who so much need it—these things will invest her songs with a new interest and impart to them a sweeter melody. Such brave women are the truest and noblest heroines the world ever saw; but their individual names are not embalmed in fame's song and story. The world feels their presence and their blessing, but too often knows them not. Unselfish love is their motive-power.

Day after day they work for their work's sake. Like sunbeams, they move about in their circumscribed spheres, warming the cold hearts nearest them, and dispelling the dreary clouds of sin-darkened selfishness, perverted ambition, deadly apathy and unbelief, by the inspiration of their radiant faith, their unfaltering zeal and the heavenly sunshine of their sweet, their blessed presence.

And if perchance there should fall on their ears (unexpectedly, as this tribute will do) some little meed of praise, so long deserved from the world, but by the world so long withheld, their faces naturally glow a little; they put it quietly away in their hearts and gather from it, I ween, renewed inspiration and encouragement to go forth and bless the world; their little world around them.

I am happy to lay this little tribute at the feet of the noble young author, Miss Minnie Quinn, and with these modest violets from her garden of others just as sweet, both beautiful flowers and choice fruits, help to beautify the table and enrich the pabulum which the *Sunny South* spreads for those who sit at meat and break bread around her ample board.

First, listen to her "Dedication," so simple, yet so strong, so fond, so tender; so full of filial affection and reposeful trust. How beautiful to dedicate this

little volume to her mother, under God, the loving author of her life, who had so fondly watched over her during the joys and anxieties throughout the troublous days of dependent infancy and childhood; had later been the companion of her every joy and sorrow, and had all along sympathized with her girlhood's dreams and ambitions, throwing ever the protecting mantle and cheering balm of a mother's understanding love over every possible shade of disappointment, and rejoicing as only a fond, widowed mother could do, with her noble, striving daughter, over the sweet fulfillment of each happy dream. Oh, how I love to see due reverence shown by child to parent. But listen to Minnie Quinn's sweet, trusting little Dedication:

TO MY MOTHER.

The young bird, when it leaves the shelt'ring nest,
And in the infinite air first tries its wings,
Feels a rare thrill of rapture in its breast,
And as it soars, it tunes its throat and sings.
Then, fluttering, frightened by its own weak lay,
Flies back to seek the mother, waiting long,
Where mother-love has blessed the joyful day
When her shy nestling found the gift of song.

So I, thy young nestling, half afraid,
Soar out beyond the shelter of the nest,
And bring back to the home-nest's loving shade
Whatever I find of sweetness in the quest.
Simple the songs, and void of strength or grace,
And weak the voice that makes this humble strain,
But mother-love finds beauty in the lays,
And prompts the faltering bird to soar again.

* * * *

Her second is an artist's picture. Attentively watch her brush as she paints it with deft and modest touch:

A CLOUD.

[NOTE.—All but the last four lines of this poem was written when the little author was twelve years old.]

In purple skies at close of day,
A billowy cloud refulgent lay—
A matchless cloud of mellow gold,
With lambent light in every fold;

And heavenly rest and perfect peace
Seemed shrouded in that golden fleece.

As placid in the West it lay,
The sun from the heavens sank away—
The glory paled, the splendor waned,
The golden cloud with gloom was stained;
And floating slowly down the West,
It sank into the ocean's breast.
That night the sea was tempest tossed,
The golden cloud for aye was lost.
So lives pass out beyond our ken,
And sink in Time's unfathomed main.

* * * *

And now comes, pretty, lustrous, soulful "Brown Eyes." It is very accommodating; for the boys and girls who have blue-eyed, grey-eyed or black-eyed sweethearts, can just change the title, and imagine all these delightful things about their eyes of deep and "liquid blue," piercing grey, or dark—so melting and romantic:

BROWN EYES.

[NOTE.—These words, so full of music, remind us of the tender, impassioned fervor of that Southern favorite, Frank L. Stanton.]

O brown eyes, soft and tender,
O brown eyes, trusting and true;
O love-lit eyes, look into mine,
And let me gaze on you!

You bind with a sweet enchantment,
My longing and loving heart;
You throw a spell around me,
From which I cannot part;

And I seem to feel the presence
Of an angel from the skies,
When under their drooping lashes,
I catch the gleam of your eyes.

If *ever* before an idol
I bow on bended knee,
'Twill be to those eyes of beauty,
Whose splendor shines on me!

This next seems a companion song to her life of arduous labor and love:

AFTER THE TOIL COMES THE REAPING.

Be earnest, and work in the world's broad field,
Be *awake!* there is no time for sleeping;
If we sow a wide field, a rich harvest 'twill yield,
And after the toil comes the reaping.

There is work for us all in this great busy world,
And we each have a watch to be keeping;
Let us work with a will, and be watchful and brave,
For after the toil comes the reaping.

The toil—yes, there's work everywhere for our hands,
There are lives that our kindness may brighten,
There are hearts that are weary with sorrow and care
Whose burdens our fingers may lighten.

There are nations that grope in the darkness of sin,
Where Truth's sun never shines in its glory,
Where no voice ever whispers of God and His love;
Ever tells them the Gospel's sweet story.

We may help, if we will, to send light to their souls,
We may save many brothers from weeping,
We may work for the Master while yet it is time,
And after the toil comes the reaping.

The reaping—ah! what shall we reap in that day?
Shall we gather a bountiful treasure?
Shall the sheaves be all gold with the full ripened grain,
And the granary filled with its measure?

Let us trust that it may, let us work with that aim,
With this motto always in our keeping:
That toil as we may, 'twill be ever the same,
Ever *after* the toil comes the reaping.

* * * *

How beautifully, after this "toil in the heat of the day," comes this calm sweet poem of peace and rest:

BEYOND THE PORTALS.

The English hills are clad with smiling green,
The sunbeams kiss them with a golden sheen,
As slow departing from the golden West,
The sun sinks down among the waves to rest.
The primrose blooms in every shady spot;
Beside the brook the blue forget-me-not
Reflects the cloudless azure of the skies;

And murmuring soft as rills of paradise,
Harmonious flows its shining crystal tide
As swift the rippling waters onward glide.
The purple shades of twilight slowly fall
And wrap the meadows in their misty pall.

When thus the earth lies wrapped in robes of gray,
And slowly dies the last faint trace of day,
A sound floats upward on the quiet air,
Changing the stillness into music rare.
The silver notes in mellow cadence ring,
Freedom from toil, from labor—rest they bring.
Full many a farmer, on his homeward way,
All worn and weary from the toilsome day,
Hastes to the fireside that he loves so well,
And blesses in his heart the curfew bell.
A weary worker in the field s of truth
Sighs for the strength and vigor of his youth,
And longs for victories that he may not win—
Sees glorious fields, but may not enter in.
"Life is but weary waiting at the best,"
He sadly sighs, "and none need wish for rest."

The curfew rings across the summer air,
Its clear notes fall with undulations rare
Upon his ears; he thinks of that bright day
When all life's puzzling problems swept away,
He shall behold the Giver of all truth,
And drink from fountains of eternal youth.

God seems to whisper, "Man forgets his toil
When death's mild curfew doth from work assoil."
"Oh, yes," he sighs, "when life's long summer day,
With varying light and shade, has passed away,
And God's dear curfew brings us sweet release,
BEYOND THE PORTALS we shall dwell in peace."

* * * *

What a beautiful thought that—"God's dear curfew" rings to our tired hearts, "sweet release" after the varying light and shade of life's long summer day. "God's dear curfew." In thought and expression as unique and original as it is sweet and beautiful.

In bidding a glad and yet regretful adieu to "May Blossoms," I cannot forget that its author (who is also author of strong, splendid stories) does more than merely dream, as some authors do; she daily toils and trusts as she sweetly dreams. Like Longfellow, who highly commended her second volume, "Under the

Roses," published at fourteen, she is a poet "whose songs gush from her heart." She need not sit in some dreamy idleness beside some rippling stream to gather inspiration. The music is ever in her heart. Tom F. McBeath, almost unknown in the so-called "literary world," but to-day the South's greatest poet-philosopher, said if he wanted to paint a picture of entrancing beauty and purity, he would picture *a girl going about her daily home work, singing* (if he could paint her singing). Not just in the way he meant it, but in a manner quite as beautiful, Minnie Quinn goes about her absorbing daily labor, singing as she works. There are others like her. Oh, unthinking, restless world, look about you and find in every community these "queens without a crown," and crown them with your loving recognition!

I send out to each reader, this little bouquet of "May Blossoms" to wear, not merely as a button-hole ornament, but in their hearts as well, feeling sure that into these parching summer days, they will carry the cool, fresh and refreshing fragrance of blooming spring.

Good-bye, little book. Its author, adieu! Trust on! work on! sing on! to bless needful humanity around you, and to honor the name of Christ who hath redeemed you.

May the "curfew" of your usefulness never be rung!

"Earnest Willie."

July, 1892.

SWEET WORDS AND DEEDS.

Sweet words and deeds—the soul's fragrant flowers—
Oh, how they cheer these hearts of ours!
But somehow as dear or dearer still,
Seems the first fresh thought that said, "*I will.*"

I was greatly cheered some time ago by the recep-

tion of a picture—a picture of our genial Musa Dunn, and a spicy letter so very like Musa, that I have been considering the propriety of sending it to the "Household" for a Christmas present. What of her face? I must say I am surprised. I would have expected to see a rather hard-set face, a kind of defiant look, with laughing, flashing eyes and snapping lips—yet sunshiny withal; but no, she looks at you in a kind of sedate, injured way, and seems as meek, as mild, as placid as a saintly minister's wife; and lo! I behold on her face a significant "ripple" or two. Thank you Musa, thank you! and may "that source to which you are not a stranger," help you through all your troubles, if you really have any.

And on the little stand at my bedside there is a little box. In it are some "faded flowers"—rosebuds, geraniums, heliotrope, and a sweet violet—withered now, but the peculiarly sweet and delicate fragrance emitted when the box first gladdened me by its coming, clings round it still. Who sent it? On a little slip of paper, and written in an exquisite hand were the words: "From Blonde and Brunette, Rome." That was all. They did not tell whether it came from the beautiful "Hill City" of Georgia, or from seven-hilled Rome on the Tiber, where Cicero spoke and Ovid sang—where paganism and unholy ambition lived and still lives—where Paul preached the glorious gospel of Christ, and where the heathen Nero glutted his fiendish appetite for cruelty on the devoted disciples of the Prince of Peace. I suppose though it was from our Rome. And, generous hearts—whoever you are, I love you and want to know you.

Ilva, may you be as earnest, as brilliant, as beautiful, but far more practical, far more useful, and far more happy than Ilva in "The Witness of the Sun."

The Thanksgiving number of the *Sunny South* was splendid. Claire's suggestion that we all try to put some substance in our letters meets my hearty

approval, and I will try to practice it—after I finish this one.

Lynwood's runaway experience was graphic, and her brief but strikingly pointed words on dancing and marriage were a little sermon within themselves. "The idea of seeing the hallowed steps of Jesus on the waxed floor of a ballroom." How very forcible!

Nemo, I can't see a bit of sense in the way you do. A boy who writes as fluently and brilliantly as you can ought to write more often. We of the "Letter Box" have never forgotten your able and glowing defence of your native Tennessee, elicited by the innocent and misunderstood characters of humorous "Cranky Jim." While hardly equal, I reckon, to the blazing, towering tribute of Landon C. Hayne, I have often remarked that it was worthy of a place in "Choice Selections," as a schoolboy's speech for Friday afternoon.

Revise, amplify, and offer to the public.

Evangeline, there is another thing which I can't understand, and that is, why any one who can write such letters as you do—such perfect poems in prose, can be content to remain silent so long, especially when your letters were so popular.

But just all of you listen: I must speak of the greatest birthday present which I ever received in my life. October 15th was my birthday, the eighth in my invalid life. Guess a whole month and you can hardly imagine what the mail brought me—a pretty piece of printed music, "Friendship's Token Waltz," composed by Miss Julia Tucker, of Independence, Miss.; and lo! my delighted eyes read these printed words: "Dedicated to Mr. Will D. Upshaw, Upshaw, Ga." Why, I'll declare I was almost beside myself with joy! What! a beautiful piece of music dedicated to me, and my name floating around in music stores, and in many a maiden's parlor—mellowed by a sweet maiden's dainty touch,

and spoken in tender accents by a bright maiden's musical tongue! *This, this to me?* Yes, this is our "Lucile's" birthday present to "Earnest Willie."

What would you all do with a girl whom you had never seen, that would treat you in such a way? Bless her sweet heart! I mean, bless her *heart!* If her sweetheart is a right nice fellow, I hope he, too, will be blessed. Anyway, I feel like getting up and go sailing over towards Mississippi. Then I think of so many other girls who have been good to me, and I want to go to Arkansas, Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas!

Bless all the girls' hearts! They are the diamonds of humanity—they are the crown of the world!

Let me tell you another sweet pleasure: I got on my wire swing (without which I could not travel at all) and went to see Bonnie Sweet Bessie, who was then visiting in Marietta, Ga. Many of you remember her as for a long time the reigning belle of the "Letter Box." For the memory of other days, when she was to me like a sister kind and a cousin true, I was so glad to meet her again. Her deft fingers played for me the first time Lucile's beautiful "Friendship's Token," and I was simply charmed! It is so sweet, so soft, so tender! If you will just send to the fair author for a copy, you, too, will be charmed. I just almost float away on the waves of any sweet music—vocal, instrumental, or *sacred*—sweeter than all!

Rosalie L., my little invalid friend of Norfolk, Va., your sweet little story of your sad affliction, touched me very much, and I sent you a letter by the very first mail, but it was returned to me. If you will give me your real name I will gladly write again. It is impossible for me to write to all who have written to me, although I appreciate their sweet letters.

very much indeed, but I feel especially impelled to write to a brother or sister in affliction. I have often felt that if I should ever get well, one of the sweetest privileges of the strength which God had given back to me would be to visit the sick and all who drink of sorrow's cup, and endeavor, under the blessing of God and the sweet presence of Christ, to carry cheer for the heart, comfort for the body, and balm for the soul. "Earnest Willie."

SOME "McBEATHEAN" DEBATES.

In giving to the reader the debate papers which follow, I feel that I am introducing a feature which cannot be thoroughly appreciated unless the peculiar circumstances from which they spring are fully understood.

When the McBeath Literary Circle was first organized in our community, we never attempted such a thing as having the boys and girls to make original speeches; for most of them had had little or no experience in that line, and the very thought of composing and rendering before an audience a speech or essay that they themselves had wholly prepared, almost "scared them out of their wits." We felt that it would be far better to get them first deeply interested in the work and purposes of the Circle, before requiring of them original work. And so it was that we had existed and worked happily and successfully on for nearly a year before we attempted such a thing as a debate. The first subject must be something of a rather light and catching nature. Hence this was suggested and announced: "*Resolved*, That slang is more expressive than pure English." The young man who championed the affirmative side had never been in a debate in his life, nor made an original speech, and he felt as some of the others did: *What!*

an original speech by me? By me? How can I? But I must; and I am determined that I will!" "And there was hurrying to and fro."

Why, I have no doubt but that those boys and girls were as much wrought up, and spent as many anxious thoughts over those, their first original speeches, as Benj. Harvey Hill did over his "Notes on the Situation," that so stirred the South to new hope and effective action; or as did Henry Grady over his great "New England Dinner" speech that caught the ears and hearts of a nation in two sections, and justly won for him the sweetest fame that ever came to an American speaker.

Anxious to make the first debate a signal success, our boys and girls worked bravely on, but some of them, far more lacking in self-confidence than in natural ability, really needed help and encouragement to get them started. Thus it fell to my lot to help some on both sides of the question.

Self-development has moved steadily and grandly on, until our leading debaters are able to prepare splendid speeches without a particle of help from anyone. Indeed, some never received any from the very first.

Inasmuch as the subjects discussed are of general interest, I have collected my scattered thoughts, trusting that they will hold a special interest, at least, for my younger readers. They will understand, of course, that where I write on both sides of a question, as in this first debate, I cannot conscientiously espouse the truth of both sides. These debates, as participated in everywhere by our young people, merely afford an arena for mental gymnastics, and generally illustrate the familiar saying that "there are two sides to every question."

SLANG OR PURE ENGLISH—WHICH?

Resolved, That slang is more expressive than pure English.—Affirmative.

[NOTE.—Of course, the reader will understand that the following does not express my real sentiments. It was written simply for the occasion and for argument's sake, and is published "just for fun."]

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—It is just like the people on the negative side of this question to declare with great gusto that all the good sense, reason, purity and true philosophy are on their side, and that silly foolishness and chaff alone belong to ours; but, Mr. President, *"it ain't all on t-h-e-r-n!"* Now, I am going to do my level best, and if I don't "beat 'em all to the tank," I'll *"most."*

The question is *not* as to which sounds grander and more rhetorical, but which is more *expressive;* not which towers to the skies in a far-off, roundabout way, and finally sups with the gods of wisdom, but which carries the thought quickest to the mind of the hearer—in other words, which *"gets there, Eli"* first!

Imagine a girl (if it won't strain your poetic fancy and divert your mind from the point in discussion)—imagine a girl at whose feet has been laid the heart and hand and fortune of some gallant swain—his hands freckled and horny and rough from contact with the plow-handles, and whose princely fortune consists, perhaps, of an old worn-out buggy and a little old mule or horse which carried his great-grandmother on her bridal tour—imagine a girl at whose feet all this "stunning" array of good things has been laid, making her tingle all over with rapture like she had been "monkeying" with an electric battery, and, moreover, like she would like to jump into that old buggy by the side of that fellow and go on a bridal "tower" to the moon; just imagine such a girl, saying with long-drawn coyness on such an occasion: "Well, really, Mr. Jones, in absolute candor

and sincere gravity, it is utterly impossible for me to find words in which to express my surprise at this sudden proposal. Why,

"Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing
Ever made by the Hand above?
A woman's heart, a woman's hand,
And a woman's wonderful love?"

"Do you realize what great responsibility hangs around the answer to that, the most important of questions to woman? What does it mean for me? Ah, what a sacrifice! To give up my happy home with my mother and father and go to dwell with you until Death with his keen sickle shall part us forever. A man, I know, can pay a woman no higher compliment than to love her. Mr. Jones, I must confess that my heart is full of—I had almost said, inexpressible joy—for you greatly honor me by thus addressing me; but I hesitate to answer to-day. I do think that concerning a matter of such boundless importance you ought to grant me a short period for reflection. I am so overwhelmed with mingled surprise, gratification, misgivings and indecision I cannot answer you now. You must give me a month, or at least a week, to revolve in my mind all the stupendous possibilities attendant upon the answer to such a vital question and taking such a transcendently important step. Yet, Mr. Jones, I will tell you this—for your own satisfaction and mine, I will tell you this: I believe—you may—y-you may—I—I believe—Mr. Jones, I will tell you this much—you may *hope.*"

Now, that is just about a true picture from the life of some precise grammatical and rhetorical girls. And the ordinary fellow would declare that he did not want to marry any "Treatise on English Composition," or any book on "Rhetorical Circumlocution," and would get so tired waiting for an answer that he would "hustle off" "in great shape," and throw himself at the feet of a girl made out of real flesh

and blood. How much better, surer, safer and quicker, instead of all this palavering answer of roundabout diction, when a girl's sweetheart bends over and whispers in her ear the question, "Will—will you have me?"—how much better and more expressive for her to look up into his face with a sweet, happy smile and say: "*You bet I will!*" and then follow it up with: "Well, Jim, judging from your uneasy actions, I've been expecting this for a long time, but you did kinder startle me when you said it right out. But I feel recovered now, and, yes, Jim, I'll have you cep'in' I slip, and if I slip, I'll slip right into your manly, protecting arms."

And now, my friends and colleagues, after this picture of the uses and beauties of slang in the parlor and drawing-room, I must proceed to weightier matters; and if I don't "get a move on me," my opponents will "shake it up for me"; hence when I do speak henceforth, I want to "get it down pat."

One of the strongest points on our side, one which we can illustrate without illustration, so to speak (I mean without many tiring examples), is the fact that our best and most popular writers and speakers use slang. Even Shakespeare sometimes used it. We call it "slang" because it is called so in the statement of the question, but we should have said that they use these bright and pithy sayings which in reality break the monotony of weighty, tiresome rhetoric. If these best and most popular writers and speakers—men and women who reach the public heart and move the people with so much enthusiasm—if these bright, literary lights use slang, it is enough for us. And it is a very small, weak, squeaky voice that rises up out here among these far from classic shades, and declares that "*slang is not expressive.*"

If it is not expressive, please your honor, then why in the name of common sense do these great writers use it? It is a reflection on their good sense; it is a



Illustrating Slang.

He: "*Will—will you have me?*"
She: "*You bet I will.*" Page 336.

reflection on the good sense of the American people who support these writers with their patronage; yes, sir, and it is a reflection on your good sense and the good sense of those who oppose us, if you or they declare that these great American authors are "off their base" and decidedly "out of whack" when they light up their writing with bits of sparkling slang.

I could bring up other points, equally as strong to prove this fact, but this is enough to convince any sensible person that slang is more expressive than strictly grammatical English. I might entertain you this whole evening with examples to illustrate this fact, but I will give only a few.

Listen first to one of the most striking: When a girl hears something that is complimentary concerning herself (especially if it is from her sweetheart), she may say that she feels "highly gratified," or "very much elated," or "delighted beyond measure," or any other strictly grammatical term, but there is nothing that will express her feelings half so well as for her to throw up her hands, catch her breath and say, "Let me down easy and fan me with a feather!"

If a boy meets at a picnic, on a sunny day in May, a brand new girl with a brand new dress and a brand new spring hat, bedecked with ribbons, roses and blushes, her face as radiant as the May morning on which he meets her, her bright eyes sparkling like crystal dewdrops beneath the beams of the May morning sun, and her merry laugh as musical as the song of the purling stream that ripples at their feet—if before this vision of loveliness his "left organ" is dangerously "hit," and becomes "all broken up" and swayed and fired by the spell under which she brought him, he tries to tell his friend who did not see her, of her rare beauty and transcendent charms, he may exhaust the vocabulary of rhetoric, "jaw-breaking words and poetry, but do you think he can

really find anything, after telling the story of the day's enchantment, in Miltonian diction and Byronic rapture, that will express the intensity of his admiration half so well as for him to raise his hand in impulsive gesture, slap his friend on the shoulder and say: "I tell you, old fel, she is simply 'out of sight'?"

By and by, his chum meets this same girl and his heart is likewise "done up." When the boys meet again, Romeo No. 2 expatiates with equal gush and intensity on their May-day Juliet. Whereupon, Romeo No. 1 replies with a facetious light in his eyes, "Now, let me give you a straight tip, young man; if you go to 'settin' up' to my girl, I will 'shake it up' for you in great shape, and if that don't 'put a quietus on you,' I will bodily 'wipe up the earth' with your meddlesome individuality. Do you catch?"

Now, who can deny that these crisp little phrases express the jocular feelings inspired by the circumstances, so natural to the life of boys, better than if this young man had said in high-wrought English: "Now, hear ye, O friend of mine; if you continue to pay your devotions at the shrine of my 'Fairie Queen,' I will industriously endeavor to disturb your mental equipoise (if you have any), and inflict summary punishment upon your corporeal being. Now, does your obtuse intellect comprehend the magnitude of my meaning and the imminent peril that broods menacingly over you, in the event that you further incur my displeasure by walking in forbidden paths?" Bah! Such profuse profusion! Such rotund rotundity! Such profound profundity!

Far more expressive than, "Young men, do you lucidly comprehend the full significance of the explanation I have endeavored to make to you," is the terse question of the German professor who had yet learned only a little of our floral and ambiguous English tongue, when he said: "Young shentlemens, do you 'catch on to dot'?"



"*Slang Debate.*"

"*Let me give you a straight tip*, young man: If you go to setting up to my best girl, I'll bodily wipe up the earth with your meddlesome individuality! *Do you catch?*" Page 338.

A politician may have been defeated in a campaign; a wily disciple of Blackstone may have met a consummate Waterloo in the legal arena; or a fond lover may have been jilted by the queen of his heart; but nothing will so expressively express the fate of the defeated candidate, the disappointed lawyer, or the disconsolate lover who has been given the 'grand bounce,' or anybody else who has sadly 'got left,' as to say, "*He is not 'in it'.*"

And what can express your disapproval of a weak and absurd line of reasoning with such clearness and directness as to exclaim with conscious triumph, as we do to the staid and far-fetched argument of the opposition, "You are decidedly 'off your base'?"

When a young swain is attempting to reveal to his girl the grand passion in his bosom, what can better describe his effort than to say "He is trying to "*rush a pint?*" and what can be more cute and expressive than to see a sweet girl look up and say with roguish eyes: "It is simply a case of *must!*"

A man—a country boy, mayhap, may have gone to town and imbibed too freely of the "flowing bowl," John Barleycorn's tonic, the Indian's "fire water," "chained lightning" from the blockader's mountain seclusion, or regular old "real estate" whiskey that deludes its slave with the idea that he is first cousin to the diamond-decked Rothschilds or the gold-crowned Vanderbilts; he may walk down the street as if he owned the earth and breakfasted each morning with the man in the moon; he may patronizingly try to shake hands with every friend whom he meets, and occasionally throw his hat into the air, halloo at the top of his voice, "Hurrah for our side!" and declare that he is going to "paint the town red." You might very properly describe him as "overly intoxicated," "exceedingly drunk," or use any other grammatical expression, but none of these would so well portray the grotesque picture he makes as to say he is "full,"

"drunk as a biled owl," "on a high," "on a tare," but the expression that "gets there in a hump" in advance of all others is, "he is on a regular bender," and is "raising cain all over town." Alas for his pitiable condition, nothing will describe it so as to fully express his bacchanalian encounter with the argus-eyed animal of the moral jungle in all its revolting aspects.

I cannot close this paper without referring to the crisp and bristling words, as I remember them, of the brilliant Miss Vivian Aunspaugh, of Shorter College, Rome, when she dramatically exclaimed: "Banish slang? Shall we? Never!"

"Banish laughter from merriment,
Pepper from hash,
But never from English
Banish slang with its dash!"

Concluding, she declared: "The renowned "*Veni, Vidi, Vici!*" of Cæsar does not express one-half the sublime, self-satisfying triumph of "we got there, Eli!"

Perhaps the strongest word with which we can conclude, to show the apt expressiveness of slang, is, "skedaddle." I believe the dictionaries seek to honor themselves by incorporating it now. But it is slang; it is generally recognized as slang; it sounds like slang! and if it has been put into our language, its genius and expressiveness forced it there. We have heard—and we are glad to believe it, that the word "Skedaddle" first came into use during the late war. SKE-DAD-DLE! Just listen!

You can almost hear 'em running now. We read the staid, grave and grammatical accounts given by historians—how the Federals were defeated, "completely routed," and "made precipitate flight"; but it does not express how our grey-jacket boys made the Yankees "hit the grit," one-fifth so well as to say, "we made them everlastingly skedaddle!"

Why, sir, with that word, you can just see the "blue-

coats running up and down the hills, scrambling over fences, falling into ditches, then getting up and fairly flying across the fields "like a streak of greased lightning!"

If that don't "get there," what does? "If S-o-x don't spell socks, *what do it spell?*"

Resolved, That slang is more expressive than pure English."—Negative.

[NOTE.—These are my real sentiments, and also of the girl for whom most of them were written.]

MR PRESIDENT—It is quite the custom for the enthusiastic advocates of any cause to first tell how deeply they are convinced of the strength of their position, the great weight of facts and room for powerful argument on their side, and then if they are *men*, declare: "Oh, if I were just a Webster, a Clay or a Henry Grady," or if they be women—"If I were only a Belva Lockwood, an Anna Dickinson, or a Mrs. Lease from Kansas, what a speech I could make!

Mr. President, *we need* no Belva Lockwood, we need no Mrs. Lease, we need no Mrs. Felton on our side. That these able and eloquent speakers could bring to bear argument far, far stronger than mine, I cheerfully admit and declare. But we do not need their eloquence.

Just merely stating the question is, to all clear, intelligent minds, refuting the position of our opponents. "Resolved, that slang is more expressive than pure English."

I "*resolve*" that it is *not*. I affirm that it is not.

It has been said that "slang is profanity's first cousin." I say that it is more; it is profanity's *double* cousin; it is almost profanity's *sister*. *Slang* more expressive than *pure English?* You might as well say that the dirty mud-puddle from which the wallowing swine have been scared up is clearer and purer than the fresh, cool, crystal stream that gushes forth from beneath some great old rock, and, in the language of a grand speech made at our picnic by a

gentleman now on the side of slang," "makes music over beds of pebbles and golden sand, as it hymns its way to its ocean home."

To every clear head, refined nature and aspiring heart pure English is the clear, pure, fresh stream, and slang is the stagnant mud-puddle.

Hear a dashing young man declare his determination to execute some marvelous feat, accomplish some certain end, and his young lady friend pertly say: "You ain't *been*-a-doin' it;" to which her gallant Romeo replies with much assurance and a self-congratulating toss of the head: "Well, if I haven't *been* a gettin' there, I can *git a been-a.*" "*Git a been-a!*"

What does such an expression express? It expresses a very *coarse nature* and *manner.* Just that.

Witness two modern young men as they stand around some church house door, or saunter lazily along down the road, comparing their sweethearts, notes and adventures; and John, speaking of a certain girl whom the other had been honoring with his attention every week for some time, says: "'Bob, old fel,' what's got behind yer, anyhow? You don't go there any more, do you?" And Bob hangs his head—then raises it—slaps his "chum" on the shoulder, and says: "John, I'll just by-Chattanooga, if she hasn't fired me bodily!" "*Fired me bodily!*" Just suppose that that expressive (?) sentence should go down to history, and two thousand years from now, be unearthed and translated in school as "Virgil's Æneid," "Cæsar's Gallic Wars," or something else which, with perplexed brain, schoolgirls wade through nowadays: Knowing nothing of the present usage of slang, and taking every word as *literal,* the schoolgirl's heart would be touched when she reached the words, "*fired me bodily,*" thinking that poor "Bob" was actually made a victim, not of spontaneous combustion, but of artificial and aggravated conflagration—that she actually set fire to him all over his body;

and the boy of two thousand years hence, who approached his schoolgirl love with natural "fear and trembling," would thank Fate that he lived in a more congenial age than poor combusted "Bob."

Hear a young lady, speaking of another young lady and gentleman who cherish and show a warm affection for each other: "Ugh! they are gettin' awful spooney. I think they've got it pretty bad."

Ladies and gentlemen! What does that impersonal "it" stand for? Are we to understand that these worthy young people have the *measles*, the *consumption* or the *whooping-cough?* Please be plain, so we will know what remedy to prescribe; whether "Taylor's sweet gum and mullein," "Coussen's honey of tar," or the German Koch's great new discovery.

"Spooney!" What does that express to a person who knows nothing of the modern application of the word? What kind of spoons do they look like; a tablespoon, teaspoon, silver or brass? Expressive indeed!

"He has too much red tape about him," I once heard a young man say, speaking of an Atlanta divine. And instantly the mind could see the venerable doctor with red tape tied in bows about his neck, streaming from his shoulders and the "finale" of his long black coat. How much more expressive to say, "He is too proud and formal."

"I've got my rabbit foot on him," And at once you can see somebody holding an amputated foot of the poor animal which the tortoise beat in the race, and pressing it close on the person of another whose favor he covets. How much better to say: "He likes me—I hold a strong place in his favor."

My friend says: "What kind of a street-car do you take me for?" And, closely surveying him from head to foot, I reply: "Why sir, I see no resemblance between you and the street car. You look more like one of the mules which pull it.

One of our *officers*, I am sorry to say, whether alluding to a fine horse, a bad boy, or a pretty girl, will almost invariably exclaim: "*She's a hummer*," or *he is*, as the case may be.

One of our cultured young ladies, trying to explain something to a young man, said in my hearing: "Do you tumble?" And he replied: "Yes, I tumble to the racket." That expression, translated a thousand years from now, would cause the student to see our young man tumbling on the ground; playing leap-frog or turning somersaults, while that young lady was out there "kicking up a racket." I use that last expression purposely, to show how "slangy" and rough it sounds.

"He's got enough brass on him." "Do you really mean that he has brass fastened on him, or that he is too forward and impertinent, and not afraid to open his mouth and harangue before a thousand?

Can you all bear something very simple and silly? See a boy and girl riding or walking along together, and he, looking at her in melting sickly tenderness, says: "I'm sho' struck on you," and she replies, blushing, as well she may: "*I'm mor'en struck on you.*" Comment is unnecessary.

But the most disgusting expression in all the dictionary of slang, I believe, is to hear a girl that should be modest, say, with seeming delight: "Oh, I made the *biggest mash* on that fellow last Sunday;" or to hear a boy reply in answer as to where he is going say: "Why, Cully, I'm going to see my mash. Did, you think I wasn't?"

Again I declare that comment is unnecessary, but it is very hard to keep from making it.

The *hatefulest* expression almost in the world, is to hear a person say to one who has done something to displease him, "You've 'tore yourself with me!" Ugh! It almost makes me sick!

Shakespeare, the grand and versatile bard of Avon,

stands acknowledged, pre-eminently a master, unsurpassed and almost without a peer among those who play upon pure English as a grand, rhythmic harp of many strings. Hear the beautiful words which he puts into the mouth of Bassanio as he converses with his friend Antonio about the charms of his beloved Portia, and then listen to the words used by a modern young man to express a kindred sentiment. Go with me in critical attention as Bassanio exults in elegant strains thus unto his friend:

"In Belmont is a lady richly left;
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word;
Of wondrous virtues; sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages;
Her name is Portia, nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia:
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors; and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos strand,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O my Antonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift
That I should questionless be fortunate."

How ornate and beautiful in thought and expression! How does it compare with the chopped-up and inelegant, and (if taken literally) almost meaningless utterances of our modern young man as he talks with rampant enthusiasm of his "best girl," to his smiling "chum":

"Tonie, old pard, I've got a dandy mash on a boss girl down at Belmont. She's got the big mun, too, I tell you! Her old dad kicked the bucket not long ago and left her a big pile of the rocks. She's as pretty as a speckled steamboat, and more times than a little she's made love to me with her eyes, without cheepin' a word. Her name is Portia. Don't that name get there, though? Every doused fellow in the whole country is struck on her, but she gives them all the grand bounce spotly. If I just had the

'dust' to go down there and splurge around on, you bet your bottom dollar I'd beat 'em to the tank!" Shades of pure English and high-toned culture, draw over us and hide our sense of perception from such a jumble of slang! What advocate of slang must not blush at such a comparison?

Another of England's most popular and honored writers, declares: "Language most shows a man; speak that I may see thee."

Our opponents would no doubt put it thus: "A feller is judged by the way he shoots off his lip; open your mouth so I can see what kind of a hairpin you are." David, the sweet psalmist of Israel said: "By thy words thou shalt be judged:" Now, by which of the foregoing sentence would you like to have your character and intelligence judged?

If slang is more expressive than pure English, then our Literary Circle should practice it altogether. "Literary" carries with it the idea of letters and pure language. The slang-mongers would, I suppose, call our club a "shebang."

If slang is better and more expressive, then we should banish pure English from our midst, and live and move and have our being in the foul atmosphere of slang. Then the name of our club should be changed from the "McBeath Literary Circle" to the "McBeath Slang Shebang."

Keep in mind always, Mr. President, that our opponents argue that slang is *more expressive* than pure English. You know that in the whole realm of slang there is hardly an expression more popular than "*out of sight.*" Whether speaking of a political speech, a presidential candidate, the accomplishment of any great purpose, a magnificent field of waving corn, a Jersey calf, a Berkshire pig, a stately horse, a handsome boy or a pretty girl, these slang users would declare that he, she or it as the case may be, is "clear out o' sight." They say they are "out of

sight" when they really mean that they *stand before them in living beauty.*

A boy will use such an expression of his sweetheart when he doesn't mean that she is "out of sight" at all; but he does mean that there before his feasting eyes she stands—the embodiment of radiant, beautiful and fascinating life.

Then think of this other popular expression which floats along on "society's" sea of slang. If either a boy or a girl wishes to convey the idea that they are having a grand, delightful time they will fold their arms wreathe their face in a complacent smile of satisfied joy, and exclaim: *"Oh, I am in the swim!"* And immediately the mind's eye can see them up to the neck in water, paddling around in somebody's millpond, or floating down the bosom of the Chattahoochee river!

"Great spoons!" "Raise Cain!" "Get there, Eli!" "Like a thousand of brick on a rotten pumpkin!" "Great Cæsar's ghost!" "Come off the ice" and "You bet I will," are smoky cinders and fragments of soot and dust which blow into our faces from the puffing engines and dirty fields of slang.

"They'll raise a rufus!" How does a rufus look? And how high will they raise it? Will they hoist it on their shoulders, or use a block and tackle? How utterly senseless and inexpressive such expressions sound! Such things coming from a young man stamp him *not* as a high-toned gentleman of true refinement but uncouth and fit only for a hero among the street rabble or the imagined wit of a midnight mob.

They speak of slang as crisp and "dashy." Yes, I admit that it is "dashy." That is all there is about it. All dash and no sense or beauty. Remember that he who spoke as never man spoke never used a word of slang.

Mr. President, I am a girl; but I think you will agree with me that *some* girls are pretty, indeed, *some* are beautiful (present company excepted of course,

I mean the present reader), but just let a girl go into a community, and however grandly she is dressed, however beautiful her face, if she lets fall from her lips such rough and unladylike expressions of slang as I have just put before you, her beauty is besmirched, her purity is beclouded, her true dignity and loveliness have faded, and her charming power to fascinate and thus lift up those about her is blunted, is dimmed, is gone!

I suppose our opponents, trembling with the fear of defeat, would express their feelings thus: "If we don't get a move on us and get their Eli, we'll have to throw up the sponge!"

Let them try to defend that one expression, and the cause of slang is lost.

"We got an everlastin' move on us, and took the rag off the bush!" How much more expressive, how much grander and more beautiful to say: We bestirred ourselves like earnest men and women. The longed-for goal is reached—*victory is ours!*

DEBATE ON WAR WITH CHILI.

[NOTE.—The most intensely interesting debate, we believe ever held in the history of the "McBeath Literary Circle," was suggested by the little quarrel the United States had with Chili, from which war seemed imminent in the early part of 1892.

That night the atmosphere seemed to fairly blaze with enthusiasm as the debate went on, and the audience apparently longed for peace or bristled for war as each disputant sat down.

It fell to my lot to write the essay for one schoolgirl, whose poor health and arduous duties made her writing it well-nigh impossible. It is given here as embodying my convictions against the spirit and practice of war. Oh! that universal peace might reign! and more than ever before, I believe it will; for Christianity's heart pulses more and more in humanity's bosom.]

"Resolved, That the United States should declare war against Chile."—Negative.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—There is *one* thing I want to know. Do the folks on the

other side of the house—on the other side of the question, I mean—know what it is they *really* want? Do those who are so enthusiastically and flippantly clamoring for war with Chili, realize *all* for which they are asking?

I think not, Mr. President; and no doubt if they should *all at once* be ushered into the terrible and indescribable realities of war—carried all at once into the midst of raging and deadly conflict, amid the thundering, quaking boom of cannon, the blinding smoke of battle, with the missiles of death showering upon them like iron hail, and bursting bombshells, grape and canister, supplemented by millions of deadly bullets crashing through their ranks and cutting down their comrades at their side, like waving grain before the scytheman's sickle—if amid it all, they could see those instantly hurled into eternity, weltering in their own life blood, and hear, as it went up on every side, the piercing, piteous screams of their wounded and dying comrades—if they could be brought face to face with such a scene of carnage, no doubt they would want to "*fold their tents like the Arabs, and silently steal away*" or *run*, rather, as fast as their heels could carry them; and when they had reached some blessed bombproof, crawled in a "hole in the ground," or hidden in some deep recess in the Andes mountains, *forever* secure from the enemy's bullets, they would "change their tune," and cry with bated breath, and out of truly sincere hearts: "*Peace! Peace!! Let us have peace!*"

Our opponents indorse the newspaper declaration that the United States would "wipe up the earth with Chili," and the war would soon be over, our soldiers coming back in a few weeks, covered all over with glory, and only here and there a scratch or scar. Ah, Mr. President, I fear these gallant opposers of ours are *direct descendants* of that "before-breakfast crowd" who, at the beginning of our last war, started off,

seemingly inspired by their gay uniforms, and declaring that the fight would only be "a little breakfast spell," and that in a short time they would return to their happy childhood home and "the girl they left behind."

But alas! they learned from a bitter experience, like Plunkett and Brown—living on "hard tack," minie balls and bombshells, basking in hospitals, tramping with bleeding feet on frozen ground, and warming themselves in the downy softness of a Virginia snow storm—they learned, *ah! they learned* that instead of being "only a breakfast spell," it lasted through a long, weary day, and *far* into the *darksome night.*

With a great patriotic flourish, our opponents cry out to "*uphold the dignity of the American flag,*" by the terrible arbitrament of war, as if that dignity could be maintained in no other way.

They have a misguided patriotism, and more of *that* than discretion. In their ardor they forget the great truth uttered by some great mind, that "discretion is the better part of valor." But then, they are young—hothouse flowers, as it were, that have been cultured, grown and bloomed in the bright, happy valley of tranquillity; the two young men, especially, are tender plants that have grown up in the white morn of peace.

Reared almost in the shadow of Lost Mountain and grand old Kennesaw, once lurid with the cannon's flame, and around which raged the fiercest, deadliest battles—spots now rich in historic memories, their young blood is stirred by the "noise of war," *only* as it comes down to them through history's page and tradition's story—its severity mitigated, and the sound of its horrors lessened by its long journey through the dim vista of more than twenty-five years.

They, *themselves*, have never witnessed the scenes, nor heard the crash of battle that would make them

shake and quake with fright, cause their teeth to chatter, and make their blood run cold

Ah! and they themselves have never beheld the sickening desolation of happy homes, left in the wake of an invading, hostile army, "marching through Georgia," triumphant, to the sea!

And yet for a trivial cause, horrors kindred to these, they would bring upon a poor little republic, in population about the size of Georgia—*these* horrors dealt by the strong arm and iron hand of our great and mighty nation!

Yes! I think I *would* blush if *I* were you—a crimson blush of shame.

Suppose it were *morally right* for the United States to declare war against Chili, let us count the fearful cost, and see if it would justify such action:

Of course our government would go into the fight determined and prepared to win, which she would eventually do. England, who has interests in Chili, might spring to her assistance. And other nations, disgusted with our overbearing spirit, and naturally sympathizing with a sparrow in the talons of an eagle, might lend a helping hand. But whether they did or *not*, Chili, thousands of miles away, would be a stubborn enemy, costing us millions of money and terrible bloodshed.

With the long range of the towering Andes mountains at her back, and the Pacific ocean at her face, guarding the whole of her western coast, her defence would be well-nigh impregnable. It would take a *powerful* army and navy to effect a landing. And once on shore, they would be met by a brave and patriotic people, fighting with all the desperation of a Spartan band, defending Thermopylæ against Xerxes and his advancing millions. Thousands of our soldier boys who sailed away "looking so beautiful, brave and grand," would find graves in the deep blue sea, or with no grave at all, their bones be left to bleach

in a far-off, unfriendly clime. Suppose *only one or two* from *this* circle should go, and the news of their death should come back to us; how *our whole community* would be pierced with bitter grief and shrouded in sable mourning! A thousand or ten thousand dead and hurled into eternity—*ten thousand* communities thus in sorrow, and a *whole nation weeping in anguish! Chili's loss far greater than ours! One* nation in ruins! two nations in tears!

And for what? All *because a Chilian soldier "spit in the face" of an American sailor!* and from the fight that naturally followed, an American was shot and killed! And on another occasion an Irishman (a British subject), in the employ of an American steamer, went on shore, no doubt on a drinking spree, as sailors often do—or on a "bender," as our former slang advocate would put it—and was sent back to his vessel severely beaten.

Just for these little things!

Has America lost all her reason, and all her true manhood, too?

To-day I took the geography and looked at the two countries—Chili, a little narrow strip on the South American coast, and the United States, a vast country, stretching across the continent from ocean to ocean—fourteen and one-half times as large in area and thirty times as great in population. No wonder Secretary Blaine declared: "Why, the United States should be ashamed to fight such a little country as Chili!"

Yes, and one of the young men on the other side, *admitted* that he "*just wanted* to go to Chili for the sake of adventure."

Both of them knew that a great war for such a simple cause would be foolish.

Then why do they clamor with such bravado for war?

I'll tell you, ladies and gentlemen, they just want

to *shine in brass buttons* and brilliant uniforms! and then when the war is over, rest in the shade of the Andes, and *make love* to the Chilian belles—like some of the Yankees used to try to do to our Southern girls. *May the last one of them be jilted* by the dark-eyed senoritas!

But now, casting all pleasantry aside, let us look at this question of war with that seriousness which should characterize and control all human beings who have loved ones to die and hearts to suffer. And I know nothing that will so vividly bring to your minds and hearts the piercing, crushing sorrows which cruel war has brought to the hearts and lives of individuals and nations since nations began to live, as the following beautiful and touching poem recited at Dallas, Texas, by Mrs. Lillian R. Clarke, "the gifted and favorite Lone Star State elocutionist, and published in the *Sunny South* in 1888. Ah, boys and girls, my young friends of this generation, we have peace now, *sweet peace!* But we know not the price it cost those who gave it to us.

All of you younger ones listen with riveted hearts, as well as those older ones present who lived through the times that "tried men's souls," and hear the terrible price which was paid for peace by one woman's mind and heart:

THE PRICE OF PEACE.

Peace, *peace!* They tell me peace has come; they say the *war* is over;
The battle cry, the shriek of death shall fill our land *no more;*
They bid my heart *rejoice*—be glad; they bid my tears to cease.
Yes, yes, my heart, *thou shouldst rejoice,* for thou hast *paid for peace.*

Ah! let me count the price *once* more, for fear my lips restrain
The faintest notes that they should give to that rejoicing strain.

I had a son, a *noble* boy, just entered manhood's bloom,
But he forgot his mother's tears when first the cannon's boom
Was heard upon our Southern shore. Oh! 'twas a magic spell!
And gallantly he bore our flag, and gallantly he fell.
I never saw my boy again (they say my tears must cease.)
But, Herbert, drop by drop, with thine, my heart *paid blood for peace.*

Another son, a stripling boy who always by my side,
Frail as a lily, was content forever to abide!
Not eighteen summers had I nursed with all a mother's care
This tender plant, when orders came my only child to tear
From mine embrace. I knew he'd die, and on my bended knee
I begged his life—besought and wept, but *no* it could *not* be;
They bore him off—he never met the foe on hill or plain;
But *drooped* and *died I know not where*—(we never met again.)
O, Willie! with *thy* bright blue eyes! *Hush*, *hush*, my tears must cease,
Yet, darling, with thy dying groan *I paid in part for peace.*

Now both were gone—whom had I left? None but the *fond true heart*
Who'd mingle tear for tear with mine; he who had borne a part
In every throb of anguish wild which still my bosom rent—
Whose eyes were dim, whose hair was gray, with nights of weeping spent,
For these *our sons.* I thought that we through all this midnight alone,
Would hand in hand walk mournfully together to the tomb;
But *war! insatiate war*, claimed *him*, too; I saw him, too, depart,
And something made of stone, I think, was given me for a heart.
I could not weep for many a day. I was *alone*, *alone*,—
With that cold weight within my heart, that heavy heart of stone.

Tears came and melted it at last; in prison far away,
Weary and worn, uncared for, too, he languished day by day;
But Herbert and our Willie came and bade the captive go;
They broke his chains, I know they did, *the angels told* me so;
And when they bore his soul aloft and bade his sufferings cease,
I paid in spirit on his grave, *all that I owed for peace!*
Must I rejoice? Perchance I might, but was this *all* the price?

Ah! did *my* jewels, did *my* tears, *my* broken heart suffice?
No! count upon the battle-field *ten thousand* nameless graves:
Call on the winds for sighs and groans—go tell the ocean waves
To bring their dead—the prison walls to shriek their sickening tales;
Concentrate, if you've power to-night, widows' and orphans' wails;
Heap broken hearts on broken hearts, till *Pity* bid you cease,
And then you will *have not half the price* that we have paid for peace.

They say *I'm mad*—it may be so—they've bound me in this cell;
I know *not* when they brought me here, and nothing can I tell
Of heaven above or earth beneath; but, oh, till life shall cease,
Though reason's gone, *the price I'll know which I have paid for peace!*

O the tearful beauty, the heartrending pathos in those words! I would that they might be read or recited before every legislative assembly in the world, contemplating a declaration of war. Surely Christian love and human sympathies would triumph, and cause the love of peace to enter their turbulent hearts.

In a beautiful and grandly rendered recitation at our Christmas meeting, one of our fair opponents or a *dark* one, rather with all the grace of the Indian woodland queen whom she personated, declared to her fond contending suitors: "*There is blood enough in this lorn land!*"

I echo the beautiful, pacific sentiment, and *ring it back* into the ears of herself, and the boys now on her side.

But they ask: "Shall the dignity of the American people not be upheld?" *Yes! though it is a poor way to show that dignity for thirty* men to want to fight *one!* A poor way to show high-toned, gentle, strong American manhood, for a great giant like the United States government to jump on and stamp with his mighty, barbarous feet, a poor little boy like Chili!

Then settle the trouble by arbitration. A great Christian nation like the United States should never have *thought* of, or proposed any other way!

Christ, the great and loving "Prince of Peace," prophesied that there would be "wars and rumors of wars," but He did not approve the fierce spirit that would prompt and rule them. What Christian heart does not indorse the efforts and prayers of the "Universal Peace Society" that war, "*insatiate war*" *may never again scourge the world!*

I know it is very *natural* for the *girls* on the affirmative side to remind the boys of the faithfulness of our women during the last war, the praise of whose fidelity and fortitude has been so often sung in song and story, and tell them that *they* stand ready now to admire, and cheer them by their devotion. Understand: if our boys *must* go to war, the flower of constancy will bloom as freshly and fragrantly in my heart, as in the heart of any American girl.

Hear it, young men! This girl yields to *no* girl in her admiration for noble patriotism and *true* chivalry. But the bravest, truest knight is not *always* he who is readiest to dip his hands in blood! Oftentimes it requires a much *braver* man to endure in manly silence than to strike *first* an avenging blow.

Then let mighty America be looked upon as the leading Christian nation of the world—the "land of the free and the home of the brave," show to Chili and all nations of the earth, "how sublime a thing it is to suffer and be strong!"

WOMAN MAN'S INTELLECTUAL EQUAL.—DEBATE.

Resolved, That woman is man's intellectual equal. A challenge from the girls.—Affirmative.

[NOTE.—"Come, all ye ladies," and listen well; for my heart was in sympathy with the enthusiastic schoolgirl with whom I discussed this subject, gleaning some "womanly" ideas, before launching into this paper, which was

a small part of a regular "pitched battle" between our girls and boys.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES, GENTLEMEN AND HONORABLE JUDGES—About the first thing that calls for my attention—because it does violence to reason, history and common sense, and *hence* stirs almost to indignation, the blood of every loyal, sensible woman—yes, and melts her heart to pity, too—is the remark of two of my opponents, made two weeks ago to-night, when this subject was announced. One of them has "passed the gauntlet" of a famous institution; he holds in his hand a diploma from a college that stands on a neighboring hill and watches with jealous eye the princely strides of our own loved institute, its new and dangerous rival. The other young "lord of creation" has read the history of the world since Miriam sang her historic song of God's dealings and deliverance, down to the chronicles of Emma Willard, the great historian, and the brilliant Miss Field of our own State; but standing on the cold hill of science and philosophy, with a *head so large*, yet a *heart so small* that he has never been known to have a sweetheart, *contact* with whose fertile ingenuity would have taught him the folly of his present position—these two young men, from the height of all their fancied *self*-satisfying logic and historic lore, declared, as if they made the earth and owned it: "Humph! that is not even a debatable question!"—intending to convey the impression that the absurdity of the position was self-evident—the difference so great in favor of their side as really to preclude the necessity for argument. And they have argued that to-night in a kind of "matter-of-course" way.

"Not debatable!" Not debatable, indeed! O ye self-inflated kings of the universe who sit upon thrones of your own adorning, wear crowns of your own weaving and wield proud sceptres of your own

handiwork, *we will show* you whether this subject is "debatable" or not! Indeed, you have already learned it to your chagrin and sorrow and to the satisfaction of all present, ere this stage of the debate. I follow, not merely to help win the decision, but to help pile up the mountain of facts so high that we four "weak minds," representatives of womankind, may sit exultant upon the summit, basking in the sunshine of popular approval and the judges' favorable verdict; while you, buried beneath the débris below, and scrambling on all-fours for the light, look into each others' faces with consternation in every feature, as you gasp for breath, and say with *tearful voices:* "Boys, I *do* believe the subject *is* debatable, after all!—especially on the other side!"

If, with all their learning (for their opportunities have been far better than ours), and in the face of all the achievements of woman's intellect in the master training-school of the home—where the greatest of all intellects is needed, and out in the world as well, *whenever* she has been called there—if, with all these facts emblazoned in deathless letters on the tablets of human history, they still declare that in the light of the respective relationship of man and woman to the affairs of the world, the question is *really not debatable*, the verdict is ours!

Honorable judges, mark these points down, both expressed and implied. These young men, I am glad to accord, are high types of intellectual manhood, both native and cultivated. If, in the face of all the multitude of facts, so evident that they need not to be spoken, they still hold to even *one* such idea, they stand before you as living examples of the narrowness and weakness of man's intellect. And, mark it down, honorable judges, I believe it! you can give us this decision without further discussion! Let this one great fact, which breaks the force of all else they can possibly say, linger with you through this debate. Mark

it down! mark it down! When man is arguing (as he should do) against woman suffrage, with all the unbecoming offices attendant upon woman going out into the sphere and work of man, he compromisingly declares that it is not because of her lack of intelligence that he would keep woman out of the world, oh, no! She has plenty of *sense* to go; she has as much and often more sense than man, but for "*modesty's* sake" he would keep her at home. But to-night he changes for this one hour, the argument of a whole lifetime, and declares that woman rightly occupies the sphere she does, because of "*mental* inferiority."

O, Consistency, where art thou vanished?

A striking incident of man's thoughtlessness and dullness of intellect is the fact that our four opponents accepted this challenge with the question stated, just as it is. The wording of the resolution throws the entire burden of proof upon them. You know that according to logic, every reasonable point we make or imply, *stands* in smiling or frowning grandeur *until they prove it untrue.* We declare that woman is man's intellectual equal. They may give as many instances as they please of man's greatness—they may try to bind you with an endless chain of man's intellectual achievements, but *they* only prove *man's* intellectual power; they *do not* demonstrate woman's inferiority. They can't prove, to save their lives, that woman would not have done as well, or even better under the same circumstances. Hence you cannot credit such things as being logical points. They are foreign to the issue. They only, I repeat, illustrate man's power, but have no bearing whatever upon the truth or falsity of the proposition. For our opponents to bring logical arguments in their favor, their examples must be taken where man and woman have been placed on equal footings, and disparity *proven* in favor of man. This they cannot do, for the respective

positions of man and woman have not been reversed enough for history to afford them.

Man may have a *different kind* of mind from woman—yes, he *has*—a *coarser* kind, but *not a superior* kind. Why do I say this? Because woman fills her great and queenly sphere in life just as well as man fills his. This is admitted, the world around. And remember this forever: when woman *has* been called to fill the natural sphere of man, she has made far less mistakes than man, in proportion to the number who have ruled. I need not cite you to historical incidents on either side. I merely appeal to your knowledge of well-known general history.

A woman like Boadicea or Joan of Arc can lead and inspire a valiant army, or like many of our noble country women, can make fires for lazy husbands, plow and hoe and reap and sow (they *do* do such things all around us) far better than a man can work among the cook pots, prepare a dainty dinner from a scantily provided pantry, trim spring hats, crochet lace, make dresses and the beautiful and indispensable crazy quilt; yes, and amid it all, quiet the fretful baby boy who must be fashioned into a manhood as great as that of his dear "pa" before him, and who will then perhaps question, as that "pa" claims to do, whether woman is man's intellectual equal! A man in such a position, with all you gentlemen judges, would be like good complaining Farmer Gray, who, feeling that he could "do more work in one day than his wife could do in three," she proposed a trial swap. *She* went smoothly on with *his* work, but at the end of his third day's trial, with sulphur used for soda, and the bread always "sticky" or burnt, and the dishes and glassware nearly all broken by awkward handling, with the house all topsy-turvy and the children screaming wild, he rushed from the house to meet his patient, home-coming wife—

"And swore by her good sense, tact, the moon and the stars
And the leaves on the maple tree,
That *she* could do more work in one day,
Than *he* could do in three,
And when he went down to the meadow wide
And saw her furrows even,
He declared his wife could do more work in one day
Than he could do in seven!"

In all seriousness, honorable judges, I ask you to keep this picture in mind, for I intend it to illustrate one of our very strongest points.

"Oh," say some of our philosophic opponents, "you seem determined to stress the respective spheres of man and woman; we are not discussing that." Yes, that is just what I am determined to do. It is certainly the most logical way in which the subject can be discussed. God made man and woman and placed them just where they are. It is everywhere conceded that through all her arduous and trying duties, requiring a quick, strong mind, and through her powerful training and influence upon man, woman exerts a greater influence in the world than man. Then, her intellect, while created for a different field, is equal, if not superior to that of man.

Again, if woman, in her own sphere, requiring as much or more strength of mind than man, performs *her* part even better than man does *his*, and then, in addition to this, when she is called upon to go into the natural field of man, she sustains herself there better than man does when *he* is called into the duties of woman, then no logic on earth can refute the fact, that woman is not only man's intellectual *equal*, but she is his *actual superior!!!*

I appeal to you, honorable judges, to say if I have not followed this thread of reason in a plain, straightforward way. I have tried to argue logically and fairly. I believe I have argued faultlessly. This conclusion is inevitably reached—not through the fascinating scintillations of eloquence, but rather, through the incontestable logic of *facts*. Store away in your

impartial minds this mighty stone of logical conclusions. Forget it not. If well guarded there, the opposition may lash their breakers upon it in all their hopeless fury, but it will stand unmoved and immovable, while the beaten spray of harmless waves will envelop their authors in a cloud of chilly, blinding mist; or perhaps crystallize into the tears which the Goddess of Reason will weep over the crimes perpetrated in her name here to-night by her over-confident, but *illogical* sons.

THE VERDICT IS WON.

I *know* the honorable judges love truth, and that glittering pearl will shine in their verdict.

I need not say more, but to "pile Pelion upon Ossa," I mention some shining examples in the realms *of moral heroism, literature and genius,* which flash upon us from the world's historic annals in copious and refreshing splendor.

Remember, too, that a *heroine* must have a *mind* as well as a heart. Heroism springs from strength of character; and strength of character and a strong intellect are inseparable. Mark that down!

Woman, because of her position at home, has figured so little in the world's written history compared with man, yet in that little, she has bespangled its pages with deeds that inspire, "thoughts that breathe and words that burn!"

The truth we defend was triumphantly shown when Queen Esther, for the sake of her people, went before King Ahasuerus, saying: "I go, and if I perish, I perish!" And by her womanly tact, led and captured the king for her cherished plan, caused him to *reverse* his royal edict (which the *man,* Haman, had influenced him to proclaim) and to let her people go free. *It was true,* when Esther *outwitted* the mighty and wicked favorite, Haman, and compassed his destruction on the very gallows *which he had built to hang*

Mordecai, her loved kinsman on! *It was so* when, indirectly, but surely, the little *twelve-year-old* sister of Moses wrought the artful impress of her ingenuity upon even Pharaoh on his throne, bringing into the tuition of his royal court a child who, under God, would one day grow up to tear from the Egyptian crown the brightest jewel that glittered unjustly there.

It was so when, no man coming forward, Miriam led the children of Israel in a glad song of deliverance, recounting the gracious dealings of God and praising Him for His might and goodness in a fervid poem of grand expression that will live as long as the seraphic choirs above attune their voices to their heavenly harps.

It was so when the mother of Julius Cæsar took charge of and directed the education of her son, fired him with the loftiest ambition his people knew, turned him from a reckless, dissolute life and gave him a place in history as a scholar and warrior, as deathless as history itself.

Woman was equal, yes superior, to man when the Greeks, the acknowledged wisest philosophers of ancient civilization, made Minerva the Goddess of Wisdom, setting a woman on wisdom's imperial throne, giving a woman a place among the very gods themselves.

It was so when by her eloquence and bravery, Boadicea, queen of the early Britons, inspired her dismayed subjects as man could not do, and led them against the invading armies of Rome.

It was so when the armies of England with merciless hand were laying waste the beautiful vineyards and happy homes of France, when man after man had failed to arouse the people to effectual resistance and Joan of Arc, the little "Maid of Orleans," revived the flagging valor of her hopeless countrymen and struck terror to the hearts of England's true and tried

soldiers who had never quailed before the commanding genius of man! And then after beholding her matchless generalship, the foolish, weak-minded men thought she was a witch, overpowered her by *brutal* force and burned her at the stake. Shame on man, shame forever!

Ah, and woman *was superior* to man when Elizabeth restored the waning commerce of England which had gone down under the rule of the kings and threw it forward with a force that shook the coffers and dazzled the gaze of the astonished and frightened kings of Europe.

It was so when Elizabeth, by her wise administration and patronage developed such literary and philosophical lights as Shakespeare, Lord Bacon and all their brilliant contemporaries who, with her at the helm, wrapped the Elizabethan reign with a splendor by all admitted to be the brightest from Boadicea until now, when Victoria, queen of England and Empress of India, with the sun never setting upon her possessions is the greatest ruler on earth! *Why* did not the *kings* of England develop and draw around them such suns of literary light? Ah, it required the master genius of a *woman's* intellect and the mental quickening of a *woman's* reigning power! She shook them as stars from her queenly coronet and caused them to *revolve about her* as satellites acknowledge the superior power and attraction of the sun that warms and lights the world. Remember, oh you honorable judges, that these brilliant men were stars of a *woman's* fashioning, jewels of a *woman's* polish, gems that glittered in a *woman's* crown, lights that flashed their brilliancy from a *woman's* transcendent genius, and the sun of their existence was superior-minded Elizabeth, England's *virgin* queen!

Woman was superior to man when George Eliot and Jane Porter wrote stronger novels than Walter Scott ever did! When Mrs. Browning was a better

poet than her husband, Robert Browning, was! When Emma Willard wrote a finer and more complete school history of the United States than any man has ever written! *It was so* when Jean Ingelow was a better poet than Wordsworth, Mrs. Hemans as great as Longfellow, Ella Wheeler Wilcox as Whittier, and when Annie Steele, Charlotte Eliott and Fannie J. Crosby wrote their beautiful hymns that will live among the symphonies of the skies when the greater part of Pope's *"Essay on Man"* will be buried beneath the dust and débris which the men of science and philosophy make in their efforts to fathom the dealings of God with man.

It was so when a young lady last year won first honor over *six hundred male* students at the University of London. *It was so* only the other day when in the *Sunny South's* Prize Story Contest, Miss Josephine Davidson won first prize over nearly two hundred competitors, and left the men groping behind.

It is grandly so when seven-eighths of the teachers in all our city public schools are women! Just think of it! seven times as many women as men, training the boys for that exalted manhood of which they now proudly boast! They need not tell you that there is a man *at the head* of all these institutions, "to keep the women straight." There are many which have no man at all connected with them, and they are just as successfully managed as those presided over by men. And wherever they *do* have men, they merely have them because their *physical* strength is needed to keep the turbulent *boys* in check.

Again, woman is man's intellectual equal, when Miss Millie Rutherford and Miss Nannette Hopkins, sagacious queens, who preside respectively over Lucy Cobb Institute at Athens and Agnes Scott Institute at Decatur, are as great and successful in the realms over which they reign, as Dr. Bass at the Wesleyan in Macon, or Dr. Battle at Shorter College, Rome.

Woman was even wiser than man when Grover Cleveland, with all his statesmanship and wisdom, could not see clearly the goal of success, feared he was not the man that could be elected, and wrote a sweeping letter, declaring he would not accept the nomination at al ; and Mrs. Cleveland, "our Frankie," seeing more clearly than her wise husband, was instrumental in causing him not to publish that letter. Time proved that Mr. Cleveland was the only man that could have been elected. And so our rejoicing South and nation should make glad obeisance to the remarkable foresight and wisdom, not of a man, but of Francis Folsom Cleveland, America's queenly queen.

It is so here in Georgia, where Miss Field's history has displaced many histories written by men. *It is so* again when "English Literature" by the wise and queenly Miss Millie Rutherford, of Athens, is recognized as the finest work of the kind ever written by a Georgia pen.

Yes, and *it was so* right here in our own community, when the McBeath Literary Circle was organized, when the girls led and the boys did almost nothing on our programs until shamed and developed *by us* into the power and practice of *imitation*, even as the sable sons of Africa imitate the superior wisdom of the Caucasian race; *we girls brought them to where they are!* Yes, and even made them able to discuss this question with us to-night. You all know you couldn't have made these speeches two years ago! You know, too, how all visitors who witnessed our exercises, commented on the fact that the girls surpassed the boys.

These "lords of creation" may lazily declare that it was not superior intellect, but superior *effort* that caused the girls to surpass the boys; but I knock that weak plank of defence from under their feet, with the declaration that the girls *had sense enough to see the need* of such work better than the boys saw it; and hence with superior intellect and superior effort grandly blended,

they held the dear old "McBeath" together in the dark days when the good ship threatened to go to pieces. Young men, I don't blame you for wincing, for you know it is true.

Listen again: Dr. John A. Broadus, whose book on "Sacred Rhetoric" has been translated into several different languages, and who is familiar with all the very best writers, both ancient and modern, once declared that the best rhetoric, the purest diction he had ever seen, was written by woman; and advised his young preachers, as I now advise the young minister champion on the other side, to learn strength and beauty of expression from the private letters of young ladies.

I could go on, it seems forever, piling up these points of proof upon our four opponents, but I catch the muffled wail of their smothered voices, crying: "Enough! O spare us!" and pity bids us cease.

They need not tell you that Eve was weaker minded than Adam, or she would not have yielded to the tempter. It was her esthetic love of the good and beautiful that caused her to bite that apple. And they can't possibly prove that Adam would *not* have bitten it quicker than she did, if he had been tempted as she was, but it is certain that he did yield a little later, and to *woman's* power of persuasion. The devil knew the strength and power of woman in the world, therefore he went to her first.

They need not tell you that woman has tact, but not strength of intellect. Did you ever see a lunatic have the power to understand intricate questions, and to manipulate all circumstances to a successful end as woman does? Tact and understanding are the strongest marks of intellectual genius.

They need not tell you that man reasons better and more surely than woman.

She may not argue with "firstly," "secondly" and "thirdly," in a slow, roundabout way like man, but

at a glance she sees the end from the beginning, and gets there just the same, and far quicker than man does! If woman cannot reason, then where originated the expression, "Goddess of Reason?" Why was not the appellation, "God of Reason," accorded to man? Never! For truth's sake, never! Man is king of *animal strength*, but woman is queen of *wisdom*.

I will not tire you, honorable judges, with a catalogue of wise and eminent men who have attributed all their greatness to a mother's training. Every close observer and student of biography is familiar with this crowning truth.

Our opponents readily accord to woman a greater influence in the world and over man than man has, but they say we are not discussing the question of influence. Man is great—we gladly admit it, but listen: If man is great, woman trained him from infancy and *made* him so. Then he cannot possibly be greater than woman, for *a stream cannot possibly* rise above its source. Mark that down, mark it down! That one truth clinches the decision for our side.

Lastly: I revert to my former argument, that the respective spheres and work of man and woman is the strongest point on which this decision hinges. Our opponents say that woman does not need as much intellect for her natural work as man does for his. I declare that woman does need as much and more intellectual strength to direct a princely mind and train and mould an immortal soul than man does to invent a steam engine, a "flying jenny" or a cotton-seed planter!

Greater than the electric telegraph, greater than the printer's art, greater than the triumphs of steam, greater than the invention of gunpowder, which makes war, murder and suicide easy, deluging the world with blood—greater than all these is the nursing of a spark from Divinity's throne—the mental training of an immortal spirit, which, in the language

of our eloquent new president, Prof. E. N. Ellis, "will outlive the stars and outshine the sun."

Remember, we have shown that the field of woman requires as much and more intellect than the work of man. We have shown that in her legitimate field, woman performs her part as well, and even better than man does his, and grandly supplementing all this, we have given illustration after illustration, made point after point, showing that when called out of her imperial sphere to do the mental work of man, she always equals, and generally excels him in his own work; and in addition to this, certainly always sustains herself in man's field far better than man does in hers.

Proven not only equal, but often superior to man, whenever they have been brought together in fair contest on equal grounds; greater in her own sphere than man is in his; greater in his sphere than man in hers, what more *can* woman prove?

The world takes off its hat in admiring approval before the great Webster's picture of the Temple of Wisdom, representing woman enthroned upon its topmost pinnacle, the crown of knowledge on her queenly brow and the golden sceptre of keen discernment in her uplifted hand: while man stands below, conscious of his own intellectual weakness, and cries out, looking up with anxious eyes: *"Woman, I would I were even as thou art; lift me up to thee!"*

STORY OF THE McBEATH LITERARY CIRCLE.

A VERITABLE ROMANCE!

Read Every Word.

Honestly feeling that no band of young people in these United States (smile at the broadness of the as-

sertion if you will, but it will make me none the less earnest) ever passed through just such an experience as the members of the McBeath Literary Circle have had—just such a series of trials, discouragements and victories as have crowded, thwarted and crowned thus far their grandiy eventful history, the author gives space in this volume of "Echoes" to more of their story than the public perhaps will readily understand and appreciate, unless they enter into this story of ours in a spirit of comradely and sympathy, and make our experience their own.

Biographies of Columbus, Wallace, Wellington, Napoleon, Washington, Jackson, Grant and Lee always command a keen and attentive interest. The victories of Agincourt, Austerlitz, Bannockburn, Yorktown and Manassas are still told in song and story. But greater than these, and far sweeter, too, are the triumphs of mind and heart, the bloodless victories of peace. Napoleon declared, "There *shall be no* Alps." And such a determined spirit among a struggling band of country boys and girls, endeavoring to elevate themselves, and with little encouragement save the fires of inspiration and aspiration that burn in their own hearts, should receive the encouraging applause of the world.

Beginning humbly, soon attracting an attendance and membership scattered over a radius of several miles, holding together against fearful odds and continuing undaunted and aggressive for three years, until many communities in the county and even beyond have organized similar clubs, and the Cobb County Convention of literary clubs has been auspiciously launched—the first movement of the kind ever attempted by any county in the State. We give prominence to this movement, feeling that such a work is greatly needed, and possible in almost every rural community, county and State in our land, and indulging the fond hope that many may be inspired to thus

begin and thus continue such a refreshing and important work. And then, too, if this volume is to faithfully *echo* the author's invalid life, the story of this work cannot be left out, since it is by far the most important and engaging period which these trying but happy years have known.

The following is the address which he prepared for our circle and presented to the public a year ago, asking subscriptions to build our literary hall and establish therein a library:

To Every Friend of Honest Aspiring Youth:

We, the members of the McBeath Literary Circle, country boys and girls in the community of Upshaw post-office, Cobb county, Georgia, young people of your interest and care, come to you with a simple statement and an earnest appeal:

The Tom F. McBeath Literary Circle was organized about two years ago for mental, moral and social development. It made a very humble beginning, having but few, if any, more than a dozen members. At first its mission was not well understood, nor its work appreciated by many, especially by those who did not attend regularly and sympathize fully with the new aspirations and work of our young people. We have had many obstacles and discouragements from without and within to contend with and retard our progress. We have had no library, and but few books, scattered and inaccessible, from which to gather knowledge and prepare ourselves for the programs rendered at each meeting. But amid all this, we have lived on and toiled on until we have made marked improvement among ourselves, and have attracted the attention of people for miles around, not only in our own county, but in counties adjacent, and even beyond.

Our membership and regular attendance have grown far too large to be accommodated at private homes. We need a public hall, a home of our own, centrally

located and commodious, where we can all meet under the approving eyes of our parents, and where we can establish and maintain a library of good, wise and useful books from which we may drink wholesome inspiration, and the instruction for which we thirst.

We believe, and surely you believe, too, with one who said, "Except the spring put forth buds there will be no beauty in summer, and in autumn no fruit. So if youth be trifled away without improvement, life will be contemptible, and old age miserable." He might also have said that life will be barren of the pleasures and duties that ennoble and the pursuits that refine. Thus we feel in our work. And if, in such a short time, and under such unfavorable circumstances, we have done so much, then, with the opportunity so much needed and so earnestly asked for, could we not do immeasurably more?

Such a building and such an institution would be permanent, stand as a monument to the intelligence, generosity and enterprise of those who built it, and bless you and us for years, and perhaps for generations, to come.

We would make it a literary, social and religious lighthouse, whose radiant beams of refinement and culture will light up our whole section and penetrate into and purify and dispel the darkness of ignorance beyond.

Give us this encouragement, and it will tend to keep our young people from growing tired of home surroundings, as so many country-raised young people over our land have done, and keep them from being enticed by the love of adventure, and lured by the city's fashions and temptation to leave the home we love. Our motto is: "Literature and Religion."

We would make our heads wiser, our lives better, and their influence broader and deeper.

We, dependent, honest, aspiring country boys and

girls, would improve ourselves in all that elevates and ennobles true manhood and womanhood.

Will you help us?

The author humbly trusts that he will be pardoned for inserting here a few of the many newspaper extracts that have appeared concerning his work. Of course it is much more becoming, and he would much rather speak of his work than himself. And these published words of others will enable his readers, at a distance, to appreciate the difficulties under which he has labored as they otherwise could not do; and also awaken, perhaps a special interest, impressing them with the fact that this story, in its every phase, is, he hopes, worthy of their time and thoughtful study. This first article is taken from the *Atlanta Journal*, of January 21st, 1893, and was written by that brilliant and wide-awake member of the *Journal* staff, Mr. Alex. W. Bealer, a noble Christian young man.

AN INVALID'S WORK.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE SHOWING WHAT ENERGY AND DETERMINATION WILL DO.

We are very apt, in looking on one whom God has afflicted, to pity him on account of his inability to mingle with the eager, surging crowd in the race for commercial prosperity or political preferment.

But ofttimes these men on whom the hand of affliction has been laid are animated by a lofty purpose which seems to draw their thoughts away from themselves and to give new energy to their frail bodies in which the spark of life at times seem burning very low.

People marvelled at the great work accomplished by Alexander Stephens when they looked upon his frail body that seemed to possess hardly enough vitality to hold the great soul, but he was animated by a lofty purpose, and he lived to bless his fellow-men.

Even in the humbler walks of life there are men weak in body but strong in purpose, men who seem to gather strength by work, and who never give up until they have accomplished that upon which their hearts are set.

These thoughts have been suggested to me by a pathetic picture seen sometimes upon our streets. It is the picture of a young man in an invalid's chair.

On his earnest face the stamp of suffering has been fixed, but he seems to forget that he is weak and well-nigh helpless; he seems to forget that his body is held together with a plaster of Paris jacket as hard as adamant; for, of late, animated by a noble purpose, he has often left his rolling chair, and, supported by crutches, walked from store to store seeking to bring to a successful termination a good work, and to him a great one, in which he has been engaged.

He is only a country boy whose home is near Powder Springs, but he has undertaken a work that many a strong and able bodied man would never have touched. He has undertaken to elevate the moral purposes of the young men and women of his community, and to elevate their minds by storing them with useful knowledge, and thus fitting them to make a creditable showing among their fellows when they begin to battle with the world.

The young man's name is Will D. Upshaw, and he has—but I am anticipating, and I must first tell you something about him, and then I will review the work he has done and is doing.

When a boy walking between the handles of the plow, ambition entered into his young heart and painted there many beautiful pictures of what he might be in the days to come, when he had grown to manhood.

These touches of ambition were doubtless given to him when he was a mere child, for from the age of eight to twelve he attended the Crew street school, presided over by that prince of teachers, Mr. John Isham.

Anyhow he was ambitious; but in February, 1885, his hopes were blighted, for while hauling timber on his father's farm, he fell backward on the wagon frame and injured his spine so much that he soon took to his bed, and there he has been ever since, except at rare intervals.

He has been too weak and nervous to read and write much, but has enjoyed having some one to read to him and has written a great deal by dictating to a friend.

He felt that even one in his condition could do something to make the world better and brighter. With this idea he called a large number of the young people together at his home, and while he was in bed, he organized a literary society and named it for Tom F. McBeath, the gifted Southern poet and philosopher.

Many people laughed at him for supposing that he could cause a literary society to flourish among a crowd of country boys and girls, but he determined that it should flourish, and he has carried out that determination.

Before the club was organized there was not a boy, and only one or two girls who could speak or recite or do anything with credit to themselves before an audience, but now the club has changed all these things, and last August at the annual meeting a program was rendered which competent critics pronounced equal to many presented before large city audiences or at college commencements, and this, too, by boys and girls who, like the one training them, were strangers to the classics, and some of whom have heretofore had no higher ambition than to frolic their lives away. They are now able to compose original speeches, to deliver them very creditably, and inspire all who hear them.

Will D. Upshaw has been trying to impress upon the boys and girls that while he was anxious to lead them to higher spheres of thought, he wished them to remember that knowledge, however great, is nothing without the possessor is a Christian.

The attendance at the meetings grew too large to be accommodated in private houses, and the young invalid conceived the idea of building a house in which the club could meet. He had no money, and the members had none, but he decided that the house must be built.

It was his idea to have a library in the new club house, and although he was met by opposition, he kept the idea alive, and after a large public meeting, at which a splendid programme was rendered, he made a stirring appeal

for the house and the library, and secured many contributions which enabled him to begin the work of erecting the house.

He needed more money, so on a wire spring he rode to Marietta, Acworth, and other places and solicited contributions.

It was terrible work for one as weak as Will Upshaw, but he succeeded beyond his expectations, and now he needs only about one hundred and fifty dollars more to have the house completed.

Besides doing all this work, he has been preparing a book for publication, but has been unable to complete it.

The work of this young invalid is surely a noble one, and I hope some friend of aspiring country boys will help him finish it.

It is the dream of Will Upshaw's life to complete this club building, and speaking of it, he said to me:

"It is, I suppose, the only house of the kind in Georgia. Old men say they have never known an instance in the State where a band of country boys and girls, so widely separated—scattered over a radius of ten miles—have held together as long as we have, overcome the obstacles we have overcome, accomplished what we have already, and are yet striving to accomplish. Instead of the old people—parents, leading the young, the young lead the old. It is a work of the young people. They aspire; they struggle; they need encouragement."

He is coming to Atlanta again next week, and I know he will meet with success, for he surely deserves it.

A. W. B.

A FITTING TRIBUTE.

The McBeath Literary Circle, at their first regular meeting in their new Hall (and it was an enthusiastic time) by a rising vote instructed the building committee to name their Hall in honor of him who has so nobly labored to build it; and so it is "The Willie D. Upshaw Hall, Home of the McBeath Literary Circle."

This is as it should be, and I do not think it could have been more appropriately named; for every beam, plank and nail used in its construction, if they had tongues, would lovingly speak of the noble, Christian young man

whose cherished idea they embody and carry out. Not only the building thus named in his honor, and which must sometimes decay, should perpetuate his memory, but in hundreds of human hearts blessed and cheered by his sweet spirit and noble example, there will abide for him more lasting monuments.—*Farmer Beach in Marietta Journal.*

MEMORIAL STONE.

THE WILLIE D. UPSHAW HALL
BUILT FOR
THE McBEATH LITERARY CIRCLE
AND THE
COMMUNITY AT LARGE,
MAINLY BY THE EFFORTS OF THE INVALID YOUNG MAN WHOSE NAME IT BEARS.
1892-93.

This Circle Was Organized October 10th, 1890, at the Bedside of "Earnest Willie."

"Behold What Love and Patience Can Do."

"Build for earth, and earth will surely with thy building pass away;
"Build for Heaven, nor that thou buildest nor the builder shall decay."

"Religion is the Sun of Life; Literature the Moon that gives sweet and helpful light, only as it reflects the beams of the former.

—TOM F. McBEATH.

Our Motto: LITERATURE AND RELIGION.

"On Christ the solid Rock we stand;
All other ground is sinking sand."

This stone presented by Miss Stella Tate. Engraved by Marshall Camp.

EXTRACT FROM HENRY CLAY FAIRMAN'S ADDRESS ON "DEDICATION DAY," SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1893.

Stricken down in the glow of dawning manhood, and imprisoned in a sick room year after year, his naturally active mind had to have congenial employment or perish, and in a fortunate hour he took up the pen. His first production was a letter to the boys' and girls' page of the *Sunny South.* Pleased to see himself in print and gratified by the chorus of generous praise that came back to him from many sections in the same columns, he continued to write and became, as already stated, the best known and most popular writer of that department.

Having started on the road of letters and being limited by his environments to a narrow field of diversion, the organization by him of a literary society in your midst was only a matter of natural growth. It must be rare indeed that a more touching and inspiring spectacle has been witnessed in this world than the organization of the McBeath Literary Circle" by the bedside of "Earnest Willie."

That under these circumstances his active and dissatisfied mind should have conceived the project of erecting a house to serve as a permanent home for the institutions of learning and culture which he had in mind was no less naturally to be looked for. The placing of his name upon the corner stone of the finished edifice is an eminently appropriate acknowledgment of the work that he achieved in spite of almost innumerable obstacles.

EDITORIAL COMMENT IN THE SUNNY SOUTH BY ITS GENEROUS AND POPULAR EDITOR, MR. HENRY CLAY FAIRMAN.

"Earnest Willie"—his eyes sparkling, and cheeks glowing with a happiness so apparent that it warmed the hearts of all observers—enjoyed, in accordance with the true fitness of things, the place of honor. He sat in his famous "Sunny South Chair" near the front of the stage, and to the right of the speaker's table, which was litterally burdened with a profusion of flowers.

* * * *

And now followed what to many persons was the most interesting, striking and thrilling event of this long-to-be-remembered day—"Earnest Willie's" speech.

Though with crutches he is able to stand and walk alone, yet the effort of locomotion is exhaustive of his strength, and he dares not venture to stand on his feet long at a time. So, like Alexander Stephens, he sat in his chair, and for more than an hour poured forth a strain of contemporaneous utterance which held the house in attentive silence, and surprised, and delighted, and moved and thrilled all hearers.

He began by reciting a short original poem, and then, without the assistance of notes (except as to a few topics at the conclusion which he feared forgetting), proceeded to review the history of the conception and formation of the "McBeath Circle," and the erection of its home. From point to point he went clearly and logically, in a voice pitched naturally, in a somewhat high, but by no means shrill key, with a rapidity of utterance which kept his audience wide awake, and with a distinctness of enunciation which delivered every word to the ears, even of those who sat behind him. We cannot undertake to give even the substance of his earnest address, and regret very much that it was not taken down in shorthand.

* * * *

DEDICATION ADDRESS.

Delivered on Saturday, May 6, 1893, at the Dedication of the Literary Hall as the Home of the McBeath Literary Circle.

Special to All, and Especially My Young Readers:

The author is well aware that the following address is too long and too local in many of its allusions to awaken and hold the keen interest of the general reader who is an entire stranger to all the circumstances. But these "personal mentions" were a necessity to the interest and effectiveness of the address when it was delivered. It is given now, not so much as a finished speech, but as a *story* into which many different characters enter as a *necessity* for the portrayal of the victorious truths he would impress. Only a few pages of the first and latter part of this address were written before its delivery, by far the greater part being afterwards written out, or largely dictated from memory. It is published with the earnest hope of inspiring and encouraging other boys and girls. Put yourself, if possible, in this invalid boy's place, go with him *pa-*

tiently to the far-off end, and accord to him all the interested charity which your hearts know how to give. Being introduced in a beautiful speech by Prof. E. N. Ellis, "Earnest Willie" sat in his rolling-chair, and spoke in substance, as follows:

Happy, grateful, golden hour!
I own with joy thy thrilling power;
I hear the stirring of unseen wings,
Hope's glad fruition now sweetly sings!
Dear boys and girls—pride of my heart,
For whom my love, my tear-drops start—
We see the crown which *Faith* now wears—
Meet face to face our answered prayers—
Feel in our hearts the "*McBeath*" *thrill*
That follows words like these: "We *will!*"
Our garnered dreams for months, e'en years—
Our labor hard; aye, happy tears
About us all their radiance fling
As we rest, O God, 'neath Thy bright'ning wing;
We own to-day Thy guiding Hand
Through valleys low, o'er mountains grand,
And bless Thee as we bask the while
In the light of Thy approving smile.

Friends and Fellow-McBeatheans, to have lived to see this hour fills my heart with a leaping joy, a sweet satisfaction, a glad sense of triumph, and a feeling of humble gratitude, over all of which hovers with brooding wings the Dove of a blessed *peace* that I cannot tell, and that, if told, you could not fully understand.

If I know my heart (and I have often said and felt it since this movement began), I would rather my eyes had been permitted to look on this scene—this audience assembled to witness the dedication of this hall, the new home of the McBeath Literary Circle, and intended as a light-house of blessing and encouragement, to foster every interest that will uplift the minds and hearts of our people—I declare to you in all soberness that I would rather have lived to see it than to have been lifted by the ballots of my countrymen up to the giddy but uncertain heights of congressional honors, and taken my seat this morning in the

halls of the Nation's Capitol amid the applause of approving thousands.

Some stranger present, who cannot look behind this auspicious hour and measure all the forces that, through an unparalleled blending of chaos, trial and sunlit achievement attendant upon the labors of our brave little band, have steadily and surely converged to this happy end, such a stranger may turn his eyes about him on these narrow walls, this unpretentious little building, this plain and simple scene, and say in his heart: "Well, if such be the measure of your ambition, it is not equal to mine." Maybe not. And then, maybe it is equal, but of a different kind—a kind of ambition, alas! on which is not placed that premium so confessedly due by a needful and thinking world.

Making a grateful obeisance of welcome to this audience of friends at home and distinguished friends from abroad, and putting within the compass of one plain sentence the glad gratitude I feel toward every one of you for your presence—a happy pleasure and gratitude which, once mentioned, I would have you see glowing in every word I speak—I feel that the circumstances justify a few words as to the part I now take in to-day's informal program. Ever since our circle was organized I have never allowed myself put on our programs, partly because these programs have sometimes been so much *on me*, but mainly, of course, because I have not had the physical strength to make a speech. But since our hall movement shot like a Star of Hope and promise across the firmament of our youthful ambitions and aspiring dreams, I have often said that I felt that if anything in the world could inspire me to make a speech, it would be to thus witness the glad fulfillment of my long-cherished plan, this fruition of my ardent hopes, this fair crowning of my earnest labors and anxious prayers; and I have all along said to our boys that when, oh *when!* our hall should be dedicated, on that day I would, if able *try* to make a "sure enough speech."

I had thought to amplify every topic legitimately coming within the scope of such an address, fashion every sentence and weigh every period with a painstaking deliberation and an anxious care which, if it should fail to

please my audience, would at least sing to my own heart the sweet little satisfying song of "duty done."

But as I gather to-day all the other golden fruitage of my cherished hopes, this one little statue is almost shattered ere I reach the shining pedestal of the once inviting column.

The continuous strain of work and anxiety on me during the past several months, has done its work at last—I have been almost broken down again, as many of you know have been compelled to spend the greater part of the last six weeks on bed, so tired I could not concentrate my thoughts on any difficult subject for half an hour without hurting myself—and all this time perplexed with the distressing thoughts of delinquent subscriptions, unpaid bills, and all the work and anxiety connected with getting these speakers here, and such other preparations as are known only to those who, from the depths of a kindred anxiety, have cried out: "Which way I fly is labor and confusion! I, myself, am confusion!"

How could anybody prepare a finished speech under such circumstances? But if you are half as happy as I am to-day, you are well prepared to drive the cold form of "Judge Critic" from your heads and hearts, and, doing unto me as you would have me do unto you, were our positions exactly reversed, let sweet charity link my disconnected thoughts, smooth your way over rough and jagged forms of expression, and, gathering all the fragments, shadows and even suggestions of thought into one well-rounded and complete address such as you feel my heart would be so glad to make,—thus by an assurance of your warm sympathy beaming from your faces, banish from my sky the one little cloud that actually tends to mar my present happiness, and make all for me one arching canopy of unbroken and radiant joy.

ORGANIZATION AND PROGRESS.

It seems eminently proper, especially for the benefit of those here not acquainted with the humble birth and almost phenomenal growth of this noble circle of young people, to recount briefly its organization and progress.

I regret in one sense, and naturally feel embarrassed, that this story must be told by one who has been so inti-

mately connected with it; and while I would wish that an abler one might tell of the life and struggles of our young people and draw elevating lessons of inspiration from its every phase, I feel sure that it could not be traced by a more patient hand or a fonder, prouder and more loving heart.

Anxious to do something for the inspiration, elevation, encouragement and help of the young people around us, Miss Mollie Mitchell, then the noble and accomplished young lady teacher here, and I talked the matter over and decided to call the young people together for the purpose of organizing a literary circle. Accordingly, on the evening of October 10th, 1890, barely more than a dozen boys and girls met in my room, and there around my bedside our little band was imperfectly organized. Honored at that meeting by being chosen as its first President, which I could not accept, since I was unable to walk a step, and could not meet with you in your rounds among the different homes of the community, the office of President was tendered as it should have been to our wise little friend, Miss Mitchell, who served us so efficiently for three terms, and was so worthily beloved; and I was made your Honorary President, and as such, feeling the burden of responsibility upon me, and with a deep and burning anxiety which you could not measure nor comprehend, I lay and watched the little plant wind its way through rocks and crevices, struggling in its tender young life to lift its head above the barriers that impeded its progress, up and out into the full sunlight of the community's recognition and approval, until at last my heart has gladdened with a fond pride and unspeakable delight to see the plant blossom into a flower of radiant beauty such as we never dreamed of, exhaling its refreshing and inspiring fragrance all over our county and even in some instances, reaching to the counties and States beyond.

DIFFICULTIES AND ENCOURAGEMENTS.

We have not only had the mists of distrust to dissipate and the icicles of chilling indifference to melt, but huge mountains of open opposition to overcome. Such an enterprise had never been known in our community before. It was a "new thing under the sun"; the past of such

organizations in other communities was strewn with wrecks, and people predicted that we would soon die, too. Even some who are our most faithful and enthusiastic members refused to join at first, saying it would die in a few weeks, and declaring that they did not want to have it said that they belonged to anything that lived so short a time and died. But I determined that, the Lord helping us, *we should not die!* Greater, often than the opposition without, was the task of meeting the discouragements within. To revive in some breast the flower of hope and promise or the glad and glowing ardor which some fire of trial had scorched, or some chilling mist of discouragements had dampened; to fan back to flame some spark of enthusiasm which had been buffeted and smothered by evil decrying words and the *débris* from careless and unfriendly hands, until it had flickered almost to extinction; to urge some new inexperienced and diffident member to gather courage and put forth effort enough to take a place on the program *just one time*—the first time with a speech or recitation; to learn a week later, perhaps, that from a lack of self-confidence and crowding farm and household cares, the good purpose of that member had weakened, and that he or she would not be ready for the next meeting, and to turn over in bed and write an earnest, pleading note, urging them for my sake, for the sake of our circle, and above all, for their *own* sake, to determine once more "I WILL"; to pass through days of never spoken discouragement and anxiety and learn at the eleventh hour that some unexpected ill had befallen us, and failure seemed almost certain. These and a thousand other little fears, hindrances and anxieties felt deepest and sometimes only by my own heart, have constituted the difficulties—"the mist and film and clod" through which our boys and girls have passed, and which I have so keenly felt as I have sought to lead them to that success which I felt God could approve. And to see these fears always turned to rejoicing, and *every* regular meeting during our whole history crowned with signal success (not one single failure among them all)—these grand meetings giving individual and united joy among our band, have been some of the encouragements which, time after time, like golden lucious fruit our eager hands and happy hearts have gathered. Thinking of it all now, inspired with a

joy and hope and determination which thrilled me more than I can possibly tell, I must speak here for your own inspiration the new motto for the battles of life which all these trials and triumphs have taught me: *Let nothing discourage you, never give up!*

THE BUILDING MOVEMENT.

Leading up to and passing through our first annual picnic entertainment in August of '91, the brilliancy of whose success actually surprised ourselves and everybody else, filling the large audience under the trees with admiration, setting our circle ablaze with enthusiasm and inspiring in them a confidence in their ability to *do something* stronger and grander than they had ever felt before, I touched that day upon the necessity of a large hall and school building; and in the following autumn, our membership and attendance having grown far too large to be accommodated with comfort and the best possible success at private homes, we prepared an address to the parents, asking them to help us erect a hall for the joint purposes of our circle and the school. But somehow some of them did not fully appreciate our work and request, and, well—you know how it often is with such initial movements for reform—*it came to naught.* And even most of my warmest friends who had before said it could never be done in this community, shook their heads and said: "*I told you so!*" This was the greatest, most trying crisis through which we ever passed. No one can possibly understand it who was not on the scene. Disaffected ones declared time and time again: "The club will die—the club is dead!" And a special meeting was named as the time and place for the sad event to occur. It seemed almost that the "good ship" would break into a thousand pieces, if there had been that many for it to break into. But thank the Lord, the beloved little vessel was manned by a few faithful ones who wore in their undaunted hearts *faith, hope and purpose*, and who had learned the death-cry of Lawrence: "*Don't give up the ship!*" We *lived! thank God*, we *lived!* Order and rich, glorious success grew, blossomed and brightened through the chaotic clouds of gloom. Oh! if my invalid life and especially the last two or three years have taught me anything, it has

been the priceless value of *abiding faith* and *undying perseverance.* We said but little, but kept the hall plan alive in our heart, determined to strike again when the iron was hot; and we would do our best to *make it hot!* Nearly a year passed, the tide brightening and growing as it rolled along. As some of the school patrons had declined to help us the year before, we determined now to make the effort alone to build a literary hall and establish a library. Oh! the wearing, trying labor and anxiety of preparing and training most of the boys and girls for our second annual picnic entertainment, for I knew that on the marked success of that depended the success of our hall movement. Then the private conference with several of our leading members, and the agreement that when the movement should be announced, each would immediately rise in different parts of the audience, giving their subscriptions, so as to give the movement an impetus that would inspire others present to give. *Ha! ha!* how our noble boys responded, and how it all worked like a charm! Nearly twice as much subscribed on that grand and enthusiastic occasion as we had expected. My joy was unspeakable. Then getting on my wire swing, I went to Marietta (bless her generous name), noble Acworth and princely Atlanta. It is needless for me to dwell in detail on the months of work and anxiety that it cost me. It was in many respects the hardest, grandest time of my life. You could not understand it all if I were to try to tell you. Suffice it to say that the money was raised and the hall and library are here. It seems eminently proper here to turn aside and give "honor to whom honor is due" when I speak of the ingenious "swing" which enabled me to go away from home, made by our noble young friend, Mr. James Greer. Without that swing I could not have gone; without going I could not have raised the money, and without the money we could not have built the hall. So it seems that the plainly logical conclusion is that without Mr. Greer's genius we could not have built this hall, or at least such a beautiful one as we now have.

We were ready to order the lumber, when, learning that a few of the school patrons who, for fifteen or twenty years had almost no schoolhouse, wanted to come in with us, we gave them an opportunity. Feeling that the

object for which the money was contributed, had been accomplished—*we had our hall*—and anxious to favor them, and at the same time we hoped, strengthen the circle, we made this concession, hoping that our generous friends abroad, would approve the spirit that controlled us in this action. It is refreshing to our young people to note that of the $700 represented in this Hall and Library, about $600 came directly through, and as a gift to them.

Many of my wisest and warmest friends advised me that it was unwise for me to turn aside from the completion of my book, for this "little" local enterprise, but it had been the dream of my invalid life to put this building here as a magnet to draw together this long divided community, and to stand as a monument to bless and inspire them long after I had gone; and although I knew it would be a great financial loss or hindrance, and a great tax and trial upon my meagre physical strength, I felt that I *just could not give it up!* And though (while I felt sure that the Hall would ultimately be built) the work was so arduous that I sometimes feared it would be built over a prostrate body; still, somehow, I felt that it *must be done!*

Sometimes when on my rounds of solicitation, as I would be about to enter some princely store or home (for I managed to muster up courage enough to carry me from the humble clerk to the merchant prince, the lawyer, the judge, the banker, the palatial residences on Peachtree street, the editor's sanctum, the Governor's office and the Senator's home)—when I would be about to enter such elegant imposing places as these, my courage would almost fail me; I would wonder how I was going to be received; and breathing a little prayer for courage and wisdom, I would enter with trepidation, study my auditor's face, make my little speech accordingly, and generally come out with a happy heart, inspired afresh for my next adventure. When striving to meet that most important note in bank, from which continuous labor and anxiety, carrying me sometimes into the night, I feared I might fall in my tracks, the thought would come to me: What will it amount to? Will it be worth what it costs? And will it ever be appreciated? But I would dash the thought from me, as an unworthy suggestion, and answer: *I can-*

not stop! It must be done! And I felt then that it would be as I feel to-day. It is sweet to know in my heart that the good is done, whether it is ever appreciated or not. So many had been the prophecies that the Hall would never be built, and so happy was my heart when the lumber was at last on the ground, and the work ready to begin, that I felt like I wanted to stay here, hobble down here on my crutches sometimes and joyfully watch its progress, or lie in my room and bed and listen to the sweet, cheering music of hammer and saw. But I had no Aladdin's magic ring—I could not stay at home and raise money to pay the workmen, too. And so, coming back on that cold December night, after a delightfully successful trip, my eyes strained to catch the first glimpse of the new Hall that had risen during my absence. The night was dark, the winds were bitter cold, but when that new roof flashed upon my anxious, happy eyes, the darkness seemed to vanish, the cold to melt away, my heart swelled with "God, I thank thee!" and as I swung along nearer and nearer, the very atmosphere of the dark, chill night about me seemed to glow bright, warm and golden!

MY SWEETHEART—MY WIFE.

This is my wedding day! Did you know it? Do you see this beautifully crotcheted white silk tie I wear? Then hereby hangs a little story: This pretty tie was made by the fair hands of a noble lady friend in far off Washington City, and sent to me as a Christmas present. Exhibiting it while visiting the beautiful home of that queenly Christian woman, Mrs. Albert Cox of Atlanta, I told her I had never worn it, and was saving it for some "State occasion," perhaps. And she said to me: "I'll tell you what you do. You call your Literary Circle your 'sweetheart,' your wife. Now, save that pretty tie and wear it for the first time the day your Hall is dedicated." I thank her now for the beautiful suggestion. Verily, as I have often said, "love in a cottage" having faded out of my life long ago, on account of my invalid condition, I have *married* myself to this band of boys and girls. People often laughingly tell me that if it were not for the girls in the Circle, I would not love it so well. I *jvst reckon I wouldn't!* If there were no girls in this world,

I wouldn't love it so well, either. If there had been no girls, there would have *been* no Circle. The girls—bless their sweet hearts! their fidelity has cheered us—their beauty has charmed us—their bravery has inspired us, and their hopeful and unwavering constancy, with a magnetic and centripetal force possessed only by beautiful, faithful woman, in grand united effort—this constancy, the rarest jewel in womanhood's queenly crown, has drawn us and cemented us together in one solid, unbroken and unbreakable phalanx which no form of discouragement could decimate, and no opposition daunt.

I have been often told, directly and indirectly, "You give too much time and thought to your club. You are too enthusiastic over a little country literary circle; why it is a very small thing!" But I ask in reply, next to the preaching of the gospel itself, what work *can* be greater or grander than to seek to inspire in the heart of youth just coming into the dawning of young manhood the aspiration and effort toward loftier ideals and nobler lives? What work *can* be grander, more enduring and more inspiring than to take smiling girlhood by the hand and seek to lead her to higher plains of thought and action, graces that will live and adorn when the symmetry of her form has been broken by age and the roses of her youth have faded. Enthusiasm! why yes, I am enthusiastic! Enthusiasm is the *soul* of every movement for good, and the inspiration to all who look on. You cannot set the world on fire with an old dead chunk, or smoking torch which smolders, but *never* blazes. You must *blaze yourself*, if you would make *others* to blaze about you. I am *married* to my work, and my bosom burns with inexpressible love for this companion of my heart and hopes. Not exactly analogous (for it would be too great a tribute to my own labor) but beautifully suggestive, I remember that as Pygmalion fell in love with the statue of his own carving, so this work and these workers, you, my boys and girls, have become my Galatea. But our God has filled you and inspired you with a more beautiful animation, a sweeter and a more glorious life than Venus breathed into the beautiful marble form of the fabled Galatea. O my joy and inspiration! pride of my heart and crown of my life, what could I have done without you? Nothing, nothing! Cut

down in my happy youth, shut out from school and college, and debarred the privileges of going out into the world to try to do the great things I had hoped to do in life, I have thanked God for this opportunity of gathering these noble country boys and girls around me and trying to help them gain something of what I have missed in life. And in soliciting contributious I would often tell that I was trying to build a house for my wife to live in, a hall for our meetings and food for her, in a library to feast her mind and heart. And I would tell them further, that on the day our Hall should be completed and dedicated, I would feel as happy as a fond groom who leads to the altar his fair and blushing bride. And looking into your beaming faces now and remembering all that you have been to me, I would in spirit and in the purity of love press this circle to my heart and enshrine it there as I would the sweetheart of my youth and the wife of my bosom!

To the Young People: Come, ah, come! my fair young bride, put your trusting hand in mine as we go back in memory and live over again the golden days, when, hearts and hands together, we have gone, loving and singing into battle, and come out every time bearing "Victory" upon our stainless banner, the blessed, bloodless victories of peace! Who have been our leaders? Let us make a portrait gallery of our presidents and embalm their names in our hearts forever—names more loved by us, and as important quite as the presidents of these United States. First, was that little queen, Miss Mollie Mitchell, so gentle, kind and firm; then Walter McElreath, courtly, astute, efficient; then Arthur York, the noble, modest gentleman; and Emmett McElreath, ha, ha, it brings a smile whenever we think of the ready wit and refreshing pluck which characterized his administration, the most brilliant period in our history; then Jimmie Greer, whose Chesterfield manners and determined effort at self-education, lifted him from the bottom round to the highest place in the gift of our circle; and now the gifted, eloquent young Cicero, Prof. E. N. Ellis, soon to be followed on his departure by his brave little vice, James Earnest Babb. Just suppose we have a little Westminster Abbey of our own and place their wax figures in it. Did any set of young people ever have just such a time as we have had? Never!

How inspiring now to think of and speak a few of our many

SPECIAL VICTORIES.

Our first "Annual" (golden day), when Tom R. Morgan was the graceful master of ceremonies, the excellency of whose program Col. Seals compared to a college commencement, a day that waked us up to the possibilities within us, and whose mellowed beams linger in our hearts till now. Then we passed through the dignity and amusing delight of our first debate. Then, ah then, the terrible crisis in the fall and winter of '91 that tried our souls, the storm that tended to blow away the chaff and shake the wheat more closely together. The night of our Christmas entertainment in that old, old schoolhouse, when parties were held on different sides and many were attracted there; when some predicted disorder among us and that there would not be three girls present; but oh, God drew back the curtains of the skies, the clouds of gloom were scattered, the very firmament of Heaven beamed inspiration down: the "McBeathean" boys and girls spoke and recited as if their lives depended on it, and Hon. J. G. Camp, or dear "old" eloquent Joe Camp as his friends love to call him, just fairly got up and left this mundane sphere and sat astride a star, building for his rapt audience a grand tower of impassioned oratory, from whose windows beamed faces of smiling gladness, about whose arches and porticoes gathered in luxuriant richness beautiful flowers of inspiring fragrance, and from whose shining pinnacle waved the glorious ensign of inspiration, bearing in golden letters the vital words: Freedom! Education! Truth and Religion!

The satisfying peace, the thrilling delight experienced by our faithful ones, was expressed when in answer to my question, the usually quiet Emmett McElreath declared: "*Glorious! Glorious!!*" and their spirit of determination was voiced when happy Jot Johnston was asked by my mother: "Jot, what made you speak so? I never did hear you do so well in my life!" and he replied: "Well, Mrs. Upshaw, I knew it was *life* or *death* one, and I wanted us to live!"

"Why, I was as happy that night as Speaker Crisp was over his election! And for us all. the bare, straggling

girders above, swinging with Chinese lanterns, seemed to take on new forms of symmetry and beauty; the uncomely, leak-stained roof of that old schoolhouse seemed actually glorified with the glow of that "light supernal that never shone on land or sea"; and from that hour of battle and victory, the site of that old schoolhouse became historic ground—as dear and inspiring to our young lives as the glories of Manassas and Concord, of Yorktown and Bunker Hill!

Our very existence, it seemed, depended on this meeting; and, crowned with a radiant and undreamed-of success, it proved the great pedestal on which we firmly rested, and from which we began to steadily and grandly climb, until the sun of August 13, 1892, burst in undimmed glory upon us, and our second "Annual" was born to never die!

Remembering the program of that day as the brightest diadem the "McBeath" ever wore, I feel that I cannot pass without noting the individual settings, the rare and radiant jewels whose flashing scintillations made up that shining crown. Oh! that was the day when Jimmie Greer, in his "Opening Address," "opened the cask of good things," and declared in the words of the sweet old song just sung, "I feel like going on, brothers! *I feel like going on*"; when Miss Nora told of "Six Love Letters" in her laughable and inimitable way; when Ruben Rollins impressively discoursed on "Our Past and Our Future"; when Miss Lula beautifully declared, "I live in the grandest nation that has stood in all the years"; when John Petrel in his "Fourth of July Oration," raised his hands, shouting, "Liberty and union! Yankee-doodle-um-de-doodle-um, forever and ever"; when Miss Lilla, with beaming eyes and superb, clear voice and manner, read of "Eyes that Sparkle and Hearts that Throb"; when Homer Sorrells, with manly bearing and impressive gesture, declaimed in *daytime*, "A *Midnight* Reverie"; when Miss Clemmie gaily announced that she had "Gone with a handsomer man"; when Will Rollins, on "Two Boys," with fine surprising grace of delivery, drew a striking comparison between the dull and aspiring boy; when Miss Edith tenderly and sweetly said, "Yes, my child, Heaven's doors are open all around you"; when

Jim Babb, leaning on his staff, with the natural face and peerless manner of a seer, and Hillyer Kemp, sword in hand and clad in princely and glittering array, startled the audience with "Lochiel's Warning"; when Miss Sallie Blanche told in tear-bringing pathos of "The Fall of Pemberton Mill"; when Coleman Watson spoke with youthful grace and eloquence on "Country Boys and Girls," "one of whom, he declared, he was proud to be which"; and when Emmett McElreath, with classical reminiscence and points of striking wit and weighty thought, told how "O'er the Alps Lies Italy," declaring that when we had built our hall and established our library, we would then have crossed our Alps and reached the sunny Italy of our dreams. Ah! my comrade, you spake wiser than you knew; for that very day we almost topped our Alps, and our Italy was born!

Then came an original poem on "Country Boys and Girls" by that sweet, sacred singer and poet, Rev. W. P. Rivers.

Then, following a humble talk by your humble servant, that stable, eloquent, Christian lawyer, Col. R. N. Holland, "started the ball to rolling" by taking up a collection for our hall and stirring our souls with his burning words, even as his queenly wife had captured all hearts before him. Then Prof. O. L. Kelly argued sagely and earnestly on the dangers and evils of reading trashy novels. Then the boy-orator, Mr. Herschel Dorris, eloquently declared that "gold should be a slave and man alone be king!" Then that dear old father in Israel, Mr. J. N. Babb, whose venerable head is whitening for the tomb, but whose heart is still fresh with the springtime of youth, making him ever the young people's staunch and faithful friend, in an impassioned impromptu speech of mellow, tender eloquence, spoke of one of our mottoes suspended above the stage that day:

WE STRIVE UPWARD.—WILL YOU HELP US?

and declared: "Yes, our dear children, we are inspired by your worthy efforts, and we *will* help you with our labors and our prayers!" Then Miss Leno Bartlett, Miss Sallie Watson and Miss Addie Kathleen Verdery sang in entrancing strains that lifted the heart toward the happy realm where celestial music rings.

Then the generous Silver Cornet Band of Marietta, struck up "Dixie," firing the Southern ardor in our hearts to enthusiastic shouts and cheers. Then the large audience beneath the trees rose and sang in heart-melting tenderness, "Sweet By and By," brightening our eternal hope for the glorious "Home of the Soul."

O day of days! O golden summer of '92,
"From life's barren hilltops we'll look back to you."

Then on the springing, bounding waves of music and inspiration, I went "swinging" and floating off to raise the money for you. Here is my subscription list (holding the paper up), every name on it from 25 cents to $10.00 cost an earnest speech. The list is worn and soiled now, but keep it, examine it, and preserve it as an unfading memento of the noble generosity which each name reflects, and the love I bear, and the labor I have sought to do for you—a labor whose fruits, I pray God, may never perish —a love that cannot ever die! Comrades, look into the past, think of our eventful life in its every phase, which need not and cannot be spoken; then look about you now, and *think!!!* Verily, this is the hour of our triumph!

It is told of the eloquent Prentiss that once, at the close of one of his fervid orations, when the people were all ablaze with admiration, applause and enthusiasm, he fell fainting to the floor. And a friend, bending over him and looking into his face as he raised him in his arms, said to him: "*Die, Prentiss! die right now—you will never have a grander opportunity!*" Many there be, you know, who have talked from the first about our Circle langishing and "dying." And it does seem to me that if we ever intend to let her die, we will never find a grander opportunity than right now in this glad hour of her triumph, when she will go out in a blaze of glory, and her requiem be the echoing strains of admiring applause and loving enthusiasm which we now hear ringing about us! But our Circle must not die! Though if it should die to-day, we have had enough happy victories to more than amply repay for all that they have cost. If it were possible for some fell hand to blot our Circle from the earth to-day, go where we would—though a thousand miles should separate us, the rich and blessed memories of

all our tender and hallowed associations, all our hard-fought battles and joyous victories, all our sweet and incomparable comradeship—in short, all that we have been to each other during these thirty-two eventful months—these dear, golden memories would cling to us—they would linger strongly, yet tenderly in our hearts and refresh and inspire us still!

"Let fate do her worst, there are relics of joy—
Bright dreams of the past that she cannot destroy,
That will come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear!

"Long, long be our hearts with these memories filled!
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled—
You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will cling round it still!"

We will forget Moore's sometimes too effusive sentimentality, in thanking him for these superb and beautiful words in which to encouch the strong feelings of this hour.

Dear boys and girls, I must leave you soon. It hurts my heart to think of it, but Fate lifts her imperious finger, and I must obey. Oh! cling to the work for the work's sake. Show to yourselves and to the world that no one character, or two or three even, will be necessary to its success. Two or three earnest boys and girls among you can always bring radiant success to this and every kindred enterprise. Love her name, defend her fame, guard her honor and offer yourselves a sacrifice on the altar of her work and success until after the last struggle, the weary hands are folded, and in obedience to the touch of Death the brave and loving heart shall fail. "The fields are unto harvest white," and there is need of reapers here and everywhere. "God gems your path with opportunities thick as summer dewdrops on the grass rich with His promise." Rush, I beseech you, with hurrying feet, into the inviting meadow, and pluck the bright gay flowers and gather the golden fruits while the dew is still sparkling on them; else there will come a frost, a *killing frost*, and these fragrant flowers and luscious fruits that seemed so fair in life's young morning, will turn to blackness or to ashes at your touch. God bless you and help you, with *faith*, *hope*, *pluck*, *patience* and *perseverance* woven into your very beings, to appropriate to

yourselves these words which I wrote to our noble, brilliant and eminently successful Walter McElreath on his nineteenth birthday:

You, my boy, have nobly done,
While others fun have sought,
You've often burned the midnight lamp,
And 'twas not burned for naught!

Work persistently, *toil on!*
And you will not work in vain;
Press with *unflinching, patient* tread,
And you'll reach the golden grain!

PARENTS, will you not come, take us by the hand and wish us God-speed, to-day? To those who have loved us, encouraged us and helped us in our new work, we assure you we feel a deep and lasting gratitude. And those who have not? Oh! well, look out yonder how sweetly the sun shines! It is a bright and beautiful day. And in all the brightness and happiness of this golden hour let us forget as much as possible aught that is unpleasant—aught that can mar this auspicious time. Let us recur to nothing save that which will be helpful to remember. And it seems just now especially helpful to ask this pertinent, simple question. If, as some have strangely and thoughtlessly said, "The club has done no good," then whence this marked improvement in our young people, attracting the attention of communities for miles around? Whence these new aspirations—this notable polish and culture of young manhood and womanhood among your children, or those of them, rather, who have earnestly sought to benefit themselves? If "the club has done no good," then please tell me candidly where this beautiful hall came from? And where this booming school, twice as large, you know, as any your own efforts have ever builded?

Now, will not those of you who have never come close enough to us to understand our hearts, take this handsome new building and all that we have lain at your feet, and hold it up as a lens through which to look at our hearts and motives?

God bless you all and help you to see these hearts of ours just as they feel towards you and all this community. And whatever some of you may do, remember we are going right along, trying to do our duty as we have done

in the past. With songs on our lips, love reigning in our bosoms, and, we trust, "*grit and grace*" in our hearts, God helping us, we are going forward in the field of pure and lofty purpose, "conquering and to conquer!"

WHAT HAS OUR CIRCLE ACCOMPLISHED? THE POSSIBILITIES OF SUCH WORK HERE AND EVERYWHERE.

Every one in this immediate section knows that before our work began here there was not a single boy, and only one or two girls, who could speak, recite or do anything of the kind with credit to themselves before a public audience. They had strong native intellects, but no experience. They had genuine talent, but it was latent and undeveloped. And lo! now, behold! programs of such excellence as many colleges offer, and that, too, by bright boys and girls who, for the most part, never saw inside a college in the capacity of pupils. By dint of *work*, *work*, *work*, *effort*, *effort*, *effort*, they have reached their present proficiency and our circle has been the Olympic arena of their elevating action. And the *social feature*—how many of our young hearts lighten and faces wreathe in smiles when this is touched upon. But we know that the old-fashioned "party" that was such an intellectual dearth, has been supplanted, and since our circle was organized, there has not been in our immediate community a single simple, foolish "party," where "bouncing around in the moonlight," Twistification and "Tucker" were the indispensable order of the evening. Instead of spending the whole evening in such mind-dwarfing employments, only a little while is given to bright, refreshing conversation, and the greater part of the evening is devoted to intellectual pursuits that inspire the mind and bless the heart.

At first our Circle was called simply a place for the boys and girls to get together—a "courting invention," if you please, but in answer to this I have only to say, there has never been a wedding within our membership. I mentioned this notable fact in a little speech at Smyrna where I went by invitation to help organize the Hebean Literary Circle, and a pair of roguish bright eyes set like twin diamonds in a blushing face shook her head out in the audience, saying, "*That is too bad, too bad!*" Observing it, I laughingly told her, as I tell you all now, that while there

has been no actual marriage where both parties were members of the "McBeath," there is simply no telling just how many have been started on the high road to matrimony; for, wherever young hearts meet, "eyes *will* look love to eyes which in turn," as Bill Nye says, "make a similar remark." The social feature, with all its varied delights so purifying and edifying, has not been the least effective of our work, and our meetings every two weeks, supplementing everything else, have seemed the "measures of our existence" in the social life of our young people. Merely naming and passing our elegant hall and the magnificent school, the largest school ever taught at this place *since Columbus discovered America*, we love to think especially now of the inspiration that other bands of young people declare they have received from our living and eminent success. Think of the clubs that have sprung up in different parts of the county. "The Dumas," "The M. B. Duncan," "The Lost Mountain," "The F. F. C.," "The Kennesaw," "The Antioch," "The Hebean" and "The Concord"—these are our trophies, until the Cobb County Convention of literary clubs, the first movement of the kind ever attempted by any county in Georgia, or in the South, as far as we have heard, shines out before us with inspiring promise, not like the "far sparkle of the morning star," but rather like the radiant glow of the coming sun! And we cordially invite our city brethren and sisters to come out and light their torch of inspiration at the unique fire which we, their "country cousins," have kindled. Let this work move on, and brighten and widen until the heart of every rural district in Georgia, aye, in the nation, if possible, shall pulse and throb with a new, warming, fascinating and uplifting social life! I tell you in all earnestness, I verily believe that, on the perfection and perpetuation of such work depends more the exalted civilization and prosperity of our beloved Union than on the "reduction of the tariff," the "free coinage of silver," the "influx of gold," or any possible economic legislation that can shower its streams of blessing upon us from the dome of the Nation's Capitol. Build up the rural districts so they will be prepared to properly appreciate the pluck, energy and enterprise of the city. Let the cities inspire us with these stirring qualities, while we in turn serve as a great balance-wheel to hold

them in check in their natural tendency toward the giddy "heights" to which the vagaries of "modern society" sometimes carry them. And so these two great levers of our civilization, working in happy unison, fully sympathizing with and strengthening each other, shall sweep our government up to that ideal grandeur of civilization and power for, and of which, Henry W. Grady, the seer and statesman, earnestly worked and dreamed!

I feel it my duty to turn aside just here and bear glad testimony to a fact that should make the cheek of the demagogue crimson with shame. If they who, to inflame the passions of the unthinking, claim that the city people are against the people of the country, could have gone with me on my rounds of solicitation and seen the readiness with which men absorbed in business turned aside from their own work to listen to my story of the aspirations and struggles of this band of country boys and girls, and then manifested their deep interest, not only with their kind words of encouragement, but their *money* of encouragement as well—if they could have seen this as I saw it every day, they would never have the heart nor the face to make such charges again.

You know and I know, that if it had not been for the money of our friends in the cities, this Hall and Library would not stand here now to bless this community of country people. Let this fact, and the presence of these distinguished city gentlemen here to-day, speak again the truth that the best, intelligent people of the towns and cities *do* feel a warm and abiding interest in this work which weighs so heavily on our anxious minds and hearts.

ARE WE SATISFIED?

Oh, just to have our hall! We thought, my comrades, we would be satisfied with that. Ah! so much did it seem to hope for when viewed in the dim, distant and uncertain future that we felt we would be more than satisfied. *But we are not.*

TRUE ASPIRATION WILL NEVER STOP.

Yea, it *can never* stop in this world. The aspiration "*to know*" will never cease until, with patient, tireless hand, it has dug down to the very lowest stratum of underlying truth; or until, on the spread wings of glowing

inspiration, it has been borne in its upward flight to the topmost pinnacle of the mount of knowledge, and there, bending down and quaffing with dry lips, or perchance, with silver cup, it slakes its thirst as it *drinks to the full* from the crystal tide of the "Pierian spring"!

And aye! again, *that cannot* be. The aspiring mind, seeking, longing, thirsting for knowledge, will never rest while hampered by the limits of human wisdom and dimmed by human sight. It will never stop—it will never rest satisfied until it has burst the bars of its fleshly prison, and in the mercy of God, gone up to receive tuition at the feet of Infinite Wisdom, and quaff forever the golden cup held out to it straight from the Omniscient Creator's hand.

And I have fancied that, even then, it may be the Divine pleasure for His redeemed, stripped of all the imperfections that hinder us here, to learn as children from His hand throughout the rolling cycles of eternity, growing wiser and wiser—O children—wiser forever and forever!

True aspiration to a nobler, better life will never be satisfied until it finds rest in the fullness of Christ, and then—ah! then, when the Christian's glorious warfare begins—longing, thirsting, praying, striving, with the eye of faith and love fixed on Him who gave it, it will rest, sweetly rest *only* when it has grown purer and purer, and higher and higher, till it reaches the perfection of Heaven!

True aspiration to do good can never be satisfied to fold its hands as long as there is a *heart to be comforted, a mind untaught or a soul unsaved!*

O you who think you truly aspire, remember that the plant is of a parentage weak and unsound, unless it begets that faith and that effort that will never fold its wings nor stay its hands until it has climbed unto God above, who is the source of all wisdom and the fountain of all goodness! —aye, nor never cease its heart-throbs of anxiety until every soul of the human race has been lifted from its fallen state of sin and ignorance, and stands, a world taught and redeemed, at the feet of Him who has inspired in us below all that has ever reached or can ever attain up to His glorious throne!

Our Name: Loving every writer and poet who has a

mind, heart and soul, wherever he lives under the shining sun, yet *of the South and Southern to the core,* I thought it unnecessary for us to go to the classic North for a name for our literary circle. And so out of simple love and intense admiration, and hoping to give at least a local prominence to the name of a man whose modesty seems as great and rare as the resplendent genius of his head and the kingly nobility of his heart, I suggested the name of "The McBeath Literary Circle" in honor of Tom F. McBeath, the almost peerless Southern poet and philosopher whose writings are massive with logic, crystal with beauty, rhythmic with music, and aflame with soul. Ah! surely his heart would be deeply gratified if he could realize how his name has become a household word—a very talisman among us.

"The McBeath!" so rich in delighful association and refreshing memories that cluster in luxuriant beauty about it, how the very name stirs and thrills our hearts! Whatever be the occasion, "we had a regular *McBeath* time!" tells as no other words can do, of some happy and inspiring hour. And so strongly has the word "McBeath," in this sense, woven itself into, and become a coin of gold in our everyday speech, that I reckon we will have to appoint a special committee to wait on the publishers of Webster's Dictionary, and insist that our favorite term be incorporated in the next edition as a synonym of all that is delightful, beautiful, grand and inspiring! And now a word as to the name of our Hall; to the kind and thoughtful friends with whom the idea originated, and to all of you who out of earnest, loving hearts, generously voted that the hall should bear my name, merely as a compliment to my labors among you, I would express a lasting gratitude too deep for me to tell. And I shall be very happy, if, to think of my name in connection with this work and building, will carry to your minds and hearts one inspiring thought—one helpful heart-throb concerning the invalid boy who has labored for you so gladly, and who loves you so well.

DEDICATION: To what, they ask, is our Hall to be dedicated to-day? Why, these exercises are simply held as a recognition of, and a grateful jubilee over the completion of our building. That is all. And when the day's

exercises shall have been finished, our Hall will then, in the love and fear of God, be publicly dedicated to the purposes of our motto: Literature and Religion!

What a grand and elevating motto for those who have minds to learn, and *hearts to feel!* It embraces within its compass all the brighest wisdom and the purest joys of earth and all the Infinite wisdom, and joy, and glory of Heaven. Pure literature and true education are as inseparable as the elements that compose the student's midnight lamp. Then let me urge you to come to our new and growing library, as a storehouse of knowledge, and gather truths that will brighten your minds and bless your hearts, making you wise in the things of this world. but oh! above all—"wise unto salvation"! Come to it as a pure fountain of truth and wisdom, and *drink*—a fountain on whose crystal bosom you may bask and float until you reach at last, the boundless ocean of Infinite wisdom and Infinite love.

When our Circle was organized, I felt that I would love to have a religious feature to our exercises, but feared lest some of the gay young people might say that we were putting on a long "prayer-meeting face" to our work, and thus be somewhat repelled from it. And so we labored on, God helping us, for nearly a year, until we got our hands on their hearts, as it were; and now we have a chaplain, opening and closing our exercises with prayer, and trying always to impress the young that all the light of earthly learning is but a *blighting darkness* unless the saving light of Christianity burns in every heart and brightens in every mind. Literature without religion is like a beautiful flower without fragrance—a sculptured and polished statue without a heart and soul.

And as the beautiful truths on our memorial stone, so kindly presented by that noble, queenly mountain girl, Miss Stella Tate, and so generously engraved by our friend and comrade in the work, Mr. Marshall Camp—as these vital truths graven in living marble shall preach themselves into your hearts for years to come, God help you to remember well that

"On Christ the solid rock we stand;
All other ground is sinking sand."

And again:

"Build for earth, and earth will surely with thy buildings pass away;
Build for Heaven, nor that thou buildest nor the builder shall decay."

Again, breathe into your hearts and lives the vital truth of McBeath's beautiful imagery, when he says:

"Religion is the sun of life; Literature the moon that gives sweet and helpful light only as it reflects the beams of the former."

How grand and how impressive! As the moon is opaque and cheerless save only as it reflects the warm, bright beams of the glorious sun, so literature can give no sweet and helpful light to the heart unless it reflect the glorious and saving light of *religion*. O dear boys and girls, I cannot turn away from this all-important subject without an anxious sigh and an earnest prayer. You know how I have tried always to impress you that, while I have been anxious to encourage and help you in everything that would educate your minds and increase your truest earthly happiness, I have been more anxious still to impress upon you that all earthly wisdom is nothing without the joy of Christ in your hearts; and I have longed infinitely more than all things else to lead you to Jesus, who has been *my joy, my hope, my strength, my all!* And, in the language of that dear old song, "Pisgah," that we have so often sweetly sung, it seems that while in this life I can never

"* * * Bathe my weary soul
In seas of perfect rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast,"

until I see you all safe—forever safe in Christ. Sweeter than all the tender memories of which I have yet spoken—memories that will make music in my heart throughout my whole life, and be sweeter and more sacred, I think, even among the joys of Heaven, will be the words of some young man friend who has stood at my bedside and said: "Will, I know I ought to be a Christian, and, with God's help, I'm going to try to lead a different life;" or some dear boy or girl who, after words of earnest pleading from my heart, has told me good-bye, saying with trembling voice and tearful eyes: "Mr. Willie, I feel that I am a

great sinner, and I want you to pray for me." And tears would come to my eyes, too, and unspeakable joy to my heart. O! will it be said that I have influenced one of you for good, and led one soul from sin and death to eternal life in Jesus? In spirit I take each one of you now by the hand, and say again to you as I have so often done, God bless you, dear boys and girls! I *will* pray for you! God grant that you may all be happily united in Christ, and at last rejoice beyond the chill waters of death—an unbroken circle around the Throne of God in Heaven.

THE IDEAL COMMUNITY: In conclusion, let this be the ideal community! But to lie passive and inert it can never be. Follow only your better impulses—let them crystallize and blossom into the full and fragrant flower of united, persevering effort, and you will gather the golden fruit of such an end.

If there is any condition of a people bound together within the undefined confines of what is generally termed a "settlement" or "community," on which all of the good and evil of earth alike breathe their benedictions and admiration, and the watching hosts of Heaven smile, it must be a community whose every heart, or a majority of whose leading spirits, are clad in the vestments of purity and honor; their souls fired by a lofty and ennobling purpose; their purses, whether meagre or ample, ruled over by a spirit kingly with kindness and watchful, worthy enterprise; their lives unspotted and their hands unstained by unholy intrigue and selfish ambition; their hearts aglow and their arms nerved to tireless labor for the common good by a consuming love, a dauntless bravery and an unswerving devotion to *right* and *duty*, against whose breast and shield and helmet the evil arrows of the gainsaying will melt at the touch, or shatter and fall harmless to the ground! Ah! with such a spirit enthroned in the hearts of her leading citizens, and supported by the reciprocal love, confidence and sympathy of every man, woman and child, to what heights of educational enterprise and social and moral development might this and every other community attain!

But as some one has said: "Our hope lies in our homes," and such leadership and such supporting sympathy can only spring from homes in which, however

humble, heads and hearts are taught to thirst for that truth and knowledge—homes where true aspiration reigns.

Let a comradely sympathy and confidence exist between old and young—the old remembering their own youth, and smiling with sweet and encouraging sympathy on the young —the young looking toward their coming age, and bowing with due reverence before the old; society alive—the social atmosphere pure—a deaf ear turned to idle gossips, and these and wanton vice frowned on to extinction; the boys all gallant and their sweethearts all faithful; and all bearing themselves as true heroes and true heroines in every good word and work for their own upbuilding and their community's good name; every home a house of prayer, and every Sabbath morning smiling with heavenly approval on loving parents leading with gentle hand, their children to the house of God, all bickerings hushed into a placid and forgetful calm; blessed peace and sunshine born of faith in the hearts of the people, all the time and everywhere, and enterprise, energy, happiness and hope so animating the public heart and life that the pessimist is shamed and the croak of his prophecy stilled in the blended voice for the common weal; and all these energizing and uplifting elements, conditions and forces, united, building for the community's fame and power, a shining temple of literary, moral and spiritual grandeur whose brightening beams of blessing and inspiration will spread and penetrate into the communities, counties and States around and beyond, stirring them all to happy and undying emulation!

All this, my comrades, through the help of God, we may do for the thirsting, perishing world about us!

So shall this ideal community, here, or wherever it may spring and grow, as Henry Grady prophesied of America leading the nations of the world, so shall it lead at last all other communities amid the "breaking of the millennial dawn into the paths of righteousness and peace"—all her people with one God, one essential faith and one crowning purpose, "marking out the path and making clear the way" up which all the communities of earth must come "in God's appointed time!"

I tell you my friends, this picture is *not* a mere optimistic idealism devoutly to be wished for, but too unnatural to

attain; it is *not* the visionary flight of a baseless poetic fancy; it is *not* the rose-tinted coloring of a vain Utopian dream!

It is a glorious *possibility*—aye! the natural and inevitable flower of civilization springing, blooming and exhaling its heavenly fragrance under the refining, regenerating, purifying and uplifting influences of the glorious truths of our motto: LITERATURE AND RELIGION!

Before I speak the final word, I feel impressed as I always do, that this, and every other public occasion is a *failure* unless some heart is impressed and stirred for good—unless some one shall catch here to-day an ideal and an inspiration that will cause them to work in our own community with a new and tireless energy, or go home inspired, wherever they are, to build up the community that encircles their home in its bosom, and do everything they possibly can to bless the people among whom they live.

Children, look on your parents! Parents, behold your children! Clasp now your hands and unite your hearts in a blessed and happy co-operation that will inspire and strengthen you both, and bring upon you all the approving smile of God.

Here is my hand, here is my heart! You well know you have them both. Seeking with anxious pride and fondest love a good-bye thought to frame, with all the mellowed and resplendent glories of our rich and incomparable past, with all the happiness of the present, too sweet and too deep to tell, and all the radiant hopes for the future, concentering in this one golden hour, my heart swells with the earnest hope and prayer that, as a sweet and hallowing reminder of ties that can never die, and as an ever-speaking incentive, inspiring us toward *all* for which we should hope and strive,

It will ever live to bless us,
And fresh in our memory be,
Till we're lost to all things mortal—
Till we fairer scenes shall see—
Till we all, I hope, shall gather
In the land beyond the sun,
And live in praise and sweet converse
While eternal ages run.

"BACKBONE."

MORAL COURAGE THAT SEEKS THE RIGHT, AND KNOWING, DARES TO DO!

[NOTE.—Delivered before the McBeath Literary Circle, Saturday evening, May 20th, 1893, just at a time when the boys and girls needed to exhibit much bravery and firmness—a time to show genuine "*backbone*." Afterward revised.]

MR. PRESIDENT AND FELLOW-MEMBERS—I am glad that we all have backbones! Although some are weak, they are far better than none. Of course there must be a physical man to some extent, before there can be a mental, moral or spiritual man. But in this connection, when I speak of *backbone*, I do not mean that giant strength which makes the prize-fighter great, causing him to mash the nose with beastly brutality, and try to break the literal backbone of his antagonist, with all the rage of an unchained bull or the pitiless ferocity of a gladiator or a demon. I mean that stalwart strength of character which, although sometimes found in a weak physical body, like that of Alexander Stephens or of others you might mention, rises to a sublime and immovable height; a character and determination so true, so great, so grand, and so *firm* that, although elephants of opposition may throw their mighty trunks against it, and storm and hail may burst and beat upon it, yet, like a towering mountain in mid ocean, or a kingly oak in the cyclone's path, stands unshaken and unmoved.

Oh, I love (and who does not love and admire?) true strength, true *backbone* in man or woman, which will not yield when temptations confront, or dangers dire assail; that strength in the brave and womanly heart of Esther, whose great love for the Israel of her God, caused her to brave the presence of the wicked king, saying as she started: "I go—and if I perish, I perish;" that spirit which made Elijah stand, reflecting the strength, the pleasure and glory of God before

all the jeering hosts and wicked prophets of Baal; the spirit and strength that made the Hebrew children refuse to bow down before the brazen image which Nebuchadnezzar, the king had set up; the spirit that made Daniel, the kingly youth fear not the wrath of his envious, jealous enemies nor the mandates of the king, and brave the den of lions rather than refuse praying each day to the God of his people, Israel; the spirit that made the mighty prophet of the wilderness, John the Baptist, not afraid to rebuke the wicked Herod for his unholy living—a reproof of which ultimately cost him his head—his blessed and glorious life; the mighty strength which caused the Apostle Paul (with a stature little more than four feet, but a character reaching to the skies, because his strength from the skies had come), the spirit that caused him not to quake, neither before the great Ephesian uproar, nor Festus, nor Agrippa, yes, and not even fear to stand before the mighty Cæsar on his imperial throne, whose despotic voice made a suppliant world to tremble. It was GOD in the bosoms of these brave ones which made them lion hearted, yet tender; the *fire of love and trust that burnt away fear*, for the loving are the daring." Only they can show the truest, greatest strength and bravery, who can lay their hands on their hearts and say: "I feel that I am planted on the rock of eternal *Truth*—eternal Right."

It is the *heart* that makes the *backbone* of which we speak. Some men with a physical frame as gigantic and strong as Goliath, clad in all his protecting armor, have not the backbone, the fearless courage and heaven-blessed success of a ruddy-faced youth with a pebble in his sling—a simple shepherd boy like David.

Leaving a splendor of inspiration that has even brightened through the lengthened roll of centuries, this spirit of fearless bravery reigned in the hearts and nerved the arms of Leonidas and his Spartan band

of three hundred, glorifying Thermopylæ, as they stood between their homes and Xerxes with his swarming millions.

The happiest of all strength and courage, which springs from the presence of Christ in the heart, blazed out from the tarred and burning forms of the Christian martyrs in the "Eternal City" of Cæsars, lighting the path of the tortured, trusting ones to the gleaming heights of Heaven, while the same light darkened the road of the gloating Nero and his charioteers down to the blackest abyss of Hell.

It glorified the form and face of the Christian maiden whose persecutors doomed her as the prey of the fierce Numidian lion before the ampitheatre at Rome, when the peaceful composure of her face and manner, and the beaming light of happy trust in her eyes caused the roaring king of beasts to shrink away from her presence, and her thousands of pagan spectators to rise up and give a rending shout of praise and admiration.

It stood out with a bravery and glory undying in the words of Peter and the other apostles when threatened and beaten by Annas, the High Priest and the other persecuting Jews, and commanded to teach no more in the name of Jesus. Hear their calm, firm and fearless answer: "Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye. For we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard." And again: "We ought to obey God rather than men."

This intrepid spirit of which we speak, which would not renounce a faith and yield principles dearer than life itself, lighted up the "Dark Ages" with the persecuting fires kindled for God's heroes and heroines—the Christian martyrs who feared not the merciless torch waved in the hands of the hissing myrmidons of Rome.

It flashed from the fearless pen of John Wickliffe when, barricaded by the threatening bars of the established Church in England, he dared to expose its unholy life within, and point the people from that to the pure truth of the blessed gospel—the truth that would "make them free." He dared to cause the people to *see* and *think* for themselves in spiritual things, and thus, from this isle in the sea, there arose in him, o'er the spiritually darkened world, the shining beacon of a new hope and promise—"the morning star of the Reformation!"

And although, long after he was dead, his enemies, as an act of execration, it is said, "dug up his ashes and poured them into the sea," its waves bore them, as it were, to distant lands where they were like seeds from which sprang up the flowers of liberty and truth, whose fragrance led the benighted people to freedom and to God.

"The Avon to the Severn runs,
The Severn to the sea;
And Wickliffe's ashes shall spread abroad—
Wide as the waters be."

It glowed in the heart of Martin Luther when he stood before the frowning, but startled and wondering Diet of Wurms, and thundered *truth*—purity of life and liberty of soul, until the darkened castles of sacerdotal corruption, gathering infamy with centuries of growth, trembled and melted before his burning words, and even the papal monarch himself, feared and shook in the blood-stained robes of his Tiber-washed throne.

It gave the Reformation power! It kept the thirst for liberty from being an idle dream! It nerved the arm of the sturdy and honest Cromwell! It made the enduring Puritan "suffer and be strong!" It rejoiced when Wallace fought—when Hampden resisted—when Raleigh smiled and died! It caused John Bunyan to endure imprisonment thirteen years in Bedford jail, and from his dreary and dismal cell sprang the "Pil-

grim's Progress," like a lambent flame from Heaven! It burned in the breast of Roger Williams! It leaped across the seas! It showed its nobility as well as its strength, by proclaiming in his colony, the first instance just like it on earth, unrestricted freedom of conscience—perfect liberty of soul. It marked a glorius triumph when Obadiah Holmes, a humble Baptist preacher, was whipped on the streets of proud old Boston, for clinging in his heart to "a faith that would not shrink when pressed by every foe." It stood in Patrick Henry, like a tower shining and immovably grand, when, before the fearful and halting House of Burgesses, he urged them to take a positive stand against England's encroachments, usurpations and oppressions, declaring with startling gesture and flaming eyes: "Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles I. his Cromwell, and George III.—" but being interrupted with the cry of "Treason! treason!" he turned his withering look upon the Tory speaker, and had the bravery to go on and finish the sentence with the words so full of meaning to England and King George, and so full of danger to himself: "*may profit by their example.*"

It made our forefathers of the Revolution fight against terrible odds for seven long years—fearing not the British Lion that had frightened and humbled so many of the European and Asiatic powers, and coming off victorious at last over British oppression, Britain's enormous wealth and Britain's powerful arms. It made the proud and glorious little Southern Confederacy withstand through four terrible years, the overwhelming armies of Northern and foreign birth —fighting almost as one man against five, and displaying perhaps the grandest martial heroism the world has ever seen.

And especially dear and inspiring to us, whose hearts cling lovingly and tenderly about the memories and "lost cause" of that Confederacy, is the spirit of un-

yielding, martyr-like devotion to principle, which characterized our brave and illustrious chieftain, Jefferson Davis, through all his painful imprisonment, and subsequent political ostracism by a government to whose glory he had added so much. It brought on him the unjust term of "the arch-rebel of the South"; and although he was the kingliest of the kingly—the knightliest of them all, he went down to his grave, not even a citizen of the nation in whose impartial history he lives and shines as one of the brightest lights that have shed their fadeless lustre on our national name and fame. But whatever his national sin, it was no greater than that of the people who now revere his honored name—it was a bravery that lovingly enshrined him in the hearts of his countrymen as the "uncrowned king of his people."

This same brave spirit blazed out like a beacon star of hope in a night of darksome chaos, when Benjamin Harvey Hill stood in Davis Hall, Atlanta, and thundered the wrongs of the bleeding South and the unwarranted cruelty of her "carpet-bag" oppressors, right in the face of threatening Federal bayonets and brilliantly uniformed Federal officers, until their hair fairly rose on end, and the suffering and almost hopeless Southern States, gathering inspiration and strength from that brave speech and his powerful "Notes on the Situation," arose and came forth in all the dignity of sovereign statehood, presenting a firm and noble front, from the kingliness of whose brow and the lightning of whose eye, the dark and lowering clouds of the terrible "reconstruction" period, fled like frightened forms of Error before the fearless, onward tread of Truth.

This *backbone*, this noble strength of character which all the world admires (whether they have it or not), supported by true and earnest purpose, made brave and honest Grover Cleveland risk almost certain defeat by his famous "Tariff message," because, like

Henry Clay, he would "rather be right than be president"; and it made him, too, fear not the trying onslaught of a hostile senate, as he stood firm as a trusted and intrepid mastiff guarding the nation's treasure.

And when, after more than a quarter of a century during which no Southerner's voice had been lifted at the banquets of the proud and hoary New England Society, Henry Grady, the peerless young Georgian, was bidden to sit at their board and speak in their midst, he exhibited such a winning blending of *backbone* and kindness as history has seldom recorded and America has seldom seen.

Rising with pale yet determined face, amid the deafening applause of sentiments so opposite his own, he caught them with wit, touched them with pathos and gentleness, and then drove home to their hearts the mighty truth, so strange to them and so dear to his own heart, his section and his people, with a fearlessness and bravery that made them and all the Nation beside, look on with startled wonder and believing admiration.

And just before he died, when he stood with a sense of consecration in proud Boston's banquet hall, and plead again for his loved South and her problems, with a tenderness and pathos that three years had but deepened, reasoned with a logic that had grown more powerful with each magic wielding, and defended with a knightly bravery that had gathered strength from the growth and deepening of conviction, and drew inspiration that night from the mingled sympathy and unfriendliness of his surroundings—when he thus stood forth as our tender, faithful, able and fearless champion, strong men wept on the silvery music of his words, reasoned, admired, accepted, and rose up to do honor to the consecrated bravery of the man and the righteousness of the misjudged cause for which his dying lips so lovingly and earnestly pleaded.

And coming home, happy to die, if die he must, on

the altar of sacrifice and service in his mighty and marvelously successful efforts to woo the white dove of Peace to spread again its downy wings over his divided country, he found his pathway to the grave bestrewn with the rarest flowers of confidence and love—flowers bedewed with the crystal beauty of a nation's tears; and, rejoicing in this just recompense for his bravery and fidelity, he sank to rest on the bosom of his God who smiles approval upon the work of such a faithful statesman and such a noble hero.

But grand as are these shining exhibitions of dauntless courage and unyielding bravery in military and political affairs, grander still, it seems to me, is that beautiful moral courage which will make a boy or girl stand *firm as a rock* when sorely tempted to do wrong.

When a girl or young lady is approached and pressed to yield to the alluring fascinations of the ballroom's giddy whirl or some other popular pastime that breeds present harm or tends to future evil, if she will only reply pleasantly but firmly: "I cannot. I appreciate your intended favor, but I cannot do what I feel is wrong;" or when a boy or young man is offered and urged to take his first social drink, or do anything else that may lead to so much dissipation and debauching sin, if he will only reply: "Boys, I cannot and *will not* do what I know to be wrong and dangerous. I enjoy lively pastime with you, but there are points, (and this is one of them) where a boy must say: 'Thus far will I go and no further.' Boys, I cannot afford to do what my parents and God would not approve." Oh! I tell you if a girl or boy will only meet temptation with such brave words, such firm and unyielding resolve, even those who tempt them will admire them more, and their hearts will be happy over victory so nobly won.

I verily believe that such a girl or boy is as grand or grander in the sight of God than reigning Eliza-

beth on her imperial throne, Hannibal or Napoleon on the Alps, or Wellington, victorious on the famous field of Waterloo.

It seems such an opportune place here to speak of and impress your hearts with the beauties of "True Heroism" in that noble little poem which thrills us as we listen:

"Let others write of battles fought
On bloody, ghastly fields,
Where honor greets the man who wins,
And death the man who yields;
But I will write of him who fights
And vanquishes his sins,
Who struggles on through weary years,
Against himself, and wins.

He is a hero, staunch and brave,
Who fights an unseen foe,
And puts at last, beneath his feet,
His passions base and low,
And stands erect in manhood's might,
Undaunted, undismayed,
The bravest man who drew a sword
In foray or in raid.

It calls for something more than brawn
Or muscle to o'ercome
An enemy who marcheth not
With banner, plume or drum—
A foe forever lurking nigh,
With silent, stealthy tread;
Forever near your board by day,
At night beside your bed.

All honor, then, to that brave heart,
Though poor or rich he be,
Who struggles with his baser part,
Who conquers—and is free.
He may not wear a hero's crown,
Or fill a hero's grave,
But Truth will place his name among
The bravest of the brave!"

And ah! there rises now to greet me and gladden my heart and inspire my soul, a picture on which the world, alas! too seldom looks, but whenever it does—ever with a feeling of sincere admiration which always honors in others that spirit of fearless courage which it too often does not possess.

It is the picture of a brave man who, being convinced of the truth and justice of his position, will stand *firm* and maintain it, undaunted and undismayed by threat or fear or any such thing; who cannot be allured by the hope of unjust gain or the charms of popular applause; who has too much *backbone*—too much true strength of character, to vacillate from one side to the other, as the tide of popular favor ebbs or flows; who would rather go down, in a struggle for the right, than to ride high on the wave of popular error; who would cling to and defend the hearthstone of justice for its sake alone, regardless of the frown of enemies or the smile of friends, loving naught but Truth and virtue, and fearing none but God; and who, enriched in his bosom with a heart of gold, and crowned with lofty purpose and radiant brow, remains steadfast and aggressive still, while the threatening thunders roar and the lightnings flash about him, standing like a king on his throne, because he feels that the foundation of that throne is the rock of eternal Truth, and the foundations of that Truth are the blessed bosom and the almighty arm of the great eternal God!

How beautiful and inspiring the words of that brilliant, brave and noble boy, Millard Seals, spoken on "Christian Heroes" only a few weeks before he died:

"The greatest hero is he who strives to elevate, and the grandest victory is that which is won over ignorance and vice."

This brave spirit of determination of which we have spoken made Alexander H. Stephens, although frail and weak in body, spending the closing years of his life in an invalid's chair as the result of imprisonment for principles he would not yield, one of the most powerful and influential characters in American history.

With heart to prompt, brain to direct, enthusiasm to quicken, and sunshine and gentleness to temper its

stern and rugged features, *backbone* has been, and will ever be the powerful lever of every successful reform and the motive-power toward our highest and grandest civilization!

And ah! my noble band, my faithful fellow-workers, this *backbone*, this spirit of aspiring bravery which knows no discouragement, and triumphantly rides over every threatening breaker, has made our beloved McBeath Literary Circle what she is to-day!

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY—SHOULD BE AN INSPIRATION TO ALL YOUNG MEN TO STUDY AND PRACTICE THE DUTIES OF CITIZENSHIP.

OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO BOYS WHO THINK.

OLD BUT NEW.

[Delivered at a Washington's Birthday Meeting of the McBeath Literary Circle.]

MY FELLOW-COMRADES, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—In a grand, free country like ours, whose independence had its birth in the heaven-blessed oppression of our colonial forefathers, and whose fabric of powerful government sprang from the ashes of as brave martyrs as ever yielded up their life-blood in freedom's cause, it seems eminently proper that young people like us, who are now walking in the light of that civilization and liberty which our fathers bought, should sacredly observe the anniversary of the birth of that grand character, Washington, whose sublime leadership and self-sacrificing patriotism made our present sweet liberties possible. Of course it is needless for me to occupy this hour with the details of George Washington's life. They are delightful treasures lying ready in store, waiting for every stu-

dent of history. I am well aware that "Washington's Birthday" is a trite and worn subject for a speech. Schoolboys and "periodical" orators have wrapped it all up with studied decorations of beautiful flowers and fervid outbursts of patriotic utterances. Were this a college where such speeches are so common, I would reluctently accept the task assigned me. But out here where we boys and girls do not think about the things of history and government as much as we should, I esteem it a helpful privilege to speak on such a subject—one on which, with its kindred themes, speeches should continue to be made until every boy and girl is an intelligent, enthusiastic patriot, knowing always, and ready to tell why and whence this love and enthusiasm springs. It is beautiful to contemplate how grand a thing it is for a character to so impress itself upon history as Washington's has done, and which will live through the ages as his will live.

Born, February 22, 1732, in the State of Virginia, where he was educated in the common schools of that State in the days when schools were little known, he received all the school-training he ever had, before he was fifteen years old.

Not highly educated, yet proficient in the necessary practical branches, and being employed as surveyor on a large tract of pioneer forest, he, at the early age of seventeen or eighteen, displayed great nerve and determination, traversing this wild, unexplored wilderness, meeting with hostile Indians and combating just such hardships as, if wisely met, prepare boys for the stern duties of really useful lives, by developing the *true manhood* in them. Without entering further into details, it is enough to tell that by strength of character and true, manly bearing, young George soon won the highest esteem and confidence of the people around him, who naturally honored him with positions of public trust; a beautiful lesson to our boys of the present day, teaching them that if they will only have a

worthy ambition—deport themselves like gentlemen, let the people know they *can always be depended on* for words and deeds of truth, virtue and honor, they will often be so honored; but more than any public position, have the sweet consciousness of knowing that "*the people who know me,* respect, honor and love me."

So much had Washington distinguished himself during the trying struggle of the great "French and Indian War," that when British oppression forced the little thirteen American colonies to strike for freedom, the Colonial Congress elected George Washington commander-in-chief of our little poorly equipped army; and during our long seven years struggle for independence, he showed by his sagacity and unselfish devotion to his men and his country that he of *all* men was the proper man for the trying position—the man whom Heaven designed should lead our brave fathers to glorious victory, and national honor, as lasting as the world's love of true heroes and admiration of true bravery.

How did our weak hands ever manage to break the shackles held there by such a mighty power? It has been and will *ever* be the wonder of the ages—how less than three millions of people, with no governmental head, almost no credit abroad—poorly armed and scattered so far apart, could ever come off victorious in a contest with such a powerful nation as England, the lion of the world, the mistress of the seas, whose armies had conquered the swarming two hundred millions of India, and which soon after, at Waterloo, destroyed the power of the great Napoleon, the disturber of the world, who had made the whole continent of Europe quake beneath his tread! How was it ever done? The beholding world marveled and applauded then, and *we* wonder, admire and applaud to-day. I tell you, my young friends, I believe the God of battles was on our side!

Our old heroes of the Revolution were poorly armed, 'tis true, and clad in tattered garments, but the fire of liberty burned to flame in their patriotic breasts, and thrilled to take up arms by the spirit that blazed in the impassioned speeches of Patrick Henry, whose startling eloquence shook King George on his distant throne; and inspired by the wonderful generalship and undying patience of the brave and noble Washington, they fought the invading legions of British "red-coats" through iron hail, pinching hunger and blinding snow, crying the while in their hearts, "Give me liberty or give me death!"

If ever the fate of any people depended on one man, it seems that that of the colonies depended, under God, on George Washington. Who but a Washington would ever have thought of leading his shivering, freezing troops across the ice-blocked Delaware at midnight, to surprise and capture the British and hired Hessians amid their unguarded Christmas festivities and dissipations?—an act which revived the sinking star of hope in the breasts of the despondent Americans, and inspired them to renewed efforts and achievements resplendent and glorious. Who but a Washington would ever have thought of the superb movement that made Lord Cornwallis and the British army prisoners at Yorktown, ended the seven long years of terrible war, gave our happy patriot fathers a place among the nations of the earth, and won for us a glorious freedom which, we pray God, will endure until at the end of time, we, standing at the head of all nations, shall "march amid the breaking of the millennial dawn into the paths of righteousness and of peace." And whose but the magnanimous heart of the noble and considerate Washington, when Cornwallis had surrendered, would have issued to the rejoicing American soldiers, this touching message, this happy and tender command?—

"My brave fellows, let no sensation of satisfaction

for the triumph you have gained induce you to insult your fallen enemy. Let no shouting, no clamorous huzzaing increase their mortification. It is sufficient that we *witness* their humiliation. Posterity will huzza for us."

And that, my comrades, is just what we are doing to-night.

Ah! noble and illustrious commander, while you were a great and sagacious general, you spoke like a seer as well! Although more than a century of years have piled their depths upon you and your "brave fellows," posterity, not only in your own land, but throughout the civilized world, reveres your name as belonging to the truly great, and is huzzaing still over the unparalleled splendor of your deeds whose brightness the ages cannot dim!

And just here it occurs to me an opportune time and place to turn aside for a few moments and say that I think the very best way in which we can huzza for Washington and his heroes of the Revolution, is not merely to exhaust our strength and send forth all the powers of our lungs in "Washington Birthday" jubilees and "Fourth of July enthusiasms"; but in learning and putting into intelligent practice the duties of true citizenship, through which alone the matchless achievements of our Revolutionary fathers can be perpetuated as a priceless gift and blessing. These occasions of enthusiasm are grandly proper and should be encouraged and made highly educational. But true patriotism cannot be visionary and evanescent. It must consist in something more than shouts—aye! it must be planted upon and spring and grow from a broader, surer and more enduring basis than the wild and inspiring enthusiasm of the excited throng, which gathers fervor from the association and contagion of the hour, and alas! too often grows inactive or dies, when that contagion is gone.

I tell you, this patriotic sentiment must be a *living*

principle, born of an intelligent understanding of its existence and a full conception of its meaning and duties—such a fixed and living principle as danger can never shake, and one that will keep the fires of patriotism burning as brightly in the breast of the solitary sentinel, standing far out away from his companions, keeping his dark, dreary and lonely midnight vigil, as when he rushes forward in all the fury and inspiring excitement of battle, or as when on some gala day, amid the united, tumultuous throng, he stands before an impassioned orator whose burning words of fervid eloquence ignite and fan this sentiment to livid, leaping flame.

Such a safe and stable love of one's country cannot live where ignorance is dense and darkening; yea, it cannot live and flourish in the mind and heart of any one who has not studied the history of his country's government, and who understands nothing of its laws. A blind sense of duty may move the unlettered, but he who knows "*why*" he acts is stronger still. I feel constrained to give here a striking illustration of such a distressing lack of information, in an incident that took place in a neighboring county a few miles west of here, during the excitement of last autumn's political campaign: A local leader of a new political party was essaying to discourse "knowingly" on "political economy" and "constitutional government," when an intelligent and well-read young man of a different party said to him:

"My friend, did you ever read the Constitution of the United States?"

To which his friend, the local leader, replied:

"*The Constitution! No!* I don't take it, nor the *Journal*, nor none of the rest of them there old 'money power' papers!"

The poor fellow seemed to actually think that the young man, in referring to the "Constitution of the United States," meant the *Atlanta Constitution*, the

great Southern newspaper, and so he placed under the ban of his indignant ostracism the plucky "*Atlanta Journal*" as well.

Had never read the Constitution of the United States whose government he was so roundly condemning! Didn't even know what the constitution was, and probably not even that our government *had* any constitution at all!

There is danger, real danger, in such a pitiable and always suspicious want of knowledge. Oh, *study*, boys, *study!* and never make such a mistake as long as you live. Never shout "Hurrah for George Washington and the Fourth of July!" until you know something about the liberties he won, and the divinely appointed government which the bravery and wisdom of our fathers formed amid so much anxious, prayerful labor and patriotic consecration. Love the government for its protection, but I beseech you, *do* not own that paternalism run mad, which blindly expects the government to make good that aching deficit in your pocketbook which wise economy and industry alone can supply.

This government is verily what we make it. If good men do not vote, act and direct it, bad men will. I earnestly believe that it is the duty of every boy to conscientiously study these things, and every young man, who is old enough, to pay his taxes and cast an intelligent vote at every election that comes. And girls should study them, too,—not for personal participation, oh no!—but so they will not refer to highly important questions of legislation as "*hateful old politics*"; and so, too, they will know how to intelligently sympathize with their fathers, brothers, sweethearts and husbands, in all their duties of citizenship.

Apropos to what has just been said, I would earnestly urge upon every boy and girl the truth expressed by that great and wise minister of the gospel, Dr. Henry Holcombe Tucker, when he said: "Next to a

knowledge of and reverence for the Bible would I teach my child to understand and reverence the Constitution of the United States."

What Christian statesmanship! How wise—how timely his words! For on the enforcement and preservation of that Constitution depend, under God, our privilege to worship Him in happy and unrestrained freedom, with all our other national blessings such as are enjoyed by no other people on earth.

As becometh truly sensible men and women, let us grow up to love, honor and sacredly uphold our constitution, our government, and the floating ensign of its strength, protection and power, without which these very homes of ours, now smiling in happiness and safety, would be turned over to desecrating lawlessness, anarchy, desolation and decay.

Let us love and cherish with proud, and, if need be, with sacrificing devotion, the "Star Spangled Banner," which we pray God shall ever wave o'er

"The land of the free and the home of the brave!"

Yes, wave, we prayerfully hope, over our beloved land, when the ill-founded thrones of despotism have crumbled, and the beautiful and blessed flower of that freedom, such as we now enjoy, is exhaling its healthful, invigorating and inspiring fragrance over the tomb of monarch's sceptres and kingly crowns.

Then, with humble pride, may we not feel that, as in spirit we press "the stars and stripes" to our bosom,

"The Lily on its stalk may bend;
The Rose from its bush may sever;
The Shamrock and Thistle may fade away,
But the Stars will shine forever!"

Recurring now to Washington's greatness as a man and general, the discussion of which naturally led us to urge the duties we owe to the nation he led forth from such chaotic gloom, we behold him as Washington the statesman, born to sway the minds and hearts of men, long before he stood as the nation's chief executive in her halls of legislation.

Grand as was Washington, the young hero, braving the dangers of the vast unexplored forests and hostile Indian tribes; or marching with watchful admonition against Fort Du Quesne; or covering in intrepid honor the terrors of Braddock's defeat; grand as he was when leading his patriot army across the frozen Delaware, or through the smoke and carnage of bloody Monmouth; grand as he was when bearing in silent duty the unkind charges of the discontented people in the days when the sun of hope was shrouded in clouds of sickening gloom; grand as was Washington, the commander, enduring with inspiring fortitude the miseries of Valley Forge; aye! grand and noble as he was, standing as the magnanimous conqueror at Yorktown, yet grander and more imperial still did he seem when, after the long, trying struggle was over, and insidious hands sought to turn the sweet morn of peace into a terrible curse by engendering dissatisfaction in the ranks of the unpaid army, and enraging them into a shameful and destructive tumult, when Washington, the true and peerless, came forth and in words of majestic wisdom, patriotism, pleading, fervor and power, quelled the threatened mutiny and sent the incendiary hands that originated it, crouching away wrapped in the clouds of distrust which their own foul bosoms breathed forth!

Had the purposes of this evil and inflaming circular letter, sent out by the enemies of the struggling young government, been accomplished, the woes of the people would have been more terrible even than if Washington had surrendered to Cornwallis and the colonies been kept under British rule. Stephens, the historian, says that the effect of Washington's speech at this unspeakable crisis, was "never surpassed by anything uttered by the greatest orators of the world." Washington saved the public liberty at the time, as, wrenching the impending curse from the hands of the unseen enemy, he turned it into a blessing. If there

is one act in the life of Christ our Lord which, more than any other, seems to reveal Him in all the majesty of His power, it is when He stood in the raging storm on the mad sea of Galilee, and said: "Peace, be still!" And if there is one power which He has vouchsafed to His ordained leaders of earth, which seems to me more magnificent than all the rest, it is the power over men, to reach forth the hand, as it were, and stay the coming storm of passion, or when the tempest has burst in all its raging, foaming fury, for a man to be able to stand up and so speak that the mad winds will cease and the raging billows be hushed into a peaceful, blessed calm.

No wonder that when in the dark sky of chaos and gloom, the hand of Washington placed the shining sun of victorious independence, the people turned to him for the first President of the young nation, and that he served them for eight years, or until of choice, he retired to the peace of private life, gilding with happiness his declining years, and resting upon his life and home like a benediction from the heart of a grateful nation which honored him so highly and loved him so well. We of the South, who were once called "rebels," rejoice that Washington was one of the greatest rebels that ever lived. We rejoice that he was a Virginian—that he was a Southerner, and even a slaveholder. But these so-called national sins are now forgotten—covered, as it were, in the world-wide mantle of his fame and greatness. But the great Washington who did so much for the happiness of others, was not without his enemies. Remember how, when his army had been several times defeated, and General Gates had defeated and captured the British under Burgoyne, many people muttered their discontent against Washington, and clamored for him to be removed and for Gates to be appointed in his place. But he bore all their unjust murmurings in heroic, patient silence. Hear his words so wise, so noble and

so brave: "Against the malignity of the discontented, the turbulent and the vicious, no ability, no exertions nor the most unshaken integrity are any safe guard. To persevere in one's duty, and to be silent, is the best answer to calumny." Then, my comrades, let us take this lesson to our hearts. When we are conscious that we are right, let us *cling to our duty*, and *never despair*, determined to let nothing daunt us, whatever trials may come, whatever may oppose.

Oh! but as great as was Washington, he was but human, and like all of us, he had to bow to that great conqueror, Death. Although we may never be as famous as Washington, we *can* be a blessing to those around us, and have the sweet consciousness of knowing we have done what we could. God grant that when we, too, must yield to that great power whom none can escape, we can say with Washington: "I am not afraid to die," and looking up into the benign face of the Saviour, our last words be like his: *It is well.*"

EUGENE *vs.* WILL.

[Note! When I sent this letter to "Mother Hubbard," I suggested either of two titles, "Eugene Visits Will" or "Eugene *vs.* Will," and from a little incident told of in it, she decided on the title it bears.]

"*Who is that?* Who is that stranger driving up to the gate?"

Thus spake my little sister, somewhat excitedly and impatiently. I looked out my window and beheld a rather handsome young man just driving up in a livery stable buggy from Powder Springs.

"*Who is it?*"

I looked more closely and said: "That is Eugene Edwards."

Yes, and it *was* our "Household" "Eugene," and I *actually* knew him, although I had never seen him before, and didn't know he was nearer than Brinkley, Ark. God bless the boy! How we did shake hands!

For years we have been special friends from afar; we have talked in refreshing confidence through our letters that, to me, have been much more delightful than frequent. I have admired his mind, his heart, his soul, and longingly wondered if we would ever see each other.

We have met!

Think of all this, and you can imagine what a grand, delightful time we had, talking of "Household" affairs and everything else, nearly—you can imagine it all better than I can tell you.

The afternoon he came he sat down by my bed a while, where he found me resting, and when I had "ohed" and "declared" and wondered if it was really "Eugene," for some time, supper was announced, and we went out together.

It chanced to be the night for the regular meeting of my sweetheart, otherwise known as the "McBeath Literary Circle."

Together we went down to our hall, a few steps away, and when the program was over, I introduced to the audience the "Arkansaw Traveler," who made a short, but catching, strong, sensible and highly encouraging talk, telling, among other things, how the news of our "Circle's" success had reached him in his far-away Arkansas home, and encouraged him in a similar work.

It is needless to say that his manly bearing, genial manner and "touching" smile caught all the girls on the stage and in the audience, and—but more of this by and by.

Eugene and I decided to go to Douglasville College commencement, thirteen miles away. I got on my wire swing, without which I cannot ride, even in a buggy. Eugene drove the wagon awhile and held my chair awhile, and so we went to the train, talking, laughing, as I swung along, and having a good time generally.

IN DOUGLASVILLE.

If anybody ever was "in the swim" of social delight and mental refreshing, we were "thereabouts" during the golden period of commencement week.

The exercises were rich and brilliant; the people were exceedingly good to us, and we just seemed to fairly float on the silvery sea of pleasure, while the exhilarating winds from every clime blew in our richly laden ships, whose spreading sails were filled and borne by the fragrant airs wafted from the "vineyards of Engedi," and whose golden cargoes filled us and thrilled us with the varied gems of loftiest sentiment and the rare wines of purest inspiration.

The girls—ah, the girls! They smiled at us in graciousness benign, and in profusion as rich and sweet and radiant as the brightest flowers of June.

Eugene "riz up" and charged me on every hand with monopolizing the attention of the girls. I "riz" myself to as great a height as I could, and charged him with wishing to do the same thing.

He openly and flippantly charged that pity alone moved their hearts, and that my crutches were responsible for it all.

Whereupon, I stopped the procession right on the sidewalk, and made them an impassioned speech, declaring that it was a reflection on me—yes, and a reflection on the conduct, taste and judgment of the girls themselves,—for him to charge or even insinuate that my crutches were my only attraction.

To this the eyes of melting black, beautiful blue and tender brown gave hearty assent, and for a time it seemed that the victory was mine.

But, lo! listen! Eugene feels deeply, but says very little.

I am very impulsive and say what I feel, especially if my feelings partake deeply of gratitude or admiration. For instance, if we had been talking with a specially attractive girl, or company of girls (and they

are nearly all attractive to me), just as soon as we were alone I would perhaps slap him on the shoulder and say with warmth and enthusiasm:

"I'll declare! old boy, they are simply 'far beyond,' ain't they?" Or, "Oh, my left organ! Isn't she a sweet, charming, noble girl?"

Nor did I always wait until we were alone to express these honest feelings of my heart. Sometimes, when the spell came over me too overpoweringly, I would speak out in "open court." And then Eugene would laugh, point his finger at me in sarcastic derision, and say:

"Listen to that crank."

And then I would take up the cudgel of defence again, telling how, since I became an invalid, the girls had covered my bed, strewn my checkered path, and brightened my life with the roses of kindness and the sweet sunshine of their tenderness and smiles, and that I would be a recreant to gratitude and a traitor to gallantry if I did not express my grateful appreciation of their gracious words and deeds, and my ardent admiration of "the good, the true, the beautiful."

I told them and him that in expressing what I felt, I was only being true to my convictions, and asked if it were not right to be true to one's "honest convictions"; to which the girls all sweetly replied:

"Why, yes—you are right—of course it is."

And at that Eugene said:

"Yes, of course it is right to be true to your convictions. I feel just as much as you do, but I don't publish it on the streets and out to the whole world like you. I just take the young ladies off one at a time and tell them privately about it. And I believe I can prove that they like that better."

And he looked at them with an air of curious, conscious triumph that seemed to expect even greater victory.

Then these same young ladies replied with blushing hesitancy:

"Well, ye—yes, we—we believe we do—like that better."

Scene! The victor's grey eyes flashed exultantly; and the vanquished bowed his head.

Eugene frequently had a very quiet way of sitting around, saying nothing, but throwing his whole being nearly into his eyes.

My married sister met one of those young ladies and asked:

"By the way, Miss W——, how do you like Eugene Edwards?"

And the young lady addressed threw up her hands, caught her breath, and exclaimed: "Oh, it is simply awful! He is wonderfully fascinating, and I am 'gone.' He don't talk so very much, but, oh, how he does look it with his eyes!"

When Eugene heard this, he was one time enthusiastic, and laughed merrily, loud and long. And the boy actually confessed to me afterward that the reason it amused him so much, was that he was rather "taken" with that girl anyway, and had tried to make an impression with his eyes, and of course it tickled him immensely to learn that he had succeeded so well. Our "Household" "bad boy" must have been highly gratified to find himself so well known and so popular so far from home.

Sunny South readers were surprised and delighted to meet "Eugene Edwards," whose letters they had enjoyed so much, and would occasionally ask: "But where are your 'knee pants'? Where is your 'Sallie'? And how are your ma and pa getting along?"

I would not be a faithful reporter if I were to fail to tell, with perhaps startling minuteness, of some of our "bad boy's" escapades in Atlanta. But I must wait until next time to tell what powerful effect his

presence, words and "looks" exerted upon "Aunt Judy" and our present "Mother Hubbard." Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!!!

"EARNEST WILLIE."

June, 1893.

EUGENE *vs.* WILL.

(*Concluded.*)

It just seemed to me that I couldn't well be reconciled to allow Eugene to go off down to Atlanta to see "Mother Hubbard," "Aunt Judy," and all those bright *Sunny South* girls, and have all that good time *by himself.* And so I manufactured some "important business" to attend to, or rather, bent some business circumstances to suit the occasion. Really, as Eugene was a stranger, and I well acquainted, I hoped to add to his pleasure by leading him in paths that he did not know; and so, getting on my swing again, we went together.

I told our friends that Eugene came along to chaperon me in all things *physical* (for I needed the help of his strong right arm), and I came to chaperon him and all things *romantic* (for this Napoleon—this disturber among feminine hearts, needed a Bourrienne to watch him, guard him and "hold him down").

Every day was crowded and crowned with happy incidents worthy the biographer's pen, but I must hurry on, leaving most of them to live only and brighten in our individual memories. Not "for pay" would I dare tell in detail of how, on the night of our arrival, we went to the home of a special friend, got there just after supper, and never mentioned a word about it till after we had returned from church, when, approaching midnight, our "unsatisfied longings" forced us to confession; and then the light-bread and butter, the merry laughing girls and—well,

I mustn't tell it all. Eugene is a frank kind of a boy—about *some things*, and he said right out before them all: "Well, I have heard Will talk so much about Miss Mary Lou and now at last I have seen her, and found that the half was not told me!" And then looking around, mischief lurking in his eyes, he said: "Will, I'll declare this is a mighty pretty family of girls, ain't it?" To which I felt like replying in the language of a good old colored brother, voicing his earnest "Amen": *"Dat am de truf!"*

And retreating in the enchanting glow of radiant smiles and modest blushes, we went to the land of rosy dreams.

After "long consideration and much meditation," as the fellow said when he wrote to his sweetheart, I have decided to spare the culprits, and not give the story which in my last letter I threatened to tell. But I *do* think that when it comes to a boy's throwing such a spell about a girl that from a bed of painful illness she rises at once to ruddy health, strength and happiness, and a boy feels in his bosom a newly implanted force which draws him whithersoever it will —I think—it is needless to say what I *do* think!

I like to see girls blush, but I will not go on, for fear that the crimson tinge will deepen into livid flame.

The happy little reception given at the home of Colonel Seals, in honor of Eugene Edwards and his "chaperon," so delightfully presided over by the kind-hearted Mrs. King, "Aunt Judy" and "Mother Hubbard," rolled its rose-embowered car on the wheels of delight, or floated its flower laden barque on the crystal bosom of music, conversation and elevating good cheer.

His eyes did sparkle, his heart rejoice
O'er the tender music of Maggie's voice.

William J. Bryan, the famous Nebraskan, whose remarkable eloquence has set all America wondering with enthusiastic admiration, seeming almost to blaze out his way to the White House by and by, was billed to speak in the city one night, and we were strongly tempted to cancel our engagement to go out to the beautiful suburban home of Mr. A. P. Morgan, at Oakland. But the "tariff" and "free silver," however grandly presented—however far removed from the trite and the common-place, availed not, and Eugene and I turned with mingled feelings of regret and pleasure away from the banquet of oratory spread by his namesake (for his name, too, is Bryan) and kept our engagement at Oakland, where we knew a bevy of sweet young girls waited to greet us.

The incidents of the evening were all just natural enough to be delightful—just such as might have been expected in such a company and in such a home, where the princely host and his gentle, loving wife love the young people, making their home a magnet that draws the young so often around them and their children. But the morning held for us a brighter, happier scene, on which I would that every poet and artist in the world might have looked. It seems a travesty on the beautiful to attempt to tell it all, and I will not. But this much, anyway: It was after breakfast. We all sat or stood on the veranda and out in the yard around. Amid words of merriment and happy smiles the girls were gathering flowers, almost as bright as their own sweet selves. One prepared a button-hole bouquet, and another pinned it on my coat. Then there stood Eugene waiting for his, while Ruby, with deft but timid fingers, arranged her little souvenir of fragrance and esteem. She hesitated.

"Go on, Ruby!" said Gertrude.

"He is waiting," sweetly spoke Latrelle.

But Ruby (she was only fourteen) smiled, hesitated still, and said: "*Ah! I never did pin a bouquet on a*

boy's coat in my life, and I don't know how!" And the peals of mirth went round and round, while Ruby blushed more and more.

"*Why Ruby!*" called forth Myrtis.

"*Go ahead!*" chimed in Eddie. And Ruby, bouquet in hand, and with face blushing "like the glow of a thousand mornings had spread all over it at once," timidly advanced toward Eugene.

She wore a most becoming dress of dainty pink, which threw a delicate glow over her clear, brunette complexion; her dark hair fell in clustering curls adown her shoulders; her dark eyes twinkling in merry brightness; and as she stood there pinning on her first bouquet, shyly tucking down her head in modest innocence, then looking smilingly up into his face, then around on the watching circle, ere he gave his gallant, "Thank you," I thought the whole scene made one of the most unique and beautifully romantic pictures I had ever looked upon. It was beyond all dream of art and the poetry of conception. I wished that some gifted painter might have been there to put the picture on living canvas, and write beneath it the words: "Giving her first button-hole bouquet."

Beautiful as she had looked, sitting at the piano, with the music trickling from her little fingers, she was more beautiful still, making the first obeisance of modest girlhood to one of those many little gracious acts in which womanhood mirrors her manifold charms. Before such scenes of radiant purity and fascinating loveliness as that made by those bright young girls that morning and the evening before, the eloquence and logic of Wm. J. Bryan were forgotten, and Eugene and I came away meditating in our hearts on the rare "beauties of nature" with which the Creator has blessed the world, and especially "mankind"—giving unto him woman, who, under God, may be

such an inspiration, lofty and blessed—such elevation, so pure and high!

* * * *

With all of Eugene's wit and gayety, there is a deep undercurrent of seriousness in his earnest nature. And many times after we had retired to our room, away from such bright social scenes, he would give expression to many words and thoughts which showed him to be a devoted disciple of Christ, and that he admired nothing on earth quite so much as noble, Christian womanhood.

* * * *

Back at home, Eugene and I spent several days of refreshing congeniality, and when the time came for him to say "good-bye," my feelings can be better imagined than told. Some one has said that "boys are shy of expressing their feelings, however deep those feelings may be." And I should not be surprised if a little tear gathered in my eye when I shook his hand with an earnest "God bless you, my dear boy," as he stood by my bedside ready to depart for his far away Arkansas home.

"EARNEST WILLIE."

"A GENTLEMAN."

Dedicated to my gentlemanly friend, Willie Edgar Talley.

Our language with its clearness and beauty,
Its power, its strength and its grace,
Has no word to tell of the hero
Who's equal always to the place—
Like the term I give to my friend here;
You can find me no better, I ween,
"He's a *gentleman!*" that tells the whole story,
And the picture, resplendent, is seen!

The men—oh, how far some do miss it!
Like an animal, mayhap, a bear,
One will roughly surge 'mong his fellows,
Devoid of taste or of care;
While another stands close beside him,
Apart from those he's among;
His face, it is thoughtful and tender,
His voice, as a song that is sung.

He's strong, he's honest, he's faithful!
The very atmosphere about him seems pure,
And the people point to him, saying:
"There stands a *gentleman, sure!*"

DANCING.

Some years ago when the *Sunny South* young people were discussing dancing—its fascinations, allurements and evils, as each one saw them, I was asked by some of the writers to express my opinion on the subject. I wanted and intended to do so, but a combination of circumstances prevented, although all along I have kept the idea in my heart, and now from that heart I speak.

Some one asks: "What do you think about dancing, 'Earnest Willie'? Do you think that there is any real harm in it? What are your personal feelings about dancing, anyway?"

Well, I will be frank enough to say that there is *that* about and within my *human nature* that responds to the thrilling notes of music, whether quick or pensive, and in my gay and thoughtless moments my feet want to keep step or my body sway in unison with the delightful strains of music—enchanting music! This is the way my human nature feels about it; but human nature is not always a safe guide. It is naturaly *far from God.*

I feel constrained to discuss this question from the Christian's standpoint; but before I do that, I feel

that I should speak the truth in saying that nearly every unrepentant sinner that lives, deep down in his or her heart, would rather die at Christ's altar in church, than to drop dead in the giddy whirl of the ballroom. Ah! my friend, whoever you are, is this not true? Search well your heart and see.

And if you answer "yes," which in your inmost soul I feel that you will do, it is useless to say another word, except to urge you to follow your conscience; for that conscience before God tells you that He does not approve.

Is it wrong for a Christian to go to a ballroom and dance? I feel that in itself, but especially in its associations, tendency and influence it is wrong.

The Bible not only commands us to refrain from evil, but in I. Thess. v., enjoins us to abstain from every "appearance of evil." And it certainly does have the appearance of evil to see professed Christians mixing indiscriminately with the world in questionable practices which, to say the least, do not conduce toward spiritual thought, build up spiritual life, nor advance the blessed cause of the blessed Christ.

No one will claim that the ballroom with its attendant associations and influences, seeks to, or does, further the cause of Christ.

Attending the service of God's house, listening to His faithful ministers, being earnest in prayer, and being active, zealous and faithful in all the duties that become and adorn the Christian's life—these things *do* fill the heart with peace and gladness, and inspire the soul with a longing for holiness and for God, also impressing others and leading them to a like happiness in Christ.

Dancing, with its attendant gaieties and allurements, does not do this. Its most zealous leader and defender will not claim that it does.

One main cause of my objection to the fascinations of the ballroom is the fact that they are subversive

of religious feeling and religious conversation. A young Christian *might* seek to lead his or her companion to Christ while engaged in the exciting whirl of the dance, and God could bless such words, but where will you find one Christian in a hundred, who, from a prayerful, anxious heart, does seek to do this? They are generally thinking about anything else but working and winning souls for Christ. You know this is true—painfully, sometimes fatally true. Of course there are, as we think, far greater sins than dancing. But I would refrain, lest somebody should be misled, and thus stumble over my gay and thoughtless feet into an abyss of dissipation and woe.

But of all dancing, the "round dance,"—I mean boys and girls, men and women waltzing together, seems to me the most distasteful and the most dangerous.

I give here a little incident which strikingly illustrates how almost every boy—every true, loving brother feels about his sister waltzing with young men: A few years ago a large crowd of young people from Atlanta picnicked at Powder Springs, and all day long the music rang out and the floor of the pavilion echoed the merry patter of "fantastic" feet.

Rev. C. L. Patillo, the Methodist pastor, a noble man, whose heart greatly loved the young people, and who was loved by them in return, passed among the crowd who stood around the pavilion, and for a little while watched the waltzers waltz, the couples pausing each time for the music to start, their arms resting "gracefully" about each other. As he passed up the street going home, a jovial young man of marked intelligence, but alas! so far from Christ, smilingly accosted him with:

"Well, Mr. Patillo, how did you like it? What did you think of that waltzing?"

And Brother Patillo, speaking in his slow, solemn way, said: "Well, Tommie, I'll tell you, if it were

your sister and I, it might do very well; but if it were *you* and *my* sister, it wouldn't do at all."

And that is just about the true version of the matter. The human nature in almost any young man would make him enjoy waltzing with another boy's sister, but he doesn't much like to see that other boy reversing the matter, with his arm around *his* sister unconsciously (?) drawing her tender form a little nearer him, as they whirl round and round—float on and on, in the fascinating and *intoxicating* dance.

These are plain words, but they are not so plain as the act itself.

I would not be too ultra—I would not be foolishly extreme, but oh! I would be *right;* I would be safe. And young men and young ladies professing the name of Christ—loving to do His will, the *safe* side, oh! the safe side, is not to indulge at all.

I know many noble people have been raised to think it no harm, and almost the measures of their social life date from one brilliant ball or gay card party to the next. But I know, too, that such a life starves the spiritual mind and soul, and if persisted in, never does lead one to an active, zealous, happy Christian life.

A bright society young lady once said somewhat flippantly to her pastor: "If you will convince me that dancing is really wrong, I will never indulge in it again."

And the earnest man of God replied: "My dear young friend, if you will first show me one young lady or gentleman who is a leader in what is called "brilliant society life," who loves, frequents and participates in the fashionable ball, the brilliant german, and who at the same time is an earnest leader in Christian work, who is ever punctual at the church services, Sabbath school and prayer meeting, who is swift-footed and tireless in her efforts to carry material comfort for the body and spiritual comfort for the

soul into the hovels of the poor, the sorrowing and afflicted, and who is zealous in her blessed efforts to bring souls to Christ—if you will show me one such person, I will argue the question with you. Can you show me one who is prominent alike, heart and soul and money, in these two widely dissimilar fields?"

The young lady was dumb. Then remembering all that the Saviour had done for her, she said through her tears: "I will turn from the fashionable world and work for Jesus."

How verily it seems that one of these two lives is of the world, the flesh, the Evil one; and the other is of God.

I used to feel so foolish and ashamed of myself after spending half a night in bouncing and skipping around over the floor. I always felt better, so much more edified after spending the social hour amoug my young friends in pure and elevating conversation.

Somehow it looks so simple and foolish to see intelligent men and women, made in the image of God, dancing and whirling around over the floor, when they might be spending the time that is hurrying them into eternity in helping, instructing and lifting up themselves and those about them.

A Christian is not merely a church member, but he is one, whether church member or not, who in his heart has been made new and seeks to be a loving follower of Christ. It horrifies our very souls to try to conceive of such a picture as Christ on the waxed floor of a ballroom, keeping step to gay, rollicking music, and whirling in the giddy dance as so many of His professed followers do. We shudder to think of such a scene. Even the world stands almost aghast in its awful and sickening contemplation.

O Christian! if you are His disciple indeed, deep down in your heart you would be like Him—you would follow your Redeemer in all things. Is it not little

enough for you to seek to be even as He was? Yes, and even as He would now smilingly approve?

I feel that I cannot conclude—indeed, this letter would be far more incomplete than it is, without this little incident, which tells the new-born Christian's feeling better than mere argument can tell it.

The second year I spent on bed, a very bright, sweet little girl, or young lady (perhaps I would better call her), came to see me one day, and was sitting by my bedside delightfully talking (for she is highly intelligent and very entertaining in conversation). Something called forth the remark from her that she would like to go to a dancing school herself, so it would teach her to be "graceful"; and that she really thought it "no harm to dance if it were not against the rules of the church."

She and I happily trusted the Saviour during the same meeting, and were baptized on the same sweet Sabbath morning.

Startled somewhat by her words, I earnestly asked: "Miss L——, do you remember that time when you felt so bowed down with sin before God?"

Her face grew thoughtful, and she answered:

"Yes."

"Do you remember, Miss L——, how you felt when God enabled you to trust Christ with your salvation, that burden was lifted from you, and you were made happy in the Saviour's love?"

Her face brightened as she answered, "Yes, indeed, I remember!"

"How did you feel then?"

"Oh," she said, "I felt happy!"

"And you felt then like you wanted to be that happy always, didn't you?"

"Of course I did!" she said.

And I asked: "Then Miss L——, did you feel in that happy hour like you wanted to go to the ball-room and dance?"

She looked at me earnestly, then raising her hand with impatient gesture, she said somewhat confusedly: "*Ah—ah, Mr. Willie!*" Then with earnest emphasis she added: "You know I didn't feel like going to a ballroom then!"

And that tells the whole story. I thank God for that testimony she gave, for I feel that He will bless it to the good of others.

If, in the happy hour of the Christian's "new birth," and whenever he is in a revived state, rejoicing in the love and service of Christ his Redeemer, he does not then feel like going to a ballroom and dancing; and if when he grows rather cold and inactive in Christian duty, he is inclined to indulge in such worldly things, then that forever settles the question in his own conscience and before the world, as to whether ballroom dancing is right or wrong. Yesterday I told this incident and put these questions to a sweet, pretty cousin who was converted several years ago, but who has been allured by the fascinations and temptations of city society into a gay life of worldliness. She was obliged to give the same answer given by the young lady mentioned above. I told her how much more real happiness would fill her heart if she would turn away from such a frivolous life, and try to lead her friends to Christ; how her little sisters coming on, would naturally be inclined to "do as sister did"; and how she would rejoice with joy unspeakable if her younger sisters or any of her worldly friends should afterwards tell her: "Eula, you were the means in God's hands of leading me to Jesus."

These light things, these follies and fancied pleasures are in themselves but for a day; a soul lost or led to and redeemed through Christ is lost or saved for eternity.

In bidding my cousin good-bye, I said, as I now say in heart to every one who reads this: God bless you, cousin Eula, and when you are tempted again to

dance at a ball, just drop on you knees and ask God to help and lead you, and I feel sure His Spirit will not lead you to the ballroom.

Yours in earnest,

"Earnest Willie."

THE THEATRE.

"Is it wrong to go to the theatre?" Thus speaks the earnest voice of my bright-faced young friend.

Well, *for you* it may not be wrong, but *for me* I think it would be. On this, as on dancing, I would take no one-sided and too extreme position; by which I mean, a *wrong* position. But this is the way I feel about it:

For me to take my money and use it to swell the coffers of a theatrical company, composed of people who, for the most part, are not Christians, and who will play on Sunday as quick as Monday, thus desecrating the holy Sabbath of my Lord—for me to take my money to do this, when I might use it on every side of me to brighten a fragment of some dreary life's journey by carrying sweet and cheering sunshine into hovels, "dark with want and woe," I feel that this would be wrong.

I would indulge in no sweeping denunciation of actors and those who support them, for there are many noble, honest people among them all. I would not condemn in unmeasured terms, the "Stars" of the stage as spots of dazzling darkness on our social firmament; for I think there are often generous hearts and pure lives among them, and many, alas! who are not. But it cannot be denied that their influence, upon the whole, is not for God and His Christ, the spreading of His glorious gospel and the advancement of His blessed cause.

Then I am told by my friends (for I do not know

about it myself) that theatre-going is very fascinating, and that when once a taste for it has been acquired, it can never be satisfied except before the brilliant glare of the footlights, the regal impersonation of unreal life, and all the din and excitement of opera house applause.

I have heard, too, of men who were easily moved to tears by the remarkably life-like acting of some pathetic opera scene, who could *not* be moved to tears and actual charity by some touching "drama" in real life; whose fountains of tenderness seemed dried up when, on their way home from the theatre where they had spent their money and their sobs, they passed, unwept and uncared-for, a homeless child in the street; or, with eyes that had sparkled with enthusiasm in the subdued light and mellow glow of some poetic scene or in the brilliant blaze of glittering chandeliers, they passed unattracted by, and unmindful of, the flickering candle in the window of the widow's little cottage, who, coming from an empty larder, watches at the bedside of her suffering and dying son.

This is not overdrawn; this is not dramatized; it is one of many pictures from real life taking place every day. How much happier such people would be if they would take the money thus spent for the intoxicating gratification of the hour, search well where it is needed, and put it in homes and hearts where it will leave a sweeter, and brighter light than the "yellow glare" of the gold they give.

How many brilliant society women—many of them, alas! professing to be Christians, are almost constant theatre-goers! And these women, with boasted purity of life, virtue and honor, forgetting and neglecting their Christian obligations and privileges, for the charms of the opera, will pass out from the matinée, drawing their rich and beautiful robes aside, as if fearing contamination from some poor, deceived, unfortunate fallen sister, when all these ladies of the city

might stay away from the theatre for a few nights only, and thus save enough money to erect a home of refuge and reformation for poor fallen girls, and under the blessing of God, transform into happy anointing Mary's many weeping Magdalenes.

* * * *

But a young lady may gaily say: "Oh! I don't spend any money *myself*, going to theatres; but, if a young man wants to carry me, *I'm* simply *going*, I tell you!"

Ah! my fair young friend, when will girls understand the power of their influence, and wield it for good? You know that a young man who thinks enough of you to go with you at all, and pay your way into the theatre, wants to be obliging, generous and gallant. Other boys of the town do that way, and he does not want to seem behind them. But suppose when he proposes the opera, you say to him, with gentle earnestness: "I thank you very much for your kind and generous offer; but our church has a little mission service to-night preaching or prayer-meeting (as the case may be), and I feel that it would give us a sweeter pleasure to go there. They need our presence. Will you not go with me?" And every time that young man will go with you. Every time *you* will be happier for having gone yourself, and led him into humbler, but brighter paths. And listen, O fair friend of mine! that same young man, the nobler part of his manhood, will appreciate you more, I think, and deep down in his heart, trust you more implicitly for such a course, such a life.

It almost makes me shudder to hear a bright boy or girl seriously talk of "going on the stage" to make a living, or win a bow of recognition and obeisance from that fickle goddess, Fame. There are pitfalls there; there are dangers there. For with all her fascinating arts and tendencies, she lures—*how often!* with a siren's song, but lures—*not to Life!*

If you have been blessed with talent enough to succeed on the stage, you certainly have talent enough to succeed in other safer and more blessed fields. Examine yourself before God, Him before whom you will some day stand; look about you, and give back to honor your Creator and bless humanity the shining gifts with which He has blessed you.

Go to the theatre—*if you must.* But, would you turn aside to go there if Jesus walked by your side?

And whatever you do, be sure, I beseech you, not to sympathize with or in any way pity me for what I miss. For, really, *in my heart*, I am happier *not* to go than you are to go. The time *you* spend in going, I will spend in reading something as pure, instructive and elevating as the play; or better still, if I am able, I will visit the sick and sorrowing, or spend the evening in the sweet and incomparable joy of service and fellowship with happy Christians. And the money you spend in going, I will spend in carrying joy to the heavy-hearted, and light to those in shadow and in gloom. And, believe me, with the sure help of smiling Heaven, the gleam of gladness that will light up some sad face, the tender, radiant glow of happiness, hope and blessing which will linger in the path behind me, will make a reflex joy in my own heart that will inspire me to renewed sacrifice and effort, and brighten "more and more unto the perfect day."

Yours in earnest,

"EARNEST WILLIE."

RADIANT LIFE.

Dedicated to my good and happy-natured friend, Miss Mary Lou McCalla.

"She looks as clear as morning roses
Newly washed with dew"—
Thus Avon's Bard speaks unto me
When I look on you.
Your face of rosy freshness,
Your eyes of gentle brown,
Your brow so pure and lofty—
Ne'er yet seen with a frown;
Above all, your life of kindness,
Your heart of Christian love—
These bless the world about you
And point their hearts above!

FIDELITY IN FRIENDSHIP.

Dedicated to the schoolmate of my boyhood and my life-long friend, Dr. Will J. Auten.

You've been faithful, dear Will, and I love you
For these marks of fidelity shown;
No brighter gem than *true friendship*
Shines in humanity's crown.
God bless you, the wife and dear "baby"—
In Christ the little family make *one*,
And gather us all where friendship is lost
In the *love* of our Heavenly Home.

A MONUMENT IN CURRENT LITERATURE TO THE PRIVATES WHO WORE THE "GRAY."

There is a saying abroad that America "pets her military men," from the fact that so many of our rulers stepped from the sanguinary glory of the battle-field to the presidential chair of the nation. This is not altogether wrong.

When a man has the bravery to face the lurid blaze of the cannon's mouth, to charge with fearless plunge a row of breastworks, from behind which shower missiles of death in the enemy's bullets, like storms of iron hail—or stand unmoved, or press forward without a tremor, to victory or to death, amid all the terrible carnage of battle—such a man ought to receive all the reward in honors which his grateful countrymen can bestow. But the pity is (thinking of it in one way) that each one who helped to win the victory cannot receive this honor and reward.

The general did not fight the battle alone. True, his commanding genius was a crowning necessity; but the privates—ah, the privates! what would he have done without them?

The thousands of unknown men who walked in the dust of obscurity, whose individual names were lost beneath the glamor of commanding leadership and greatness, who bore the wearing toil of war and the terrible brunt of battle, who fought not for fame nor dreamed of "glory's red wreath," but whose breasts glowed and whose sinews were nerved to action and endurance by the purest fire of patriotism alone, who saw gleaming in golden, living letters before them through the smoke of every battle, only one motto: "My Country," with all the dear ties, traditions, memories, hopes and blessings, comprehended in that one simple phrase; men who lived and fought for the truth as they saw it, and who rushed with their breasts bared before danger and death, with no thought but the defence of that truth and "my home, my loved ones, my native land." Oh! to such brave men I would bow in loving reverence, and build for them a monument more beautiful and more lasting than graven stone "polished shaft or sculptured column"—a monument as living as language itself—a monument in the current literature, around the happy fire-

side and thus in the hearts of the generations that follow, kindling, inspiring and keeping forever alive in their children's children the true patriotism for and in which they lived and fought and died—a monument thus gathering and dispensing greater and more blessed lessons as it deeper, broader, higher and grander grows! Oh! tell me not, as some have said, that patriotism is a myth, a tyrant and a brute. Abused, it may be brutal; misguided, it is pitiable; perverted, it is a curse; but it *lives!* the sacred sentiment lives—our country's glory and surest hope—as strong and tender, as pure and noble as the word can be made to imply. And I verily believe that in a country like ours, no young man is fit for the truest citizenship until he learns in his heart and mind and strength all that the word patriotism can mean.

Then teach us, Mr. Editor, in your "Gray and Blue" columns, the rich and helpful lessons which our fathers lived out and wrote out for us on the blackboard of our Southland's unwritten history, with the brave hands of labor, sacrifice, suffering and death.

God bless their memory forever! It is a new and refreshing thought to us, especially those of us who are children of private soldiers, that while their individual names cannot be written in shining letters on history's living page, their deeds can be told and their names embalmed in such frequented archives as the weekly garland coming to us in such rare richness through the "Gray and Blue" department of the *Sunny South.*

It is a perfect mine of historic and patriotic gold. I would urge our boys and girls to study such literature, as Henry Grady would say, "with a sense of consecration."

It will make the truths for which our fathers fought to grow into our thoughts and affections, as no school history can ever do. Southern boys and

girls ought to know and love these truths, because they had their birth when the Constitution of the United States was born—when the rights of her citizens and the sovereignty of her States were guaranteed, and because the story of their brave defence has challenged *the wonder and admiration of the civilized* world and given a new and deeper meaning to American valor.

A nation's surest strength springs from the intelligent patriotism of her people. I know I love my country now, and if I could and would fight at all, I would, were that ensign assailed, raise my arm in defence of the American flag, the dearest to me on earth!

No true soldier at the North would have us forget the memories springing from truths once as dear as life itself to the Southern heart; and those strange characters whose rabid sectionalism has contracted their heads and hearts until they are too small to comprehend that patriotism which was our very life; these characters might as well try to "dam up the Nile and bulrushes" as to crush out of our hearts the love we bear and the memories we cherish for these glorious and inspiring "traditions of our people." And he whose wise judgment and magnetism can draw from the old soldiers' hearts and pens stories to teach and impress these truths and "traditions," is a historical benefactor to all who read, and especially to Southern youth.

I want to make a special appeal to our boys and girls to do their utmost to spread such literature not only among their young associates, but their fathers who bear on their bodies the scars of battle and carry in their hearts the memories that stir them to patriotic fervor whenever those conflicts are named. Go to every old soldier of your acquaintance and tell him about the "Gray and Blue"—what a campfire feast of story and song it will be to him—

tell him how it will refresh his heart with thrilling memories of the "times that tried men's souls," tender and blessed, hallowed and hallowing memories of the days and the great cause of which the brilliant and patriotic Miss F. H. Marr, dipping her pen in the shed blood of the South's fallen braves, and writing from the torn and bleeding bosom of grand old Virginia, almost ere the roar of battle had died away, declared with loving and trusting pathos:

"It had fervor and zeal—it had daring and youth:
It had justice and reason, and honor and truth;
It had battles and sieges and glory's red wreath—
It had waiting and watching starvation and death.

But if our martyred ones had to die, the memory of them must not die. The living and cherishing of these memories of our heroes who fell on either side will make us better citizens of our reunited country. And to this great and sacred end we may, through intelligent and watchful fidelity, do a grander, deeper and more enduring work than perhaps we have ever dreamed of!

Paraphrasing the beautiful words of Charles W. Hubner, that were laid as a heart-offering fresh upon the grave of the dear, dead patriot, Henry Grady, let us gather with tender hands for this monument that we would build, flowers of fadeless beauty and inspiring fragrance, as we declare out of ever-loyal hearts to those humble but valiant ones who yielded up their precious lives in the cause of conquered truth:

Sons of the South, her glory and her bloom!
A loving people will enshrine your tomb!

Yours in earnest, "EARNEST WILLIE."

July, 1893.

P. S.—AN AMUSING LITTLE INCIDENT THAT OCCURRED DURING BATTLE—Recurring to the saying that America pets her military men, I want to tell you

all something right now: If I ever get to be Governor of Georgia or President of the United States, I want to win my distinction somewhere else besides on the battle-field. I am afraid almost of the very thought of battle. I greatly admire bravery and patriotism, as I have been telling you. I like very much to *read* of great battles; I like to *hear* the scarred and grizzled veterans tell how they *got* those scars; I like to hear from tongue or pen of special deeds of daring by heroes whom I would lovingly crown with chaplets of honor and everyone of whom deserves a monument as high as the Tower of Babel, and all that sort of thing; but the very thought of *my* daring to do such deeds—the very idea of *my* standing still with a thousand deadly bullets whistling and whizzing around me, and comrades falling on every side, is *simply awful! ! !*

Why, it seems that the very first bullet would hit me, and if it didn't, I feel like I would be so scared that (pardon the common-place expression, but it seems I can think of nothing else that will express it so well) I feel like I would want to "crawl into a hole in the ground and pull the hole in after me."

I am actually afraid I would disgrace myself. I would want to be brave, but, oh, those bullets! I hope I will never have to face them.

Speaking of soldiers being scared in time of battle, I think of this amusing little incident: My uncle, John R. Upshaw (now of Marble Valley, Shelby county, Alabama), said he was really afraid to go to the war. He said he wanted to fight for the defence of his country, but that he was actually afraid he would take to his heels and run clear away from the field when the firing begun. But he forgot to be scared, he said, and his comrades declared he made a brave soldier. But the incident: Once during the terror and excitement of battle he saw just beside him in the trenches a poor fellow so badly scared that he

was trembling from head to foot. He was trying to load his gun, but progressing poorly, for his body shook and swayed like a reed in the wind, and both hands trembled like an aspen leaf. My uncle reached quietly down, picked up a pebble, caught it in his fingers like he was going to shoot a marble, took deliberate aim and shot the pebble at the shaking form beside him. The poor fellow threw up his hands and cried out: "O, Lordy! I am killed! I am killed!"

And I am afraid I would be like that poor, trembling fellow. It is beyond my comprehension, but the fact that a man could think of playing such a funny trick as that while the battle raged about him shows how men can become hardened to the most terrible forms of danger and drilled to perfect composure amid the most trying and exciting scenes this earth has ever witnessed. The more we think of the dangers, the more we should admire the bravery and love the memory of our "beloved heroes in gray," who marched to the thrilling strains of "Dixie," singing into battle, and, alas! how often, into the "tented fields" of eternity beyond!

"Earnest Willie."

A KINGDOM AND A CROWN.

Dedicated to my noble little friend, Miss Sudie Ellis, of Arlington, Ky.

Bright little girl, with fair sweet face,
And eyes of tender brown,
I'd place a kingdom at your feet,
And on your head a crown;—

A kingdom vast whose subjects need
Your labor and your love;
Your crown to shine from duties done,
And the Father's smile above.

Greater far this kingdom is
  Than Cupid's sway can own,—
Sweeter far such duties are
  Than those of earth alone.

For they who now this kingdom lead,
  And all who in it live,
Garner in their hearts a peace
  No human love can give.

As unto Christ these deeds are done—
  This kingdom is divine;
Who gives and who receives His name,
  Thro' Eternity will shine.

Then let your every word and deed,
  Your every look and smile,
Be given to win some heart to you,
  That you may thus the while

Point that heart to Christ your King,
  Who did your soul redeem,—
Who spoke peace to your burdened heart
  With Heaven's bright'ning beam.

This peaceful Realm, perfected, grand!
  This crown of many stars,
Will live and shine at God's right hand
  Beyond the Golden Bars!

Human hopes and human love
  The years shall bury low,
While the things of God shall reign above
  With bright'ning heavenly glow!

A HEART-THROB FOR A WEDDING GIFT.

Miss Callie Cochrane, who was the first "Mother Hubbard" that so generously introduced me through the "Household" to the *Sunny South* readers, and

whose first visit to Powder Springs was to the bedside of her then almost helpless invalid boy, was married on August 16th, 1893, to Mr. Samuel Pierce Lindley, Pastor John A. Reynolds, of the Methodist church in the little town, beautifully speaking the twain into one. Miss Callie had from the first been my warm personal friend, lavish in words and deeds of kindness, and so the simple words which follow, hurriedly written and handed to her just before leaving the home of her noble sister, Mrs. F. A. Sims, on our journey to the expectant audience in the delightfully decorated church—this little gift was verily a heart-throb.

My Dear Friends:

Blessings on your marriage eve,
The brightest and the best!
Heart to heart forever cleave,
Obeying Love's behest.

United, too, in Christ our Lord—
This be my earnest prayer,
Then bliss shall bless your earthly home
And crown your hearts Up There.
God bless you both!

Your faithful invalid friend,
"Earnest Willie."

"FAITH CURE."

Among all the sweet and interesting letters I have received from unknown friends is one from Mrs. Calloway, of Hardaway, Georgia, which came several years ago, and of which I have often spoken in private conversation, when talking with others on the subject about which she asked me.

Supposing that many people will naturally remark: "He has been an invalid many years; he professes to

be a Christian. I wonder how he feels about being cured by faith?" I put briefly on record here just how I feel about it, as a special answer to her and others whom I love for the kind interest they have thus manifested in me, as well as all of my readers everywhere, who may feel that they would like to know what part this subject, so vital to many, has had in the thoughts and life of one who has spent so many years of his young life on bed. I first give a few words in her letter: "I have read your published letters, thus learning of your invalid condition. I feel greatly interested in your recovery. Your letters seem full of Christian faith, love and happiness. Why can you not have the necessary faith in God and be cured of your affliction? God is the same prayer-hearing, prayer-answering God now that he always was."

In answer, I can only say this: I believe as strongly as I believe there *is* a God, that He is *able* to cure me at will. But I cannot ask Him to cure me, firmly believing it will be done, because I do not know whether it is *His will* that I now be strong again. So I can only say: "Lord, *if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me whole.*" That is the measure of my faith.

How many times during the first three or four years of my affliction, when human nature was longing for the balm and inspiration of congenial companionship, when my heart was longing for the "ardor of the conflict," and my hemmed-in spirit was yearning to be "about my Father's business," whatever that business might be—Oh, how many times amid such thoughts and longings did I lie here on bed, while the other members of the family had gone to church, and pray God, Oh! if it could be His will, to raise me up and make me strong so that I might hurry to church and startle, surprise and delight my friends and loved ones! But the strength was never given

me. God knew better than I, what was best—knew what His gracious hand held in store for me. I see now what I could not well see then. And although it is a strange language—a language that the world cannot understand, yet I am happy to declare that if it were possible for me to raise my hand and thus avert the fall in which went down the "rosy dreams that gladdened youth," the shining castles that inspired me and the sweet hopes that led me on—if, I say, by lifting my hand, I might avert all this, I *could not, would not* do so. Why? Because, if I take the testimony of my friends, known and unknown (and it is so sweet to trust it!), I have evidence to believe that God has used my affliction as a means of greater honor to His name and a greater blessing to mankind than my active life would have been. These cheering evidences, with His sweet presence in my heart, have often made me feel like thanking His blessed name that He has seen fit to so honor me as to let me *suffer* His *will* as well as serve it, thus showing to the world the glory and triumph of His implanted faith and His sustaining power. And thus I have been enabled to see how it was not God's will to answer my prayer and the prayer of my friends, to cure me years ago and raise me up to that strength for which I so much longed.

Happy beyond expression is that spirit which can always say, however adverse the circumstances are to our natural desire: "Father, Thy will, not mine, be done." And so, sweet as would be the liberties and possibilities which strength would give me, sweeter still, it seems, are the blessings which God showers upon me now. It may not be His pleasure for me to be restored to strength yet awhile. It may be that He has not yet served out His gracious purpose in my affliction; and I pray that I may always be given a spirit of happy submission to God's holy will. This trust, this sweet submission, gives happiness to

my heart; and *if my heart is happy, what more do I want?* Again, remember what I said in the beginning, and what I felt in every prayer for my restoration which I ever offered—that I believe with all my heart that God is *able* to cure me at will. But I cannot ask Him to do so, implicitly believing that it will be done, because I do not know whether it be His will. And so, I can only go to Him and look up trustingly into His face, as did one of old, and say: "*Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me whole.*"

I just lie down and rest on the bosom of His will. Don't pity me, dear friends of the world, for I am happy—happy in the perfect peace and fulness of Christ's sustaining love.

Oh! that your hearts were even in this as the heart and life of Happy

"EARNEST WILLIE."

A BREATH OF PRAYER.

[Breathed almost impromptu.]

O Jesus Lord,
O Christ, I pray,
Dispel the night,
Bring the glad day!
A thousand ills
Can do no harm
If I but rest
On Thy strong arm.

And doubts and fears
Can have no place
If I but see
Thy smiling face.
Come! wrap me in
Thy presence bright,
And joy will fill
The darkest night!

FAMILY PORTFOLIO.

It may not exactly comport with the "literary proprieties" and the critical ideas of some to give in a book for the public such a very personal chapter as the one just introduced. This *portfolio* of family mementos, although not a collection of literary gems, as I am *well* aware, is still more sacred to me than if, on some other subject, it had reached all the fulness of literary perfection which a master genius could create. Then, you know, this does not pose as a *literary* volume, anyway, for the *strictly literary* world. It is largely personal. It reflects my *heart-throbs*. And these simple but loving mementos (some of which have not yet been seen by my loved ones, and will not be until the book appears) are given a place in this book, and just in the way in which they are presented, simply because my heart wants to—that is the best reason I know how to give. Every boy should love his parents, brothers and sisters, and be happy always to declare it; but my invalid condition has given mine an opportunity to be more to me than they otherwise could have been; and whatever of success the tide of fortune may possibly bring to me, I want to see their loved and loving faces shining sweetly on its bosom. Should my book prove to be history, I would treasure them there; and should it prove only a family heirloom, I would still treasure them there.

THE AUTHOR.

MOTHER AT FIFTY.

(JUNE 21, 1889.)

Mother, dearest of all women!
Sweetest name to me, and best
Of all the noble millions with whom
God hath our earth so richly blest,

With conscious, deeply conscious weakness,
Dumb, it seems, to speak your worth;
But with love that knows no limit—
Makes you fairest of all the earth,
A son, devoted, proud and tender,
Would lift his voice in humble lay,
To mark with plain but loving tablet,
Your monument in this birthday.

Throned this semi-centennial
On a pyramid of love,
Dispensing it with hand so gracious,
Like unto the Hand above;
This century, so rich in wonders
And in beauty's vast array,
Will not view a sweeter picture
Than my mother makes to-day.

Woman fair and woman lofty,
Woman simple, pure and plain,
With her children gath'ring round her,
Enshrining fondly her sweet name,
And her husband ever trusting
Th' loving heart he's known so well—
Things of business and of pleasure—
Naught fears he his wife to tell;
For with heart of deep affection
And with mind that understands
She refreshes his whole being
And upholds his struggling hands.

When I've seen her love so constant,
Sacrificing for her home,
I have thought me—oh! how often,
If the time should ever come
When I'll have a wife—companion—
I'll be satisfied, and more,
If she's only such a woman
As my mother, bending o'er
The little narrow bed where lieth

Her stricken, frail, helpless child,
With her words of balm so soothing
To his longings glad and wild.

With your economic teachings,
With your prayers and with your tears,
O my mother, what a treasure
You have been to us these years!
Not a "queen"—no, not *my* mother,
She's not "*regal*," tho' she's fair,
But a more than queenly jewel
In her heart is shining there.
And her face so pure and noble,
Fair as beaming Southern moon,
Glows in sweet and tender brightness
Like these sunny days of June.

Mother, my Muse's inspiration,
Hear your fond and happy son;
You are still to me more beautiful
Than the golden beams of morn.
Tho' the years have piled upon you,
And here and there's a thread of gray,
They but speak the morn now dawning
Of your bright eternal day!

Mother, dearest of all women,
God upon you ever smile,
Beam your sweet face on this tribute
From your loving, grateful child.

FATHER AT FIFTY-NINE.

(FEBRUARY 19, 1893.)

Father, my loved and honored sire,
My guardian, my companion and friend,
A son with plain speech,
But heart with fondest pride aglow,

Would lay at thy feet a tribute, brief but loving,
And crown thy birthday with all the glad affection
Which a son knows how to feel.

As I write 'tis eventide—a bright and blessed Sabbath day;
The sun in sinking golden glory
Is far down the western slope;
E'en as this is to thee the peaceful
Evening of thy dear life—
A life to thee not half so dear
As unto the hearts of those roundabout
Thy happy hearthstone,
To whom God has made that life
Such a rich and blessed blessing!

When I hear thee, as so oft I've done,
Bemoan the meagre good thou hast wrought
In life; when thou, with saddened face
And words of sorest self-debasing, hast told
Of thy battles fierce, and victories
That too seldom came—
(Victories reckoned as the world dost view them)—
I have thought me of the "silent sculptor"
Who, unconscious of his power, as he moves
The jostling crowds of men among,
Leaves on their minds and hearts and lives
The impress of his being; and sculptured there,
More lasting far than master touch on living stone,
Or art's reflex, when before the lens,
You, silent, face to face, have stood,
Gives back through all the ages his image true,
To impress and bless the passing throng!
They see, and seeing, straightway admire,
And admiring, seek to attain.

Thus on thy children's lives,
And all who know thee best,
Thou hast graven, with unconscious power,
The impress of a life that's gathered

Its honest purity and strength, lofty and grand,
From the great pure Life above!
And teaching them these vital lessons,
Wholesome, blessed and fruitful,
Thou hast written on their minds and hearts,
In letters that can never die,
The radiant belief, inspiring ever toward the *Better*–
That an honest, earnest Christian man
"Is the noblest work of God!"

AN ALBUM MEMENTO.

POWDER SPRINGS, GA., August 10, 1888.

COUSIN BEATRICE, My Dear, Sweet Girl—Would you have me write in your album *just what* I *think* and *feel?* Well, that is just what I can't do. You have been so kind, so good to me; *so thoughtful of* and *self-sacrificing for* my pleasure, that it is difficult to tell *just what I think of you and just how I feel and think it.*

Your frequent, *but never too frequent*, visits have been to me, as I have lain here hemmed in from the world, like rays of sunshine through a benighted chamber, *dispelling gloom, making lighter my every sorrow and intensifying my every joy.*

You have as it were, fringed the shores of my life's stream, and of friendship, with a new and more beautiful verdure, planting among its rich luxuriance the *lily of purity, the rose of grace and sympathy, the blue hyacinth of constancy and the woodbine of fraternal love,* whose commingled fragrance, as it is wafted to me through the corridors of sweet memory, makes me feel like saying, "God bless you for what you have done!"

May your garments of charity whiten, your power to comfort grow stronger, and your hand of benevolence more active with each recurring day and year

comforting and blessing other lives as you have done mine. And finally, "when all the heart's wild longing's ended, and its wearying struggles past," may you, through the merits of Jesus, be borne on angel wings to the Haven of Eternal Rest.

Your loving invalid cousin,

WILLIE D. UPSHAW.

A MARRIAGE GREETING.

[NOTE.—Written on a wedding card and sent to my brother and his beautiful bride on the Sabbath of their happy marriage.]

To LUCIUS AND BEATRICE—My Brother and Sister:

On this glad day of joy complete,
When your hearts in tender union meet
At the sacred marriage shrine,
I'd gladly lay down at your feet
Some gift of worth, of beauty rare,
My approving love here to declare!
But opportunity, nor wealth of gold,
Nor magic wand are mine.
Still, deep from my heart—long as I live,
"*Such as I have*," I fondly give—
My prayer for help Divine.
Tho' here on bed—and three miles between,
My heart, my thoughts about you cling;
And in the hour your two lives blend
My heart to Heaven will ascend
That you may *in Christ united be*—
And reach, at last, the crystal sea.

Earnestly and lovingly your invalid brother,

WILLIE D. UPSHAW.

November 17, 1889. (*Sunday Morning.*)

ON OTHER SIDE OF CARD.

[NOTE.—The afternoon of their marriage day was cloudy, cold and dark.]

What boots it that on a wedding day
We have weather bright or dark?
Just so the light of happy love
Shines sweetly in the heart!

WILLIE.

A LOST POEM.

Dedicated to my two brothers.

It is bad enough to lose money, but oh! the pain, the irretrievable misfortune of losing one's own *darling thoughts!* Thoughts that had come after the brain had long wooed them; thoughts that were born 'neath the glow of the midnight lamp; thoughts that were chiseled and fashioned with painstaking deliberations; or thoughts, mayhap, that flashed through the mind and blazed from the pen when the glow of inspiration was at its most fervent heat, or had reached its highest tide—oh, to lose these beyond all power of recovery is painful beyond the telling!

In the calendar of our family births a very important coincidence occurs; on the day that my rather good-looking brother, Herschel M. Upshaw, was three years old, his little red-haired brother, Lucius C. Upshaw, was born. Being older than I, and surcharged with a good supply of human nature, they have always been inclined to make their younger brother (poor boy! he has had a hard time on this score) a butt for pleasant ridicule, and a target for almost ceasless teasing. But notwithstanding all this, they have been kingly with kindness toward this younger invalid brother of theirs, and I felt like I wanted to dedicate a special poem to their joint birthday.

Under great difficulties (for I was exceedingly feeble then) the poem was written, and read to them on

the sweet Sabbath birthday they spent at home. But the little hand-book entitled "Thoughts and Themes," containing this poem and a number of other treasured thoughts which I had "corked up" for future consideration, was by some means *lost, lost, lost!* and I felt almost like one suddenly thrown into bankruptcy. I can remember only a few little snatches here and there, and I put them on record here in this family portfolio in loving deference to these brothers of mine, and as a simple memento of the poem dedicated to them, that was "born to blush unseen":

I had hoped upon this joint birthday
Where two older brothers stand,
To court the Muses and write for them
A poem rich and grand.

But somehow my Muse seems dull-forlorn!
My wits obtuse and blank;
And to write for hours by "labor wrought,"
Would seem a "poet crank."

I wanted to tell in lines of grace,
Of tall, dark Herschel M.,
Whom the girls (devoid of taste, perhaps)
Call a regular "dandy gem."

I'd sing, too, of florid Lucius C.,
With his aspirations high,
That sometimes glow and spread and tower
Till they reach the very sky!

How sad!—the pity of it all,
That with such a theme—
Rich as a writer's strong ideal
And fair as a poet's dream,

The world should lose the story rare
Of these young gallant hearts,
Suggesting mirth and soberness
Like wisdom's hand imparts.

And "lo, and behold!" just where the poem proper is about to begin—just where my unwilling Muse was beginning to open its sleepy eyes and quicken its sluggish pace, I can remember no more for a season. Like Nebuchadnezzar's dream, "the thing has gone from me."

I remember that I pictured, as best I could, the beauty of their love and the constancy of their companionship—how they confided in each other in all things, both trivial and momentous, in matters of important business and things of tender sentiment—how they walked and talked together and seemed almost, as Webster said of the American Union, "one and inseparable." And now it comes back to me, as I begin to tell of my brother's marriage:

But now that bachelor twain is broken—
  Past are the days that were;
No more they walk together,
  And their "sweetheart notes" compare.

Lucius—ha! wise philosopher,
  Long too proud to own
A woman's charms—now bows before
  A queenly "Christian" throne.

Gone down are his high ambitions!
  Dimmed is youth's love for fame!
His hopes, his plans concenter
  Around one fond, cherished name!

Sweeter than applause of "listening senates,"
  Brighter than Italian skies,
Are the sound of her gentle, approving voice
  And the light in her lovelit eyes.

And Brother Herschel, oh! what of him?
  Poor boy! can this be told?
Yes, write his lone condition down:
  He's "left out in the cold."

He's loved, at least, two dozen girls,
But that—somehow—*somehow*,
Doesn't seem to do much good
To him just now—*just now*.

He is living the "lesser half of life,"
As McBeath wisely spoke;
And that the future holds better things
We gladly, fondly hope.

He needs a sweet little Christian wife—
The light of his heart and home;
She'd bless him with her life, and make
Heaven on earth to dawn.

* * * *

Good-bye, dear boys; God bless you both!
I ne'er content can be
Till my brothers both trust the Christ I love
And who's done so much for me.

AN ACROSTIC.

To my lifelong friend and brother, Will D. Upshaw.

Weary hearts by thee are lifted
In life's discord, strife and clamor,
Lives, like days in summer, lengthened—
Like timid birds that fain would fly
Down from yon distant mountain height
Upon a ground of deepest blue;
Pursuing still thine onward flight,
Struggling souls by thee are strengthened:
Him of Hope thou ne'er bereavest;
And the unattained seems nearer,
When one is pure as thou art now.

WILL J. AUTEN.

(Lines selected here and there from Longfellow's Poems.)

HAPPILY WED.

To Addie and Bunyan.

[NOTE.—In their sweetheart days, before my sister married Mr. G. B. Lindsey, we would often tease her because they were both such decided blondes; hence the allusion to the "sunrise" color of their hair. The following is too simple a tribute to hearts so happily wed.]

What if your heads *are* like the sunrise,
And the eyes of both are blue?
What matters it, O artist, tell me—
When *two hearts* are matched like you?

What tho' your statures—scarce poetic—
(For both are little, neither tall)
Do not crown a sculptor's ideal,
Since *love reigneth over all?*

What tho' the ringing trump of Fame
Give forth no signal sound,
Since in your hearts there reigns a peace
Which Fame has never found?

Ah! 't is but the bright and fragrant bloom
Of souls united—true—
Of blended hearts and blended lives,
With one grand end in view.

Tender, impulsive Addie Lee—
Bunyan, "calm and serene"—
Such contrast, blessed of God, is best
For man and wife, I ween.

And your bright little girl God hath given—
How proud she makes you feel!
Dear eyes of blue, fair, golden-haired,
Sweet, fairy-like, Oneill!

Ruled with love, resting in faith—
Each lost in the other's will—
Such a picture of wedded bliss
Ne'er fails my heart to thrill.

And so, tho' glittering gems of wealth
May not sparkle at your feet,
You live a life of calm content—
Heaven's foretaste sweet.

Best of all—you are *one* in faith,
One, too, in hope and love—
One in Christ—oh, bliss on earth!
One sweet, bright home above!

Blessed, happy little home!
How good to see, and pray
That it will live and brighter grow
Till lost in Heaven's Day!

A LITTLE TOT'S CHRISTMAS RECITATION.

[Written for my little niece, Dora Oneill Lindsey, a golden-haired fairy of four years, and clearly and beautifully recited at a Christmas (1892) entertainment at the Douglasville Baptist Church.]

Howdy-do, great big crowd of folks!
Do you feel good this Christmas night?
As happy as this little girl—
Your hearts as glad and light?

What makes *me* glad? Why, it's *Christmas* time!
Do you love Christmas like I do?
You are lots larger, but I love this night
Just *lots* better than you!

I don't pop fire-crackers and blow tin horns
Like a big, *ugly* boy;
But Santa Claus brought me the *sweetest* doll!
And another pretty little toy!

And then, *Jesus*, who loves little ones like me,
And died for this sinful earth,
Was a sweet little babe *one* Christmas time,
And we honor His precious birth.

Let's be glad and play, little children all,
And love mamma and papa well,
Then they'll take us on their knees awhile,
And the sweet old story tell—

How Christ became a little child,
Then a man, then—*Crucified!*
Then rose from death, then sat down on high,
By the loving Father's side.

May our Sunday-school, and all the people, too,
Have the *best* Christmas they've ever had!
And all meet where Heaven's bright Christmas day
Will make our hearts forever glad!

TO AGNES.

FROM SALLIE BLANCHE.

When my little sister, Sallie Blanche, was eleven years old, she received one day a letter containing a beautiful little bouquet of flowers, accompanied by a few words expressing love and fidelity, but bearing no signature. Her little heart was naturally filled with childish delight and "wonderings" as to who could have sent it. Soon she decided that it must have come from her best little friend, Agnes Hipps. They were schoolmates, were converted during the same gracious meeting, baptized together, and she loved beautiful and noble Agnes very dearly. After she had rejoiced a little while over this treasured new token of love and friendship, she came to my bedside and wanted "Brother Willie to please write me something pretty to send Agnes, 'cause she sent me something so nice. I just *love* her."

The following simple lines were written, and eemed to add as much to her happiness as if a "rose-



"Tattie" at Sixteen. Page 473.

My sister, Sallie Blanche Upshaw (now in Heaven), who, at the time this picture was made, was the sunshine and inspiration of "Brother Willie's" invalid life.

leaf" had been dropped into her already brimming cup of joy.

SWEET AGNES:

Yesterday I received a little letter;
'Twas sweet, I *do declare!*
And in it, pretty flowers tied
With strands of golden hair.

It had no name to it assigned,
But from the mark and hand,
I think it came from a little friend—
The dearest in the land!

She has hair of gold and eyes of brown,
With "pouting ruby lips";
Her heart is tender, loving, true—
And her name is Agnes Hipps.

Bless your great, big, sweet little heart,
For this loving token given!
May we be warm friends always on earth,
And meet at last in Heaven.

Your loving friend—true,
SALLIE BLANCHE U.

"TATTIE" AT SIXTEEN.

Dedicated to my sister, Sallie Blanche Upshaw.

[NOTE.—My little angel brother, Glenn, when first trying to lisp the name, Sallie, would call her "*Tat-tie.*" The name has seemed especially sacred to her and us since his death.]

Brightest, sweetest birthday
Of your girlhood's happy dream!
Tender, artless, hopeful—
"Tattie" at sixteen.

Dream? Spoke I of your life
As girlhood's happy *dream?*
Ah! life is *real*, sister—
Sweet "Tattie" at sixteen.

Sixteen years! why, a woman 'most!
Where is the little girl,
But yesterday, with happy laugh—
Childhood's purest pearl—

Climbed on my shoulder or in my lap,
Her arms my neck around,
To tell her happy story
Of some new pleasure found?

Where is the little sister—
So like a gentle dove—
Who ne'er forgot the good-night kiss
And words of baby love?

Where the child of nine or ten
That, more thoughtful grown,
Clung about my narrow bed
In trusting tender tone?

Where the child I used to tease—
Who'd say with pouting air:
"I *won't have* an old sweetheart—
I just *will not!* So there!"

"I'll be mamma's and papa's little girl,
And always stay with them;
I *never will* marry some stranger man
And go 'way off with him!"

Ah! and where the earnest little girl
That said with tearful eye:
"I feel that I am *such a sinner*,
And would be lost if I die."

"Brother Willie, pray for me; I want
To be a Christian, too,
Like mamma and papa and Mr. Vaughan,
Like sister and like you."

And where the happy, happy child
That came with radiant face
To tell me that she trusted Christ,
And loved Him for His grace?

Ah, sister! sweet these pictures are,
And forever fresh in store!
Will the little girl that gave them me,
Come back *no more, no more?*

Borne by the hurrying tide of Time
Out toward the Summer sea,
The *little* sister I loved so well
Can *never* come back to me!

But, thank God, she's with me still!—
Her grown-up self, I mean—
To point to childhood's flow'ry paths
That led through meadows green.

I've watched her swiftly sail away
In youth's rose-embowered bark
With longing eyes; for that cargo held
My fond and anxious heart.

I've watched her grow and bud and bloom
In beauty and in grace;—
Drank in the fragrance of mind and heart
There mirrored in her face.

And so, the sweet child of other years,
And womanhood's bright dawn
Meet in this girl of sixteen years—
And "Tattie" is *still* my own.

God bless you, dear "little" sister still—
Be watchful! O be brave!—
And give His Spirit, by word and deed,
Your friends to bless and save.

Let noble Christian womanhood
Be here your earthly crown;
And living joy will chase away
Death's dark and chilling frown.

Then roll on, Time! I fear you not;
I trust she standeth sure;
And when thy breath shall blight her form,
Her faith will still endure!

Come, darling sister, here is my hand,
And your brother's fondest kiss!
Our hearts will love till we meet above
And share Christ's heavenly bliss.

And cling thro' life—God help you cling,
Whate'er you've felt and seen—
To the modest, artless, tender days
Of "*Tattie*" *at sixteen!*

THE BROKEN CHAIN.

There is one sweet face now vanished,
One sweet voice we hear no more—
For the hand of Death has banished
Glenn unto the Silent Shore.

The family chain at last is broken;
The golden link now waits above;
Hard to bear—yet a tender token
Of the Father's *keeping* love.

Mother's darling pride and comfort—
Father's promised stay in age!
Now through tears, on Jesus leaning,
Turn they Mem'ry's precious page.

And for us, his brothers, sisters—
Oh! our hearts seem vacant still,
As we sigh in vain for music
That these hearts did sweetly thrill.

Let us all, through faith in Jesus,
And the Life through Him that's given,
Join that little link Up Yonder,
And make the chain complete in Heaven.

A CHRISTIAN HEROINE.

Dedicated to my noble cousin, Miss Witt Moseley, whose life as a teacher has been one of tireless labor and happy sacrifice for dependent loved ones—her mother having spent more than twenty-seven years on bed.

Child of sacrifice and labor—child of blessing and of love!
Thank God that a time is coming in His great Beyond —above,
Where the tired feet, unsandaled, and the weary hands may rest—
Where the faithful are rewarded, on the Saviour's gracious breast!
Where the hopes we here have cherished and the tears that we have wept
Will be garnered by the Master who with watchful eyes hath kept
All our faith and love and labor, every sorrow, every smile,
Every heart-throb, sad and tender, for our reaping "after awhile."

For yours has been a life of trial—clouds have often dimmed your sky,
But you've had within your bosom a heavenly peace that could not die;
And the sombre shadows round you, you have chased with happy cheer,
Giving smiles where smiles were needed—to pain, the sympathizing tear.
Be sure that for all your waiting, all your trusting, working, too,

God will paint in gold the future that He holds in
store for you,
And the shining Christian graces sparkling in your
"woman's crown."
Will but brighten when the Master cometh to receive
His own.

"PLATONIC FRIENDSHIP," OR TRUE WOMANHOOD'S CHARM.

Dedicated to my womanly, congenial, constant friend, Miss Josie Erin Bowie.

Erin, O Erin! your name sends a thrill,
Refreshing as music from valley and hill;
Like the laugh of a streamlet that ripples along,
Your words are a blessing, your life is a song!

No sentiment tender from Cupid's sly dart
Directs now my Muse or prompts now my heart;
I speak it with calmness, for I hold it no harm
To witness with candor *true womanhood's charm!*

Intelligence, first, was thy *open sesame;*
Then *congenial soul* embalmed thy sweet name—
I own it—I honor—yea, rejoice in the spell
Such attributes weave 'round my heart's citadel!

Yet I firmly declare it—and to truth I aspire—
That my bosom burns not with Love's passionate fire;
'Tis the strength of thy mind, 'tis the warmth of thy
soul
That maketh these feelings thro' my being to roll!

The cynics may laugh and say just what they please,
They may open their batteries to taunt, to tease,
They may say with their words of quizzical doubt,
That Love has come in, and Friendship gone out—

They may *up* with philosophy and seek hard to prove
'Twixt such "*Platonic Friendship*" and a clear case
of love

There is no line dividing—that they merge on the brink;
But I know what I know, and I think what I think!

Erin, O Erin! thy true friendship has blessed
My life, by so many sore trials oppressed!
Thy confidence cheers me, thy fidelity charms—
Thy Faith takes my motives in its strong, tender arms—
And trusting each other—understanding so well,
We rejoice in a friendship whose balm we can't tell;
And lifting our glad hearts to our God up above,
We *thank Him* for such friendship, such joy and such love!

But were this friendship now dead—aye! never had been,
Still, still would I crown thee, O Erin, a queen!
Thy graces, thy wisdom, all thy *womanly worth*
Are a crown on thy life and the home of thy birth!

To honor such graces is an honor to me,
And I'll sing them—I *will!* while my Muse wanders free!
Thy strong, Christian faith—all about thee that's good—
Queenly, fair, modest *charms* of *True Womanhood!*

HELPFUL COMPANIONSHIP.

Dedicated to my friend, C. Walter Carlton.

Intensely a poet, yet practical, too—
A rare combination, sir, blended in you!
You revel in Nature, you feast on her charms,
You recline on her breast—in her encircling arms,
And learning from these your duty to God,
You work with a will to brighten our sod.

A critic unspairing—because such a friend—
Yet quick to appreciate and warmly commend

What's worthy of praise: you bless me and cheer
With your soulful companionship, so frank and so dear!
But brighter than genius—sweeter than song,
Is the food for my soul for which I oft long—
The richness of blessing—the spiritual feast
Which my heart gladly drinks in when you are my guest.
Oh, if there is aught my heart craves, to cheer life's fitful span,
'Tis the *helpful companionship* of a true Christian young man!

A PIECE OF HISTORY.

THE STORY OF HOW I WAS LIFTED FROM MY BED IN MAY, '92, WHERE I HAD BEEN CONFINED SO LONG, AND CARRIED TO THE GREAT SOUTHERN BAPTIST CONVENTION IN ATLANTA, AND THENCE TO THE DOUGLASVILLE COLLEGE COMMENCEMENT.—THE GRANDEST FIVE WEEKS OF MY LIFE.—READ IT.

History, you know, is often, and indeed generally, written long after the recorded event takes place or the thrilling deed is done. The exploits and adventures of one certain Columbus are just now receiving a good share of public attention. And I feel very sure that if every movement, impulse, thrill and rhapsody connected with the event of which I am about to tell could be fully told and fully known, my readers would agree that, although my adventure gave to the world no new continent, it brought about as much new and indescribable joy to my heart as dear old Christopher felt when he set his foot for the first time on the soil of the New World, and then went back to Spain amid the enthusiastic acclaims of her people and basked under the honoring smile of Isabella, his enterprising and gracious queen.

Imagine yourself buried, as it were, for seven years on bed out in the country far removed from



"Earnest Willie" telling his mother good-bye, as he started to the Southern Baptist Convention in May, 1892, leaving home for the first time after being on bed about seven years. Mr. Greer, the young man who made this spring, standing just behind him.

A Piece of History. Page 480.

the eager, passing throng; and then to be lifted suddenly, carried into a busy, bustling city, into the great throbbing heart of the world again, and into the presence of one of the grandest gatherings of noble, able, Christian men that ever assembled on earth, a great convention of whose work you had heard so much, and for the inspiration of whose meetings you had lain and longed and prayed so much. How do you think you would feel? Well, such was my experience, thrilling beyond my power to tell.

When the Southern Baptist Convention met in Birmingham, Ala., in '91, and decided that the next session would be held in Atlanta, my heart inwardly leaped for joy, and with a calm determination I announced to my "homefolks": "*I am going!*" "Yes," they smiled, "I see you there now." I was lying on bed when I spoke, unable to leave home at all, and unable to ride in the easiest buggy or carriage you ever saw. How, then, should it ever be done? But a feeling of intuition and determination took hold of me, and deep down in my heart, I felt that it would come to pass.

I was just beginning then the preparation of my book; and personally for this, more than anything else, I was anxious to meet the people and pave the way for its publication and reception. I felt that my going was an absolute necessity. I knew that my parents would be almost as happy to see me go as I would be to go, but they knew my feeble condition and feared that such a trip would hazard my life. So I felt that they would lovingly but firmly veto any attempt that might be made towards such an adventure. It was all very well to talk about going when it was a year in the future; but when time went on and brought me within a few months of the great occasion, I felt it the part of wisdom to quit *talking* about it. But I did not quit *thinking*. I kept the

matter and quietly pondered it in my heart. The *going*, oh, the *going!* glittered and glimmered out before me—sometimes with noonday brightness, and sometimes with fainter glow, but the sweet and inspiring *Star* of *Hope* would never go fully down. I lay on my little bed, surveyed the field, reflected much, and then laid my plans. First of all, I knew that I must manage some way to get to the train at Powder Springs, three miles from my country home; and so I studied out the idea of an elastic swing on which my exceedingly sensitive nerves could ride without a jolt or jar, or any such thing (for I was so nervous that I could not bear the walking on the floor around me, and since the first year of my affliction, I had had holes cut through the floor and my bed was placed on posts in the ground—so *terra firma* was my resting place). Happily I had a prudent young Christian friend and brother, Dr. T. Virgil Hubbard, a talented young physician; and consulting him in strictest confidence, he told me that with the aid of a plaster of Paris jacket (I then wore a jacket made of stiff cloth and whalebone), and the swing which I suggested, he thought I could make the trip in safety.

Victory number one! Then calling on my ingenious friend, Mr. Jas. P. Greer, another young Christian brother, I confided my plan to him and he generously agreed to make the swing. Victory number two! Mr. Greer learned that spiral wire springs would be much better and safer than elastic; he ordered them from Boston. My good friend, Dr. Hubbard, of Atlanta, and kind-hearted Dr. Greer, of Marietta, came out and "swung me up by the neck" and made a plaster of Paris jacket on me. My good parents suspected nothing. But oh, those tardy springs! I had hoped to be in Atlanta two or three weeks before the convention, but on Sunday morning before it was to convene on Friday, the springs had

not come, and I had been lying there wondering and anxious, praying the Lord, if it could be His will for me to go, to please hurry them along, when Jimmie Greer came in with happy face and said to me with enthusiasm: "It is a *success!* They are here! Put on your jacket and let's go out and see them." There were the springs in his buggy, but my swing had not been made yet. He was merely eager for me to see that they had come. But on Monday afternoon about 4 o'clock my anxious ears and straining eyes caught the sound and sight of Jimmie Greer sailing along in a one-horse wagon, riding on my swing. I *knew* then that it was *indeed* a success. I could hardly contain myself, and sent up a shout of delight that could be heard nearly a quarter of a mile away. The swing was of necessity not very comely in appearance and symmetrical in proportion," but as I lay there on bed and caught the first sight of it through my window, I'll declare it seemed to me the prettiest thing I had ever seen in my life, for it meant *deliverance* to me. It was the messenger from God's providence, breaking the bars of my long imprisonment and speaking to me sweet release. Fastening a rocking chair on the bed suspended from the springs, I got in to test its efficiency and rode to the house of a neighbor, Mr. Petty, a half mile away, whose home I had not seen in seven years. It was tried and found not wanting. The victory was won, and yet not won. I had never yet spoken a word to my parents about the daring notion that was in my head and heart, and so I told Jimmie (who had taken my idea and improved on it so much that I call it his invention) that he must stay with me until the battle was over. My dear, sacrificing parents had watched over me with so much solicitude during all my years on bed, and I felt that I could not go to Atlanta without their consent. Would they give it? I felt that they would be too fearful as to the result. Oh, how anxious I was! And so after

supper I called to father and mother and said: "Come here, and sit down by my bedside, the most important interview of our lives is going to take place between us." They looked startled somewhat and I proceeded: "I have been trying to frame speech for this hour for a long time, but it refuses to come; and so I can only lay my heart before you." And then I told them all that I had planned, dreamed and hoped for and how I had felt that it was best to keep it from them (knowing their great anxiety for my recovery) until every arrangement for my safety had been perfected. I shall never forget the look of subdued wonder my father's face wore, seeming to say, as he looked at me: "*What! you* go to Atlanta? *You* who have been helpless so long—*you* get up off that bed and go to the great Southern Baptist Convention? *You*, my dear child, *you?*"

Mother hardly spoke the while. Not one word of opposition did they offer. And when their glad consent was sweetly, prayerfully, trustingly given, I impulsively kissed them both in my surprise, gratitude and joy, and we had a good little happy time right there, "When do you intend going?" asked father. "To-morrow," I answered. "Why, Willie!" said mother, "How can I get you ready?" "I don't know, mother," I said. "I can go without being ready. I must go to-morrow, so I can be well rested when the convention convenes. Then father gravely asked: "My son, why did you not let us know that you were thinking of all this? If you had told us that your going depended on certain contingencies, I think we would have readily consented if those conditions of safety had been complied with." But I smiled and told my good father that I could but feel that he was mistaken, and mother thought so too. On the following day when with busy, loving hands, she and a kind neighbor lady, Mrs. Kemp, were getting me ready to go away, she said, "I'll declare, I am sur-

prised at myself. I wonder at my own composure. Why! if I had known what Willie was fixing up to do, I would have been so scared about the result that, it seems to me, I would have stopped every movement at once; but I feel like the Lord influenced our hearts to consent so readily. And I feel, too, that the Lord is going to take care of him, bless his going, help him to do some some good and bring him safely home." And so getting on my swing, I went away from the dear old home, while my sweet faced mother stood and looked at me with wistful eyes and a prayer in her loving heart. *Remarkable:* When swinging along about a mile from Powder Springs, I met Mr. D. A. Bennett, the clever liveryman, dashing toward me with a happy faced lady in the buggy. I accosted him and almost halted, but he only smilingly bowed recognition and dashed on toward my home. Soon I learned that the lady was Miss Kate Schuster, of Mississippi, one of my hitherto unseen *Sunny South* friends, who was coming to visit us, but learning who I was and where I was going, she refused to let Mr. Bennett tell me who she was, fearing she might thwart or in some way mar my happy tour. When was ever before such considerate presence of mind? We afterwards met in Atlanta.

Resting on my "*Sunny South* chair" in the baggage car (there was no sleeper with the train), the trip from Powder Springs to Atlanta was made without incident. A special friend, Prof. Jas. Mooring York, another noble young Christian brother, went with me as my chaperon. He is a gifted musician and has one of the softest, sweetest voices I ever heard. I asked him to sing for me as the cars dashed along, but there was too much noise; and then there was music enough ringing in my own heart. I remember that on the night before, I could but compare myself with Ben Hur. You remember how, when he was a galley-slave, the Tribune, observing his noble manner

and spirit, caused him to be unlocked from his galling labor, and had him come up and tell to him the story of his life. And although Ben Hur was locked back to his labor again, he could not but feel that the very fact that he had been spoken to at all by the Tribune, after so many months of dreary labor in that living grave, meant sometime and somewhere his release—his ultimate liberty! and so, as with renewed vigor he plied his oar, the thought of his home and its sweet life again shone out before him with unspeakable brilliancy, as he seemed to rise out of his pit of imprisonment and float above the world! *I* had not been a galley-slave; my hemmed-in life had indeed been a happy one. But I had been a *prisoner*. And when the blessed sunlighted fact broke upon me that I was actually going to get up from that bed where I had lain so many years and go to Atlanta and the great convention whose glorious inspiration I had longed so much to share, and see so many faces of so many noble Christian men of whom I had heard for years and so much longed to see—when all this dawned upon me in such wonderful, thrilling brightness, as I lay there that night on my bed, and next day as I rolled along on the train, I seemed verily to rise like happy Ben Hur and float in golden atmosphere far above the world! My friend, do not smile at my enthusiasm. You never passed through such an experience, and therefore you cannot understand my gratitude and joy.

In Atlanta: My sister, Addie Lee, thought I was at home on bed when she looked out and saw me at her gate. You can imagine the rest. In her sweet impulsiveness she "Ohed!" and "declared" and laughed and cried! And so she and I had another little "meeting" of happiness and thanksgiving.

After I had rested a little while (for I was exceedingly tired), I went to the telephone at the store of my brother-in-law near by, and called up my special

friend, Miss Callie Cochrane (once "Mother Hubbard" of the *Sunny South*).

"*Who is it?*" her soft voice questioned. "Earnest Willie" I replied.

And I shall never forget the sound of her voice as it came back to me over that telephone. Evincing an intensity of surprise which could never be put on paper, came her shrill, fine answer. "*Goo--ood gracious!* Where did you *come* from? And *how on earth did you get here?*"

Such expressions of surprise and pleasure from many of my friends who had been so faithful to me while I had been on bed so long, were amusing, and of course, very refreshing.

Cousin Lilly Mae Kelley (bless her heart!) had her piano sent down for my special benefit, and for three whole weeks, day after day, when I was at my sister's, my room was brightened with the presence of old cherished friends and many, many new ones. Just imagine the delight—I cannot tell it.

At the convention: Glorious! glorious! the gladness, the handclasps, the smiles, and the happy peace and brightness on the faces and in the songs and words of a thousand consecrated, Christian men whom I had never seen before.

Baptists, Baptists, everywhere! I'll declare it seemed that there were enough Baptist preachers and their "aids" to baptize Trinity M. E. Church (the largest in the city) in which it was held, and all Atlanta besides! And Oh! Christ in all the glory of His sweet spirit was there, reigning in their hearts. It was a great place to study human nature, too, and the effect of Christianity upon it. I was never more impressed with any instance than the following, that it will not do to judge people by their appearances: In the organization of the convention I noticed a handsomely dressed young man, himself as handsome in person as a prince, rise up several times to offer sug-

gestions and resolutions, and he spoke in a quick, "knowing" way which, somehow or other, impressed me at the time that he was a young divine who felt, somewhat, his "divinity." That afternoon this same young man had to pass in the crowd that was pressed about my chair. "I am sorry I am in your way," I said, "but I cannot help it. I have been a cripple for seven years."

Then he stopped, bent over my chair, and said with touching tenderness: "*Bless your heart!* you are not in my way. I have been watching your face ever since you rolled in here this morning, and I am so glad you are here." Then he had me tell him all about my life and present condition, and he would occasionally punctuate my story with his earnest, refreshing "Bless your heart! I am so glad you are here!" Then shaking my hand warmly he said: "God bless you. If there is anything I can possibly do for you, just let me know." And I will ever carry in my heart the face and name of Dr. Will Landrum, of Virginia, loving his words and memory as a striking illustration of the fact that it will not do every time to judge people by their appearances. Such kindness as his costs so little, and does so much good to the hearts of those to whom it is so sweetly given.

Day after day I lay there in my chair, looking on all that sea of earnest faces, listening to their songs, missionary reports and fervid speeches, and drinking in the inspiration of a lifetime. There were the heroic missionaries from foreign fields: Powell from Mexico, Pruitt and Herring from China, Bennett from Japan, Eubanks from Africa, Diaz from Cuba, and then that beautiful and earnest Cuban girl, Miss Clotilde Diaz, who, in her sweet Cuban brogue, earnestly said to me: "If you can't get out into the world and work like the rest of us, you can do the best work of all—you can *pr-ray* for us."

Then there were the thrilling centennial exercises—

the powerful speech of the lisping orator and humble minister of Christ, Dr. Carter, of North Carolina; and sweetest, tenderest, most glorious speech of all during the whole convention was the address of Dr. J. P. Greene, of St. Louis, now President of William Jewell College, Liberty, Mo. "As I go up and down the streets of my great city, meeting men on the side-walks and in street cars, my first thought when I look at them is: Does that sweet hope which burns in my heart to-day also burn in yours? And as I think of the poor heathen across the seas, my first prayer is: "Oh! that into your darkened heart and life, might shine and burn that same sweet hope which brightens my heart to-day! Oh, my brethren in Christ, let us carry this hope to a hopeless world!" Thus he spoke, it seemed with the earnestness and power of a Spurgeon, while the convention was in tears, and I cried and cried for very joy!

On the last night of the convention that noble, grand, brave Christian minister, Dr. J. B. Hawthorne, walked up on the platform, spoke a few beautiful, generous and unexpected words, and almost before I knew it, this invalid boy and his book were introduced to the great convention. For a boy so long buried, and uneducated as I was, to sit up in his chair and address such a great body of grand men you can well imagine was a somewhat trying task. But the hour had come; I must say something, so I just talked to to them out of my heart. I shall never forget one gratifying experience connected with this talk. As I rose in my chair and began to speak, Dr. Hayden, the strong and popular editor of "*The Texas Baptist and Herald,*" laid down his pencil and looked up at me from his writing table, and as I would say something he liked, he would smile and bow approval, and with each approving smile, consequent inspiration. It assured me; it gave me confidence; it strengthened and inspired me; and I will love him for it as long as

I live! And, to crown it all, when I had finished speaking, he passed me a little note telling me that his paper would help me sell my book. Bless his heart! and everybody's else heart—all the noble brethren who, after the services were over, came around me giving me kindred assurances, and speaking generous words of cheering kindness and encouragement. Judge Haralson, the venerable and beloved President, spoke a few good-bye words, the large audience joined in singing a sweet hymn, the parting hand was given, and the great convention, I had longed so much to meet, and enjoyed beyond all power to tell, was at an end.

As I look back now over all the faces in this great army of the Lord, whose faith and whose work stand as such a powerful bulwark before the arguments of sin and unbelief, I think especially of one sweet-faced Christian lady, Mrs. N. R. Pittman, of St. Joseph, Mo., who, it seemed, could not be satisfied unless she was seeking to make happy the invalid boy. Ah! special faces rise up from so many States, and I can only pray God to bless and keep them until we all meet at last, through the name and merits of Jesus, in the glorious "Home of the soul."

* * * *

Resting one morning on the lounge in Captain E. P. Howell's private office at the *Constitution* building, where I had just met those stirring and clever young proprietors of the *Sunny South*, Messrs. J. R. Holliday, C. C. Nichols and Hon. Clark Howell, who should come tripping into the room but Miss Callie, ushering into my delighted presence, Miss Lizzie O. Thomas, just from Madison, Fla., that noble, grand little woman who, as "Mother Hubbard," so efficiently presides as the popular editress of the "Household" of the *Sunny South?* What a coincidence!

A beautiful reception was tendered to the friends and correspondents of the paper, out at the delightful home of Col. J. H. Seals, who enjoys the distinction of having founded the only literary weekly that has ever lived and prospered in the South since the war. The new proprietors that evening conducted a wheat-counting contest for their subscribers, and wonder of wonders! twenty-five dollars were awarded to me! Never did I seem to need money so much. The social feature was brilliant and refreshing, and the hours seemed to float o'er us on golden wings! A visit and a little speech to the Ellis Literary Club; a reception at my sister's—a sad good-bye, and a loving "God bless you all," and I rolled out of Atlanta with swelling heart, feeling that I could take the great, generous city in my arms and press it to my bosom.

In Douglasville: Town of wide-awake *grit and grace!* But before I got there I had a most unpleasant experience. A poor infidel, with the smell of whiskey on his breath, and the voice and manner of a braggart, assailed me on the train for an argument. With words of awful blasphemy he attacked the Christian religion; with coarse, wicked remarks and vulgar attempts at wit, which made some of the men who had gathered around us laugh with sickening irreverence, he reflected on the divinity of Christ, my Redeemer. I saw that argument and true reason were futile when dealing with a man who seemed pitiably devoid of both. So, laying my hand on my heart, I said to him: "My poor friend, I know what has been done here. I once stood on your side, and now I stand on this; I *know* that it is true; I know that this Christ whom you claim not to believe in, touched my heart, placed in it a new life and love, led me from a life of wickedness, stood by me during all my years on bed, making me happy even in the very prospect of death. And it makes me happy now. Oh, I *know* it is true! You might as well try

to argue God off of His throne as to argue Christ out of this heart of mine, after He has set up His abode in it, changed me so much and made me so hopeful and happy. God pity you, show you where you stand and save you, is my earnest prayer." And I thanked God, and was happy for having had an opportunity to speak and defend the name of Jesus, who had done so much for me.

Arrived at Douglasville just at dark, my brother and little sister were waiting to welcome me, with joy all the greater because the opportunity to give it had been such a surprise. I was a comparative stranger in the town, but did not stay a stranger long. How good the girls (the boys and old folks too) were to come to see me! How they freighted my room with the rich fragrance of beautiful flowers, and the sweeter fragrance of their own bright presence! How they kindly stood around my chair at the college and talked to and cheered me until I almost floated away!

Dr. Whitley laughingly said, that he believed he would get crippled and get him a rolling chair so the girls would come to see him, and talk to him like they did me.

How I feasted on the commencement exercises—the speeches, recitations, music and all! But when Col. Joe James, now the popular United States Attorney for the Northern District of Georgia, was improvising a program for one afternoon, and came to me saying: "You will make a little speech for us this evening, won't you?" it almost "took my breath." For a country boy to attempt to make a speech on the same platform and at the same commencement where the brilliant and classical, Col. Albert H. Cox, the great author and minister, Dr. J. W. Lee, and the renowned and wonderfully eloquent orator and lecturer, Rev. Sam W. Small—to speak on so short a notice, on the platform where these great men poured forth their majestic eloquence, was, to

say the least, somewhat embarrassing. But I remembered that they were all just *human beings*—ordinary flesh and blood like I was, and so I determined to roll up my sleeves and do my level best. It was the first college commencement I had ever attended in my life, and it brought so vividly to my mind and heart the time, years before, when I was a happy farmer boy, dreaming of the time when I would be taking an active part in commencement occasions, soaring proudly aloft on the pinions of schoolboy oratory and preparing myself, as best I could, for the nobler battles of life. Such a memory at such a time seemed to stir every faculty within my being. Never before nor since have I felt just that thrill and power of inspiration which I felt while speaking that afternoon. And when the large audience laughed a little at first, then were generous enough to applaud, and then, above all, as I in conclusion, sought with yearning heart and pleading words to point the young people to Christ, I looked and saw many eyes in tears —when I saw all this, oh, I thanked God and was happy! And after I had finished, President J. H. Calloway (bless his generous heart!) got up and made such a beautiful, tender talk, the people shed tears sure enough, I cried a little, too, and the hour seemed more like a gracious revival meeting than like a college commencement.

* * * *

My little sister was passing through the throes and delights of her first commencement days. I had gone a few days beforehand to try to help and encourage her, and when I saw her that night have the good fortune to win the first medal in the elocution contest *of course* I was very much gratified again.

The hardest experience I had during all these delightful days was when, as one of the judges in the declamation contest, my hair "turned almost gray" trying to decide which of two young men deserved

the first honor medal. The "jury" "locked horns" for nearly an hour, and it took me about a month to become reconciled to the impossibility of dividing the first honor medal between the two most eloquent young Ciceros.

A beautiful company of girls dressed in spotless white, circled around on the stage and sang "The River," with a melody such as only schoolgirls can sing.

The graduating class of four exceptionally bright young men, stirred my heart with their magnificent addresses. Then natural mirth went round; then the solemn benediction was uttered; then tender good-bye words were spoken, and this first commencement I ever attended went out in a "blaze of glory," whose inspiring radiance lingers still. Never, it seems to me was as much elevating cheer and pleasure packed into ten days of any other boy's life. And with hundreds of sweet new friendships blessing my heart, I left for home, feeling again, it seemed, with a deeper tenderness than when I left Atlanta, that I wanted to take the little town in my arms and press it close to my bosom.

After five weeks of absence, in which I had lived almost five years, I swung happily up the hill, and there was the dear old home nestling among the trees and vines, and smiling in all the beautiful loveliness of the sunny days of June. My going and returning, under all the circumstances was the most wonderful thing that had happened to me *since Columbus discovered America.* And as when he set foot on the new world, so when I pressed my foot again on the floor of the home that had sheltered me through so many years of trial, I felt like bowing down and imprinting upon it a kiss in token of my happy gratitude and love. The great big world, so long afar off, and with many of its ways almost forgotten, had rushed in again upon my life with broadening, deep-

ening, brightening power. Father had come with me, and mother, sweet mother, was waiting with longing heart and open arms to welcome back her boy. Thus with happy thanksgiving to God, ended just such a trip as, I reckon, no other boy ever passed through—one whose rare and blessed experiences will brighten and inspire my life till it reaches the Jordan of Death, and perhaps be sweetly remembered even in the great, Happy Beyond! "EARNEST WILLIE."

MODEST WORTH.

Dedicated to Miss Linnie McElreath, for ten weeks my faithful amanuensis, and one of the noblest specimens of modest worth I have ever known.

Strong and pure, modest and lovely—
Calm as mild, unruffled stream—
Or like a star of evening shining
With its steady, gentle beam.

Blessing all with whom you mingle,
Refreshing every mead and height,
Where your life-streams flow in beauty—
Where you shed your tender light.

Well I know that straight from Heaven
Stream your pure life and your love;
For, to Christ your heart you've given,
And each day you seek to prove

That there's hope and joy and power
In the Saviour's blessed name.
Heaven guide you and the true heart
In whose home your love will reign!

THE SUMMER YOUNG MAN.

Yes, and the "summer girl," too, if you please, for these two unique individuals form a very impor-

tant part in the "society" of to-day. Once upon a time I was very much struck with a letter from a certain young lady friend endeavoring to defend herself against my laughingly implied charge that she had suffered herself while at a popular summer resort, to grow into those designing practices so characteristic of the "summer girl." She inclosed in her letter a clipping from that high-toned monthly, *The Ladies' Home Journal*, entitled "The Summer Young Man," in which advice something like the following was given to the girls:

"Girls be not unmindful of the "summer young man." Remember when you meet him at the pleasure resorts that he is off for a holiday; that he is there expecting to have a royal good time, and that it is your duty to help him have it.

Of course you are to bear well in mind that the sweet little "nothings" he whispers to you "down by the beach in the summer," and that you give back to him with your eyes, and mayhap, your words, are merely incidents and necessities of the hour, and should make no more impression on your heart than the passing breeze, or the low murmur of the rolling sea. That is all very nice to listen to, but you should never forget, dear girl, that away back at home he has a sweet little girl to whom he has vowed to be true, and who fondly and faithfully awaits his return for the wedding that is to come off in the fall. I told you that this young man is merely off for a holiday, and that it is your duty to help him enjoy his vacation".

Now, I hold that such hints and such practices, however innocently they may be conceived, are in the end downright deception and are fraught with untold danger. The very idea of intelligent young men and young ladies whispering and giving back "sweet nothings" which each one knows the other does not mean! (So they say.) What palpable deception and weakness! To confess that they say what they do not mean is to confess deception; and to confess that such "saccharine" nothings are a necessity to an intelligent young man or young woman's vacation is to acknowledge both as pitiably degenerate in all the avenues and ends—the fruits and flowers of social pleas-

ure. And then, aside from the present wrong and weakness of such a course there is much danger connected with it. Many a heart has been unsettled in its affections by indulging in such intoxicating pastime, while a morbid appetite for pleasures that have a complexion of the sensual is unhappily and dangerously cultivated. Oh! why not be *true men and true women* with pure and noble tastes, and find no pleasure in any pastime that should not characterize noble, intelligent manhood and womanhood.

I am not frowning on the pleasures of the young. Bless you! I have a heart like other folks, and know how hard it is sometimes to keep from indulging in little "coquettish" sayings, and especially giving back to such a fascinating companion as good as her bright eyes and smiling lips give you. But I only warn against the folly and weakness of such a practice.

Why, I have actually heard boys talk on this line: "Of course we don't mean any harm by talking around 'sorter nice' to every pretty girl me meet; but we must do it to hold our own. They expect it and we must gratify them, *of course.*"

Let me tell you something, sir: *They do not expect* it, if they are true womanly girls; and when a boy begins to insinuate and in a direct or indirect way "make love" to a girl on first or second meeting, he verily reflects on his opinion of her good sense, or on his own intelligence and manhood. He shows that he is very weak himself, or *thinks she* is. How much more sensible and elevating it seems for a boy or girl, young man or young lady, on short acquaintance, to talk of things that have *some sense* in them—tell of their likes and dislikes, their hopes and ambitions, their aims and purposes in life; and if by thus giving forth the flowers and fragrance of their hearts and souls, they then see in each other that congeniality for which each longs, then tell of and acknowledge their

hearts' affections in an earnest manly and womanly way.

This subject opens up a boundless field for serious thought and discussion; it leads one to think of "flirting," intriguing and all the pain and evil that come from them. The principle of actual deception in either boy or girl is terribly mean and will bear its poisonous fruits of retribution some day; but if there is any difference, I think a boy who will wilfully deceive a girl is somewhat meaner, because in the very nature of things, a boy makes the advance. A girl has nothing to judge from but his words and his actions; and if he successfully feigns both, and is fascinating and congenial, it is as natural for her to love him as "that sparks do upward fly." If, after a noble, trusting girl has thus yielded her heart in to his keeping, he ruthlessly turns from her and tramples upon her affections, *he is as mean as* an—I can't think of a proper word to express the depth of his villainy—as mean almost, it seems, as the devil wants him to be.

If a boy is thus deceived, of course it is very hard—it is alas! sometimes fatal; but time and some other pretty girl may serve to heal the wound. He can go out into society and mingle with other congenial girls; he may soon forget and outgrow the pain in his heart. But, if a poor girl is thus deceived, her fond and clinging hopes shattered and torn asunder, she, yielding to the demands of our social system, is obliged to stay at home, or mingle in society often in lonely isolation, nursing the pain in her heart with which the cold world does not sympathize, and which she dares not let the world know she feels. How many lives of both men and women have been in a measure blighted by those who would quickly resent the charge of robber and murderer; and yet who are shamefully guilty of both.

It is just the nature of some boys and girls to want

to "flirt" more than others. It seems that they can't help it. The truth of the matter is, I expect, that they don't want to. I know a pretty and handsome girl who professes to be a Christian (and I trust she is) whom I heard recently say with laughing impulsiveness: "I'll just declare there is nothing on earth that I enjoy so much as 'making eyes' at a boy—looking up into his face with a sweet smile and a soft, tender look that will bring him to my feet! I know it is wrong, but it seems like I can't help it." Now she is really a good girl, but she gives away to deadly human nature. Ah! dear girl, whoever you are, and wherever you are, God help you to speak no falsehood with your eyes and lips, for deception however gently spoken, is a violation to that commandment which God hath uttered: *"Thou shalt not lie."* Young man, practice the *safe* advice of Francis E. Willard, to treat every girl with whom you associate as if she were your little sister; or rather as you would have some boy treat your own sister. Then you will never seek to win her heart, to desert and throw out to the mercy of an ofttimes merciless world.

While here, it seems an opportune time to speak this word to those who have been disappointed in love.

I have known so many boys and girls who have experienced what Moore called

> "The worst of pain,
> To love and not be loved again,"

to suffer themselves to grow despondent and even inconsolable—carried sometimes to desperation because they had been deceived, or merely their love had not been reciprocated. This is my philosophy on that line:

If I am deceived, I will be thankful that I have missed such a character.

There are plenty of true women in the world, and I

will find one. But if my honest love is not requited, I think of this fact: There are fifty or a hundred good, sweet girls of my acquaintance good enough for me—far better than I deserve—but whom I do not love and would not marry. I respect them highly, but they do not satisfy my heart. And so if I should find myself in love with a noble girl, who would tell me frankly: "I respect you as a true gentleman; I honor and love you as a friend, but you do not satisfy my heart, and I cannot love you as a sweetheart and a husband,"—why, under such circumstances, I would just recognize the fact that I sustained the relation to her that many of my young lady friends sustain toward me: She was not "made out of my rib," and so with my judgment quickened and brightened by contact with such a bright object, and my heart mellowed with the experience, and thus better prepared for the next experience that may come, I will go forth looking for my *twin heart*, and above all, trusting for my life companion the God with whom I have trusted my soul.

And thus trusting, whatever comes, I will be happy.

But such trusting, I fear, alas! is not indulged in by the "summer young man" and the "summer girl," as they "flirt" and walk, "make eyes" and talk, "down by the beach in the summer," or as they swing in hammocks at the spring, or float on the crystal bosom of the lake, as pure and *harmless* as their every word and look should be.

Danger! There's *danger* here! Only a few weeks ago I received a sad, touching, almost desperate letter, from a poor unknown girl, unburdening her heart to "Earnest Willie" (oh, how I love such sweet confidences!), the same old miserable story of insinuation; then deliberate and causeless desertion, leaving her heart to lonely desolation and despair.

My dear girl, he is not worthy of your thought and anxiety. You loved a *character;* you thought it was

embodied in *him.* When you found it was not your affections should and must cease. You worshipped him too much. *Turn to God, who alone can satisfy the heart and soul.*

Oh, let every mother's son and daughter, every brother's sister and every sister's brother, read all the record of wounded hearts, and ofttimes blighted lives, and never speak again, with eyes or lips or actions, anything that their hearts, before God, do not honestly feel! For every such look, word and act is verily *deception,* and *such deception is sin!*

Yours in earnest,

"EARNEST WILLIE."

THE TENDER TWILIGHT.

How beautiful the hour! how sweet the repose!
When the West is all painted in amber and rose;
When the evening is taking its slow, measured flight,
And Day falls asleep on the bosom of Night.

How thoughts fill the mind—sweet peace fills the heart,
And their golden touch causes bright fancies to start!
And, as dreaming, we float on Hope's radiant wings,
Memory's unwritten music in th' heart softly rings.

The plowman comes homeward—he leaves the broad field
Where his furrows spring the hope of a bountiful yield;
He breathes on his labor an unspoken prayer
While his cheery song chimes on the still evening air.

The good housewife is happy—the children in glee
Crowd gaily around to climb on his knee,
And as father and mother their wee ones enfold,
They make a picture of bliss 'tis sweet to behold.

The fair daughter grown up to girlhood's bright
bloom,
Her cheeks all aglow, her heart all atune,
Looks out thro' her window o'er the neighboring hill—
Her face is more flushed, her bosom's athrill;

A hundred sweet fancies her being now bless,
In rosy dominion her soul they caress;
Ah Memory! ah Hope! her heart they now stir,
As she dreams of the youth who is dreaming of her.

In the pure arms of faith she bears him above
In prayer to her God and the Christ of His love;
She has passed in her life under His dear chast'ning rod,
And would anchor *all* hope in the bosom of God.

And the youth, far away, likewise hopes and dreams,
His horizon bespangled with bright, golden beams,
For *she lives in his bosom*—his heart, it is wild!
But rests, sweetly rests, like a glad, trusting child.

The sweet, mellow hush of this calm, sacred hour
Stills his heart, and yet *thrills* it with magical power;
Aspiration and hope make his manly breast swell
With a grandeur of feeling no poet can tell!

And thus the youth and the maiden, the husband and
wife,
And the bright little children in their sweet, happy
life,
All bless in their hearts the twilight's glad hour,
So subtle, so inspiring in its calm, tender power.

Oh, *how blessed* the hour—how sweet the repose!
When the West is all painted in amber and rose—
When the evening is taking its slow, measured flight,
And *Day falls asleep on the bosom of Night.*

"UNIQUE CANDOR" AMONG THINKERS AND WRITERS.

HOPE FOR THE POETS WHO, PERHAPS POOR AND NEGLECTED NOW, WILL BE RICH IN THE ADMIRATION AND AFFECTIONS OF THE CHILDREN WHOSE FATHERS NOW KNOW THEM NOT.

EDITOR SUNNY SOUTH—Surely every writer among your readers, who has ever been blessed with an original thought, expressed in language of strength and beauty, will thank you for giving in your last issue, that piece of "Unique Candor" from the gifted poet, Mr. Robert T. Bentley.

Not long ago I had a conversation with several friends on the same subject, and hence his words struck me with much more than ordinary force. I do believe, with him, that really an author can, with becoming modesty, call the attention of the public to his or her own productions, as much so as a tradesman to his wares, or an artisan to his workmanship. An inventor or a mechanic advertises the creation of his brain and the ingenuity of his hands, as a highly useful machine—the very acme of perfection; and nobody every dreams of calling him an egotist. But let the poet or philosopher sing and reason, toiling with his brain and pen by night and by day, that his harp may give forth harmonious sounds, and the mental mill grind forth master thoughts of strength, fashioned in fascinating symmetry and clad in faultless attire—just let him exhibit and commend his own work, and he is called a "puffed-up egotist," "a lord of conceit," "struck on himself," and is thoughtlessly and unkindly charged with airing his kinship to Shakespeare, Newton, Milton or Burns.

This is all wrong! It is illogical! It is senseless! Surely the world has not thought of it as the truth of the situation deserves and demands; and I hope the brave and unique candor of Robert T. Bentley, of

New Decatur, Alabama, will strike a new note of joy in the hearts of all writers, set the people to thinking and revolutionize the long-continued trend and prevalence of ideas on this subject, thus creating a more popular sympathy in favor of those thinkers and singers whose pillows should be made softer and whose landscapes fairer by the minds they direct and hearts that they charm.

For the comfort—no, he does not need comfort—but rather for the sake of being in the companionship of such a thinker and singer as Mr. Bentley, I give this little incident:

Some months ago while absorbed in thought, preparing an address on a favorite theme, a new thought came to me that thrilled me through and through. It opened a field that fairly sparkled with what seemed kindred gems; my mind and soul soared and basked in an upper realm of thought and feeling, and I wrote two or three pages than which, I think, I have never written anything better.

For Mr. Bentley's sake I am almost tempted to give it here, but I believe I won't.

Anyway, this other thought flitted through my mind, and I couldn't help it: "Suppose you had heard somebody else express that very same thought in that very same language, you would think it grand, wouldn't you?" Calm Reason answered, "Yes, that is a grand thought."

But Modesty (the faithful child of training) said: "*Hush-sh!* Be ashamed of yourself, to be having such thoughts about your own thoughts and productions. Don't you know it is egotistical?"

And Reason was compelled to tuck down her unwilling head, muttering softly, but with an air of pleasant determination: "I don't care! I am still not convinced, if custom *does* say so. If a thought is grand, it is no harm to think so and say so. That thought is truth, and truth is always grand."

Thus ended the little mental debate, as unique as it was amusing; and when my father came in I told him about it. Of course he smiled. Later, several friends were talking around my bedside (the editor of the *Sunny South* among them, I think), and we discussed the question somewhat at length. I told them that I thought it was really not wrong for a person to think he had had a strong thought; for such things *come* to him—come, it seems, from without; they are given him—they are inspirations! Hence he may commend them.

And whether they are given him, or he has patiently wrought them out himself, if they are truth he can still with modest propriety, call such thoughts "good." But I smilingly added that it "wouldn't do to say such a thing before the world."

All of us present, I think, "conservatively" agreed to both propositions. And now since Robert T. Bentley has had the bravery to come out and *deliberately* say before the world what a thousand writers have inwardly thought and felt, I want to give him a good hand shake of congratulation for his fearless candor, and wish for his "In Memoriam, Mother," that wholesome success which its merit—equal to Tennyson—really deserves, and which it would unstintingly receive were the autograph of England's laureate appended to it.

But while I feel and have expressed myself thus, I do actually pity a poor fellow who hasn't sense enough to *sensibly* commend his own *sense!* Deliver me from a conceited character who may in truth be called a "shallow-brained egotist," strangely conscious of talent that no one can recognize but himself!

My position is simply this: Any person who has genius enough to write anything good, has genius enough to know it is good after he has written it; and without any breach of "the proprieties," he should be allowed, without censure, to call the atten-

tion of the perhaps otherwise unappreciative world to what he has written for that world's edification. The man or woman who succeeds must have self-confidence; but ah! it must be backed by good judgment.

A mind with lofty, towering mast, that thoughtfully looks out over the turbulent waters, and then humbly though *confidently* plunges into the billowy sea, but with enough of the ballast of "good common sense" to keep the ship from toppling over, these are indispensable elements in and factors towards every phase of signal success that waits to crown the anxious, striving mariner in the happy haven of his labors and his dreams.

I cannot refrain, Mr. Editor, from a casual notices of your "Easy Chair" reflection on "the poet" in general, bringing you up to Mr. Bentley's poem.

I think it the best editorial in that column since "The Voice of a Manuscript" startled and "tickled" us so much. I note especially these words: "Poets are always at least human enough to fall in love and get married; and women are foolish enough to rush into their arms oblivious of the hard fact that grocers and landlords scorn to accept drafts on the grand passion in payment of debts."

Ha! ha! I will not here discuss the "poet" and "love."

Suffice it to say that they are almost as inseparable as the glowing sunrise and the glad morning light.

But here you are again:

"The average business man has not even heard that great poets are honored by the learned, as among the geatest benefactors of mankind."

Yes, and it is a striking and refreshing illustration of the one-sidedness of their conceptions and the laughing "irony of fate," that this same "grocer" and "average business man," with intellect dimmed by the dust of a flour barrel, the grease of a side of meat, or the blinding glare of ten per cent. notes and

bonds, are right now paying their beloved money to have their children taught the literature that flowed from the minds and pens of the "poor," neglected poets and philosophers who lived years before—ah! and are living still! And these same children of this "average business man" will grow up to pay their money to have their own children taught in their "English Literature" these same "drafts on the grand passion" which their fathers and grandfathers refused to accept in the payment of debts, from the poor, soulful-eyed man whom they said was "no good" because "he couldn't do anything but write poetry, and 'philosophize,' or something like that."

Ha! ha! I love to think of it! Understand me: I believe intensely in practical things. That is one of the very things I am talking about—something that the world *needs*, to cultivate and embellish every prosaic mind and answer the pensive sigh or give back the ringing song in her sighing and singing hearts.

I believe in injecting *true poetry* into the prosaic things of life. It will help to make poetry less "dreamy" and fanciful, while it will render the "business-like" and "practical" less prosaic and dull, thus giving blessing and pleasure all around.

Then "Amen" to the true singer and thinker!

Thoughts will live when gold has perished. And the true poet and philosopher will be remembered and loved when the man of stocks and bonds is no more, and the banker and his vaults are forgotten.

Why is this so? Why does Athens live and brighten, when Babylon is fallen, Tyre vanished, and Palmyra but a name? Because, in the beautiful words of brilliant Walter McElreath, "The song of the poet is louder than the shout of the warrior; the dictum of the philosopher is more powerful than the mandate of the conqueror; papyrus and parchment more lasting than bills of merchandise; and the laurel of the singer more enduring than the kingly crown."

O, ye of truly poetic soul, although the dull and unthinking around you hear you not, sing out the music in your hearts! Put Truth in your song, and it will make melody and blessing in human bosoms long after your harp has been broken by the hand of Death —a stroke that will send a new and sweeter sound ringing and reverberating throughout a wider sphere, and coming back at last to sing over your grave, hymning through your broken harpstrings, sweet, gentle, æolian strains THAT CAN NEVER die!

Put God and His truth in your thought, and it may be that thought will prove a broad basic stone from which will grow a grand and towering pyramid of philosophy and truth, whose shining summit will pierce the ages as they over it roll. And, although the centuries shall come and pile themselves upon it, this golden pinnacle will continue to shoot up through and above them all, growing brighter, more beautiful and more glorious still, as it climbs nearer and nearer that God of Truth from whom the first thought sprang.

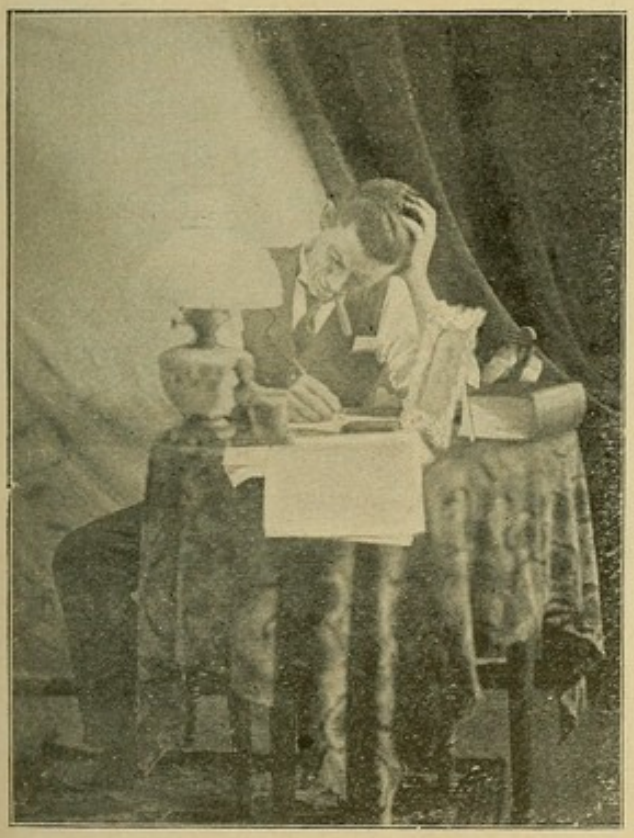
WILL D. UPSHAW.

September, 1893.

THE BLISS OF AN ORIGINAL THOUGHT.

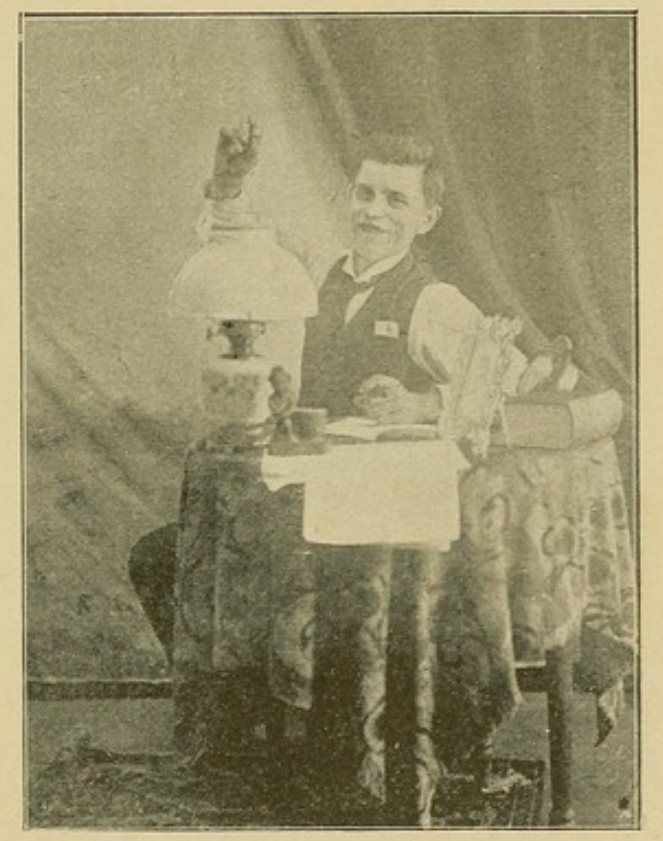
[NOTE.—Having pursued one day the composition of a poem until my mind seemed to confront an "adamantine wall" which tired thought could not penetrate, another little poem flashed through my mind, and I turned and wrote it almost impromptu. Then I tried to go back to and finish the other poem, but it seemed that I just could not, and turning to another page in my little hand-book, I found the above title, which I had written two or three years before, that I might not forget it as the subject of a poem. My mind that had been wrestling for a thought, dashed refreshingly into this, and I think I never enjoyed more keenly the *bliss of an original thought.*]

When the mind is all striving and the heart all apine
That some thought of your own thro' the ages will shine—
When you've delved and you've labored it seems long for naught,
How bright is the flash of an original thought.



Wrestling for an original thought.

"And he's longing to say the very right thing."



He's got it.

"Oh! the joy if that happy thought suddenly spring!"

-*The Bliss of an Original Thought.* Page 508.

A thought that is new—you ne'er saw it before—
That opes wide for your mind a radiant door,
That invites you to climb o'er thoughts shining hills,
Each flash of whose beams your whole being thrills?

When the schoolboy is perplexing o'er his first "maiden speech,"
And the ideas don't come like the waves on the beach—
When the whole stretch of coast seems with barrenness fraught,
Oh! the bliss to that boy of an original thought!

When the lover is bending o'er his tablet to write
The letter that will bring him either shadows or light,
And he's longing to say *just the very right thing*,
Oh! the joy if that happy thought suddenly spring!

When the orator is standing his views to proclaim
That shall make him or lose him the bright laurel of fame;
When he knows that so much may depend on a word,
And his head and his heart are so anxiously stirred;

When he looks on the sea of faces before him,
And weakness and dullness roll in chilling waves o'er him,
As he gazes in vacancy and helpless despair
On the desolate waste so sterile and bare,

How he longs for the power of thought to return,
How he longs for his breast with inspiration to burn!
At last the fire blazes! how it flames in his eyes,
As with rapture he proudly sails off to the skies.

When the editor is tired and his brain will not soar—
The printers thro' with his "copy" and crying for more,
And all things in his sanctum won't move on like they ought—
Oh! what would he not give for a fresh bristling thought.

And the young budding writers (ha! the thought brings a smile),
How fondly they seek the Muse to beguile,
And the Muse, full of hope, wooes patiently and long,
To teach them to sing her sweet, fervid song.

And she wooes not in vain. At length dawns the spell
Whose exqusite feelings themselves cannot tell;
The words come in grandeur, aye! come not for naught;
Ah! the impassioned bliss of impassioned thought!

Let the Muse e'en keep silence! for she can't speak the charm
The young writer feels—ah! say! *is it harm?*
When seized by the conviction that doth strangely enthrall:
"I'm an author, a poet, a philosopher—all!"

The charm of such feelings—the thrill of that hour
That sweeps thro' the soul with such magical power—
Well, *it is not for sale*—it could not be bought—
The bliss, oh! the bliss of an original thought.

But what after all, *is* there no such thing
As *original thought?* for on the bright wing
Of pure inspiration it floats down from above;
We owe the power of thought to the Power of Love.

Then thought that is *given*, oh, *still* is our own!
Tho' it graciously stream from Wisdom's bright throne;
The very wisest of earth by Heaven are taught—
Thank God for the bliss of an original thought!

INSPIRATION.

Dedicated to Hon. J. G. Camp, of Douglasville, Ga., and Rev. Sam. W. Small, of Atlanta, as orators; and Prof. Walter McElreath, of Powder Springs, Ga., and Mr. Alex. W. Bealer, of Atlanta, as writers.

In all my conception, there is nothing more grand
Than to look on a speaker with uplifted hand,
Whose words flow like music, whose soul is on fire
With the purpose to lift those who hear him up higher!

He stands like a tower with its crown in the sun,
He basks in the light of the charm he has won!
He looks like he'd been on the mount with the Lord—
It shines in his face and it burns in his word!

And the people before him, how they sway as he wields
With eloquence warm, the inspiration he feels!
Their hearts catch the fire as it falls from his tongue,
And a flame seems to wrap all the inspired throng.

The preacher, the lecturer, the statesman—all men
Who speak from their hearts, and cease only when
Their aim is accomplished, or bravely they've striven—
These work out on earth the grand purpose of Heaven!

In all my conception there is nothing more grand
Than the task of the writer who's felt the command:
Tell forth the hour when the rapt "spirit receives
Whole volumes of thought on its unwritten leaves."

When the gleams of bright fancy the light sweetly sings;
And music, soft music, thro' the soul gladly rings;
When the bright flash of mind and the warm throb of heart
Blend richly as one their rare wealth to impart,

And the world far away gathers 'round to attend
The sweet golden words that flow from his pen;
Their minds catch the sparks and their hearts feel the glow
Of his thoughts as they flash and his throbs that o'erflow.

How happy the writer thus graciously blest,
That draws with his pen a glad world to his breast,
Who bless in their hearts his name from afar,
And follow henceforth a new, brighter star!

Thus the *speaker* and *writer*, with Truth's name unfurled,
Blend their inspiration to lift up the world!

THE POET OF MANY VOICES.

Dedicated to Frank L. Stanton, on reading six of his poetic gems in Sunday Morning's *Atlanta Constitution*, November 4th, followed on Monday morning with *seven*.

Thou wonder of song and passion!
With myriad voices blest,
Thou singest in strains entrancing
The music in Nature's breast.

The skies beam inspiration,
And the stars that sweetly shine
Blend their light and blessing
In those tender notes of thine.

The birds of the ringing woodland,
The laugh of its silver streams,
Sing and splash their crystal waves
In thy every song, it seems.

While, in dialect musings,
On politics, love or law,
The beauties there are unique and rare
As Jim Riley ever saw.

But oh! of all the voices
Through which thy spirit sings,
Of all the tender music
With which thy bosom rings,

Of all the happy kingdoms
Wherein you reign and move,
You seem at home, as nowhere else
In the rosy realm of Love.

Tho' sweeter still than all these songs,
So fervid, grand and pure,
Are your notes of praise to God above,
Whose glory standeth sure.

And while we marvel at your gifts
So versatile, rich and rare,
We wonder, too, at the much you do—
It seems beyond compare!

Why, a song a day is great enough,
But when it comes to *seven!*
I catch my breath in wonderment
And wish that you would leaven

The youthful, vast poetic realm
Of longing lesser lights,
And teach us all the way to soar
Up to your shining heights!

Where are the birds of morning,
  Whose silver notes you've caught?
Where the evening breezes
  Your rhythmic soul have taught?

Where the streams of music
  That flow thro' mead and dell?
Where all the glowing fancies
  Your poems daily tell?

I'm coming 'round to find them—
  To catch their beaming spark!
And I know I'll find them hidden
  In your true poet's heart.

Oh, Poet of many voices!
  Sing on the songs you've sung—
To bless the listening thousands
  Who've on your music hung!

And when your harp at last is broken—
  Thro' the Spirit's wondrous birth,
God grant you sweeter songs in Heaven
  Than you've ever sung on earth!

THE PROFESSIONS.

To be, and what to be: That is the question. I know *one* thing. I mean to be *something;* and the best way to *be* something, is to *do* something!

Nearly every boy, I reckon, in choosing his life-work, or letting his life-work choose him, has run his mind over, dwelling for a moment perhaps, on nearly every profession under the sun, and especially pondering according to taste, the more common and prominent, seeing how his disposition, talents and ambitions would fit into this mold or that one. The critic may charge that I err in claiming all trades, vocations and occupations as *professions*, but I hold that a man *professes* to do what he does, and therefore whatever he engages in as his life-work is his *profession.*

The Blacksmith: As I lie here by my window and listen to the inspiring music of the anvil's ring, as the massive hammer is plied up and down by the strong arm of honest labor, I think of the *blacksmith* and his highly necessary vocation, with all the lessons that it teaches—the necessity of striking "while the iron is hot"—the thousand beautiful red sparks flashing like golden opportunities, and dying ere they touch some other into life—and the vital beauty and sadness of moulding impressionable young characters for time and for eternity, even as his strong arm and skilled hand fashions the soft red iron after the workings of his own will—as I think of all these things, I see that the calling of the *blacksmith* hath its charms and its helpful teachings. But, were my inclinations wholly sufficient, my meagre strength would not let me be the industrious blacksmith whose life of honest toil I so much honor.

The Electrician: Oh, to be an Edison! To clothe and harness lightning as though it were a little child or a faithful steed; to bring New York and Boston within whispering distance of each other; to harbor the tender notes of a beloved human voice, and give them back in refreshing, startling and faultless accents a week hence or a thousand years from now—these are enough to enchain and bewilder me and make me stand dumb with wonder. I can't understand to save my life, how the electric car has, as the Chinamen said, "*no push-ee, no pull-ee, but run-ee all-ee sam-ee.*" The lightning's flash makes me dodge and flinch; and as I stand in dazed wonderment, I feel sure of one thing—and that is that I will not be an *electrician.*

The Foot-Peddler: Every time I see the humble foreigner bending beneath his heavy pack as he trudges slowly toward our door, my heart goes out in sympathy to him. I think of how I would feel "a stranger in a strange land," hearing about me on

every side the jargon of some unknown tongue, and plying a trade that had little sympathy among those on whom my living depended; and so, although I may not wish to buy anything, I always invite the poor, tired peddler to come in, have a seat, and rest awhile, so as to make him feel perfectly welcome, while I talk to him of home and loved ones in the "Fatherland," and try to learn if he knows of the same God and Saviour that I trust and love. Obeying the beautiful oriental custom, he kisses my hand sometimes in gratitude, and goes away with heart gladder than when he came. The peddler's life is a hard one. I could not carry his pack, and I guess I will not be a *peddler*. But I can and *will* respect his humble avocation, seek to lighten the burden he carries and give the little meed of sunshine that he so much needs, but seems neither to expect nor quite understand. It costs me so little, or nothing, and makes us both feel happier.

The Book Agent: Don't throw up your hands in holy horror! for it is a noble employment. Incalculable good, instruction and sunshine these polite book agents have scattered; and many a struggling boy and girl has found in it money enough to put them into and through school. *Don't* slam the door in their faces! *Don't* turn from their necessary little speeches with curt and unkind words. It is not the part of a true lady or a true gentleman to do that way. I am going to give them all a respectful hearing and speak a few words of kindness and encouragement, for it is *right*. And then, I used to be a *book agent* myself, and I know just how good it makes one feel.

The Patent Medicine Vender: I have to almost "scratch my head" to bring forth an idea. I must confess that the man with long, flowing hair under a broad-brimmed white hat, that gathers the crowd around him at the street-corner and entertains

them with joke and song ere he offers his wares, does not have a very great fascination for me. It does not necessarily follow, though, that because his hair is long that he is a crank. Far from it, perhaps. He sees in such a life what the banker sees in his vaults—*money*. His wares may be of the best; his medicine may drive away many aches and pains, pour balm into many sorrowing hearts, make the lame to walk, the blind to see and the deaf to hear; but *somehow*, I hope the good Lord will let me make my living in some other way!

The Barkeeper: Ugh! my heart sickens and my blood almost runs cold to think of it. I feel like I would rather die than to lead such a life—than to sell debasing whiskey to a noble mother's son, a suffering wife's sinking husband, or the blear-eyed, sinning father of a poor drunkard's child. Though misfortune slay me on every hand, and in this alone, gilded wealth beckon to me with her fingers dripping with human blood, God helping me, I *will never be a barkeeper!*

The Merchant: Great necessity to the world—helper of every class, and *helped* by every class. To gather the everyday needs of humanity from the four quarters of the earth and hold them in readiness for the call of every one surely requires tact of no ordinary calibre, and deserves the thanks of all who are its beneficiaries. There's a charm about it, too. To meet the farmer at the door, supply his wants, and send him back to his wife and children, smiling himself and making them smile in turn; to meet the ladies at the door, bow with all the politeness and smiles at your command, fill their arms with all the beautiful contrasted colors of Spring or Autumn with which to crown their pretty heads and deck their pretty forms—all this is verily not without its fascinations. But the merchant's life hath its trials, too; trials, sometimes sore, deep and grievous. The un-

faithfulness of many farmers and neighbors he has carried and trusted, thousands of unpaid bills staring him in the face; then an assignment, a receiver, and all is over! *Vigilance, application* and *vigilance!* no "laying by" time, no rest-spell, no two months of care-free vacation. From Christmas to Christmas, summer and winter, every day in the year and far into night! As "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty" in political and military affairs, so eternal vigilance is the price of every merchant's success. Having been a merchant, or rather the son of a merchant for many years, I understand the charms and know how to sympathize with the trials of the merchant's life. Will I be a merchant? I hardly think I shall.

The Farmer: Ah! open my window, or let me walk out on the veranda, and get a long, sweet, exhilerating breath of cool, fresh country air! I was born in the country, lived in it till I was eight, then left the city at twelve years, and so I am a *farmer*, too. I remember that soon after we moved from Atlanta to the farm, for my father took us away from the city to get us out of reach of its temptations, resolving to

> Flee from fortune's joys
> Rather than sacrifice his boys,

I read in that splendid farmer's monthly, the *Southern Cultivator*, the following pretty lines, so truly descriptive of the farmer's happy life:

> "How blest the farmer's simple life,
> How pure the joy it yields--
>
> Away from life tempestuous strife—
> *Free*—'mid the scented fields!"

The fragrance and charm of these words delighted me very much at the time, but when I got away out in the cotton fields, hoeing along a grassy row, beneath the hot, weltering summer sun, I made a parody on those lines which read about as follows:

How *hard* the farmer's simple life!
How *few* the joys it yields—
Beneath the blazing, burning sun,
Oh, how hot it feels!

But it is not harder than other lives, if proper duty and vigilance be performed in all. I have tried the busy, bustling city; I have tried the quiet town, and I have tried the farmer's rural life, and I will take the "beautiful blessed country" in mine every time! City people—many of them—do not know how to sympathize with people in the country. If it rains too much in the city the people wish the sun would shine out so the streets would not be so sloppy; and if it remains dry too long, they "*wish to goodness* it would rain, so everything wouldn't be so hot and dusty!" They cannot realize with what solicitude the farmer looks out on his withering crops during a parching drought, or the joy and gratitude his heart feels when the refreshing rain comes down. City boys and girls miss, too, the inspirations which we of the country have. They know nothing of the inspiring joy that fills our heart when we look out on richly growing crops, rustling corn, stretches of fleecy cotton and fields of waving grain! They know nothing of the thrill and inspiration of watching a summer sun rise over verdant hilltops, or throwing its golden beams over a smiling dew-kissed meadow whose million flashing dewdrops catch in their crystal hearts a million sparkling diamonds!

My ideal home, if I ever reach it, will be situated somewhere in the country—a cottage embowered in vines of blooming fragrance, a limpid babbling stream at the foot of the hill, or a glassy sheet of water somewhere in sight—lowing kine and grazing horses in the meadow before me, and fields of smiling promise and plenty stretching out on every side; while within this haven of rest and inspiration is presided over by a

noble, sweet little Christian woman who is the queen of my heart, the joy of my life and the light of my home!

There is a freedom and independence about the farmer's life which no one else enjoys. He can "pop his whip" at the world, so to speak, and say: "You attend to *your* business and I will 'tend to mine." He seems more independent of men and more dependent upon God. It does seem that one can live nearer his Maker in the country than anywhere else. If the showers fall and the sunshine be given, his heart swells with a gratitude no one else knows how to feel. But if the showers be withheld, or from any providential cause dire failure confronts him, he realizes his utter helplessness, and is taught the wholesome, vital lesson of dependence upon God whose blessings alone can fill his granary, as well as save and satisfy his soul. He works in the day till God's accommodating sun sinks down to give him rest; and then while he sleeps, his crops grow on still. In his vocation, as in nothing else, it seems that the farmer is in partnership with God.

"Oh, how blessed the farmer's simple life,
How pure the joy it yields—
Away from life's tempestuous strife—
Free—'mid the scented fields!"

I want to be a *farmer*, but my strength will not allow.

The Lawyer: From earliest boyhood the *speaker* has held his special charm for me. I have had few opportunities for hearing such things, but whenever I could, I have greatly enjoyed sitting in the court-house, hearing the lawyers speak, flash their blades of cutting repartee, and indulge in all the brainy tactics and exploits of the legal arena.

Not long ago it was my good fortune during the progress of a great murder trial—the first that I had heard since years before I went to bed. Hon. A. S. Clay, the President of the Georgia Senate, or "Steve"

Clay as he is known and loved at home, appeared for the defence. With the hand of a master he wove his evidence into a powerful fabric, through which it seemed, you could see acquittal shining out as the almost inevitable verdict. Towards the last he builded a mighty castle of impassioned eloquence and logic, circled about with the flowers of beauty, fragrance and tenderness, while from the gleaming pinnacle of the castle floated the ensign of mercy, wrapping the unhappy prisoner in its tender folds, through a golden mist of sun-kissed tears!

Then rising in the blazing glow of this appeal of mighty eloquence that made our hair almost to rise on end, Colonel George R. Brown, the astute solicitor, began, with cool and dissecting deliberation, to undermine and tear to pieces this powerful fabric and towering castle which Colonel Clay had so grandly woven and builded. With merciless hand (for he knew naught but justice) he went over the smiling flower yard and pulled up every tender and beautiful plant. Then dashing into the castle, he smashed out the windows, blew out the warm and glowing lights with a chill, paralyzing breath; with a mighty bound he leaped to the pinnacle, tore down the ensign of Mercy, and placed there the stern-visaged emblem of Justice instead. Then with the incisive knife and sledge-hammer strokes of Herculean logic, he began to literally "pick to pieces" the argument for the defence, and seemed determined never to stop his work of demolition until he had left not one brick upon another.

Verily it was a battle of giants. And, as I listened, I thrilled and soared, fired and pitied, sighed and prayed, under the rush and flow, the flight and flame of such rare and kingly eloquence. Such are the fascinations of the legal profession. And they have sometimes almost lured me into its glowing arena. But the sight of grim law books stacked all

around tend somewhat to cool my ardor. The necessity of speaking often where a clear conscience could not do a perfect work deters me. But above all, the thought of my great Client and His witnesses, with all the other needful ones whom we would lovingly draw upon the jury, to hear the gloriously conclusive evidence in His case—this thought wooes my heart to Him, and with all my respect for my warm friends of the bar, I reckon I will not be a *lawyer*.

The Newspaper Correspondent: A smile, a heart of kindness, some wit, a bit of sensation, a world of labor, unparalleled enterprise, and just lots of—*latitude!* But my friend, *the reporter*, is a veritable necessity, a public benefactor, a hero unsung, for whom no polished shaft or towering monument is erected, and he richly deserves *more* than the cordial, grateful handshake which my heart prompts me to give him. If it were not such hard work, both mental and physical, I would like very much to be a newspaper correspondent; for, with all my opportunities for brightening and gladdening hearts, if I would *always tell the truth*, smiles would wait my coming, benedictions crown my goings, the "pillow of peace kiss my cheek, and the pleasures of imagination" attend my waking dreams.

The Editor: Imperial personage! Sceptered King of the Easy (?) Chair! Great Mogul of leading editorials and flaming headlines! Maker and *unmaker* of governors, senators and presidents! Dashing Prince of the "scissors," plumed Knight of the "blue pencil," and Grand Master of the situation in general!—how often have I viewed thee on thy lofty eminence, and longed to be even as thou art! And in common with a thousand other young budding writers, I suspect that in my inmost soul (not in a spirit of presumption—*oh, no!* but with an honest desire for the public good and the good name of your paper) I have felt that I could have avoided your

mistakes and done everything indeed, *just a little bit better than you!* If I were only in your place, oh! how I would leave out columns of dry, or sometimes dangerously sensational matter, and publish the fervid productions of young amateur writers instead! How I would write them brief letters of commendation, and touch them up with crisp little paragraphs that would make them feel *so good!* All this would I do *if I only were an editor!* But, hero of midnight vigils, carrier of burdens that the reading world appreciates not, you are indeed and in truth an educator and a benefactor of mankind, and you deserve a monument higher than that of Napoleon, and girt about with a living halo of the people's gratitude and love!

To stand at the helm of a great newspaper or periodical, directing the accumulated mass of news and literature through its proper trenches, rightly dividing the wheat from the chaff, the pure fountain from the impure stream; to go into thousands of homes every day or week or month, carrying brightness and blessing, instruction and inspiration and good cheer; to have one's name a household word in thousands of happy homes, and live in and inspire "upward toward the Better," perhaps millions of human hearts—this is verily a gift, power and position to be coveted and honored, and sacredly and conscientiously worn. Oh, I want to be an *editor! Wonder if I ever will?*

The Statesman: To stand with the heart of a patriot and the purpose of a sage, in the halls of our National Congress, speaking forth words of truth and wisdom while colleagues listen with watchful enthusiasm, crowded galleries clap their hands and a state and the nation hang on the power and eloquence of his words, and wait to shape legislation by the wisdom of his course—this be the statesman's province and the glory of his mission.

Ah! how, in ambitious youth I have thought of

such a picture, and dreamed thus "the applause of listening senates to command." To help to guide the massive ship of state, to stay the fury and terror of impending political revolutions, to study great economic problems night and day, and seek thus to lead the people, many of whom really know not what they need, and then receive at last from a suspicious constituency, the ungrateful appellation of a gold-bought demagogue—these are some of the responsibilities, blessings and trials which flow from, crown and crowd the true statesman's life. I have often felt that I would like to be a *statesman* in the truest sense of the term, but an alarming *deficit* in my *treasury* of brains, a speaking call to other fields, and mayhap the *lack of opportunity,* all conspire to prevent my "climbing high" those political heights where glory waits to crown me. In the light of all these facts, I feel sure that I will not be a *statesman.*

The Physician: The doctor—man of trials and of blessings, put the sin of jealousy far from you as I warmly shake your hand; for I think your professional service will never have a *rival* in this boy. To be called out of a warm bed at midnight, and have to ride through a drenching rain or face a biting cold, robs the physician's life of its romance. And then to find at the end of your journey, a pale faced sufferer going down into the shadow of death, while loved ones stand around the bedside, wringing their hands in unspeakable grief as they plead with you in pathetic earnestness, or look at you in the agony of mute despair, for the help you cannot give—surely such a scene must call for all the nerve which mortal man can exhibit, and appeal to every manly, tender impulse which a man's nature knows how to feel. Oh! how vitally important that a doctor be an earnest Christian, so that at times like this, he may not only seek to carry healing for the body, but also speak sweet balm to the soul. It must be a very happy

experience to live in the love and gratitude of a family, as many physicians do, when, by the help of God and their skill, they have been enabled to lead some loved one from the shadow of death's valley back into joyous life. What a field of influence it opens up to him! How sickening then, and how distressing to see a trusted physician, holding, under God, the balances of life and death in his hands, compounding his medicines while under the influence of whiskey, or entering the sick room with the smell of whiskey on his breath! And oh, what *danger!* what *horror!* to think of a physician's helping to bring a human life into the world, when he is *skeptical* as to the God who gave it, and before whom both he and it must some day appear. I have often felt that I would like to be a true *Christian physician* (I have known the Christian minister and physician beautifully blended in one), so that in winning hearts by administering to bodily wants, I might tenderly tell them of the Great Physician of their souls—"the sympathizing Jesus."

The Teacher: It used to be the height and end of my ambition to be president of some college. And if I had not been hurt, and thus had all my life-plans scattered like leaves before an autumn gale, I would have no doubt prepared myself for and begun to work towards such a place. The picture of hundreds of young men or young ladies sitting under my tuition, and going forth year after year to battle with and bless the world, carrying in their hearts the memory of my face and life and teachings to inspire them always to grander and nobler lives—oh! surely such a picture—such an ambition comes not within the pale of sordid dreams and lofty but empty fame. For the real good that I might do, by personal contact with the young, I have sometimes felt that I would rather be president of some college, than president of the United States. I am not sure, though, but after all,

the strongest, most lasting impressions are made in childhood, long before youth enters college. And hence the life and work of the humbler teacher has its refreshing fascinations and its exceeding great rewards. Although I know as yet so little myself, to teach and help is almost the passion of my mind and heart.

I am never better satisfied or more inspired, in one sense, than when I have a lot of boys and girls around me, trying to fire and inspire them with the consuming purpose "to dare and do"; or when, taking only one at the time for an audience, I seek to beckon and lead into full play and bloom (and see them gradually but surely responding to that seeking) latent talent and faculties that long had "slept unnoted"; thus waking up that boy and girl to realize the fact that they have within them the elements to *do* something and *be* something greater, better and grander than else they had ever dreamed!

What teacher recognizes as he should the immortality of what he lives and teaches? For the young mind in his keeping is not *merely a child* whom it is his duty to keep all day and dismiss at the given hour. Only a child! Only a spark from Divinity's throne! Only an immortal spirit that shall outlive the stars and outshine the sun!" God bless the teacher's mission! Although I may not be able to teach as I had hoped, God helping me I will be a *teacher*. And aside from and above the development and adornment of the mind, I will teach the *need* of Christ, the joy He gives in my own heart and wherever He is allowed to reign—aye! I will teach the things of God that grow brighter with the knowing and the using, and whose joy and glory can bless, sweeten and brighten, but never, never die!

The Minister: The preacher of God's gospel—the true Christian minister—noblest and grandest, lowliest and highest calling God has ever given to

sinful, mortal man! When I have looked on an earnest, faithful minister of Christ, turning aside from other vocations where his talents would make him three or fourfold as much money, moving among his flock, scattering sunshine everywhere, "bearing all things, believing all things, enduring all things," that he may win souls to Christ; his heart burning and yearning with love, prayers and anxiety for those around him, and his life crowned and glowing with deeds of sacrifice and loving kindness for fallen humanity, my heart has warmed and rejoiced as I have thought: What a glorious argument for the truth of Christianity!

I wonder if any *preacher of infidelity* has ever found it in his heart to thus give his life, his labors, his tender love and *anxious prayers* for needful humanity, brightening their lives and his through sorrow and through death! *Never! Never! Never! What is his reward?* God pity the poor skeptical lecturer who seeks to unsettle and tear down the Christian's faith, which is to him who wears it in his bosom *his joy*, his *very life*, while the minister of Christ hears in his heart the happy songs of new-born souls, the joyful words of hearts that have found surcease of sorrow, and feels there the reflection of the bright and happy faces from whose lives the burdens of care have been lifted; all this from those who, through his loving ministry, have been led to life, happiness and blessing, he finds as his sweet reward here, while waiting for the victor's bright crown above, that shall "neither press heavy nor fade."

"The pulpit or parlor—which?" Some one wrote an article in the *Christian Index* a few years ago, discussing the relative power of the minister in the pulpit or in visiting homes. Of course the pulpit must be the greatest. But both are a necessity to the greatest power and good. A pastor must know the wants of his people before he can reach their hearts.

For a special influence over every one he should be *approachable* and open hearted, loving and gentle, firm, yet tender. Then the children will clap their hands for joy when they see him coming, the young who need admonition will be reached, and both old and young who want spiritual strength and comfort will bless in their refreshed hearts the man and the God who sent him as they sit in the happy glow of the heavenly light which he has left behind. I verily believe that as a class, the average, faithful minister of Christ is the grandest, happiest, most blessed type of our Christian civilization.

The relation of pastor and people, each happy in the other's love, is beautiful indeed to look upon, especially so when it continues for many years and he leads them to Christ in youth, marries them when they grow up, and sadly buries them when they die. How sweet and touching, how strong and tender the tie! Often when I have looked on an earnest preacher of the gospel standing before a large congregation, while his few loaves and fishes are multiplied by the Hand Divine into bread for the hungry multitude; when I have seen the people melted to tears of penitence and joy under his blessed message from Heaven, Christians happy and sinners rejoicing in a new-found Saviour's love; and then when I have seen him, like John the Baptist of old, lead a band of happy converts into some pretty stream like a modern Jordan, and there in the holy ordinance of baptism help them to typify their blood-washed hearts, the burial and resurrection of their crucified and risen Lord, as he raises them up to "walk in newness of life;" when I have seen the commissioned servant of God do all this, I have felt in my heart that I would rather be a true minister of Christ than anything else in the world. My heart has often burned with this desire, but then I know that in my weak physical condition I could not make an active preacher of the gospel.

After much prayerful reflection, I am still not quite sure as to just what God wants me to do in life, and the exact way in which he wants me to do it. But this one thing I *do* know and feel—that he has called me in Jesus' name to

"Do all the good I can
To all the people I can,
At all the times I can,
In every way I can,
And just as long as ever I can!"

And, God helping me, *this will I do*, preaching the blessed name of my dear Redeemer, through my words and life, although I may not be able to do so in the capacity of a regular minister of the gospel, the noblest, happiest, most useful man that walks the earth, or praises his Redeemer in Heaven.

LINES TO COLONEL JOHN H. SEALS.

AN APPEAL TO HIS REMARKABLE POWER AS AN ORATOR.

Wake up to the power that's in you,
Seize on your fleeting days;
Tell out your wealth of feeling
And set the world ablaze.

I have seen you *thrill* the people
With strong, electric power;
Now give back to God His blessing
In this last, vital hour.

With magnetic words of eloquence,
For patriots, wisdom, fun—
Have you no speech of pleading
For God and His blessed Son?

Do you halt at the *sacred* threshold—
And in weakness bow your head?
Ah! God will give you power,
Christ be your living bread!

In your heart he'll plant His kingdom,
  Write there His holy name—
Your bosom glow with love divine—
  Your tongue with sacred flame.

And hearts that have long been hardened,
  Steeped low in sin for years,
You'll touch through His Holy Spirit,
  And melt their eyes to tears.

Your sands of life are going fast,
  Your sun is sinking down;
Lift up the cross of Jesus,
  Wear then His shining crown.

O *wake up*, my honored brother,
  Seize on your fleeting days,
And with the light of Heaven
  Set the cold world ablaze.

A PEN THAT'S TIPPED WITH GOLD.

Dedicated to Mr. Lucian L. Knight, author of "Tabernacle talk," and beautiful, soulful poems in the *Atlanta Constitution.*

Your pen seems dipped in liquid flame,
  Or tipped with burning gold!
For whence such words as from it flow?
  They else had not been told.

The vision of a *poet's soul*
  Beams forth in every line,
And music sweeter far than song
  Rings in its stars that shine.

You've found, it seems, the fount where drank
  Longfellow, Pope and Burns,
And every thought within your ken
  Into a poem turns.

But more than polished, faultless verse—
  E'en more than thoughts of gold,
Speak to me your tenderness—
  Your mellow warmth of *soul.*

The rare "divine afflatus" wraps
Your heart-throbs, hopes and fears,
And guides you tenderly into
The well-spring of our tears.

God bless the mission of your pen—
Its Sabbath songs inspire,
Till you, where Sabbaths never end,
Shall strike the heavenly lyre,

And countless human hearts you've touched
With peace and love and hope,
Shall follow where, with tears and smiles,
The Golden Gate you ope!

A LITTLE SERMON.

THE HEART MUST SPEAK WHAT IT SO DEEPLY FEELS

For we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard.—Acts iv., 20.

If I were a preacher, I have often thought that I would feel constrained to use these words as my first text. "For we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard." Spoken in the face of threatened punishment and probable death, there is about them so much earnestness, so much consecration, such sweet yet irresistible power, such gentle yet impelling force.

The heavenly outpouring of the Holy Spirit and the conversion of thousands on the day of Pentecost had but recently been witnessed. Jerusalem marvelled much. Peter and John, the earnest Apostles of the Crucified One, went up together into the temple at the hour of prayer. "And a certain man lame from his mother's womb was carried, whom they laid daily at the gate of the temple which is called Beautiful, to ask alms of them that entered into the temple; who, seeing Peter and John about to go in the temple, asked an alms. And Peter, fastening his eyes upon him with John, said, look on us. And he gave heed unto them, expecting to receive something of them.

"Then Peter said, silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I thee: In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk. And he took him by the right hand and lifted him up; and immediately his feet and ankle-bones received strength. And he, leaping up, stood, and walked, and entered with them into the temple, walking and leaping and praising God."

Glorious sight! Beautiful manifestation of God's mercy and power in the days when He chose, by miracles of healing, to impress His Son's divinity on the people for whom that Son had died.

The leaders among the unbelieving Jews, fearing lest such a notable miracle done by these men would carry all Jerusalem away from priestly dominion, naturally sought to restrain them. But when they laid hands on Peter and John and demanded of them, "By what power or by what name have ye done this?" the fearless, faithful disciples were quick and bold to respond that they had done it in the name and through the power of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, whom these very Jews had crucified, and whom God had so gloriously raised from the dead. And when the chief priests had conferred among themselves, saying, "That a notable miracle has been done is manifest to all; and we cannot deny it; but that it spread no more among the people, let us straitly threaten them, and command them that they speak no more in this name." When they had thus spoken and thus threatened Peter and John, hear these humble disciples reply with a calmness and bravery that must have startled their enemies who heard them, and made Heaven smile approval: "Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye. For we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard." And they went home rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer in Jesus' name. They feared not Jewish prejudice, priestly passion, nor the

iron hand of power. They feared not death—they feared none but God, whom they also loved more dearly than they loved their life. What sublime moral and Christian courage when there and a thousand other times, the enemies of true Christianity have said to its faithful ones: "Speak, and you suffer or die;" and these loving disciples have replied: "We cannot but speak!—we *must* speak, though we *do* suffer and die."

What had Peter and John seen and heard? They had seen Christ in His blessed life, His glorious death and His triumphant resurrection. They had heard His own voice and the voice of the Holy Spirit, speaking peace to their hearts and saying: "Follow me in all things; and lo! I am with you alway even unto the end of the world." Why did Stephen speak until he was stoned to death? Why did Paul declare in the face of terrible persecution, "None of these things move me; I am ready to not only suffer, but die for the sake of Jesus." Because they could not but speak the things they had seen and heard.

Why did Chrysostom continue to speak the love of Christ when the cruel Emperor threatened banishment and death? Why were the mountain fastnesses of Switzerland and Italy vocal with the praise of Jesus, which the deluge of blood from the hand of Rome could never conquer or drown? Why did the Dark Ages burn and brighten with the martyr-fires of the Saints, and the raging flames of Smithfield ring with happy songs of Christ's redeeming love? Why did the immortal Bunyan continue to preach the simple faith of Jesus in face of the direful threatenings of the "Established Church"? And why, during all his years of confinement in Bedford jail, which God made a Bethel to his soul, did he, in his wonderful allegory, point the Christian *pilgrim* to his glorious *progress*—this golden reflection of Heaven's glory, written amid dreary and loathesome surroundings that would have made his Christless persecutors sicken, droop and die?

Why did William Carey start and pursue his world-awakening mission work in India, against such powerful opposition among friends and foes, and through such trying deprivations? Why did Spurgeon stand for nearly forty years in one pulpit, preaching with an earnestness that won the heart of the Christian world—that broke through untold physical suffering, and that persistently refused to yield to fabulous offers of worldly gain that would have carried him away from the work where he felt God had called him? Why did Miss Alice Tucker, of New York, go to the bedside of the poor, sick Cuban stranger, Alberto J. Diaz, and read to him from God's word, pray with him and tell him the story of Jesus, leading him to Christ, and through him, awakening the whole island of Cuba as he now points her spiritually benighted people to the blessed Redeemer he has so happily found? Why, oh! why such consecration from these loving disciples of the Prince of Peace? Because, with an eye of faith, they had seen Jesus, "the chiefest among ten thousand and altogether lovely"—because they had seen Him, "the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth"—because they had felt in their own hearts that He was their personal Saviour—because they had heard in their hearts Jesus speaking to their sinful, troubled, burdened souls, "Peace, be still," redeeming them from eternal death unto new and glorious life; and they could not but speak the things which their happy eyes had seen and their happy hearts had heard.

Why do so many thousands of noble, consecrated men stand up in our pulpits from Sunday to Sunday, or go from place to place all over our land, preaching, oftentimes through much earthly sacrifice, the unsearchable riches of the "glorious gospel of the blessed God?" Why do so many consecrated men and women tear themselves away from home and loved ones, and go to earnestly labor as missionaries in for-

eign fields, enduring untold hardships and privations, that they may tell those in heathen, deadly darkness the sweet story of Jesus and His redeeming love? Because their bosoms burn with a Heavenly-implanted love, and they cannot but speak the things which they have seen and heard.

Where is the skeptic—the poor unbeliever, whose heart thus glows with a sacrificing love for humanity, and the God of his creation? Do the things that he has "seen and heard" in the archives of science and cold human philosophy fill his breast with a new and holy emotion, a living and God-like principle, inspiring him by night and day to such blessed love and brightening, prayerful labor? *Never, never!* Why do the faithful ministers and disciples of Christ preach on and live on their strict doctrines and principles, while the world about them is crying for modern liberalism, with all its sometimes hidden, but none the less fatal evils? Because they have seen Christ and heard His voice in their hearts, and they must faithfully live and speak what they have seen and heard.

Why do young Christians, especially earnest boys and girls, young men and young ladies, often feel constrained to break through modern "proprieties" and brave the fear of meeting with rebuff and indifference, that they may speak to their companions of Christ? Because they love their souls—because they have heard in their own hearts the peace-giving words of Jesus, and His glorious power that makes them new, and they feel that they *just cannot* but tell their friends what they have felt and seen and heard.

In my own experience I know that whereas I once cared not, I now feel constrained, led, *impelled* to speak in private conversation and out to the world what Christ has put into my heart—my heart that was once so far from him.

I remember that soon after I was hurt, I would often be talking with some friend or stranger at my

bedside, and my heart would yearn to take them by the hand as I told them good-bye, and say, it might be in tears: "Are you a Christian? Oh, my friend, let me urge you to yield your heart to Christ who has saved me, and makes me so happy even now." But sometimes, from something, generally a fear of its not being well received, I would let the opportunity pass; and then oh! the bitterness to learn that that soul had died—gone into eternity, perhaps without Christ and without hope! And in anguish of soul I would promise God that He being my helper, I would try to never let another such opportunity pass. And now whether my words be blessed I cannot tell, but leaving the result with God, I try to speak; and I know my heart always feels happier for having spoken. When I go to write a private letter I so often think: Suppose this should prove to be the last letter I ever write; how my friends, of course, would cherish it! Then oh! let it contain for them some little word of Christian hope and comfort! And I have actually felt pained sometimes at being forced to write a strictly business letter which I cannot, according to the rules of "business propriety," conclude with an earnest "God bless you." This may seem simple to the world but it is in my heart, and I can't help it, and do not want to help it, either.

During the several years I have been sending out letters to the public, I have thought almost every time: Suppose this should be the only letter of mine some distant stranger or friend should ever see; I want him or her to know that the writer has a hope in Christ—that he professes to be a Christian, and that in every letter he would in some way lift up the banner and hold up to the world the name of Jesus who has redeemed him. And so if I have light and trivial things to write of, I always speak of them in the first part of my letter, and generally try to close with some spirtual thought, that the last impression

may be for good—not only temporal, but eternal good.

Oh! life is so short, and eternity so long; humanity so sinful, so needful, and Christ's righteousness so full and complete; my human nature so weak and barren, and Christ's love so strengthening and precious to my soul; the sweet burden of this love so great upon my heart, and the joy of telling it so unspeakable; and the possibilities, under God, of a word spoken or not spoken so great for time and for eternity that I cannot but speak the things which I have seen and heard!

PEACE OF HEART.

Peace of heart is the sweetest boon
To mortals here e'er given;
To bosoms sore it bringeth balm,
And whispers sweet of Heaven.

Whate'er the world outside may be,
Tho' the lightnings play and flash;
Tho' storms descend in darkest night
And thunders roar and crash;

Whate'er may come, whate'er befall,
How loud the raging din,
What matters it, oh heart, oh home,
If there's sweet peace within?

Foes may mock and e'en friends desert,
And all the world defame;
But with conscience clear I do not fear
Their darts of causeless blame.

What tho' my words and deeds they taunt,
My motives they impugn?
"Thou knowest, Father," gives perfect peace,
Sweet, satisfying boon.

O! blessed calm! O! richest balm,
O! bliss beyond compare!
That gently flows from "*Peace, be still!*"
In hearts of trust and prayer.

Sweet peace between the soul and God
Christ can alone impart;
It brightens earth and opens Heaven—
O! blessed *peace of heart.*

WHAT MEANS THIS MIGHTY GATHERING?

A convention song. Tune, "Stand up! Stand up for Jesus!" Dedicated to and sung by the great World's Convention of Christian Workers, assembled in Atlanta, November, 1893.

What means this mighty gathering—
This eager, working throng,
Clad in Faith's shining vestment
Of earnest prayer and song?
The saints of God are with us—
They've raised their battle cry:
In Jesus' name and power
We'll conquer or we'll die!

What means this mighty gathering—
This army of the Lord,
Whose living shield and helmet
Are God's eternal word?
It means that Christ, our Captain,
In golden word and deed,
Still reigns above all dogma,
Still shines in every creed!

This good old Christ-like doctrine,
Which every Worker holds,
First feed men's starving bodies
To reach their starving souls;—
These stories of redemption
Of those debauched in sin,
Whose lives now glow with brightness
While other souls they win.

What mean these rich heart-stories,
These "Amens!" warm and strong—
This depth of soul and feeling
That swells in every song?

This same, sweet experience
In hearts from near and far:
If Jesus is your Saviour,
Then you my brother are!

This warm Christian fellowship
That spreads from breast to breast,
And makes the *very presence*
A gracious heavenly feast;
That makes these beaming faces
With Holy radiance shine,
And wraps the whole Convention
In atmosphere divine!

It means that if some skeptic
Among this throng should stay,
Hear all these strong believers
Who love and work and pray,
His "theories" would crumble,
He'd feel the sacred flame,
And own the mighty power
Of Jesus' love and name!

It means our dear Atlanta,
The nation, all the earth—
Must catch the holy fire
And know the second birth;
Our churches be more active
In the light the Workers leave,
As day throws back its splendor
In the golden glow of eve!

O Life divine, implanted!
Christ maketh us His own,
As *sure*, as *true*, as *living*
As God upon His throne!
Help us to win our comrades
In sin—exposed to hell—
And give their hearts this gladness
Which we can never tell!

O fair, brave Christian women
At work amid the slums—
'Mid sins too dark to mention,
Where pure light never comes;

O men, O brothers working—
God's heroes brave and true,
Speed on the light He giveth,
And sendeth down thro' you!

What means this mighty gath'ring
Of Workers far and near!
That Christ, our Lord is *coming?*
No—He's already here!
Hosanna in the highest!
Praise God thro' happy tears!
And bless these Christian Workers
Thro' all the coming years!

WEALTH WITHOUT LOVE?

Give me a little vine-clad cottage instead,
Where roses unceasingly bloom,
Where peace and content take the place of sore dread
And love sheds its genial perfume!

OLD-FASHIONED TRUTHS.

The world now greets the church
With a new kind of religion.
No woes for their evil the wicked gladly would have;
They say that dear Christ, the Incarnate,
Was only a man;
But oh! we will cling to the old-fashioned truths
Of the old-fashioned Bible;
They give the heart a sweet peace
The world can't understand.

A PRAYER.

O God, my Saviour, great and true;
Help me to trust Thee all my life through;
Help me to love Thee, revere, obey,
Till "lost in love" on Thy last great day.

A FAIR, SWEET, MODEST GIRL.

Dedicated to my pretty, gentle, modest cousin, Miss Ada Stamps.

Do you know what you make me think of?—
A gentle fawn, so shy and so sweet,
Standing in some bright, sunny meadow,
With the clover blooms kissing her feet.

But stronger than the king just beside her,
Are the meshes your modesty weaves,
When your smiles break like sunshine that filters
Down thro' Spring's fresh, whispering leaves.

Oh, the power that God gives to women!
Beam forth all the charms that you may,
To lead every heart that shall feel them,
To walk in the bright Better Way!

NOBLE YOUTH.

Dedicated to my aspiring young cousin, Willie Parks Fain.

Purest aims and lofty purpose,
Stirred with aspirations high—
The eye of faith and hope now scanning
Youth's bright, arching, golden sky.

Deeper, stronger grow that purpose—
Brighter shine your Star of Hope,
Till its arm shall carve your future—
Till its beam for you shall ope

Fields of beauty—grand, entrancing!
Realms where sweet hope never dies—
Landscapes where your deeds will blossom
'Neath the Father's smiling eyes.

Let strong, true Christian manhood
Crown the aim of *noble youth;*
Thus you'll drink fore'er the fountain
Of God's pure, eternal Truth!

WHEN NEXT SUMMER COMES.

Dedicated to—well, "just guess who?"

O maid of the lofty mountains
That kiss the soft blue sky,
I wish for the dawn of summer,
And I'll frankly tell you why:
The charms of your mind and manner,
The strength of your fresh young face—
Your eminent *sense*, your warmth of soul
And each fair, sweet modest grace—
These caught me with magic power
One evening long months agone,
And that is why I am waiting
For next summer's brightening dawn.
"Hoping to see you next summer,"
Thus the message sweetly spoke,
Filling my heart with gladness
And gilding my dreams with hope.
God bless all the charms of woman,
So wonderful, sweet and strong,
And help her to use them, making
Her life a heavenly song.

FROM SHADOW INTO LIGHT.

Dedicated to my dear friend, Miss Annie Moore.

I looked, and a cloud had gathered;
And it hovered dark and long,
Till she who stood beneath it,
Could find no word of song.
How bitter those hours of waiting,
None, save her, ever knew—
And the Christ who stood beside her,
And led her safely through.
Now, that cloud with gold is burning
In a new and sweeter light,
And she thanks God for His leading
From the *Shadow* into *Light*.
She sings of Faith so blessed,
So bright, so sweet and warm—
Glad anchor to the trusting soul,
Amid the darkest storm!

AN ALBUM MEMENTO.

Written in the album of my faithful friend, Miss Lillie M. Buice (now Mrs. W. E. Jounard).

I would that I now could utter
The thoughts that fill my breast—
Could tell you what I wish for you
In the way that seemeth best.
I'd lay bare on this tinted page,
Where you can see at will,
My heart of hearts—its wish for you,
In these lines, tho' cold and still.

Be *watchful, earnest,* true and good,
And as time flies on its way,
At evening stop and humbly ask:
What have I done this day?
What have I done to comfort, cheer,
And lift up my fallen race?
To honor, bless my Saviour dear,
And make glad his pain-marred face?

What have I done? Awake! Awake!
And press with patient vigor on!
Sweet weal 'twill give—you'll grander live,
And wear one day a fadeless crown!
And when "society" has made its last demand,
May I meet beyond the skies,
Miss Lillie and a goodly band
Whom she's led to Christian lives.

A WOMANLY WOMAN.

Dedicated to Miss Sallie Moore, my ever-faithful friend, and a true wonanly girl.

A girl, of course, is delightful;
She's "cute," fascinating and fair;
She charms you, whatever the color
Of her bright, beaming eyes or her hair.

But our hearts want something that's deeper,
Something more substantial and strong—
A *woman* with *womanly* purpose,
Whose life is a sermon and song.

Tho' the true woman still is *girlish;*
These charms—how beautifully they blend—
The *girl* and the *womanly woman,*
In the person of my fair young friend.

A firmness, more firm, because gentle—
A heart of strong faith and "pure gold";
God bless to the world such a picture
So inspiring, so sweet to behold!

OUR "MURMURING RUBY."

To "Ruby Murmurer," a brilliant and soulful *Sunny South* correspondent.

O Ruby, the Murmurer, do murmur along!
Continue to sing us your silvery song;
You charm us with fancy, you wake us-with wit,
And some of our hearts are decidedly "hit."
Pardon that slang—it should not be used,
But it shows how my mind and heart are enthused.

Your letters of brightness about the "Great Show"
At Chicago, where we so much wanted to go,—
Your pictures so striking, all help us, I ween,
To see the great things we never have seen.
And your murmuring missives to our young band
Mirror your soul so lofty and grand!

Oh! what are the charms of mind and of face
That shine like the tinsel on a beautiful vase—
What are they all, howe'er gilded and fair,
If the fragrance of SOUL is wafted not there?
Then, Murmuring Ruby, sing often and long,
And put the sweet music of God in your song!

THE SMYRNA GIRLS.

Dedicated to my special friends in this splendid little Georgia town.

There's a great big place for the Smyrna girls
In this heart of mine,
For they have made their brightest charms
In my life to shine.

Eyes of melting black—ah, ha!—
Sweet eyes of liquid blue;
And eyes of merry brown—O heart!—
All these they beam on you.

But wonder, strange—I can't tell why!
These girls, *almost alone,*
Bravely stand and work to bless
Their pretty little town!

Still, those are bright and noble boys,
Their *aims* are true and high;
Be patient, girls, and *ne'er give up!*
They'll help you bye and bye.

God bless such a fair, brave band
Of girls who work and pray,
To upward lead their friends around
In Life's bright shining Way!

MODEST PLUCK.

Dedicated to Ben F. Perry, editor the *Cherokee Advance*, Canton, Ga.

Ben, you are "worth a million"—
Not in coins of shining gold;
But modest pluck and virtues rare,
In manhood's wealth you hold.

A heart of kingly kindness,
Makes dear that manhood's crown;
With enterprising vim enough
To run a Georgia town.

Beginning down in humbler ways,
  Outstripping dude and fop,
With *modest pluck* and heart of gold
  You are climbing toward the top!

May all the boys who know your life
  God touch with noble fire,
And high toward *plucky* Christian men
  Make their young hearts aspire.

OUR SOUTHERN NIGHTINGALE.

Dedicated to Miss Bessie Anderson, formerly of Powder Springs, Ga., but now teacher of music in Centenary College, Cleveland, Tennessee.

I awoke! A song had charmed me!
  I heard its music well.
It wove with gold my waking dreams
  And on my spirit fell.

To a fountain rare it led me,
  Where gushed the waters pure,
The music of whose crystal splash
  Did my rapt soul allure.

Then slow, through the pensive woodland
  I roamed in dreaming bliss,
With longings kindred to a world
  Oh, better far than this.

Then I saw a birdlet flying
  With happy wings and free;
Then two fond lovers walking
  Down by the summer sea!

I marveled! This mystic power
  That did my heart rejoice
I found to be—how glad I was!—
  The music of your voice!

Sing on, O Southern nightingale,
  Above the ice of art!
God's spirit ride on every wave
  To reach the human heart.

TO WHOM SHALL I GO?—"OTHER REFUGE HAVE I NONE."

A FRANK HEART-TO-HEART TALK WITH UNBELIEVERS, AND WITH BELIEVERS, TOO.

Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life.—John vi:68.

Every person who has a mind to think and a heart to feel has a *religion* of some kind. There is in every human soul, somehow and *sometime*, a consciousness (however undefined it may be) of a Superior Being of whom that soul feels a longing, a truly *conscious need*. The wisest philosopher that sits on Reason's throne, and the humblest, most benighted Hottentot that in Africa's darkness roams, each owns in his or her heart and mind a great First Cause and Power *infinitely* greater than self, and to whose inexorable laws they must *now*, and aye! *some day*, more humbly bow.

Even the most vigorous infidel or atheist that ever lived, who scoffs at all religions and seems verily to delight in trying to tear them down, such an one seeks and professes to find a rule of action in his skeptical theories and a satisfaction for his mind and heart in what he is doing; he *builds on his unbelief;* and thus his *unbelief* becomes his *belief*; and his *belief* is his *religion*.

We who are Christians devoutly believe that Christ will prove "the desire of all nations." We *know* from our own happy experiences that to all men and women who receive Him in their hearts, Christ is the end of all law, the end of all philosophy, the end of all faith, the end of all longing, and the joy of all love. Skeptic, try Him—trust Him and see if he will not prove the same to you.

Thinking of how he satisfies all of *every belief* and *unbelief* that come to and trust Him—how we and all the world have no other hope, no other refuge, the

words of the Bible given at the beginning of this earnest little talk to you have often lived in and rejoiced my heart when the promptings of unbelief would suggest to me to look away from Christ. What sweet words of refuge they have been to me: "Lord, to whom shall I go? thou hast the words of eternal life."

Jesus has been saying, as the people thought, some "hard things," the loving and beloved John tells us, like all His *faithful* ministers must sometimes do. And when some of His weak, unstable disciples (who soon proved to be no disciples at all) marveled and complained at His vital declarations, He said to them:

"It is the Spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing; the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life."

Thus He taught them as we are taught elsewhere in His Word, that the most vital and glorious things of God are spiritually discerned; that unless one has the Spirit of Christ, he cannot understand them. After Jesus had thus spoken, "many of His disciples went back and walked no more with Him."

"Then said Jesus unto the twelve, Will ye also go away? Then Simon Peter answered him, Lord to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life. And we believe and are sure that thou art that Christ, the Son of the living God."

Day after day I thank God for those words.

When the Evil one would present
With all his cunning might
Thoughts of lurking doubt and sin
To turn us from the Right,
The words of Peter, ever bold,
Dawn forth to cheer the way:
To whom, Lord Jesus, shall we go?
Thou art the Truth, the Way!

Oh! how precious and comforting in such hours of doubt and gloom are the thought and words of Charles Wesley's beautiful hymn:

"*Other refuge have I none—*
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee."

My friend, you who spend so much time trying to find satisfaction and peace in philosophy and science, in the light (and alas! how often the *darkness*) of human reason alone, I feel impelled to give to you here the following strong and deeply impressive poem on "Faith and Reason," by Lizzie York Case, which I earnetsly ask you to follow with a true philosopher's head, and weigh well in the balances of true Science, plain Reason and living Truth:

FAITH AND REASON.

Two travelers started on a tour,
With trust and knowledge laden;
One was a man of mighty brain,
And one a gentle maiden.
They joined their hands and vowed to be
Companions for a season;
The gentle maiden's name was *Faith*,
And the mighty man's was *Reason*.

He sought all knowledge from the world,
And every world anear it;
All *matter* and all *mind* were his,
But hers was only *spirit*.
If any stars were missed from heaven,
His telescope could find them;
But while he only found the stars,
She found the God behind them!

He sought for truth above, below,
All hidden things revealing;
She only sought it woman-wise,
And found it in her feeling.
He said, "this earth's a rolling ball,
And so doth science prove it;"
He but discovered that it moves,
She found the springs that move it!

He reads with geologic eye
The record of the ages;
Unfolding strata, he translates
Earth's wonder-written pages.

He digs around a mountain base,
And measures it with plummet;
She leaps it with a single bound,
And stands upon the summit!

He brings to light the hidden force
In Nature's labyrinths lurking,
And binds it to his onward car
To do his mighty working.
He sends his message 'cross the earth,
And down where sea gems glisten;
She sendeth hers to God himself,
Who bends His ear to listen!

All things in beauty, science, art,
In common they inherit;
But *he* has only clasped the form,
While *she* has clasped the spirit.
God's wall infinite now looms up
Before Faith and her lover;
But while *he* tries to scale its heights,
SHE *has gone safely over.*

He tries, *from earth,* to forge a key
To ope the gate of Heaven;
That key is in the maiden's *heart,*
And back its bolts are driven.
They part. Without her, all is dark,
His knowledge vain and hollow;
For Faith has entered in with God,
Where Reason may not follow.

Let the echo ring back, O my friend, through every channel of your mind, through every recess of your heart—"*where* REASON *may not follow.*"

Now remember well that I—that every Christian believes in *reason* as strongly as you do, but we believe that *human reason* in and *of itself,* is not sufficient to understand the mind and workings of the great Creator and Ruler of this vast universe. We *reason* that the weak, *finite* mind, cumbered here with all the imperfections of mortal flesh, cannot fathom

the eternal and boundless wisdom of an *infinite* God. Does it not seem to you that in this we reason well? Then you should never, we should never halt and turn aside, when we fail to understand and explain the purposes and works of God, measuring them and Him by any standard of *human reason*.

Has it ever occurred to you why France and Germany are such nations of infidels? It seems to me quite plain: For hundreds of years they have had a "state church"; all the children have been brought into the church through a general and merely formal ceremony; they were taught to believe that they were made Christians when they were christened in infancy; they grew up, bowing to mere "forms of godliness, but denying the power thereof"; they knew from experience, nothing of vital religion—a *new heart in Christ;* and so when the skeptic came along, attacking their faith and ridiculing experimental religion—declaring that there is no such thing, many of these only *nominal* Christians honestly responded, saying: "His arguments must be true. I have been taught all my life that I am a Christian, and I know that I know nothing about the "witness of the spirit" and being "born again." It is all a myth, and I will believe it no longer."

Thus they were swept away by the sophistries and onslaughts of infidelity because they had no *anchor* to their souls. There is such a vital, fatal difference between mere nominal church-membership, and being truly a Christian—a "new creature in Christ Jesus." Without Christ in the heart as "an anchor sure and steadfast" amid the surging storm, any one, however great his *natural* moral strength, is in possible danger of being carried away, *shattered, wrecked, lost!*

But oh! if Christ on his new-made throne, live and reign within, false science, philosophy, skepticism and every form of infidelity may all do their worst, but the happy Christian, resting sweetly in the Life-boat,

Ark of Safety, can lay his hand on his heart, steadfastly and trustingly look up and say: "I know in whom I have believed. I know what has been done here in my own heart. Poor skeptic, prove, or *seek* to prove anything you please. Do your worst. Say what you will. But I *know* that Jesus saves me. I am happy in that salvation—happy in life, happy and hopeful in death, and beyond the grave; and *that is enough for me!*"

Oh, I tell you verily, that *you might as well try to argue God off of His throne, as to try to argue Christ out of a truly regenerated heart!*

Talk about miracles! The greatest miracle, it seems to me, which God has ever wrought on earth, is the conversion of a human soul. To see persons naturally far from God, or perhaps steeped in sin and dissipation, touched and awakened by His Spirit, a new life and love implanted in them, completely transformed by the regenerating power of the Holy Spirit, giving their lives thus redeemed from wickedness, to the honor of God and the salvation of those with whom they were once associated in the vilest sin and unbelief—oh! one soul thus redeemed and showing the power of Christ in his or her life, is that crowning evidence of the truth of Christianity which so vitally distinguishes it from all other religions. No other system *claims* or *does* such a wonderful miracle of redemption. Why? Because they are of *men.* And the redeeming love and regenerating power which Christianity witnesses every day, *required nothing less than Omniscience to conceive and Omnipotence to perform.* Seriously, earnestly my friend, do you not think it the part of the *surest reason* and the *truest wisdom* to yield your heart and life to that mighty Power that can perform two such inconceivably marvelous miracles as the creation of a world and the regeneration of a soul? Nothing could more plainly and grandly show your *reason* and your *wisdom.*

Did you say you can't understand it all, and you don't want to believe a thing which you cannot understand?

You can't understand how food preserves our bodies. You can't understand how life was created and is sustained. You can't understand how, to graze on the grass in the meadow makes hair on the horse, feathers on the fowl and wool on the sheep. You cannot clearly understand *how* the sun rose this morning, set to-night and will rise again to-morrow. You cannot explain them—you cannot understand all these things; *yet you believe them every one.* Then why will you not in far more vital and glorious things understand as far as you may, and then as the earnest Spurgeon says, "where *comprehension* stops, let *faith take hold!*" You will believe the statement of an honest man, concerning business affairs and all earthly things; then will you not accept our statement as to the truth of what we have experienced in this great problem that concerns *your soul* and *eternity?* While others are so foolish as to reject such plain and glorious truths, "will ye also go away" into the terrible chaos of dissatisfied doubt and the dark gloom of final despair! Whatever you are seeking through human philosophy and earthly plans, it *cannot possibly bring you more than joy and peace.* You know that it cannot, and will not. Oh! as one who has felt His joy and love, let me earnestly urge you to just to accept Christ in your heart. Then you will want to strive no more for human peace, for "His ways are ways of pleasantness, and all His paths are peace."

A few years ago in a Texas town, Dr. J. C. Wingo, an active Christian minister of my acquaintance, held a glorious meeting that resulted in many conversions. Dr. Barnum, who was considered at the head of the infidel thought in Texas, and who had been an infidel lecturer for many years, lived in the town, and through his high intelligence and especially his ex-

emplary moral life, he had exerted a powerful influence for unbelief among his townsmen. As the meeting progressed, he and his aged infidel wife came to them, and of course laughed at the earnest little band of Christians in their joyous work. One night Brother Wingo said he felt very deeply impressed to pray a special prayer for the aged pair of unbelievers. He said it almost seemed to him that the soul of the poor man, especially, was laid upon him. So tender and powerfully did he pray and so mightily did God bless it, that Dr. Barnum went to him when it was over, and thanked him for it, saying: "I could not have prayed for you that way. I feel that you have something in your heart that I have not in mine. I realize that I have been mistaken all my life, and now I want to be a Christian." Tears of joy flowed. Dr. Barnum, his wife, and about forty other infidels were happily converted, and now he is gloriously preaching the faith that he once sought to destroy. My unbelieving friend, to whom will you go but Christ for such a wonderful scene as that?

In the M. E. Church near my home, I saw a beloved friend who was a wicked young man, touched, *stricken down,* as it were, by God's Holy Spirit, happily converted to Jesus, and during all the years since then, with a new impulse in his bosom, he has led a new and exemplary life. What other power but that of Christ could have wrought such a wonderful change?

A few months ago I was called to Douglasville, Ga., to witness the baptism of a very dear brother who had once been skeptical and for whom I had earnestly prayed for years. At last he had found peace and joy in Christ, and he and his wife, with forty other happy converts followed their Saviour in baptism. The meeting was conducted by Elder T. E. McCutcheon, a very sweet spirited man who had

himself gone down into the depths of trial and come up conqueror through Jesus. He was assisted by Elder James I. Oxford, who, five years ago, was a rough, wicked man, and was converted under the preaching of and baptized by that glorious veteran of the Cross, Elder F. M. Daniel, the Baptist pastor at Griffin, Ga. Only think of it! Five years ago, deep down in the clutches of sin—could not even read a chapter in the Bible when he was converted without spelling it along like a little child, working hard for a living ever since; yet this man Oxford preached some of the most powerful sermons that I ever heard fall from mortal lips. One day, from the companion texts, "Let there be light" and "I am the Light of the world," he preached with such heavenly power that the whole audience seemed wrapped in holy fervor; and as he told how this Light had shone into his own darkened soul, and plead with his sin-darkened fellow men, it seemed almost that Heaven lifted up its Everlasting Gates and the very Light from God's own Throne streamed through! What could have lifted up that man from sin and caused him to preach as he did but the mighty power of Christ's redeeming love?

During the great World's Convention of Christian Workers recently held in Atlanta, it was glorious beyond expression to look into the faces and grasp the hands of earnest men and women who had been converted from infidelity, the stage, and the wildest dissipation, to lives of purity and work for Jesus who had redeemed them.

Notable among these were Mr. S. H. Hadley and his brother, Col. H. H. Hadley, of New York, who had been drunkards for twenty years, and who were in the throes of delerium tremens when Jesus put His arms around them, led them to His bosom and to lives of glorious usefulness in His name. Another was Mr. Charles J. Crittenton, a converted millionaire

of New York, who, on being led to Jesus by the death of his little girl, turned personally, from his remunerative business, to give the evening of his life to Jesus alone. He spends many thousands of dollars every year in his Florence Crittenton Mission homes for the blessed work of reclaiming poor fallen girls. That noble Christian worker, Mr. John F. Barclay of Atlanta, told me with tears of joy in his eyes, how, in his mission on Marietta street, that noble man of princely wealth knelt by a wretched prostitute girl, talked to her in a tender, fatherly manner, then prayed for her, until the poor sad-faced girl, so long debauched in the vilest sin, rose from her knees with the light of Heaven in her face as she rejoiced in newness of life! Thank God for such love and such work!

For years there lived by our home, our nearest neighbor, Elder Thornton Burke, who was converted at thirty and afterwards gave sixty-two years of consecrated life and labor to Jesus. Often has the dear old man sat by my bed, talking of the sweet hope that sustained his declining years, and grew brighter as Death drew near—of the golden staff that supported his tottering steps on the brink of the tomb, and then, with longing face, he would say: "Willie, I don't want to be impatient against my Maker's will, but I am getting so anxious to lay down this old body of sin and death. I want to go and be with Jesus, my Saviour."

And soon he went. At ninety-two years of age he sweetly fell asleep on the bosom of his Redeemer. The living and closing of such a Christian life, is like the radiant shining, and then the calm, sweet going down of the evening sun to rise and shine again, glorified and resplendent, in the Paradise of God!

O blessed Lord Jesus! to whom shall we go for such glorious conquests—to whom shall we go but Thee?

Christian, when trials and temptations come—when your Lord's cause is assailed—when you need help and strength and comfort, to whom will you go, to whom *can* you go, but Jesus? "Will ye also go away" for comfort to earthly sources which will but deepen your sorrow and make your trials more trying?

"Other refuge have I none—
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee."

And again:

"Look ever to Jesus,
He will carry you through."

For the first two years of my affliction, as I lay, helpless, on bed, no one but my Maker and me can ever know just what I passed through. It seemed that I was about to go awreck on the rocks and shoals of skepticism, but every time these words would sweetly come to me: *"To whom shall I go, Lord? Thou hast the words of eternal life."*

And then I remembered: "To him that overcometh, I will give to inherit." But I felt that I could not "overcome" alone. Then, sweetest of all!—I remembered: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee." I cast it there, and He *did* sustain me! Blessed be His holy name! During the hour of greatest struggle and prayer, it seemed all at once that with the eye of faith I could see Jesus standing there by my bedside, smiling at my terrible trial. Why was He smiling? Because He knew that *He* was going to bring me through; and that all the bitterness of my cup would be sweetened and turned into a gracious blessing. Tears of joy came! Happiness unspeakable came! And, thank God! I have been happy all these years.

"Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in Thee I find!"

O my sinner friend, do you not want such a Saviour? My unbelieving friend, do you not want such satisfaction of mind and such peace and joy of heart?

My Christian friend, is not such a Saviour worthy of your best thought and sacrificing labors, until you pass "through Death unto Life?" *Wake up!* and speak and work for Him and humanity until He calls you Home!

My heart feels constrained to let my last word be to the unconverted: My dear friend, I am talking to *you.* I love your soul. Will you not, in spirit, take me by the hand, and promise me *now* that you will yield your heart to Christ and meet me at last in Heaven? Then you will in life and in the prospect of Death find the golden anchor of *Hope,* blessed peace and unspeakable joy, even as I have found it all in Jesus my blessed Redeemer!

SUPPLEMENT.

THE AUTHOR'S FAVORITES.

The reader has doubtless noticed here and there in the body of this work copious extracts from the writings of Tom F. McBeath, who, of course, has been rightly imagined the author's favorite poet. That the poems quoted from may be properly appreciated and accomplish, wherever read, a grand, inspiring and ennobling mission, the author gives in full in this supplement of favorite poems and beautiful letters four of McBeath's richest and most beautiful gems, feeling that they alone will be worth far more than the price of the book. My earnest gratitude is hereby tendered this modest, peerless poet for his cheerfully-given consent for me to thus embody his great masterpieces for the first time in book form. When the minds and hearts of my readers have been feasted upon these poems, they will naturally want to know something about the man in whose kingly head and bosom such thoughts and sentiments had birth.

Born in the mountains of Wayne county, Ky., then seventy-five miles from the railroad, Tom F. McBeath was brought up on a farm, acquiring only a common school education, but learning his grandest lessons of instruction and inspiration, as he tells us, from the "open book of Nature" before him, the towering Cumberland Mountains that shut him in, and all the minstrelsy of the picturesque woodland where, in boyhood, he loved so well to meditate or roam.

At the age of twenty-seven he found himself on board the first railroad train he ever saw, with $34 in his pocket, bound for college. He determined that if he could not *find* a way open he would *make* one. He sought and obtained work at school to help pay his way. He rented a room (or one-fourth of it, rather), at 12½ cents a week, and for nearly two years lived on baker's bread, molasses and water, at a cost of 35 cents a week. At the end of three years he graduated with two diplomas, as the valedictorian of his class, and to-day is one of the most accomplished scholars in America.

He had written much, he says, but published little; and in 1888, while President of the Cooper Normal College, at Daleville, Miss., he began the preparation of three books for publication, when the building took fire and all his literary productions, the accumulation of nearly twenty years, were burned to ashes. I'll declare, it makes me want to *cry* for him and for humanity. It seems to me that I would rather have had a million dollars burned up; for if those books of prose and poems, had been at all in keeping with what we have seen of his works, they would have won for him almost, if not quite, the first place in American literature, and blessed the world as long as language lives.

This unspeakable and irreparable misfortune of his makes me

doubly anxious to perpetuate here, as far as possible, the poems that follow, feeling sure that all who read and study them well, will count themselves debtor to me for giving them to them.

"Biopsis"—What shall I say of it? Perhaps I would better not speak at all, for I cannot speak as I would and should. "Biopsis" loses nothing, and, in fact, I believe it gains when compared with Bryant's "Thanatopsis," applauded the world around. Do you smile at my enthusiasm? Then read the two pieces, studiously compare them, and judge for yourself.

"Thanatopsis," as a treatise on "Death," is sublime in expression, and appeals to the admiration of the philologist, while it smiles defiance at the rhetorician's merciless chisel; but "Biopsis," pulsing with its glorious thoughts on "Life," stirs the heart and fires and refreshes the thirsting soul as "Thanatopsis" does not and cannot do.

The venerable and gifted T. F. Jeffries, himself a poet and philosopher, who, as the saying goes, "has read everything," believes "Biopsis" hardly has a superior in the English language; and my former pastor, Elder A. B. Vaughan, Jr., when he first read it, said with much warmth: "I'll declare, every person who has mind and heart enough to take in that piece, ought to read it every morning before breakfast, so he would feel like getting up, going forth and *doing something.*" And thus I feel about giving it here. It feeds the mind and fills the heart with life, faith, hope and love.

My brother, who was once the pupil of Tom F. McBeath, says he is the very man to have written the words, "This sweet life of ours," for he is a man of happy, radiant spirits, and to him life is indeed sweet and inspiring.

BIOPSIS.

BY TOM F. M'BEATH.

[NOTE.—Read this poem at least a dozen times—study it well, and with each reading new beauties will unfold.]

It cannot be that this sweet life of ours,
So grand, so glorious and so beautiful,
So full of mighty promises, is but
The clash of blind and senseless atoms, and
At last dissolves in empty nothingness!
It cannot be that its bright, crystal stream
Runs darkling to the deeps of endless death,
When every wave that wooes the winding banks,
Sings of the summer skies from whence it came!
What is this in this tenement of clay
That like a caged wild bird beats its wings
Against its prison bars, unless it be
A captive spirit, fretting neath the chains
Of conscious slavery, struggling to be free?
This ceasless longing after better things
Than earth hath ever promised, or can give,

Whence comes it, if the yearning, homesick soul
Hath not had visions of some happier sphere
To our dim eyes invisible, or else
There lingers still some half waking dream—
Sweet memories of a former glory lost?

O grand, invisible and potent essence, Life!
In vain the student seeks with chemic test
To fathom thy deep mystery. All in vain,
With fierce and fiery questions would he wring,
Poor tortured nature writhing on the rack—
Confession from her suffering, silent lips
Of that mysterious, subtle power that moves,
Controls and regulates her wondrous works.
He sees it laughing in the budding flower;
He hears it trilling in the skylark's song;
He feels it throbbing in the fiery flood
That leaps like liquid lightning through his veins,
And maddened at the mockery of his powers,
Calls bold, unblushing science to his aid,
Who armed with scalpel and retort, pursues
With patient search the protean phantom down
Through system, organ, member, molecule
And atom, but to find for all her pains,
There's *that* within the lowliest thing that lives
That will not yield to his analysis.

In nature is no death, unless that death
Be called, which is but change to newer forms
Of ever-upward-reaching life. In all
This ceaseless change, beginning finds she none,
Nor prophecy of end. No further seek.
Before us and behind the curtains fall,
Forever shutting from our vision out
The secrets of the silent land beyond.
Across these borders science cannot pass;
And proud Philosophy, with gathered skirts,
Stops at the threshold, and with hand to brow,
Peers with wide wondering eyes and silent lips
Into the darkness that she dares not trust.
But Faith, Love's white-winged daughter, lifts the veil
That shuts the future out, and whispers hope.
The soul, with an unerring instinct that
As far transcends the utmost reach and power
Of weak and faltering reason as the stars
Their pale reflection in the troubled pool,
Proclaims herself a thing of birth divine,
And crowns herself immortal!

We *do* live!
And it concerns us most not what is life,
But how shall we best use it, that when called
To lay its glittering pageantry aside,

And clothed in death's pale robe of night, lie down
To that long dreamless sleep that separates
Time's evening from Eternity's fair morn,
Our deeds of love, in hearts we leave behind,
May live forever; and across the gulf
That circles round the narrow shores of time,
Waft their sweet perfume, borne on Heavenly airs,
An incense offering to the throne of God.
He lives it best in God's sight, who but lives,
To feel, to love, to wonder and adore.
Why fret the years away in vain attempt
To ravel out what seems to thy false sight
The tangled skeins of things, and set the world
To rights. As if the Lord of all the earth
Had need of help from our poor, puny hands
That do but touch his noblest works to mar them!

Vain glorious man! when wilt thou understand
And own thy nothingness? God rules; not thou!
Thine own poor self, thou canst not govern;
But must needs invoke the hourly help of Him
Whom thou wouldst teach to regulate the world.
Much that thou seest may to thee be wrong;
The times be out of joint, and all awry;
Evil triumphant over good, and vice
Lord over virtue; and all things, but those
Thou guid'st to ruthless ruin, headlong rush.
So 't seems to thee. God suffers it; be still!
Thou best canst regulate the world's affairs
By minding thine own little part of it.

The sum of our self-culture marks upon
The dial plate of time the age's progress.
Choose wisely then thy work, and let the end
Attained be worth and worthy of thy pains;
For whatever it may be to other men,
To thee 't shall represent the price of life.
Does gold allure thee with its yellow glare?
Or broad fields tempt thee? or the pride of power?
In easy reach of all these baubles lie.
It only needs to dull the obedient ear
When widows mourn and orphans cry for bread;
To close the eyes to misery and distress;
To steel the heart to helpless age's appeal;
To strangle conscience; then subscribe thyself,
Thus fitted for the devil's work to him,
And he will give thee all thou canst desire.

Do dreams of fame thy restless heart engage?
With sword or pen thou canst inscribe thy name
Upon the brow of envious Time himself,
And bid defiance to his blighting breath.
But thou must first build round thy human heart
An adamantine wall, impregnable

Alike to Love's sweet smile or Pity's tear;
Must on the altar of thy purpose lay
Freedom and ease and rest and calm content,
The joys of home, hope, happiness and Heaven.
And when thou'st reached the lonely mountain top,
And stand at sunset by the glittering thing
For which thou'st left the peaceful vale below,
Thou'lt find the brightness that had lured thee on
Above the dear companionship of men,
Was but a mocking gleam of chilling light
Reflected from some bleak and icy cliff
That frowns above eternal fields of snow.

What is not humbly, is not rightly done;
And he who works for gold works not for God.
His servants ye must be for whom ye toil,
Nor from another look for recompense.
Serve ye the world and pride, and self and sin?
Be sure they shall reward you for your work,
And render strict account for every hour,
E'en to the utmost farthing. Murmur not,
However, if they pay but in their coin,
And all too late you find when life is past,
The hard-earned wages of the devil's work
Will not pass current at the gate of Heaven.
But if 'tis God ye serve (and he accepts
A deed of kindness to His lowliest done
As service tendered to Himself), fear not;
As punctual He as is the world, to pay—
But not in its base currency. His work
Hath, too, its sacrifice; and who would be
Accounted greatest among those that rule
Must cast out ease, and selfishness, and pride,
Ambition's vanities, and love of praise,
And serve the least in humbleness of heart.

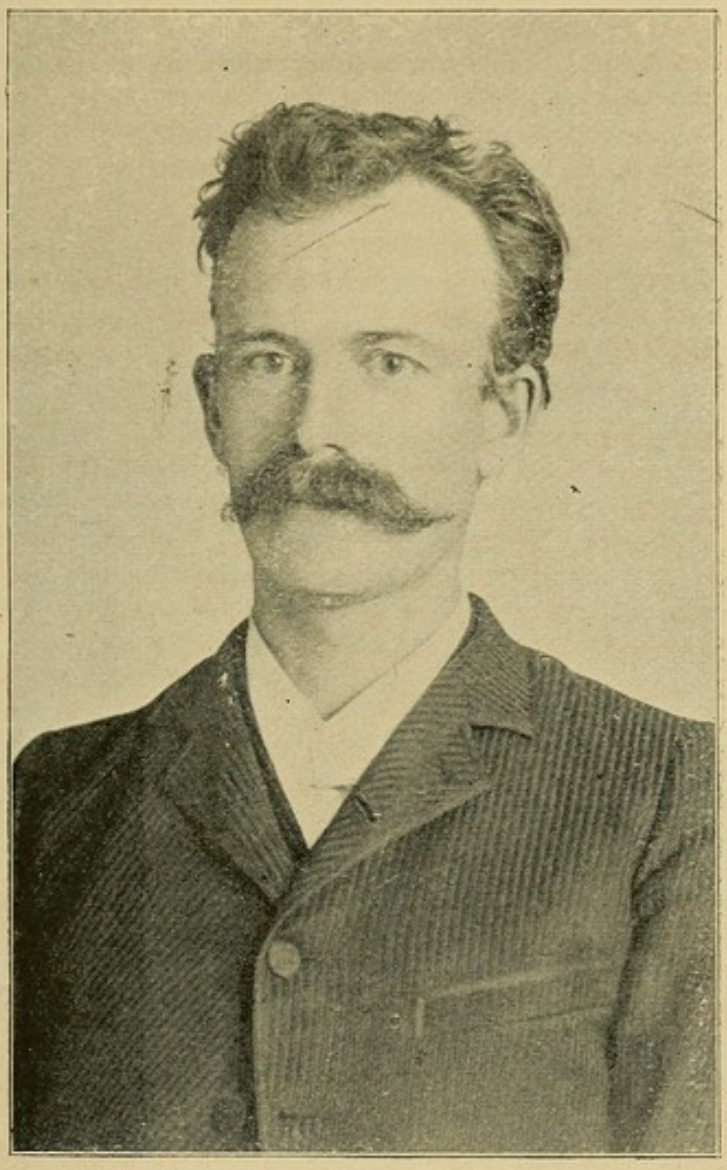
Wouldst thou be leader of some chosen host
Across the desert wilderness of life,
And stand to them in God's stead on the way;
Bid seas divide, and through the parted wave
Make a sure pathway for their trembling feet;
Strike from the flinty bosom of the rock
Pure, cooling water for their burning thirst;
Call manna down from fiery, brazen skies;
Stand in the dark on thundering Sinai's top,
And with Jehovah face to face converse?
Thou may'st. But be strong. It shall be thine,
In sight of the fair Canaan of thy hopes,
The goal of thy long weary pilgrimage,
Upon some lowly Nebo's top to die,
Afar from kindly sympathy of men,
And another lead thy sorrowing people o'er.
But they shall walk in sweetest peace who tread
The lowly path of duty, plain and clear,

Content to do the work that nearest lies,
Not longing after burdens hard to bear,
But cheerful if God sends them. Thus to live
Is life's supremest wisdom.
Look abroad!

The precious fields are unto harvest white,
And there is lack of reapers everywhere.
Thrust in thy sickle ere the noon be past,
Or if thou hast not strength nor skill to reap,
Then follow after gleaning; and perchance
When home thou comest, not with empty hands,
It may be thine like Moab Ruth to sit
At evening by the Master's feet and find
Sweet favor in his sight. Who dares to say
Who best fulfills his wish, or those that reap
Or those that only glean!

Work, watch and wait.
And trust his tender love whate'er befall.
Thy pathway here may not always be smooth and even,
And sorrow may sit and sup with thee
When thou hast bidden smiling joy alone.
The vines thou'st tended with fond fostering care,
May cast their fruit untimely to the ground.
Thou mayest toil with weary hand and brain,
Alone through all the fiery day of life,
And, looking back at evening on the fields,
See thistles growing where in tears thou sowd'st
The golden grain at morning, full of hope;
And cruel disappointment come at last
To mock thy wasted years and helpless age.
Be not cast down! The soul her starry crown
Wins not by what the feeble hands have done,
But what the heart has suffered. 'Tis God's way
To perfect His beloved and prepare
The precious in his sight to dwell with Him.
The purest souls that ever blessed the earth
Have come forth from the hottest fires of pain.
The sweetest songs that ever thrilled the heart
Have by lips white with agony been sung.

Beyond some Jordan every Canaan lies.
Who will not in the wilderness abide
Athirst and hungered for his forty days
Shall ne'er along the palm-strewn highway ride
In triumph to be crowned a king of men.
But paths of peace the humble only find.
'Twas not o'er Shinar's vain, ambitious host,
Exulting in the pride of human strength—
But unto Bethel's wanderer, lone and sad,
Rock-pillowed in the desert, God drew back
The curtains of the skies, and showed revealed
The shining stairway swung 'twixt earth and Heaven.



Tom. F. McBeath.

Author of "Biopsis," and "Carmen Ætati." Native of Kentucky, now Principal of the Central Public School and Editor of "The Exponent," State Educational Journal, Jacksonville, Fla. Pages 560 and 565.

Be not a dreamer—life is not for dreamers.
They live to sorrow who but live to self.
'Tis God's unchanging plan and nature's law
That they shall reap not who refuse to sow.
Give! and without measure shall it thee be given
Of joy and hope and happiness and love.
Give without stint, for though thy store be scant,
Thou hast within the lodging of thy heart
A greater than Elijah; and fear not!
Thou canst not drain that cruse, however small,
Wherein God pours the never-failing streams
Of his rich belssing.
There is work for all.
God gems thy path with opportunities
Thick as the summer dewdrops on the grass,
Rich with His promises. But, manna-like,
They must be gathered ere the sun be risen,
And used upon the instant, else they breed
Within the heart, a never dying brood of worms
Armed with stings of vain regret,
And to a loathsome hell of torment turn
The paradise of memory.
So, from seeds
Of good, neglected, direst evils spring;
And opportunities of yesterday
Borne upward, on whose wings we might have soared
To heights immeasurable of bliss sublime,
Hang millstones 'round our necks to-day to drag
Our struggling souls beneath the unpitying wave.
Seize, then, the winged moments as they pass,
And ere they speed to Heaven's record up,
Stamp each with some good deed,
Some gentle word,
Some holy thought, some generous action done;
So shall thy treasures be laid up in Heaven;
And where thy treasures are, God says thy heart
Shall be. And where thy heart is, there thou art,
For heart is all. And Heaven thus be thine.

In "Carmen Ætati," which is indeed a most comprehensive "song of the age," I verily believe McBeath *out-Tennyson's* Tennyson himself. The thought, I think, is more beautiful, and the rhythm sweeter and more musical than Lord Alfred's "Locksley Hall." Note especially the hand of the artist as well as the *soul* of the poet.

CARMEN ÆTATI.

BY TOM F. M'BEATH.

Here upon the silent summit of this softly sunlit hill
Let us rest, to wait the coming of the evening, calm and still,
While around our fevered foreheads plays the playful wanton
breeze,

Watch the red sun slowly sinking down behind the distant trees.
Watch the purple clouds, flame-bordered, crossed with shining, golden bars,
Shouldering up behind the mountains—watch the blossoming of stars—
As the night, with stately footsteps, drives the laughing light away,
Draws the glowing, crimson curtains 'round the couch of dying day.
Gleaming like a silver serpent, seaward watch yon river glide,
Where the slanting sunlight slumbers, quivering on its burnished tide.
Far away in deep'ning purple, clear against the azure skies,
Dark-browned, solemn, circling round us, sombre hills like sentries rise.
Seest thou not the magic circle God's own hand hath 'round us drawn,
Where the lips of Heaven, stooping, rest the lips of earth upon?
So within a like circumference, circumscribed by its own hand,
Every soul—itself the centre of the world it sees—must stand;
Every part, itself the centre of the whole it comprehends,
And the circles widen only as the climbing soul ascends.
Lo! all things are full of beauty unto him whose lifted eyes
Nightly turn with love and longing upward to the starry skies.
There is nothing vile or evil in this perfect world below,
But man's thought or touch, unholy, marring it, hath made it so.
Beauty's but the bright reflection of that first proud smile of God,
When, well pleased, he saw the creature man, perfected from the clod.
And the daisies in the valley and the asters on the hill,
And the lilies of the rivers do but whisper of him still.
Though no more by priest or prophet is His wondrous will made known,
Though no more His dread commandments graves He on the flinty stone,
In the deep secluded valley, on the mountain's lordly crest,
In the winding of the river, on the robin's painted breast,
In the king-cups, in the meadows, in the rosy bars of morn,
In the rustle of the breezes through the fields of summer corn,
In the silence of the forest—God still writes with beauty's pen,
What the poets, His translators, still interpret unto men,
Laying bare the hidden real that behind each image glows,
As they voice the thought that blushes in the petals of the rose.
Teach thee, then, life's higher lesson, manhood's duties grand and stern?
Ah! I fear thou wouldst but find them lessons dull and hard to learn.
Wisdom! Wisdom! What is wisdom? And why tarries it so long?
Wisdom, grandly sings the poet, is to suffer and be strong.
Nay! Tis but a gray beard demon dwelling in the dismal tombs,
Where from out the mould of knowledge, pride, the poison fungus blooms!

Yet 'twere good to know of knowledge flashed along the path before,
If it shone out o'er the breakers from the headlands on the shore,
But what's worth the richest sunshine of a yesterday that's lost?
Who would care to burn the bridges when the foe'd already crossed?
Swiftly speeds each passing moment on its unreturning wing;
Life's day hath but one sweet morning, life's year but one blooming spring.
Only once is fought the battle on whose issue hangs our fate;
Only once the hand of fortune knocks at every closed gate!
Only once to every mortal opens Heaven's golden door—
Opens once, then swiftly closes, and, to him, forevermore!
Once we enter, and forever; or, if madly we refuse,
Only once we catch the glimpses of the glory that we lose.
O, 'tis not in gold and silver, is this life's true riches found!
Blessed are the souls that sorrow hath with tender memories crowned;
Blessed are those lips forever that have kissed the brow of pain;
Holy is the hand that girdeth, hoping *not to take again.*
Sweet the voice of one beloved, sweet is music's witching tone.
Sweeter far the lingering whispers of a joy remembered, flown.
There's a picture—shall I paint it? 'Tis a morning soft and fair,
Golden sunlight sifting gently down o'er shining amber hair,
Blue eyes bending o'er the pages of her book, I saw her go—
Back and forth from sun to shadow, slowly walking to and fro.
Often I have paused to watch her through the quivering, leafy aisles,
And the sunniest morn grew brighter with the sunlight of her smiles,
O, by night a flaming beacon, and a rosy cloud by day,
Shall the memory of that summer go before me all the way!
Evermore the world is holy; for the radiance that it flings
Still baptizes with its glory all earth's grosser, meaner things.
And a river of pure water, fresh and cool and crystal clear,
Flowing through the arid valleys of life's desert bleak and drear,
Shall that holy fount of feeling that, responsive to the stroke
Of her little lily fingers, in my flinty heart awoke,
Evermore my earthly journey still by day and night attend,
And in all my weary wand'rings follow after to the end.
He hath never lived who never, tangling all his heart within,
Tied a dainty blue sun-bonnet underneath a dimpled chin.
He who wants some one to crown him, loses, though he win the strife—
He who lacks the love of woman, lives the lesser half of life.
Ah! the old songs are the sweetest, let the world say what it will—
Old friends are the best and truest, old love is the tenderest still.
Still in vain we seek to banish from the heart the first sweet face
That within its lovelit temple held a consecrated place.
Who hath not, when sometime resting from its busy stir and strife
Woven thus some thread of fancy in the sober woof of life?
What is life for? But to gather a heap on heap the shining gold,

While the shriveled heart grows harder and the starving soul
grows old.
Then at last to die and leave it! What, O, fool, had it been worth,
If at last thou'st left with nothing, to awhile have owned the
earth?
Wealth and fame and rank and station—know ye not, O sons of
men,
Whatsoe'r from earth preceedeth, to the earth returns again,
And, returning to the bosom of its mother, deep and vast,
Drags the captive spirit downward to its level at the last?
All the gold and all the silver that the earth's dark caverns hide
Is not worth a single wild-rose blooming on the mountain side.
Not how we can make a living—nature keeps us everywhere—
But why do we live's a question worth the soul's supremest care.
Upward toward the heights of Heaven climbs one pathway steep
and fell—
Pleasant are the countless thousands that lead downward into hell.
Lo! the gates of the infernal never close by night or day,
And the tides of human nature set their currents all that way.
What is this I see before me? Why through weary day and
night,
Hollow-eyed and pale and haggard, do men toil and weep and
fight?
All the glorious independence of proud manhood cast aside,
Fawning sycophancy whining at the haughty heals of pride.
See the bloated beast of ignorance as the currish crowd *salaams*—
"*Wealth is God*," and will be worshipped in this mighty age of
shams.
Hide your faces, holy angels; hide, O Christ, thy pain marred face;
Earth God's footstool is no longer—but a vast, vile market-place!
Man the child of the Eternal, man the universal heir,
Self-sold slave unto the basest of all passions everywhere.
Honor! Virtue! Who doth want them in this age when gods do
sleep?
Silly fools! go out and buy them; they are in the market cheap.
All things have a money value; earth hath nothing now so high
That one may not safely question: "Am I rich enough to buy?"
Once again within God's temple do the thieves divide their gold,
And for less than thirty pieces daily Christ the Lord is sold.
Ye who sit on crimson cushions and 'neath silken curtains sleep,
Ye who dance and laugh and wanton while your fellows toil and
weep,
Ye who shut your more and plenty from the hungry, starving
poor,
Ye who turn God's helpless orphans empty from your gilded
door—
Know ye not God's ways are equal? Take your pleasure while
you may;
Lo! the wheel is slowly turning—ye will lie beneath some
day.
Better that the body hunger, better it starve and die,
Than the soul within its prison a forgotten captive lie.

Better but an hour of Prussia than a century of Spain,
Better three-score years of sorrow than an endless age of pain.
Here's the paradox of ages—solve it ye who solve it can—
Woman is no longer woman, but another kind of man!
She whose hand upon the lever guides the world along its way,
She whose voice can still the tempest, she whom wind and wave obey,
She would forfeit all her glory, all her matchless, mighty power,
For the poor and paltry triumph in the contest of an hour!
She who wears upon her forehead a far more than queenly crown,
For the bauble of the ballot is content to lay it down!
Woman, modest, tender, gentle, sent to brighten sterner life;
Woman in the sweet relation, mother, sister, sweet-heart, wife;
Not without its deeper import was she cast in beauty's mould—
Woman is of finer nature, higher purposed, whiter souled;
But she is not woman—she who steps down in the ranks of men;
Let us call her by her title, *Madame Fellow-Citizen.*
She who, scorning sweet dependence, in her own right arm would trust,
Does but trail her woman's garments, white and holy, in the dust,
While the words of wife and mother, holiest words on human tongue,
Mingle in the senseless ditties by the drunken rabble sung.
Give her, then, the sword and pistol, nor withhold a single right—
She would be of earth and earthy, for her kingdom she must fight!
Burn the songs of all the ages, bid the minstrels cease to sing!
Blot from out the page of passion every tender, holy thing:
Once the poet's inspiration, she is nothing finer now
Than an honest, sun-browned rustic, whistling at his dusty plow.
Yet not all! Some modest roses in the world's great garden grow,
Still content, in fragrant beauty, as God meant them, but to blow—
Roses still, that do not envy the coarse cabbage its huge head,
Even though it be more useful when the cows are to be fed.
Wise is he who can the signs of his own little time discern,
For the fickle wheels of progress do not always forward turn.
Yet the age climbs slowly upward—if, as now, it backward creep,
It is but to gain momentum for a grander, higher leap.
Backward? Great is he who truly can receive this truth sublime;
Never backward turns the shadow on the dial plate of time.
That in spite of all this seeming, spite of all our doubts and fears,
Ever upward, toward the Better, sweeps the restless tide of years.
Error hath a brief existence; and the slimy serpent, Doubt,
Only for a little moment coils Faith's shining limbs about.
Lo! the scarlet thread of purpose through the warp of being runs,
And the thought of God unfoldeth with the sequence of the suns.
Of all truths, this the sublimest, the supremest seems to me;
Nothing is; but all things only, ever changing, seem to be.
This is faith: that in all changes lies a deeply hidden plan,
And all causes work together to the lifting up of man!

"A Southern Girl" was recited with fascinating effect at the McBeath Literary Circle, by Mr. Henry Ward, a young man of Chesterfield bearing, and a natural-born elocutionist.

A SOUTHERN GIRL.

TO "A LITTLE FRIEND," BY TOM F. M'BEATH.

Describe her, my treasure, my darling?
Draw that dainty picture in words?—
I could easier put down on paper
The May-morning song of the birds!
Could I catch on that canvas a sunbeam
Flashed back from the heart of a pearl,
I might be tempted to paint you
A warm-hearted, true Southern Girl.

"Is she blonde or brunette?" What a fellow!
I am sure I can't tell, I declare,
No more than if I'd never seen her,
What color her eyes or her hair.
Who could notice the shade of those tresses
That dazzle the sight 'till it blurs?
And eyes, who could think of their color,
With a *soul* shining through them like hers?

"Her voice?" You have heard, perhaps, sir,
The mocking-bird singing at night,
In the cypress swamps by the river
When the moon rose high and bright?
Well, then, you have heard her voice,
Or something as like it you've heard
As the voice of a maiden was ever
Like the notes of the tuneful bird.

"Her form?" Why I know nothing of it!
I don't think she's stately or tall,
But I'm only conscious, when near her,
Of a glorious presence,—that's all!
Stay! Now I remember—At parting
She stood by my side, so, last night,
And her head came just here to my shoulder.
"*Petite?*" Well, perhaps you are right.

You have watched some time on the prairies
The morning breeze dandle and play
With the sweet atamasco lilies,
Just op'ning their eyes to the day?
Well, she is as lithe and as graceful
As ever a lily-stem grew;
And her face, it is sweeter and purer
Than lily-cups glistening with dew.

But to me she is simply a vision
Of Summer-land's beauty and song,
Materialized into a mortal
To move for awhile 'mid the throng

Of us commoner, earthier beings—
'Twould be to me scarce a surprise
To see her dissolve into sunbeams
And vanish up into the skies!

There! 'tis useless to question me further;
I can't put that gleam into words;
I could easier jot down the music
Of the May-morning song of the birds,
Or catch on that canvas a sunbeam
Flashed back from the heart of a pearl,
Than paint you a faithful picture
Of a warm-hearted, true *Southern Girl.*

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

TOM F. M'BEATH.

Christmas Bells is admirably adapted for a recitation. It was beautifully rendered at a Christmas entertainment of the McBeath Literary Circle by four bright, sweet girls, and the scene at the last when they all raised their hands toward Heaven and spoke in concert was indeed beautiful and impressive.

Und wie der Klang im Ohr vergeht,
Der mächtig tönend ihr entschallt,
So lehre sie, dass nichts bestehet,
Dass alles Irdische verhallt.—SCHILLER.

First Bell.

Away! Away
With sorrows to-day!
Let rose-lipped Joy
And Song and Mirth
And Love and Laughter
Make glad the earth!
While thanks for blessings
So freely given,
Ascend on the wings
Of Hope to Heaven.
Lift up! Lift up
The gladsome song
To swell the current
Of joy along!—
Be care forgotten;
Bid anger cease;
And welcome again
The Morn of Peace.—
Let pale-cheeked Sadness
Hide her face,
And in every land
By the blue sky spanned
Find not in a home or a heart a place!

Joy! Joy to all
The world to-day!
Seize the sweet
Ere it passes away!

Second Bell.

Alas! Alas!
No day so glad
But some hearts must be heavy,
Some souls be sad.
Who dares to question
The goodness of Heaven?
But the burdens of life
Seem unequally given.
While round the brightness
Of blazing fires
Gather laughing children
And smiling sires,
Happy and warm
In the arms of wealth,
Beaming with gladness
And rosy with health;
Pale wan-faced Want
And Hunger gaunt
Crouch round many a hearth to-day,
Where Poverty, cruel tyrant, reigns,
And driving the angels of Hope away,
Bind the poor in their icy chains.
On pallet of straw
Age rests the head,
And blue-lipped children
Cry for bread.

Third Bell.

Cease, cease, I pray!
On earth to-day
All hearts must be
From bitterness free.
To-day the richest gift from Heaven
To all the world was freely given,
And none must songs of praise deny,
Nor look but with eyes of love on high.
With twinkling feet,
To music sweet
The winding mazes the dancers trip;
From rougish eyes
The swift glance flies
And love—fireflashes from lip to lip.
While the ivy green
The cups entwine,
Filled to the brim
With the ruby wine,
And the fragrance rare of a thousand flowers
Distils from the fountain's pearly showers.

O life is Beauty
When hearts are gay,
And earth is Heaven
To-day, to-day!

Fourth Bell.

Tenderly, mournfully, there below,
With measured tread and weary and slow—
On rugged shoulders bearing
A pine board coffin, wearing
On pallid faces the shadows of woe,
Into the churchyard they go, they go!
The thin lips tremble,
The stricken hearts cry
"To live is to suffer—
"Tis better to die!"
Back to their hovels the mourners go,
Envying the sleeper under the snow.
Hunger torments him not,
Pain does not rack,
Poverty stings him not—
Call him not back!
O! the world is full of sorrow—
Of hearts that are breaking with sorrow!
"Joy cometh," they say, "with the morrow,"
But to-morrow comes—ever *to-morrow!*

First Bell.

Still, kissed by the sunbeams, the roses bloom.

Second Bell.

Alas! how often upon the tomb!

Third Bell.

Time blights not Joy with the frost of years.

Fourth Bell.

Nor stays he the current of Sorrow's tears!

CHORUS–(Echo).

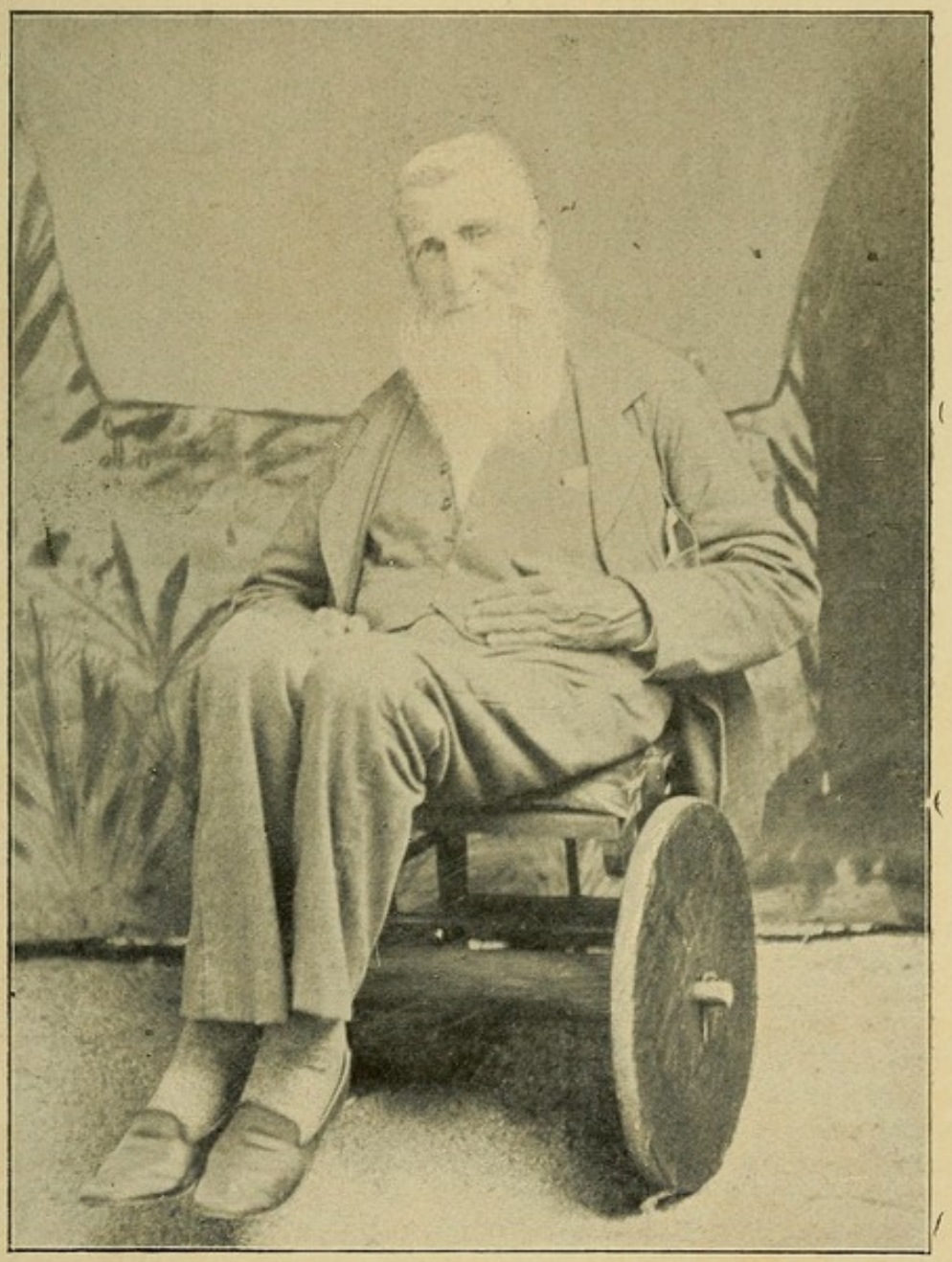
God commingles good and evil
In this changing world of ours;
Close beside the stoniest pathway
Bloom the richest, rarest flowers.
Joy and sorrow, tears and laughter,
Pain and pleasure, hope and fear,
Mingling still in human bosoms,
Keep them human still, and dear.
Over all a Father watches,
Beams a Father's smile above—
Like a white-winged angel, hovers
Over all, a Father's love!

A REMARKABLE CHARACTER.

"UNCLE FAYETTE" JEFFRIES—HAS NOT WALKED A STEP IN OVER FORTY-FIVE YEARS, YET HAS BEEN INTO EIGHTEEN STATES, AND TO CUBA BESIDES.—HAPPIER THAN A KING.—READ IT.

EDITOR SUNNY SOUTH: Just think of it! A man so terribly drawn and crippled by the fiery suffering of rheumatism that he has not walked a step in over forty-five years, yet whose inspiring pluck, faith and undying perseverance have carried him into eighteen different States and Territories and to the island of Cuba besides; who, after eight or ten years of bedridden misery and deprivation, beginning with nothing save his helpless condition, vim, sound judgment, mental gifts and sunshiny countenance, has written three books of autobiography and scattered eleven thousand copies over the South, and in addition to his extensive traveling has gathered to himself a competency in the ownership of two good homes; who, helpless and old as he is, still travels where he pleases in a buggy, entirely alone; but always "gets there," be it far or near, "safe and sound, right side up with care"; and up from whose aged, though still young heart, the purest fountains of true poetry gush like perennial springs from the heart of some great rock that grows grander and more beautiful as the years go by; and who can sit in his chair that seems almost like a throne, and tell you with an acquaintance marvellous and refreshing, of the writers of the world—historians, novelists, philosophers, above all, the poets—nearly every author of note under the sun—such a man, I feel sure, you and your readers will agree, can justly be called a *remarkable* character. This man is Mr. Thos. Fayette Jeffries, or "Uncle Fayette" as he is popularly known and loved.

Born September 15, 1829, on the banks of the "rolling Shenandoah," in Rockingham county, Va., he spent most of his childhood and youth as other Virginia farmer boys, until he was fourteen or fifteen years old, when he began to suffer great pain and inconvenience from rheumatism. For ten years almost, he lay on his bed, suffering, it seems, a thousand deaths, while the fires of pain raged through his limbs, torturing him almost beyond endurance, and burning up his strength. When this terrible affliction had spent its force, his limbs were drawn so he could not walk, and so extremely nervous was he that he could only ride on the cars by being cushioned all about with pillows. Yet, so determined was he to do something for himself, that these great obstacles which would have been insurmountable and crushing to some people, did not deter him in his purpose nor his labors. With a very limited English education, but a natural taste for literature that had been deepened and cultivated by the little reading he had been enabled to do during these years of suffering and torturing gloom, it was natural that he should hesitate somewhat when his friends urged him to write a little sketch of his life, for publication; but when he did write he told a story so



"Uncle Fayette."

Thomas Fayette Jeffries, gatherer and dispenser of heavenly sunshine, poetry, philosophy and universal love. Has not walked a step in forty-nine years, but has been in eighteen States and Cuba besides.

A Remarkable Character. Page 574.



sadly beautiful as to attract the attention and touch the hearts of all into whose hands it fell. His first book was a pamphlet of seventy pages: "TEN YEARS IN BED," or "AFFLICTION'S OWN," "written by the invalid T. F. Jeffries, with an introduction by Rev. T. D. Bell." This was published in 1855, and so encouraged was the invalid author by the reception given his first effort, that he followed it in 1857 with a book of nearly two hundred pages: "Crippled Fayette of Rockingham." This was followed three or four years later by "THE BOOK OF SUNSHINE; or THE BRIGHT SIDE OF EVERYTHING," by T. F. Jeffries, the ROLLING CHAIR INVALID."

For a number of years he traveled over the South, often in quest of health, selling eleven thousand of these books, and scattering sunshine wherever he went. Here is a little extract from a letter he wrote in his young days to his teacher, Peter Palsel, whom he greatly loved. Chrisman was a classmate of the cripple in this school, and after addressing his "Dear Preceptor," he thus speaks of his youthful hope, and mourned the death of his loved schoolmate:

"'Twas there in school by Chrisman's side
That I, Utopian joys described;
'Twas there I rose on Fancy's wing,
And thought that time would pleasure bring!
But pleasure then was at its height;
More lofty it ne'er took its flight!
Times's current came with dreadful sweep,
And 'whelmed my comrade in the deep;
Whilst friends and kindred weeping 'round,
Lament his doom in grief profound;
Nor I the least that mourn his doom—
My thoughts oft center in his tomb,
And Mem'ry brings her aching throes
Until the swimming eye o'erflows."

Our crippled hero had a special friend in the Shenandoah Valley, who was also somewhat of an invalid, resting under the bane of that slow but fatal disease, consumption. His name was Bernard Brown, and as he and Crippled Fayette had interests and tastes in common, their friendship and love for each other deeper and stronger grew. They read together, they talked together, they planned together, and agreed that neither should ever marry, but live for each other.

Some years after this agreement, fate and fortune had brought the "Rolling Chair Invalid" to Georgia, after having traveled over many States. It was in 1864; Atlanta had just been laid waste and her happy homes were burning. Crippled Fayette was resting awhile at Stone Mountain, near Atlanta, when he was greatly surprised one day by receiving a letter from his old friend, Bernard Brown, which ran somewhat like this:

"DEAR FAYETTE—I *am married!* I didn't mean to; but I fell in love with Bettie — and I just could not help it!"

After indulging in some very natural words of explanation and *pleasurable regret* about violating their old agreement, he

advised his friend "Fayette" to get married, too, telling him if he only had such a sweet wife as his "Bettie" was, she would be an angel of blessing to him in his invalid condition, and he would be so much happier. Crippled Fayette's heart was stirred—a heart so full of strong and tender sentiment, even though it was embosomed in a short, bent and crippled form; and running his memory back over his life—the suffering and especially the POVERTY which had robbed him of the tender wife his heart would have loved so well, he seized a pencil and paper, and with an old atlas on his arm for a writing-desk, and no light but the bright, sweet Southern moon, he wrote the following rhythmic letter, the thoughts showering upon him, he said, faster than he could jot them down. I do not publish it as a perfect literary gem, but it is a gem of thought and feeling under the unique circumstances. I would wish that my readers could hear him recite "Why I Am a Bachelor," as herenderedit before a large audience in the grove before my home. He is a natural elocutionist, and his striking facial expressions, so exceedingly humorous or so touchingly pathetic, add tenfold to its interest, so racy, and its beauty, so fresh and pure:

WHY I AM A BACHELOR.

Dear Bernard: Sorely I've been tried
On life's dark, lone and turbid tide;
Poor boy was I; in life's bright morn
I drove the cows and tended corn,
And delved amid the gravelly soil—
A son of penury and toil.
O! Bernard, 'twas so hard a task
To see some in the sunshine bask,
And go to college year by year,
And never have one single fear
That they should toil or sweat for bread,
Until they slumbered with the dead;
While I, a poor young boy and lame—
My heart for knowledge all aflame—
Was doomed through years to toil and weep,
And oft at night I could not sleep.
A buried mother slept the while;
Yet ofttimes I would sing and smile;
For Hope was still my faithful friend-
Nor dreamed I THIS could have an end.

Years rolled along—afflictions grew;
Sharp arrows wildly pierced me through,
'Till down upon a bed of pain
I sank; and there did I remain
For ten long years of grief and woe—
Such pangs as few on earth may know
My father was with anguish wild,
To see his third, his suffering child
Lie helpless on his bed of pain

From which he might not rise again;
My toiling sisters nursed and wept,
While all their neighbors sweetly slept;
They heard my groans of anguish rise,
And tears came in their tender eyes.
Three years one nursed me—then she died.
The other still stood by my side,
And like an angel bending o'er
The sorrows of earth's stricken shore,
She soothed me on that suffering bed—
Placed pillows gently 'neath my head,
And looked to see her brother die;
(Oft have I seen her tear-dimmed eye)
And prayed his life might yet be spared—
For me she had such sweet regard.
And my stepmother, kind and true,
Did for me all that she could do.

At length I rode eight hundred miles,
And basked awhile in Southern smiles;
Went down to Georgia in the cars,
Bore painfully their jolts and jars;
Read some, and dabbled some in rhymes,
BUT OH! HOW MUCH I LACKED THE DIMES!

Ye penniless, ye toiling host,
Let no proud son of Adam boast,
That all might have abundant store,
On earth's cold, dark, sin-stricken shore
Since Fortune's wheel is ever turning,
And pleasant homes even now are burning*—
Sweet homes where peace and plenty dwelt,
And fears of want were never felt.
I hold it true, that rich and poor
Will always crowd earth's crumbling shore;
The little bush and lofty pine
Were both made by the Hand Divine;
The little stream made by the Giver,
Fills its own place as well's the river.
Then since God's plan is mixed, 'tis vain
To attempt his plans all to explain.
But, oh, how strange it seems to me!
And Bernard, does it not seem strange to thee,
That He, the merciful and wise,
Should thus make dark my morning skies?
Yet surely it was done in love;
I'll find this out *up there—above.*

But, Bernard, I've a loving heart,
And ofttimes I have felt the smart
Of disappointment and distresses,
When I have seen bright eyes and tresses

* *June*, 1864.

Move gaily 'round me sweet as wine;
Yet not one angel e'er loved mine!—
Nor cared aught for my crippled form,
In which a heart beats true and warm.
(Not wholly true what I have said)—
Two still are living, one is dead,
Who seemed to love me kind and true,
Just like your Bettie loveth you.
But, then, I could not marry—*No!*
Upon that sea I durst not go.
One vision still my hopes would blight:
'Twas "*T. F. J., your purse is light!*"
Oh, for a little homestead then,
Placed somewhere 'mong the scenes of men,
That I might sail upon life's tide,
With one fair darling by my side!

I've written much and written long—
Say, Bernard, was it very wrong
For me to hope some lady fair,
Would love me on my rolling chair?
Alas! the lack of money, sir,
Has lost to me one angel dear,
Who loved me for myself alone—
The very thought now makes me groan,!
And this my friend's no idle tale
Cast out upon this Southern gale
To waft back to my native land
Where fields and mountains look so grand;
But 'tis a tale of truth, and I
Even now must heave a bursting sigh,
To know there's too much truth in this,
And that being poor I so much miss,
That oft I sigh for paltry gold
To buy me help when I grow old.
One favor now, I'll ask of thee:
If thou canst find a dear for me—
One that will suit me every way,
One not too sad, yet not too gay—
One that can take me by the hand
And go with me o'er sea and land,
And have a sympathetic soul
To guess what wild emotions roll
Across my weary, lonely breast—
One that can love me kind and true,
Just like your Betty loveth you,
Then I'll say "Good!" at once I'll yield,
And roam the matrimonial field.
Though you may smile and others, too,
And say, "Fayette had a heap to do,"
While someone takes up the refrain
And says derisively, "*How vain!*"
Yet this heart-tale is over true,

And I submit it here to you,
And hope that I have done no crime
In jotting down this heartfelt rhyme,
To close my rhyme and close it nice,
I'll dare to give some good advice:
O, ladies young and ladies fair,
Of drinking men beware! beware!
Bind not yourselves to them for life
And spend your days 'mid tears and strife!
No, better would it be by far
To marry my old rolling chair!
And if you said so I'd get out
That you alone might roll about;
But if you wish me to stay there,
A crippled man and rolling chair
Would do as well your days to bless
As would a drunken man I guess.

But better still, yea better far,
Than Fayette lame, or rolling chair,
Is house above not made with hands,
Where the redeemed in seraph bands
Enjoy the love of Christ, the King,
Where God's glad angels live and sing.

The effect of this heart-story, as recited by him, sitting there with bent form and venerable face, susceptible of so many inimitable expressions, was simply magical.

Now here is a recent heart-throb of his which mirrors the warmth of his bosom and the secret of his influence among those who know and love him:

WHAT IS LIFE WITHOUT AFFECTION?

What is life without affection? I have tried it up and down,
Tried it in the busy city, tried it in the quiet town;
Tried it in the lonely country, on the mountain, in the vale;
Everywhere the earnest heart-cry sent to heaven its longing wail,
Till affection came and nestled in the heart and warmed the soul,
When pure happiness ethereal over it began to roll.
Not in wealth and not in grandeur can true happiness be found,
But affection, pure and Godlike, brings the heavenly harps around.

This sweet, beautiful and fervid little poem which is worthy of one of the masters is a perfect window of insight into Uncle Fayette's nature, heart and soul. Love is his ruling passion, charity his most treasured theme. He would take the whole world in his arms if he could, and breathe into each heart the glorious love of the Divine.

Sometime ago he was at my home on my birthday, and also the forty-fifth anniversary since he had walked a step. He was taken suddenly ill and had to stay a few days longer than he intended, and I could not feel very sorry about his illness either, such a feast was his stay to my mind and heart. One day we rested together awhile on the same bed, and I could but feel impressed as I re-

flected upon the unusual picture we presented: I, an invalid so young, he, an invalid so old; he, stricken in early youth by the withering hand of disease and not able to walk for nearly half a century; I, cut down in the rosy, happy morning of life and hope, with perhaps a future of invalidism as long and unbroken as his; seeing in him now an approximate or suggestion mayhap of what I may be when time has carried me to life's high meridian, and then on down, so far down its western slope. Thinking of all he had suffered and missed in life, and of his condition then, I asked:

"Brother Jeffries, if I were to ask you to tell me in what you find your greatest happiness, what would be your answer?"

And folding his arms across his breast, his dear old face beaming with a look of happy peace, he said:

"I find my sweetest bliss in just folding my arms, and resting with perfect trust on the bosom of my Maker."

O philosopher! O skeptic! come and look at such a picture—such a beautiful, inspiring picture of one of life's noblest, wisest and happiest *believing* philosophers, and learn a lesson that will bring harmony to your faith and reason, and peace to your earnest soul.

The very soul of natural poetic feeling and expression, Uncle Fayette is at the same time one of the most deeply philosophical intensely practical and refreshingly judicious men I ever knew.

Many *Sunny South* readers, no doubt, who read this article, and remember Mr. T. F. Jeffries, the "Rolling Chair Invalid" who, thirty years ago, traveled over the South, and especially many now living in the Shenandoah valley in Virginia, and among the picturesqe mountains of East Tennessee, will be glad to know that this truly remarkable character is still living in comparatively good health at Smyrna, Cobb county, Ga., loved and honored by those who know him, as a shining monument to Christian manhood, patience, intelligence, perseverance, work and hope.

Although bent and short in form, he has a faith and love high enough to reach to Heaven above! "Earnest Willie."

MY BROTHER-COUSIN AND HIS VISIT.

COMMEMORATED IN HAPPY EXUBERANT VERSE.

In September, '87 when I was on bed, very helpless indeed, my cousin, Oscar L. Kelley (then living at Palmetto, Ga.), whom I have long loved almost as dearly as a brother, came to see me one Sunday, having to rise very early and go over two railroads, both going and coming.

As he sat by my bedside just before he went away, talking with delight of his trip, I read to him the poem, "A Visit from Three Merry Schoolgirls," which I had recently written. He was generously enthusiastic in his commendation, and just as he left, I said to him: "Suppose you write up your trip to Powder Springs?" He replied: "Good! I will!"

In a few days it came, going into almost every amusing and touching detail, and was of course greatly enjoyed by the little circle of friends for whom it was especially intended.

Oscar was then a plain country boy, and of course realized that this poetic effusion was far from being classical and finished. It was intended more as a letter in rhyme. By dint of powerful effort he has since climbed to higher heights in the realm of letters, and now smiles at the simplicity of many of his verses. It is not given as a literary gem, by any means, although there are many gems of expression in it. The remainder of this supplement is to be largely personal and this poem is preserved here as a *personal* reminiscence, feeling that it will interest all my friends who will imagine themselves in our places, and read it through.

And then, too, it is given place here in loving recognition of a congenial, brotherly friendship that has lived through years of kindred hopes, boyish plans and glowing anticipations, many of which have been happily realized by him, and—*missed by me*—a friendship that has been deepened by the sweeter ties of Christian love and brightened for time and for eternity by the more glorious light of Christian hope. For, although Oscar and I belong to different religious denominations, we have the *same Saviour*, and rejoice with each other in that Saviour's love and work.

"EARNEST WILLIE."

MY VISIT TO POWDER SPRINGS.

BY OSCAR L. KELLEY.

September, with her chilling winds
Then blowing bleak and cold,
Had changed the vernal robes of Spring
Into autumnal gold.
And in her wane the silver moon
Approached her zenith high,
And gazing on the Orient sun,
The stars faded from the sky.

A clarion tone from some barnyard
Of neighbors living near,
Announced the fact to your humble bard
That day's approach was near.
And up I got, as light as a bird
Just spreading its happy wings,
And in my mind the very first word
Was my visit to Powder Springs.

With hurry and bustle I began to dress
And make my toilet complete,
And soon in a suit of my very best
I was robed from head to feet.
From the coming train I heard a sound,
And with anything but a sigh,
I sped alone for the depot bound,
Wishing Lummie, my host, good-bye.

A weary passenger from a distant land,
Who had been on the train all night,
Seemed sad to me, with a heart of sand,
With mine so free and light.

With anxious words my weary friend
Began myself to quiz,
To see if my gleeful heart would send
A magic spell to his.
With tales for which I'd longed before
I could not be impressed,
Niagara, with her awful roar,
Would have been but weariness.

Aurora with her robes of gold
Now dressed the realms of night,
And fearing her successor to behold
She fled before his light.
The king of day in lustre shone
O'er his dominion given,
And lo! each bush, grass-blade and stone
Had stolen a star from heaven.

Ere this the train had reached the bounds
Of the Southland's city Queen,
And when my eyes from the stars turned round
The carshed could be seen.
With Brother Charlie I conversed,
The hours I thought to shorten,
And only a while had interspersed
When here came in Will Auten.
Happy was I to see Will,
And he seemed the same to me;
Where he was going I did not ask,
For I remembered well *Miss Lee.*
Gus Anderson was right behind him;
With his beaver he looked quite "tony";
Without question I assigned him
To go to see *Miss Donie.*
Soon sped the time for us to board
The waiting "E. T." train;
How happily our hearts were stirred
As nearer the Springs we came!
The day was now beautiful, warm and clear,
And the sun with its tropical ray
Had dispersed the gloom of autumn
With a happy summer day.

* * * *

How Auntie, Sallie and Addie,
Uncle David, Lucius and Glenn,
With Cousin Mollie from Kansas
Encircled me in a pen!
Then next to the room of Willie,

The patient invalid boy,
I approached with glad and merry step,
And his face was alight with joy.
I sat right down beside him
His weary hours to cheer,
But a wiser friend than I was
Had been with him—'twas clear.
For, in hours of seeming anguish,
When rivers of tears might flow,
And life seems but a burden,
He to this Friend will go.
He lies beneath God's chastening rod
Without a single fear,
And bears the *rivers* of sorrow more calmly
Than I could bear a tear.
But, while his physical body has failed him
And no strength to him is spared,
Yet what is higher, and nobler and grander,
His *soul* is unimpaired!
And from his couch of affliction,
So weary, stern and cold,
He preaches grander sermons
Than Spurgeon could unfold!
But here, for want of time and space,
I'm not allowed to dwell;
And 'twould take an angel's tongue
The story right to tell.

* * * *

At Sabbath-school Miss Leola first
Met my anxious gaze;
With face so bright and voice so sweet
She sets the boys ablaze.
Then turning 'round, behind me stood
Miss Donie, a fair brunette,
With face so sweet and she so good
That angels couldn't fret.
And next I saw Miss Jimmie—Oh!
So dignified and smart,
That she had sent a magic spell
Around Cousin Lucius's heart.
But, Ah! quite soon there met my gaze
The one I went to see,
And she appeared somewhat amazed
At the sudden sight of me.
With form so slender, tall and straight,
With sparkling eyes so bright,
With face of angelic sweetness,
Fitted for realms of light.
With her consent I went with her home,
And I think 'twas not in vain.
For ere I left for Uncle's "tent,"
She said I could come again.

Then back to Willie's room I sped
To spend awhile with him,
And cheer his weary hours
That seemed to me so dim.
We talked of things which we had seen,
Fancied, strong and silly,
And thus could many hours be spent
So pleasantly with Willie.
But ah, time was not all my own;
So away from him I whirl;
However pleasant he might be,
I'd rather see my girl!
So back to the "Christian" home I went
To spend the afternoon,
And scarce in life had e'er there been
To me a sweeter boon.
Ah! had anxiety deceived me,
Were my anticipations vain?
Reality brought no sorrow alone,
And that was: *I couldn't remain!*
Our trip to the Spring I'd like to tell,
How sweet were the songs of the birds,
How pleasant the shade of the aged beech,
But I fail for want of words.
Realization alone can know
How pleasantly the hours passed;
Words with *heart* and *emotion*
Would be required for the task.
But ah, alas! as all things are,
This, too, must have an end;
It matters not how hard it seems,
Here pleasures with sorrow blend!
The brightest hours in this sad world
Portend some coming sorrow;
The brighter shines the sun to-day,
More gloomy the clouds to-morrow.
Calmly and serenely sinks the sun
In the far-off Western sky;
The deeds of this bright day are done,
And it, too, alas! must die.
Yet, youthful joys can never die,
For memory holds the prize,
And paints the parting joy or sigh
On recollection's skies.
And there, amid the coming fates,
That good or ill may send,
Each thought that calmly, sweetly waits,
Thinks: "*Ah, what might have been.*"

ONE HOUR WITH THEE.

[NOTE.—Save the melancholy expression in the last verse, whose sadness I would drive away before the smile of heavenly trust, how sweet and tender the following lines by that master of music and rhythm, Montgomery M. Folsom. They will call up many a sacred experience in other hearts.]

One hour with thee, when in the dell
The tawny twilight shadows fell,
Inlaid with bars of silvery sheen
That fell from glittering stars serene,
And in the sunset's failing light
Queen regnant of the autumn night,
In splendor shone the maiden moon,
And crickets chirped a pleasant tune
And katydids low vespers hummed,
And in the darkling branches drummed
The drone of some belated bee—
I spent that last sweet hour with thee.

One hour with thee, *so silent then,*
With words too deep for mortal pen;
I *basked* in that delicious trance,
Our hearts too full for utterance,
Two spirits blended into one,
With pulse beats timed in unison;
We watched the day's departing glow
And caught the cadence, sweet and low,
Of errant winds that swept the woods
And filled their scented solitudes
With strains of music, wild and free—
One hour with thee—one hour with thee!

One hour with thee! Can I forget,
Though by the cares of life beset,
The warm hand-clasp, the soft caress,
The look of melting tenderness;
The greeting smile, the parting sigh,
And then, at last, the fond good-bye?

Now, after we such joys have known,
So sad that we must walk alone,
And hide beneath each placid brow
A heavy heart that's aching now;
Oh, how I long and long to be—
If but an hour—one hour with thee.

PSALMS OF DAVID.

[NOTE.—The following, by Mrs. L. Richards, a cultured and zealous, sweet spirited Christian lady, of Canton, Ga., appeared in the *Christian Index* a few years ago, and such a rare and rich feast of heart-searching questions with an answer to every one from the

Psalmist's own experiences, that I give them here, hoping and praying that they will be to many hearts such a well-spring of spiritual refreshing as they have been to mine.]

Lives there a weary, travel-stained pilgrim who has never come to this Bible fountain and been refreshed? Its waters are clear and sparkling, reflecting the image of a heart laid bare to the all-searching eye of God. In the desert of life, here is an oasis, a sweet resting place. Here is a healing balm for every wound the world may inflict. Here is a cordial for the faint, given by the hand of his inspiration. In its waters there is a virtue, and to the taste "sweeter than honey and the honeycomb."

"As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so pantheth my soul after thee, O God!" is a sweet draught to a soul thirsting, longing for a more intimate communion and fellowship with the Father.

Have you sorrows, have you sins, have you joys, have you thanks, go with the sweet singer in Israel and with him lay them at the Master's feet. David laid bare to God his whole heart Ah! the sweet communion and love of David and his God was far closer and more intimate than the friendship of Jonathan and David. "Judge me, O God!" was his continual prayer. There was ever a sweet confidence and trust in "the Rock that is higher than I"; "a refuge under the shadow of thy wing." How strikingly beautiful is David's confidence in God's grace: "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want."

Are you weary? Like David, "Rest in the Lord." Are you forsaken? "When my mother and father forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." Are you in doubt as to the right path? "I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way in which thou shalt go." "Wait on the Lord; be of good cheer, and he shall strengthen thine heart; wait, I say, on the Lord."

Are you in the midst of trouble? "My times are in thy hand. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me." Are you procrastinating? "To-day if you will hear his voice, harden not your heart." Is your heart broken, tender, easily touched? "A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise." Would you pray? "Evening, morning, and at noon, will I pray." Would you sing? "Come before his presence with singing." Do you love God's house? "I was glad when they said unto me, 'Let us go into the house of the Lord." Would you tell of God's goodness to you? "I will speak of thy wondrous work." "I have not hid thy righteousness within my heart." Would you be humble? "I am a worm and no man." Have you sinned? "Create in me a clean heart, O God." Do you trust in God's grace? "Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow." Do you wish for the joy you once felt? "Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation." Would you praise God? "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me bless his holy name!" Have you been tempted? "My feet were almost gone; my steps had well nigh slipped." Are you brought to an extremity? "Whom have I in Heavenn but thee? And there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee." Are you

living near to God? "I am continually with thee; thou hast holden me by thy right hand." Are you overwhelmed with sorrows? "The day is thine; the night also is thine." Do you weep? "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh with the morning."

Is there solicitude as to worldly prosperity? "I have been young, and now I am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." Are you entering the dark valley of the shadow of death? "Into thy hands I commit my spirit." Do you rejoice at the thought of the resurrection? "I will behold thy face in righteousness; I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness."

MRS. L. RICHARDS.

Canton, Ga.

SOMEHOW.

[NOTE.—This tender, touching poem, "Somehow," whose very sadness sings a sweet and pensive music, was written by a lady whom I know—one whose life has indeed been wrapped in sombre earthly shadows, but whose unshaken faith has gloriously lived and brightened through it all, until now she seems verily to live ever on the mound with Jesus, and is one of the most consecrated Christian characters whose acquaintance has ever blessed my life.]

"I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness." Psalm xvii, verse 15.

I know not how: my life's sad web
  I cannot finish weaving!
Try as I may, 'tis useless all,
  And vain my bitter grieving,
For all the knotted frazzled ends
  So hopelessly are tangled,
And all the music of my life
  Is one discordant jangle.

The chancel of my vacant heart
  Is shadowed, still and lonely,
The prayers long breathed for peace and love
  Sad echo answers only;
Hope's flow'rs that on youth's wayside bloomed
  Are faded all and shattered,
Their shriveled petals far and wide
  Like thistle down are scattered.

Bright dreams, that in the years agone
  With tantalizing sweetness,
Sought with aerial forms to fill
  Life's mocking incompleteness,
For their return how vain the watch
  Fond memory still is keeping:
Beneath the dust of crumbling years
  Full long they have been sleeping.

Oh empty heart! oh shattered hopes!
Oh dreams with light bespangled!
That perished in their infancy.
Oh life with threads all tangled!

My soul along Time's horizon
A sleepless watch is keeping,
My busy brain Thought's cycle is
Continually sweeping;
My tired fingers stiffened grown
From ceaseless toil are aching;
My weary eyes, they fain would close
In sleep that knows no waking.

Try as I may I cannot get
Life's knotted skein untangled,
Nor change to music e'er again
It's loud discordant jangle.

I know not how; only *somehow*,
When done with earth and grieving,
The Hands Divine my life shall take—
Its sad web finish weaving;
Shall even trim the frazzled ends,
The knotted skein untangle;
And change to music glad and sweet
Its loud discordant jangle.

Somehow my empty shadowed heart
Be filled to overflowing
With light and joy and peace and love
Beyond all earthly knowing.

BURTON.

Atseena Otie, Fla.

GOD'S POOR.

[NOTE.—The following poem is one of the most recent gems from the pen of that genial, brilliant and popular *attaché* of the Atlanta *Constitution*, Mr. Lucian L. Knight—a young man whose noble Christian character flows so often with refreshing melody from gifted pen. That the touching picture in this poem may bless the heart of every mother and father who reads it, and cause many to make sacrifices of personal ease and luxury for the sake of "God's poor," is the hope and prayer of the author.]

A tear—a frail, weak human tear—from pity's deepest well,
Flashed answer to a thought divine and then in silence fell.

'Twas from a woman's tender soul that silent tear was drawn,
Where, after all, in truth at last, the world's best love is born.

A little child with golden curls was nestled on her lap,
Serenely dreaming in the edge of childhood's rosy nap.

Though wealth had brightened every nook with art's unfeeling joy,
The fondest treasure of that home—its sunshine—was her boy.

What hopes of him lit up the years with expectation's beam
As flowers charm with every hue the air in which they dream.

She thought of him and, too, of those who knew no mother's care,
But wandered through the night alone, amid the wind's despair.

"Oh, God," she thought, as lovingly she kissed his ringlets bright,
"Suppose my boy, without a home, were in that storm to-night."

Then gushed the tears and with it came that fair and wondrous thought,
So pure it must have dropped from Heaven with God's own pity fraught.

A plan long cherished for herself was from its purpose turned,
And in her heart a new desire with sweeter incense burned:

When Christmas with its merry torch lit up the frozen year,
Each humble child she knew enjoyed the bounty of her tear!

Oh God! among the scattered saints increase Thy hallowed gold,
And raise up men, with answering hearts, Thy needy to behold.

Through Him whose lot was lowly, too, may all this pleasure know:
How well they show a Saviour's love who deign to love the poor!

HEAVEN.

[NOTE.—Many good people speak of Heaven as if the chief joy there will be meeting the loved ones gone before. Well, that will be sweet indeed of course, but to me it seems that the crowning glory of Heaven will be meeting Jesus, who redeemed me.

"Upon the crystal pavement down at Jesus' pierced feet
With joy I'll cast my golden crown and His dear name repeat."

The following beautiful lines by Fannie H. Marr express far better than I can my idea of Heaven.]

There's a city above with its pearly gates,
Its walls of jasper, its streets of gold,
Its great white throne, its river of life,
And mansions whose glories can never be told;
To the faithful of earth that city is given,
But city, and mansion, and throne are not Heaven.

There are soft, cooling shades, there are pastures and streams
There are airs that breathe but perfume and life;
There's a glory of light that unfadingly gleams
And echoes that whisper of peace—not strife;
There never a cloud o'er the brightness is driven,
But pastures, and light, and streams are not Heaven.

There are angels that stand in the presence of God;
There are prophets who spake as the Spirit gave word;
There are martyrs who sealed their faith with their blood,
And saints who rejoiced on earth in the Lord.
All spotless they stand, all washed and forgiven,
But angels, and prophets, and saints are not Heaven.

There are songs whose melody never shall end;
There are crowns that neither press heavy, nor fade;
There are harps whose tones all fancy transcend,
And joys that never a grief can invade;
There's a rapture from which every sorrow is driven,
But anthems, and harps, and crowns are not Heaven.

All glorious, and perfect, and pure as they are,
They still not the Spirit, they fill not the heart:
Still higher it seeks its life-giving air,
Still struggles and sighs for a nobler part.
Oh! something more than these must be given,
Ere the raptured soul exults in its Heaven.

For what are the cities, the pastures and streams,
The angels, the prophets, the crowns, and the songs?
What is the joy, the radiance that gleams
Eternal and pure o'er the numberless throngs?
Glorious, and perfect, and fadeless, and fair,
What are they all if Christ be not there?

Where the presence of God eternally dwells,
And the Saviour that loved us is seen and known;
Where the glory that gleams, and the rapture that swells,
Are the joys that flow from His favor alone;
Where the smile of Jehovah to each one is given,
Where Father, Son, Spirit are, there is our Heaven.

GEMS FROM MY CASKET.

Gladly following the suggestion of Col. John H. Seals, these gems from my casket are given.

As editor of the *Sunny South*, he was acquainted with the generosity with which my unknown friends had voluntarily responded to my published letters, both through the paper and in sweeter, brighter and dearer private letters, and he said to me: "You ought to publish some of those letters in your book. They come from every quarter of the South; they are very bright, crisp, entertaining, and ofttimes touching, and your friends and readers everywhere who are interested in you, especially because of your condition, will be glad to read these letters—these tokens of esteem, and see what others think of you. And, too, they will be gladder still to learn through these spontaneous evidences of the good you have been enabled to do."

Ah! "the good you have been enabled to do?" Sweet as all these expressions of sympathy that follow, a hundredfold sweeter,

it seems to me, are the assurances, which these letters contain, that hearts have been cheered, new hopes and purposes inspired, and lives strengthened and brightened. I thank God!

That you may be entertained and ultimately blessed, is the crowning motive which influences me in publishing here a very few of the many letters—grave and gay, grand and simple, funny and touching—which I have received. Verily they are my greatest earthly wealth. They are more precious to me than gold dust picked from a falling meteor. Humbly, gratefully, happily,

"EARNEST WILLIE."

"DREAM."

EATONTON, GA., Woodland Hall.

COUSIN "EARNEST WILLIE"—Are you surprised? Since first I heard of you through "Dearie," and since your sweet, earnest letter to our "Box," I have longed to say just *one little word* to comfort you—you who have written so beautifully to the *Sunny South*. Yes, your letter was sad and full of tender pathos; such cords awake soft, sad strains on Nature's lyre, and my own heart softly echoes them there.

"Dearie" and "Bonnie Sweet Bessie" have told me of you, and I am so glad to know you accept all so patiently and submissively. Know thou, dear "cousin," the silver gray clouds will some day drift apart and a bright stream of beauteous light will break for you, to renew all of your glowing anticipations, for God will ever watch over you with loving care, and will feel more compassionately for you than any one else can feel.

When you are most grieved, let the consciousness of His love and mercy comfort and cheer you.

How I wish I could have been with dear Lillie Buice when she called to see you! but you'll think of "Dream" sometimes, won't you? Remember, her dark, dreamy eyes will *brighten* with gladness to hear that you are well.

"Now may angels guard thy dreamings,
And make them rosy bright—
May their forms divinely beaming,
Tell thee truly, 'all is light.'"

Your unknown cousin,

"DREAM."

"BASHFUL TOM"—POOR FELLOW!

LOUISBURG, N. C.

"*Earnest Willie*," *Powder Springs, Ga.:*

DEAR WILLIE—Your letter in the last issue of the *Sunny South* accounts for the photograph enclosed.

I am afflicted with a most terrible malady, and consequently appreciate your loneliness, so it is with pleasure I comply with requests from persons destined to spend lives of loneliness as you and myself.

You will think it strange that though I have strong limbs and a healthy body, I am as much of a recluse from society (that of ladies) as yourself.

I am accursed with *bashfulness*—and would, I believe, sometimes, as lief be compelled by affliction to remain at home, as to be hindered by such an awful state of mind as the bashful boy possesses.

I have made resolution after resolution to throw aside such "foolishness," and be as other boys, visit and try to enjoy the company of young ladies, but as often have I failed entirely when called upon to "face the music." I am not at all sensitive about my disease (?), but can enjoy a laugh when I hear of any of the many awkward positions in which bashful boys are wont to place themselves. I rarely hear one but that I can truthfully assert "*I have been there.*"

Perhaps I ought not to write you in this manner, but feel that you will at least console me with some wholesome advice.

I am very sure that I esteem the opposite sex—yes, love it, as well as any boy, and think that should some one of the many sweet creatures I see from time to time get near enough for me to reach out and touch her, and she didn't bite, I might gradually learn to enjoy the society of girls, and seek, rather than shun them.

Will you please be so kind as to find me a real sweet, congenial (not as to bashfulness, though) correspondent from your numerous list? I will always thank you for it.

Yours sincerely,

"BASHFUL TOM."

P. S.—If you take exceptions to the very familiar style of this letter, please excuse and attribute it to the fact that I feel as if I had known you a long time.

Yours,

"BASHFUL TOM."

"MOSQUITO."

————————, S. C.

Mr. Will D. Upshaw, Powder Springs, Ga.:

DEAR "EARNEST WILLIE"—I have longed often after reading one of your charming letters in our dear *Sunny South* to write you, but only to-night commenced the pleasant task. When I open the paper my eyes scan its pages until "Earnest Willie" calls my attention. I always feel bright after your chats. Wish so much *my* life to be a shining light o'er the dark, stormy voyage of earth's pathway. Dear, patient, earnest Will, how many heartaches are made to stop its wild throb by your own gentle voice! I have one of the most pleasant homes under the brilliant sun, everything to make life bright and happy; not a cloud has, as yet, darkened my sunny sky. Youth, health, happiness. And still I haven't made one effort to make others happy. 'Tis true, grandma, darling, tells me my sunny smiles make all day long seem joyous, but what is a smile? It costs nothing after all. You are a Christian, and your life is one grand sweet song." Ah!

"Earnest Willie," would that more of us were invalids if it would make our lives magnets for other struggling, tired souls to reach Heaven and rest. I am a wild, merry and care-free Dixie girl; seventeen lovely springtimes with their flowers, birds and silvery moonlights have passed with a tender touch over my "raven tresses."

I have such famous times "Willie," and oh! so many royal chums. How much I wish you could stroll "'neath the starlight" some balmy nights with some of our jolly crowds. But, "God knoweth best."

"Groping blindly from day to day,
Stumbling o'er pebbles that lie in the way;
Bruised and faint—strength almost gone,
Impelled by hope to wander on,
We *find at last* the smooth safe road
That leads up to the throne of God."

I sincerely trust it may be this *wild* Mosquito's *fate* to have a real long, pleasant chat with "Earnest Willie." Remember, always, that I shall esteem you highly, and shall always think of young Mr. Upshaw as brave, patient "Will." May your "guardian angel" watch o'er you tenderly. I do not expect a reply, and only write to let "Earnest Willie" know how much genuine pleasure his letters give to a dreadful MOSQUITO.

"LUCILE."

INDEPENDENCE, MISS.

DEAR "COUSIN"—Alone, and lonely, my thoughts involuntarily wander to you in your distant home and I think that if you in your affliction brave life so nobly, so cheerfully, surely I, with health, a pleasant home, and a number of friends should be contented.

But you know, "Into each life some rain must fall."

I so often think of you and when I read your letters in the dear old "Sunny," I long to see you face to face, and beg of you to teach me the way to the land of contentment.

I wish you were here with me to-day, and I would banish all sad thoughts and devote my time and attention to you. First, I would play for you—do you love music? Then when you tire of that, I would read to you from my favorite poems

"Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That would soothe the restless feeling
And banish all thoughts of day."

Cousin Willie, I send you my picture, and may I hope that when you gaze on it you will kindly lend a thought to your unknown cousin?

I must leave, for I fear I have already intruded.

May God bless you, is the simple yet earnest prayer of

"LUCILE."

P. S.—I did not ask you to write, for I feared I would be asking too much, yet should you feel inclined to do so, I assure you no one would appreciate your letters more, or take more real pleasure in answering them than I. "LUCILE."

"SNOWBIRD."

MONTGOMERY, ALA.

DEAR "EARNEST WILLIE"—

The day is over and done,
The sun has gone down in the West,
The birds are asleep, every one,
And the world has gone to its rest.

Here I come overflowing with song. "Snowbird!" do you remember her?

I have just been reading your letters to the *Sunny South*, and they are always so comforting to me.

I keep *all* your letters among my "treasures," but one particularly—your Christmas letter. O my friend, *you wrote like one inspired* that day. You are one of the very few Christians who are not ashamed to let the world know it, and I admire—yes, *honor* you for it. And when you spoke so resignedly and patiently of your little brother's death (and it must, indeed, have been a severe trial), it made me cry; for I, too, suffered a similar affliction little more than a year ago—my first *real* sorrow—and, oh, it was so comforting to feel that some one else had suffered as I had, and could sympathize with me. But there! I do not want to sadden you; forgive me if I have already done so.

Let me thank you for the seeds of good which you scatter, so unsparingly, in the hearts of all with whom you come in contact; and, remember, the good seeds will, some day, bring forth a rich harvest—and one that you will be happy to garner.

What a beautiful night this is!—the bright, round moon and the glimmering stars in a clear, blue sky overhead; and at my open window is wafted in the zephyr breezes—laden with the delightful odor of the honeysuckle and rose. Ah! whenever I see such a night as this, I invariably wonder what God made such an insignificant creature as I for; and gazing at the twinkling stars and blue sky, sets me to wondering—if, when I die, any loved one will be waiting beyond the sky to welcome me. But, oh, what a dreamer I am! Do you care to hear something of "your humble servant"? Well, I am just seventeen, exactly five feet in height, am—oh, *such* a dreamer! and belong to the Baptist church.

Oh, "Earnest Willie!" *do* hurry up that "sweet day," in which you are to write me that long-promised letter.

Some time ago I read the little poem (which I enclose) in a paper; my thoughts flew at once to my invalid friend, and I determined to send it to you.

And now I must bid you good-night, for the deep-toned city bell has already tolled the solemn midnight hour.

Again thanking you for the pleasure and comfort I have derived from your letters to the *Sunny South*, and also for your kind, encouraging words regarding my "poetical merit," I am, with best wishes for your future health and happiness—

Your "Letter Box" friend,
"SNOWBIRD."

"CECIL."

FRANKLIN, TENN.

DEAR "EARNEST WILLIE," OR I FEEL LIKE CALLING YOU BROTHER WILL—Let's "play like" we are children—you my brother way down in "Georgy," and I your little sister, 'way up here in Tennessee. How will that do? Do you like it? "Yes," did you say? I am so glad.

My brother Will, you cannot know how much good your letters in the *Sunny South* have done me, and others, too, enjoy them, and are blessed. Only the other day I heard a little girl of fifteen say: "I'll declare! 'Earnest Willie' writes the *best* letters in the *Sunny South*."

I have had much sickness in my little home circle. One little brother was crippled a long time—then went "Home." I am prepared to feel for you as some perhaps cannot do. And I hope you will not think me sentimental when I tell you that I *often pray* for you.

Your little friend and sister,

"CECIL."

"GOLDIE ASHBURN."

RUSK, TEX.

MY DEAR "COUSIN" AND FRIEND—What *must* I say about your sweet, cheering letter of sympathy and consolation? How *can* I tell you how much good it did my poor sorrowing heart?—I felt that none but a noble, Christian heart could have uttered those life-giving words—words fraught with so much brotherly love and sympathy.

Ever since January, 1889, my life has been one "bleak December day," with only an occasional gleam of sunshine breaking though the murky clouds.

I've wanted, Oh! *so* often, to write to you and tell you all I felt, but "somehow or other" I never did. I've thought of you often; how patient and uncomplaining you were through all your suffering and confinement, while I was ever and anon murmuring at my darkened sky. Not that I would murmur at a *little* cloud, for "who wants eternal sunshine or shadow? Who would fix forever the loveliest cloud work of an Autumn sunset, or hang over him an everlasting moonlight?" Not I, truly. But it did seem that my cross was *too heavy* to bear. But during all this suffering with my darling mother constantly before me, with her meek and patient face, I've learned to be patient and do try, *oh! so hard* to be good. I can't say I'm a Christian, but I do try *very hard* to be as our Master would wish. About eight years ago I joined the Baptist church, and I think I was truly converted, but I soon became *lukewarm* and being very young then, I took up the worldly pleasures. But when the sunshine of my life began to disappear I tried to be good, and now, since my mother died, *I am determined* to be good; for she, with her last breath, bade us meet her in that "Beautiful Boyond"; and God being my helper, I will.

Dear cousin, *can't you, won't you*, tell me how to be good? I know 'tis a hard question, but, Oh! you don't know how I do long, Oh! so intensely to be a good, true Christian! not a Christian in name only, but in deed and in truth.

God has made my burden easier to bear, and I do trust in His own good time, He'll "guide me gently where the light reaches to the far off glory that is never dimmed with night."

I do ask, my friend, your prayers in my behalf: pray that God will—

"Teach my eyes to look up higher,
Far away from transient things!"

Your true "cousin" and friend,
"GOLDIE ASHBURN."

Yield your whole heart and life to Christ; obey *every impulse of* His Spirit, and the blessing will come to you now or in God's own good time. Look ever to Jesus, and you will be, oh so happy! "EARNEST WILLIE."

AN "ECHO."

WHENCE? ECHO ANSWERS—"WHENCE?"

"EARNEST WILLIE"—I wish to beg your pardon for making a promise through the *Sunny South* that I cannot now fulfill—that of sending you a photograph of myself. When I had them taken, I gave each sister one and distributed the rest among my friends. I thought I could use the ones that I had given to the "sissies" when I wanted them, but I find to my sorrow that I have none even for my "Prince Charming" when he comes.

While waiting for the lovely (?) picture, I'll endeavor to give you a faint idea of how I look, etc.

I am *very* tall, have fair skin, light hair and dark blue eyes. Am, at times, *right good looking;* and many times, ugly, or else the *glass* gets very much out of order. My disposition cannot possibly be described, as it is not to be depended on at all, "I know not to-day what the morrow will bring forth."

The only thing I do know about myself is, that I'm a well-meaning girl." I feel like a real St. Elmo to-day—I have had such a heart-breaking disappointment. I'll tell you about it if you care to listen:

You spoke of your boyhood friend in your *Sunny South* letter, and perhaps you know what it is to have a true, loving friend; I hardly think you ever loved your friend like I did mine—my beautiful innocent darling. We shared each other's joys and sorrows almost from babyhood, so, so many years! but one night she and a friend of hers were indulging in something I did not know my precious girl knew anything about—"gossip," and without thinking of what she was doing, she told her friend all I had ever told her confidentially.

A person may confide in one, but not in two; so I soon heard all that passed between them. She, thinking herself so much to blame, has no loving word nor old-time smile for her once loved friend. *I* do forgive her with all my heart, but I cannot forget.

Now, returning to my disposition, you see I'm rather disposed to be gloomy when dwelling on these pages; again, I'll think this world was made to be gay in—"We should make the most of life." I'll laugh and talk, have beaux, try to make myself very agreeable; when some one will come to me and say: "My dear girl, do you intend to marry Mr. So and So?" I am very much astonished, and answer, "certainly not." "Well, you are encouraging him, and that looks very much like flirting." *Flirting! I* who was always taught to look upon a flirt as something awful! I turn very white and give Mrs. or Miss "Warner" a good fright. Then come some letters, and I read something very much like this: "I love you dearly" *I?* I did not think any one could really care for *me!* I am sorry now, oh, so sorry! but that does not mend matters, and I have a desperate spell of the blues. I wonder if any one *does* have as much fun and as much trouble as I do? I have one of those letters to answer now, and honestly, I'm downright sick.

I guess you are tired of me now; so asking one favor of you I will close: When you read my poor uninteresting letters in the "Letter Box," just say "I will excuse her naughtiness, for she, after all, is a well-meaning girl," and a lonely

"ECHO."

"CECIL."

FRANKLIN, TENN.

DEAR BROTHER—My little brother is dead. Your letter, so full of the kindly sympathy I knew was in your heart, came to me the day after he was buried. I knew you would pray, true, earnest and sincere prayers, and I wanted them. You walk so close to God! We both prayed—all of us prayed—for his recovery, if that was best. And when he grew better and the doctors told us they thought to have him up real soon, my soul was exceedingly joyful. But when he grew worse and lockjaw came on, my heart seemed nigh to breaking, though I knew God's wisdom and that "He doeth all things well." Oh, how I prayed, as I watched! prayed for strength for us all; and strength for myself that I might be quiet for mamma's sake; dear little mamma, whose health is delicate and for whom I feared—oh how I feared! He suffered more than anyone I ever saw; it was terrible for anyone to witness, but for us who loved him so! "The most heroic little soldier we ever saw," the doctors said.

From first to last he bore it, as I would have deemed it impossible.

I was with him until it was nearly over; with him until papa went to tell mamma, who had broken down; a few minutes and he was dead. All night I sat by mamma, save once when I went back to look on the lifeless form of my darling. How sweetly he had fallen asleep! A smile, the most real and beautiful I ever saw, was on the little face. Surely he was not dead, but sleeping. I clipped from his head a lock of hair and kissed the smiling mouth. O my brother!

Will, it was the first time I *couldn't cry.* The tears came so little, and my heart hurt so! God answered my prayer.

So many dear friends crowded 'round us from the first; I knew the world was full of kind, loving hearts, but how full I didn't realize before.

Don't forget us when you pray; I know that you will not.

He was the last boy, and I cannot tell you how dear he was; how at every turn we are reminded of our loss. January 3d, we put him by his little brothers—the three boys sleep side by side.

Your picture came while we were so hopeful. "Here is Will's picture," mamma cried, undoing the wrapper. What a smile illumined (?) my features! and how eagerly I ran to see it. You'll laugh now, but *I knew just how you would look.* While the eager ones around me cried, "What a fine head! Look at that eye! He's handsome," etc. I looked at it quietly and then remarked, "He looks just as I knew he would." There!

What shall I say to you about it? My *ideal*, "Earnest Willie," is very high; the picture did not disappoint me. A handsome, earnest preacher-boy I know. "He resembles Will," I have thought. You do. You want to apologize for the 'melancholy expression.' I would not change that picture! I am so glad you sent it. I appreciate it *so much.* I handed it to a cousin who is not a Christian. He handed it back quietly, after reading your words, and seemed grave and thoughtful for some while afterwards.

Write often for the paper, Will. So many call you the best writer on it. I know you don't care for that. You want to do the *good;* but it must be very gratifying indeed to learn that so many hearts, eyes, and faces wait your coming, and grow brighter when you come.

Brother Will, God bless you!

Your loving little sister,

"CECIL."

LAUGHING "ERN."

LOUISIANA, October 19, 1889.

MR. W. D. UPSHAW—DEAR "COUSIN" WILLIE—You will allow me to address you as "cousin." Will you not? Oh! I know you will. I would give anything to know you; to come and write and read to you would give me more pleasure than you can imagine. I am the only daughter of a widowed mother, and I must confess that I am a little (?) bit spoiled. I am sixteen, have dark brown curls, fair complexion (for a girl who *hates* sun-bonnets), dark gray eyes, and last, but not least, pouting lips, something my boy friends are always teasing me about. I live on a plantation seven miles from Vicksburg. I am, at least my friends say, the worst girl on the bayou. I love fun, and the *only* philosophy in life I think of, is how to get the most fun out of passing moments. I ride mules, horses, anything I can stick on, and am the biggest tomboy you ever saw! I have a grandmother eighty years old; she is the dearest old woman in the world, and she thinks what I don't know isn't worth knowing. I spend all of my spare time reading to her.

I suppose you have quite a collection of photos, and ere long, you'll be surprised (agreeably so, I hope) to see one of your wee cousin Ern. I call myself *wee*, because I only weigh 134 pounds, but I am rather tall with it, so it don't look as bad as it sounds. I spend most of my time, when not studying, eating sugar-cane; we raised a good deal this year and I just feast upon it. I am going to school at home; mamma never would consent to my going off, so we (my aunt's children, she hasn't *but* eight) and I have a governess. I play on the piano, sing and am somewhat of an elocutionist. So you see I am not such a "country Jake" after all.

I think your letters are lovely, and *you* are just the *noblest, best* boy I ever heard of.

I'll send my photo very soon, and you must promise to put it by "Crazy Tom," or "Left." I am a great admirer of both, especially "Left." I suppose you are tired of all this nonsense, so will tire you no longer. Hoping to hear from you soon, and with kindest regards and best wishes, I am as ever your *wee* cousin,

"ERN."

"AUNTIE."

AUGUSTA, ARK.

To "EARNEST WILLIE"—I think all the readers of the *Sunny South* claim an interest in "Earnest Willie," and really wish to see him. As the wish is a vain one to many of us, we gladly avail ourselves of the next best privilege—to secure a picture of him in his "Sunny South chair." You are very generous in granting us a long indulged wish for your picture, and right here let me thank you, dear friend.

I may call you "dear"—may I not? because you have talked to me through your letters in the *Sunny South* and appealed to my heart as none other has done.

Do you know, I think "Earnest Willie" is glorifying his Father in Heaven, more, by the *gentle submission* and *humble resignation* breathed in every line of his letters, and shown in his work for the "Master," than all the past hopes and strength of his young life would do. Be comforted, my dear young friend, with that truth, and God in His own good time will give you a precious reward.

I write to-day to your photographer for your picture and want your name written with your hand upon it.

With thanks, I am your friend and sister in Christ,

JENNIE P. S———.

P. S. A letter is not complete without this, so I will add, that I am not one of the "*dear girls*," Willie, but a loving old

"AUNTIE."

"MELANCHOLY WILL."

WINCHESTER, TENN.

Mr. Will D. Upshaw, Upshaw, Ga.:

MY DEAR FRIEND—To say that I was glad to get your letter and picture is but a very feeble expression of the feelings of my heart when I looked upon the pictured face of "Earnest Willie."

Oftentimes in imagination I have pictured your room and home, and how you looked, but your face is far different from what I had imagined it to be, I should be so glad to see you and talk to you.

You wish me to be happy instead of "melancholy" Will. Your wish is granted, for the name does not suit my disposition. The blessings of a happy home and good health have almost made my life one joyous "May-day."

Three years ago, when I first attempted to write the letters published in the *Sunny South* I wanted to talk to you about Christianity, and express my heart's deep sympathy; but I felt great reluctance in doing so, for fear it would not be acceptable to you. So many friends were saying these words to you that I felt mine would be almost an intrusion. But they were accepted, and oftentimes when the heart turns to God in prayer your name is remembered. In trying to do the Saviour's bidding, I find my deepest pleasure, and oh! how I wish I could see you and then we could take our Bibles and study God's word together. Though perhaps this pleasure may never be ours while on this earth, but beyond I shall hope to meet you, and then in the presence of a loving Redeemer we may be perfectly happy. God grant you a life of much happiness and good.

Your true friend,

"Melancholy Will."

"CORNFLOWER."

State Line, Miss.

Dear Household Brother and Friend—I have often wanted to express my sympathy for you, for I have been an invalid myself, and for awhile compelled to be rolled about even as you, but thanks to God, by the means of a skillful physician I have once more been restored to comparative good health.

Your letters of such beautiful faith and love have consoled me in many a dark hour, and undoubtedly, there has emanated from your bed of suffering an influence, pure and blessed, that will be felt even in Eternity. And now, wishing you a happy Christmas and a brighter New Year than has ever dawned for you before, I must say God bless you and good-bye.

Mrs Lily C. Knobles, or "Cornflower."

"ZIRLINE."

Robeline, La.

Mr. Will D. Upshaw, Upshaw, Ga.:

Dear "Earnest Willie"—Here I am again, with a heart just overflowing with true, earnest love; have come for a short chat with you.

Dear Willie, why is it that I am honored with a place on your list of correspondents? Because you are so good and kind you would continue to be my friend though you were disgusted at the

weaknesses evinced by a stout, well young man like myself when you, who it surely seems, would be utterly "gone down," appear as content and resigned as though for you were shining the brightest suns, and singing the sweetest birds. But then, *here is the difference:* You have the love of God in your heart, you fear no evil, and live only to do good. While I—oh, God, I shrink from drawing the comparison! I sometimes catch myself wondering why I have never been able to know any one like Earnest Willie. But here I check myself, and thank God for having come to know you (and as a consequence to love you), even though I be not blessed with a personal acquaintance with you.

'Tis good to know there is on this wicked old earth one such creature as you. To-day I told a friend of mine while talking of religion, that the letters penned by my *Sunny South* friend, "Earnest Willie," had done me more good, had caused me to come nearer to being what I should be, than all the sermons I ever heard (and I am a regular church-goer). 'Tis even so.

God bless you, dear young man! You have done me, oh, so much good! I bless the day that my eyes even fell on that dear name, "Earnest Willie."

I think I realize how you are placed now, and what a bother you must go to to ever write me a line. I say, I thank you.

I do hope that you will like the book I send you just a little, and that you will often think of the giver,

"ZIRLINE."

TENDERNESS, SUFFERING AND BEAUTIFUL FAITH

KILMICHAEL, MONTGOMERY COUNTY, MISS.

Mr. Willie Upshaw:

MY DEAR "UNKNOWN"—Doubtless you will be surprised to get this letter from one who is married. Although I am a wife, I don't feel capable of the great responsibilities, for as yet I am only a child, and feel that I'll never grow old. I have been married two years, and am only twenty-one. I married a Methodist minister, but on account of his health and mine we are now living on a farm.

For three months last year, I was expected to die; each day seemed the last, but I am still spared for some purpose. What I suffered only God can ever know! At times, though I tried *so hard* not to, I was compelled to scream. Oh God! is it true! I cannot realize that I suffered ten thousand deaths, and am now able to walk.

Twice I felt the icy touch of death, but ah! death is sweet when the path is bright. This beautiful earth holds for us many attractions, but how sweet it is, my dear friend, to be ready and willing when the Death Angel comes. I can truly sympathize with you in your affliction, for I was once a gay and healthy girl, but have never known a well day since I married, except a few short, happy weeks; but indeed our blessed Master WOULD NOT SEND THE DARKNESS IF WE COULD BEAR THE LIGHT. That is such a sweet consolation. You might have been a wayward boy,

had you remained what you were; and since you are an invalid, you have made many a heart happy and many better. How good God is to stop us in our waywardness and help us on to Heaven. I have been reading the good *Sunny South* and your dear, sweet letters, and I know you are good and true. So I have loved you as a brother a long time, and could not refrain from writing if only to get one sweet letter from you, to cheer my lonely hours. And one sweet favor I beg of you is one of your pictures to brighten my home.

I have a sweet invalid friend in Illinois, who does not find time from severe pain to write often; poor, dear girl! She was the liveliest girl in her village till a few years ago the ruthless hand of disease struck her down. Though so young, her suffering is beyond words. Her father is also unable to do anything. How little we thank God for His goodness—when we look around us at suffering humanity!

Oh God! draw us nearer the Cross and consecrate us to Thee!

I hope you will forgive my rudeness in writing this, but some strange impulse prompted me, and I could not refrain. I hope you will find time to reply in your own hand, and will make me happy by sending an image of your own bright, patient face.

I have a sweet little baby, a year old, and her name is "Willie," so you see I love your name. How eagerly I look in the *Sunny South* each week for a letter from you, for they are all so good and sweet!

I will now say "good-bye," hoping to hear from you soon. With many good wishes for a happy future for you, I say "God bless you." Your unknown friend,

MAMIE L.

"CECIL."

FRANKLIN, TENN.

MY BROTHER—Your letter came to me last evening; and this morning when the weather is so inclement that I cannot attend church I prepare to send you its answer. And oh that I could throw aside these writing materials and traverse in a moment the distance that lies between us, and *talk* with you! Could I, I might make you understand better all I may say, than thro' the pen—making the day brighter for you, maybe too, and very much brighter for me.

When the days went by bringing me no letter from you, I said: "He is not able to write. I feel that Will is not so well." And as each "Sunny" was opened and the "Letter Box" and "Household' scanned, and I found no letter from you, I grew anxious and thought of writing again, indeed did commence a letter. Do you know I *need* your letters? Don't look doubting—I *do*. They inspire in me a calmer, more determined, more earnest desire—resolve to live for Christ and His work than any human friend has ever inspired before. Not exaggeration—the truth, dear brother. Your friendship is very dear to me. I have lost so much that the friends left me are dearer, if that can be, than ever before.

I am so sorry—that does not express it, but you must know my heart is saddened to know that you are not so well. You must take the *rest* you need, for, after awhile, brother, you can do all this you yearn to do now. You who are so patient, be patient just a little longer, and you can work more and better when your rest is o'er.

Never mind about the friends who love you, and who want your letters, write now and then to the *Sunny South* and let us know how you are, and we too, will wait with you—until you are stronger, for the beautiful letter that will surely come. And the other work,—however much it is you wish to do, don't you know you can do it better after awhile? Don't worry because time is short and you have so much to do. One little sentence oftentimes will do more good than all the remaining pages that fill a book.

Think about the "after awhile" when you are stronger and better; you have taken your rest and now you are ready for work; you feel, not like your former self, and—why, Will, I can hear you laugh—laugh—and you do look so bright and so happy! O, the letters that will come from your pen! Won't there be happy hearts somewhere—*lots of wheres*! Don't think of what *you* say, see their joy—and the rest of us "Boxers" will feel like taking our seats and letting you have the floor "forever and aye." Won't it be nice? I see those that crowd 'round you, each eager to read, write or talk, and I see—"*meself*" with the rest.

I am reading Ben Hur, brother! he has just been made a galley-slave and we have stopped to admire him there as everywhere; I see such an earnest dream in your eyes; you feel the time near when you can leave your little room; you see yourself once more in the little church in the woods, and then—and then—? Is it not nice to dream it? Then dream thro' these bright spring days, and who knows but the awakening will find the dream come true?

If I could leave home and it was given me to choose whatsoever place I would, I'd choose to come to you, and there read, write—do anything I could to make brighter your rest. But may we meet and know each other some sweet day. Who knows but after all it may be sooner than we expect? Until then, love for you all, and a prayer that God will bless and strengthen my "Brother Will," I am

Faithfully,

"CECIL."

LOVE AND CONFIDENCE.

DEAR "EARNEST WILLIE"—On this sweet May-day some spirit keeps whispering of you and with a heart brimful of love, sympathy and good fellowship, I am going to write you a few lines and mayhap it will help to while away a few of the many weary moments that find you a prisoner. For such you are, "Cousin," though a *much* loved one.

But, dear boy, though you have our love and sympathy, you have not so much need of it as many others, because of the great

love of Christ which is yours. *That* will sustain you through light and darkness; *that none* can take from you while life lasts, and when life is no more, a home and everlasting rest and peace await you beyond the stars.

But I want to tell you of a cousin of mine, who is dearer to me than a brother. Next month he will be nineteen (so young). He was one of our brightest classmates; particularly in mathematics. Poor boy! he is easily led (not always by the good) and was last year examining a pistol, it was discharged, he was wounded, and since then he has suffered death.

This affliction did not draw him nearer to what is good, but instead he is sour and cynical.

While he has time for study and thought, he throws it away in reading trifling novels. Poor boy! many sad, dark days lie in wait for him—unless he accepts Christ.

"Earnest Willie," did you think that we young folks knew nothing of love? I think I do, not that I think I'll never love again, because I've "loved and lost," but you know, tis better that, than to have "never loved at all." Some day I may love again (I hope so); but still the memory of that first love will bring a tear and a sigh throughout all life.

Did I love some one unworthy? No, indeed; I loved *unasked*, but who can blame me? Truly he was a prince among men Others loved him and he could only take one, and that—*wasn't me!*

Some day I'll love again; *may be* it will be a mutual love; who can tell? I have never spoken of this to anyone, and when I saw him last I congratulated him with a smile. Wasn't that right? Yes, we can love twice, but that first love is something tenderer, sweeter, better than any other.

"Earnest Willie," I feel better since I have told some one of all this, even though it is two years old. I reckon you think it is strange to tell to a stranger, but you seem very near and dear to me. May your Father and mine watch over and guard you, dear Willie, is the wish of an unknown "cousin" and loving friend.

M.

This is disconnected and hurriedly written, but with *love.*

MABEL CLARE, A LITTLE SCHOOLGIRL.

MACON, GA.

DEAR "EARNEST WILLIE"—I have read so much about you in the *Sunny South* that I feel as if I knew you. I like your letters ever so much, and especially your last one; I cut that one out for my scrap-book. I am a schoolgirl of fourteen, am about five feet four inches tall and a perfect brunette. I go to the Gresham High School and am in the B class. I think I will go to the Augusta Female Seminary in Staunton next year. I want to go there very much for every reason except one: that is, mamma is an invalid like yourself. We all feel very sorry for you, and the way you were hurt is very sad.

The first seven months you were hurt, could you do any thing at all? and can't you walk at all now?

I have a cousin in almost the same condition as yourself, except he had rheumatism. He has not walked any at all since March 1884.

I suppese you think it very silly of me, a girl of fourteen, writing to you, a young man I have never seen, but your letters do me so much good. Sometimes I have "the blues" and I get one of your letters and read it; I think then: "If could only go to 'Earnest Willie' now and *talk* with him, what would I give?"

Well I must tell you good-bye, hoping that you will answer this letter.

Your sincere friend, MABEL CLARE.

POETIC, ELOQUENT MALCOLM.

LIBERTY, MO.

Mr. Willie D. Upshaw:

DEAR "EARNEST WILLIE"—Well, here I am at last; came in on the first mail train, and, like "McGinty" and the Kansas City saloons, dressed in my Sunday clothes (close). I trust my effusion is not like a little verse by our lamented Eli Cheatham:

"All things come to those who wait,
But the trouble is, they come too late.
They come when the wish that made them fair,
Has folded its hands and ceased to care."

How pleasant your room is, pervaded with the perfume of patience, and lighted with the hope of Heaven.

I believe it is generally customary to give a pen-portrait of one's self in an initial letter, but I must insist that you allow me the prerogative of refraining from the usual caricature, as the accompanying picture will compensate you for all loss (?). Please refrain from any speculations or comments or else you may erroneously strain your candor.

I am convinced that you have heard sympathy expressed so continuously and variously that it will be more agreeable to you that I forbear to express what I may feel; so suffice it that all my procedents have portrayed is diminutive in comparison with what I would wish to express for you of your affliction.

As I write, day's last rays glisten upon the velvety garden, and, as daylight softly yields itself to night,

"Slender strips of crimson sky,
Near the dim horizon lie,"

and many a bejeweled flower glistens before it closes its eye until morning, and

"Many weary eyelids, eyes that weep,
Wait the magic touch of sleep,"

and watching and thinking 'tween my sentences, I wonder how many there are who just wait the closing of day that they may mount their stairs and with prayers seek the sleep of the just, the innocent! Reflections are numerous just now, but, lest retrospecting prove a bore, I will move on to "better or worse."

I remember when I first came to the "Box" that I made mention of a little love episode that happened when

"She was a happy, romping child—
Those years ago,
And I a youth of seventeen,
Or nearly so "

and that you made known your sympathy by a like confession. Well, you know the old saws, "'twas ever thus" and, "whom first we love we seldom wed!" Time and some other pretty girl heals the breach. Now, for me, I am devoted to the beautiful; it may be only "skin deep" but give me the skin and protect me from that ugliness which goes to the bone, as some writer has said. But a man cannot be satisfied, even with beauty, for he is naturally a grumbler. He can't help it, even if he tries; not that he ever does try, quite the reverse, but it seems he could not help being a grumbler if he tried ever so hard.

He grumbles at the light because it dazzles his eyes; at the darkness because he cannot see. He is ready to grumble when hungry because he wants to eat; he grumbles when he is full because he can eat no more. He grumbles at the winter because it is too cold; at the summer because it is too hot; at the spring and autumn because they are neither hot nor cold. He grumbles at the past because it has gone and the future because it has not come. How much better if we could, all of us, instead of grumbling, look upon the bright side of things, and, adopting the language of one of our poets, say:

"There are moments in life that are never forgot,
Which brighten and brighten as time wears away;
They give a new charm to the happiest lot,
And they shine on the gloom of the loneliest day."

But I see I have wandered from my subject, if I had one. But should a letter have a subject or a text? I don't remember that I had one but I think it unnecessary, for a letter should be begun with the idea to perpetuate an interest; not stiffened up with the starch of composition, but a free uninterrupted flow of brain-thought, for a letter is

"A silent language uttered to the eye,
Which envious distance would in vain deny
A tie to bind when circumstances part
A nerve of feeling stretched from heart to heart—
Formed to convey like an electric chain,
The mystic flash, the lightnings of the brain,
And bear at once along each precious link
Affection's life-pulse in a drop of ink."

During this year many sad and glad experiences have happened. The "Letter Box" that we all love so well has bound firmer the members. It has taught us many good things and we have learned much how to live a useful life and be God-fearing men and women. I see from a late paper that "Starling's" scheme to show our appreciation of yourself by presenting you an invalid's chair has succeeded, and as I offer up my thanks next Thursday

very prominent among them will be my thanks that her plan has succeeded and so well pleased yourself and indeed, the "cousins," contributors and all. May it be your mosaic.

I have learned to love every name that is signed beneath the epistles in our *Sunny South* "Letter Box." I sometimes wonder how so many intelligent boys and girls could be drawn together.

It is getting cold up here now. Winter is a time for benevolent thoughts—a time when such good old Scotch advice as "Do all the good you can to all the people you can" and the beautiful words of Watts' child rhyme,

"I'll not willingly offend,
Nor be easily offended;
What is ill, I'll strive to mend,
And endure what can't be mended,"

are fit thoughts for emulation.

Time must have something softer than slippers on his feet or else surely we would note his speedy race! The year is almost gone—is fading away, gradually—almost imperceptibly, the sands of time have sifted through the hour glass, and another year will be gone—gone for aye, and we have been borne on the relentless tide one year nearer "Home"—nearer God's eternal home. Do we regret this, or do we feel exultation because this is so? And yet we cannot say it grieves—nor yet satisfies. Name it *tranquillity.* The traveler does not regret the mile-stones he passes; can we not make the comparison? In this year many fond anticipations have been realized. Likewise, many hopes blasted. But all have left the past behind with few regrets, and are ready and eager to seize upon the hopes and promises the golden scroll of time unfolds to our view. These pages are delivered spotless to all; some soon fill them with tear spots; others with good deeds, while the sheet of the wicked, in a few days wearing looks as though it had been filled with No 8's at a shooting match. * * *

Dear "Earnest Willie," as perhaps you may never see or know me, or even hear from me again, I will express my satisfaction at knowing you are one of those whom the fear and love of God has made divine. I congratulate you that your faith will make you "even more than the angels." I pray that you may ever be under the bright shadow of God's hand, and may find that joy in Heaven you miss on earth.

"Much must be borne which is hard to bear,
Much given away which it were sweet to keep."

In writing, I have associated my thoughts so nearly with you that tears ultroneously spring to my eyes, but "*In God We Trust.*"

"CLAIRE" OR WM. MALCOLM COURTNEY.

THE HOME OF HENRY CLAY.

LEXINGTON, KY.

MY DEAR "EARNEST WILLIE"—Please accept my *sincere* and *heartfelt thanks* for your *sweet picture* and *letter.*

You have such a *grand* expressive face, one that denotes *nobleness of character and a true Christian spirit.* I must say I never

received a letter in my life that I appreciated as much as I did yours. Its effect was magical; it seemed to cast a ray of sunlight over us all. Yes, I am proud to say that I live in the centre of the "blue grass" region, and near the home of the orator and statesman, Henry Clay. Ashland is now owned by Major H. C. McDowell, one of the leading horsemen of our State.

I hope you will write another long letter to the boys and girls very very soon, for that department is not complete without one from you. Thanking you again for your picture and letter, and promising that your heart's motto and message shall be mine in the future, and praying God to shield and protect and make you well and strong again, I am your true friend,

NORA KEENE.

GENEROUS SISTERS.

MIDDLETON, TENN.

DEAR "EARNEST WILLIE"—I received your photo and sweet Christian letter a few days ago, and I feel like I want you to know how dear they are to me, but I cannot express my high appreciation in words.

When I read your letter I felt like I would be the happiest girl on earth if I only lived near you and could see you often and talk with you; for it seems like you make every one around you happy. It did me so much good to get your photo and letter and look at them, that sweet, dear face that wears such a gentle and patient expression. "Earnest Willie," please write as often as possible to the ever welcome *Sunny South*. I enjoy your letters so much, and wish you felt like writing oftener than you do. I would gladly send you my photo, but haven't any at present.

I must bid you good-night—and pleasant dreams.

Truly your friend, TENNIE P.——.

HER SISTER.

MIDDLETON, TENN.

DEAR "EARNEST WILLIE"—Perhaps you may be somewhat surprised upon the reception of this, but it has been said "that an unexpected letter is thrice welcome," and I trust it may be verified in this instance.

Sister Tennie has received your *photo* and *very dear letter*, and they are a source of untold pleasure to the entire family. Oh! that you could have beheld the scene and heard the many expressions of delight as we gathered around the fireside, every heart feeling that "Earnest Willie" was dearer than ever before.

Please excuse me if this note lengthens into a letter, for I do not feel that we are strangers to each other. I know that you receive quite a large number of letters, and sometimes I wonder if you do not become wearied reading them; still, I have often been tempted to write and *try* to tell you how I enjoy your letters and how deeply I sympathize with you in your affliction.

I do wish you could write oftener to the dear old *Sunny South*; such *heartfelt, religious* letters cannot fail to accomplish their mission. *'Tis sad*, indeed, to be afflicted, but through your sorrow so many lives have been brought *nearer to the cross*—truly, "God moves in a mysterious way." Sister and I wish that we could realize a similar pleasure to Miss Minnie Powell—that is, to *see* YOU and *hear your voice.*

I feel that I, too, must have your *photo*, and rest assured that a good Christian letter from you will serve as a "*silver lining* to *many* a *dark cloud.*"

In conclusion, I can say no more than *God bless you.*

Your true unknown friend,

MAMIE P——

MARLIN, TEX.

Mr. Will D. Upshaw:

DEAR UNKNOWN FRIEND—For such I consider you, though I am not a member of the "L. B.," I have often thought I would write to Aunt Judy, but am somewhat timid and hate to write anything for publication, but if I could get encouragement from you, one whom I have learned to love through reading your letters in the *Sunny South*, I am sure the young people would welcome me on your account.

I have long been an admirer as well as a reader of the *Sunny South*, and always look for "Earnest Willie's" letters and, how disappointed I am when there is none! But I did not intend to write all this, but my admiration for certain cousins, or a certain *cousin*, must I say? prompted it.

The mission of this letter is to get a picture of "Earnest Willie." I want so much to see your face.

Ah! how I wish that I might dare to ask for a private correspondence with you, for I feel that you are just the friend that a girl like me needs to encourage and keep me nearer to the One, whom you are and every one should be so devoted to. I realize that this is impossible, for as you are an invalid I know it must be difficult for you to keep up the correspondence you now have.

How much pleasure it would give me to do something to make your hours brighter! If I just had some flowers, or something to read that you would like, to send you, I would be so glad! What would you like in the way of reading matter?

Hoping to receive your picture soon, and also to read a long letter from you in the *Sunny South*,

I am your unknown friend,

——— ———.

"WOULD NOT LIVE OUT OF CHRIST A MINUTE FOR A DEED TO THE UNIVERSE."

MUDDY CREEK, TENN.

DEAR "EARNEST WILLIE"—I hope your surprise at getting this letter from a perfect stranger will not be an unpleasant one. I am a poor young man (twenty-five years old), living on my aunt's

farm. My aunt takes the *Sunny South*, and that is how we came to know you. My wife and I have two sweet little children—a boy and a girl, and we are very happy in our humble country home.

Your letters in the paper have been such a blessing to us, and we feel so much sympathy and love for you that we feel like we want to make you a Christmas present of the enclosed two dollars, especially as we did not get to contribute to your *Sunny South* Chair. How I wish I could make everybody happy this Christmas!

"Earnest Willie," you have no idea the good you are doing all over this country. Your invalid condition is a great blessing. Your happy Christian letters have helped me in my spiritual life so much, and I have heard and thought about you so much, that I feel like I would rather see you than anybody else in the world—and *Spurgeon* next. O, my young brother, it is so glorious to be a Christian! I feel that I would not live out of Christ one minute for a deed to the universe.

God ever bless you and help you to lead many lost sinners to Jesus, is the earnest prayer of your unknown friend and brother in Christ.

W. H. Mountcastle.

ANNIE LEE'S FIRST.

————————, Miss.

Dear Willie—Here's *me!* and I am going to sit right down here and talk, I don't care what the consequences are! Sister Kate wanted to know what I was going to do with my pen. I "made out" to her that I was going to answer a "matrimonial" advertisement. Ha! ha! I am going to write to a boy whose letters in the *Sunny South* have done me lots of good—that's what I am going to do. * * * * *

I am somewhat of an artist. I believe in poetry and moonlight—"the good, the true, the beautiful"—and *hush!*—I am very much in love with "Earnest Willie." I love fun, and a gay, happy time; but more than all, Willie, I love to live and work for Jesus. You love the same. That's why I love you. Write to me if you are able. Of course I understand your condition, and will think myself fortunate to get a letter from you every six months, though I'm going to talk to you every time I feel like it. Do you want another letter from me, with some samples of my art work? Only a postal with "Yes," and I will gladly do so.

Lovingly,

Annie Lee.

NETTIE O.

Varnville, S. C.

Dear "Earnest Willie"—Not until the present have I found a quiet hour in which I could tell you my delight at receiving a letter from you. And your picture—dozens of times have I looked at it, wondering where and when I have seen that face; its every

feature seems strangely familiar, and yet I am sure we have never met. As long as I have known you through the columns of the "*Sunny*," I have coveted one of your pictured semblances; but somehow didn't know exactly how to go about writing for one.

You inquired if I wrote for the *Sunny South?* No, I am sorry to say, I do not; I am a bread-winner, too engrossed during the day with business to put on paper any thoughts I might have, and too wearied at night to do ought but read my dear old "*Sunny*," and the daily papers, or write to the dear parents who watch each week eagerly for news of me.

Forgive me for writing at length concerning myself, a total stranger to you; but to me *you* are not a stranger; your name and views are as familiar to me as a personal friend's, and I wish I had the ability to express to you as I would like, how much I have derived—both of interest and benefit from your pure, noble letters.

There are many questions I would like to ask you, but I know how much your time and strength are taxed, so I will forbear. My pen lingers lovingly over these closing lines, fearful that they might be the last I would ever have occasion to write you. I have no time for correspondence, you have less, even if you had inclination; still, if in time to come, you should waft a thought to the Varnville friend who loves you so well, and should commit that thought to paper, no one would appreciate it more than I.

May the God whom I love, and try to serve, pour out His Spirit upon you, and many long years may He spare you to breathe forth your noble thoughts and sentiments to purify and ennoble all with whom you are brought in contact, either personally or through your letters; and when the end comes, may you be "like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams," and beyond this vale of tears, may you obtain a triumphant entrance into the heavenly kingdom for Christ's sake, is the prayer of your affectionate unknown friend.

NETTIE ——.

ELOISE.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C., February 24, 1892.

DEAR "EARNEST WILLIE"—Enclosed find twenty-five cents, for which please send me your picture. I have read for several years your lovely letters to the *Sunny South;* and through your patient, hoping and trusting, I have a living illustration of the fact that "sorrow and silence are strong, and patience and endurance is Godlike."

Are you really growing stronger? I earnestly hope so. Let me extend to you my hand in heartfelt and sincere sympathy, and believe me, no one can rejoice more than I to hear of your restoration to health.

Hoping that your pathway may at all times be strewn with flowers "the brightest, the purest, the best," and irradiated by the warm, sweet presence of the Holy Spirit, I am,

Your unknown friend,

ELOISE MCGILL.

MUSIC IN PROSE.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C., March 10, 1892.

DEAR "EARNEST WILLIE"—Your picture has been received, and I cannot find words to express the pleasure it affords me. I can scarcely realize my good fortune; it seems almost too good to be true.

It is now my time to thank you for the charming little note which accompanied the photo. I had not expected to be so favored, therefore I appreciate it all the more. Next to the picture itself, I value your kindly words of praise and interest, and that is as much as I need to say.

I shall reply to your questions Yankee-like; *i. e.*, by asking some myself. "Who am I?" Who do you suppose I am? "What do I do?" Lots of things. "Have I not written for the *Sunny South?*" Do you think that I have, and if so, what put such an idea into your head? "Will I send you my picture?" Yes, I will, just so soon as I have some taken.

I am so glad to know that you are better. I earnestly hope that you will daily grow stronger and better in every respect. Please remember that my thoughts are often with you. What a comforting thought it is that "the peak that is nearest the storm-cloud is nearest the stars of light." You have risen above the "storm-cloud" of trials and suffering, emerging into the glorious effulgence of the "stars of light." And you do not shut up the shining in your own heart, but dispense it to all with whom you come in contact, striving to bring all into the blessed light which streams from the Cross of Calvary. Ah! many will be the stars in your crown of rejoicing.

We have so many little worries, petty troubles, that we are sometimes likely to forget that the sunlit canopy by day, and the starry firmament by night, are still beautiful and sublime amidst all the puny tempests of human strife. At best, life is but a pilgrimage from the cradle to the grave, with hills of Difficulty and valleys of Humiliation—varied scenes through which we must pass, before the balmy breezes of the Land of Beulah play over our tired features.

But I have written too long already, and I must stop. Will you write to me again, please?

I pray that "the warm, sweet presence of the Holy Spirit" will abide with you at all times.

Yours in sincere friendship,

ELOISE MCGILL.

"FERNIE" AND BEAUTIFUL DEATH.

KINGSTON, GA.

MY DEAR FRIEND, "EARNEST WILLIE"—I must tell you how very glad I was some time ago to learn from the papers of the decided improvement in your health. I felt like writing at once, but thought you were receiving letters from your numerous friends, and one from me *just then* would only tire you. I can imagine how you enjoyed your visit to Atlanta. What a sweet pleasure it must have been to your sister to welcome you in her home!

I clipped a complimentary notice from the *Constitution*, of your reception. I hope you saw it; you were spoken of as a "brilliant young author." I know all the "Letter Boxers" were proud of this. I look each week in vain for something from your pen; do write a long letter to the *Sunny South* soon. To many your letters are blessings. I think the subject being discussed in the "L. B." by "Will B." and "Quid Nunc," is too sacred to be associated with a bitter argument. There is no subject so fascinating as *Death.* I never tire hearing it talked of, and when I read a book, the part which has the strongest hold on my memory is a death-bed scene, or something of that nature Have you read that precious little poem "Kathrina," by Holland? Kathrina, the sweetest and most pious character marries a poet whose genius is his God. The story closes with his conversion at her death-bed, when he offers the first prayer for twenty years. He pours out his heart to God in the most beautiful and touching prayer, and Kathrina's dying words, "Paul is saved," are echoed by a thousand angels. But I cannot give you an idea of it here, it must be read to be appreciated.

Will you use the little cross I enclose as a mark in your Bible? *My Bible!* "Santa Claus" pushed it in the toe of my Christmas stocking nine years ago. I have pressed between its pages flowers, entwined with tender memories—a clover leaf from a little grass-covered mound, where sleeps our sister. Eight years have gone by since we looked on that little form, so still and cold.

And a fern which recalls a picnic at ———, a little white church in the wood, and a ride in a green cart with a *green* boy to the "Camp ground," with its cool shades, springs of glistening water and fern-bordered streams. I remember how *inexpressibly happy* I was as I arranged the long, green ferns on my broad-brimmed hat and short white dress, and how my heart went out to that boy, in the joy of "rosebud" love. He has passed out of my life—dead to me and wedded to sin. You are laughing and calling me a silly, sentimental girl; and I'm sorry I grew so confidential, but I will not tear up my whole letter just for *that.* Many of us have like experiences, for "Love goes where it is not sent."

I know you have friends to whom you must write, but can you not spare me a few moments occasionally? I would be so glad.

Truly, your friend and "cousin,"

FERNIE.

TO "UNCLE FAYETTE."

MORELOCK, TENN., December 1, 1893.

BRO. JEFFRIES—Your very kind and quite interesting letter was received several days since; and I have been so busy that I have neglected responding at an earlier date. I certainly was glad to hear that "Earnest Willie" was able to be with you at Smyrna, to deliver an oration of one hour's duration, and to assist in organizing a literary and social society in your town.

I hope it will live, grow and prosper—that the youths, most especially, may be greatly benefited.

The Thanksgiving number of the *Sunny South*, is one among

the best in all its history. It contains a portrait of "Earnest Willie"—and an excellent article from his pen on "*My* Mother and Father." It certainly is worthy of his mind and heart—a noble tribute to his kind parents.

There are many other notable articles in that number, but the *leader* is by "Earnest Willie." I shall be pleased to purchase his book when it is published; and had hoped he would be able to publish it at an earlier date. He is a noble-hearted young man, and I know you gave him kind words of encouragement. May he recover from his severe afflictions, live long in the world and do much good for his fellow-beings and honor his worthy Master!

I enjoy looking at his picture, and reading his kind words.

As ever, your friend and brother,

J. K. P. SAYLER.

From *Marietta Journal:*

"Aztec," a correspondent, pays the following beautiful tribute to "Earnest Willie":

Uncomplainingly and patiently he lay,
Upon his couch through many a weary day,
With a smile upon his pale face as sweet
As illumines angels when in Heaven they meet.

In body a wreck, by accident wrought,
A giant in mind in the realm of thought.
And daily his prayer is unto his God,
Let thy servant pass humbly under the rod.

The rod that is raised to chasten on earth,
Thy people who have felt the miraculous birth,
That works on our being like a measure of leaven,
And fits our souls for the kingdom of Heaven.

Let us imitate him, determined ne'er to fall;
May his piety and patience be an example to all;
Let us put on the whole armor to battle for Christ
And fight for the pearl, the pearl of great price.

From *Marietta Journal:*

A WORKING INVALID.

To see Willie D. Upshaw on his bed, engaged in the arduous work of preparing letters and articles for the papers, and attending to his necessarily voluminous correspondence (much of it by dictation, on account of his feeble invalid condition), and also to witness his earnest and laudable efforts in seeking to elevate the young around him—to witness this picture of consecrated pluck and noble endeavor in a character so weak and helpless, physically, is an inspiration to all who have any appreciation of true worth and aspiration. The *Journal* and the *Sunny South* have discovered his gifts and value, and I would that every family in our dear old Cobb county were a subscriber to the *Journal*, so every one might be at once introduced to this invalid young man, whom to know is a pleasure and a blessing.

T. F. JEFFRIES.

A TOAST.

Here's to Will—"Earnest Willie"—dear fellow!
With his heart full of love, joy and song;
Whose "welcome" to each in tones sweet and mellow,
In our memories will linger long.

He has found strength in weakness; joy in sorrow,
Through darkness, has struggled to light;
May his happiness grow with each coming morrow,
Till Faith shall give place unto sight.

—*H. A. Beach, in Marietta Journal.*

FROM GOVERNOR NORTHEN.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, ATLANTA, GA., May, 1893.

Mr. Willie D. Upshaw, Upshaw, Cobb County, Ga.:

DEAR SIR AND FRIEND—It is indeed with deep regret that I must write you of my inability to be present at the dedication of your Literary Hall; official duties make it impossible. When I met you in my office, I was made to feel a special interest in the noble work in which you are engaged, and it was then my purpose to attend the dedication of the Hall, which is the happy consummation of your hopes and efforts,and which must be such a blessing to the community in which it has been erected. I commend you for your worthy work. Express to the members of your Literary Circle my warm and abiding interest. I always feel deeply interested in any movement that tends to build up the youth of our State, and prepare them for the full and exalted duties of citizenship; and I pray God to abundantly bless you all in every effort you put forth toward such an elevating and inspiring end.

Very respectfully, your friend,
WM. J. NORTHEN, Governor.

PREPARE TO SMILE.

————, MISS.

MY DEAR "BROVER" WILL—So glad you enjoyed my letter and that you *tried* to like my picture.

I knew you would not like that "décolleté" dress. I do not, go to any place attired so. I had the photos taken just to please a friend. I knew you would pick out my best features, and we'll enjoy immensely a little fun over the others. I am not sensitive *one bit*, in or about anything. You are not either; so there! Your necktie looks so cute,and sure you "niver did tie it yourself." It has an artistic touch about it. Say! are you an artist? Anyhow let's *kiss* and be friends—loving, true friends just as long as God, our loving Father wills. O! may it be a long, long time, I pray.

As the Lord looketh not upon the outward appearance, but upon the heart, even so do I. People so often say to me, "I do believe you could see beauty in a mud fence." It would be a curious kind of an attraction for me, inasmuch as I have never seen one. "*Speck*" it would be pretty! Anyway it could *be made* pretty.

Mud takes on whitewash after it is hardened; so can a person's face be made beautiful by cleansing and whitening of the darkened selfish soul.

I must go back and explain why you have not heard from me for so long. You know you put some one off to write to me. Well, I have been sick in bed. One day I started to write you fourteen pages in bed with a pencil, but upon second thought *I put you* off and wrote fourteen pages to a young man who had called to see me a few nights before I was taken sick. Why did I write to him? Will tell you Monday. I started again to write you, and I put you off again and wrote to another *young man;* so now Mr.! I "*gess*" you "*jess*" better attend to your own affairs before you write to me, no matter how much we may love each other; and, O yes! who is that other Annie Lee you have stuck up in the *Sunny South?* Were I egotistical I would imagine it myself. I am jealous of her.

Sister Rix says *do please* don't flatter me any more, or I will be hard to manage; (aside: She'd better learn to manage herself.) I am going to kill one of her chicks for a pie to-morrow *just for-that!* And you, my poor, sweet, dear boy, made so much ado over my shamming about the kiss. Bless you! Why, sister says no one must feel elated to receive a kiss from me, "I would kiss Old Uncle Ike, the colored janitor of our church, if I thought it would do him any good." That's the best thing she ever said of me in her life. She said that if you had said I had a *charitable* mouth, you would have struck it right. I put up the big "why?" "O! because you'd kiss any one from a king down to a dirty *nigger* baby." Now, Will, tell me what would you do with such "sissers" as *dem?*

I must stop now until Monday, then I shall write you a *young book.* Am going and mow the lawn off for exercise. (Here follows a drawing of how she looked mowing off the yard. If you could see it you would laugh yourself almost out of breath. Earnest Willie.)

The sun is about to fall into the river—so it seems. "*Case*" it moves. When a child no one could make me believe the sun did not run. Never let him catch you with your work undone. So, good night, and may I to-morrow do some good. How I love Sundays; the tone of our beautiful, old church bell ever sends a thrill through me. God bless you.

Faithfully,

ANNIE LEE.

A NORTH CAROLINA DAISY.

DURHAM, N. C.

MR. UPSHAW—I have been a constant reader of the *Sunny South* for a number of years. It is one of the best, if not the best paper published in this Southland of ours, indeed in these United States; a paper whose praises I could sing forever, but I am not writing to the *Sunny South,* but to one whose name I have seen so often on its pages, and whose name is always hailed with delight by her who has taken the liberty of writing to you.

I must ask pardon for taking this liberty, but why should you not be told how much your writings are loved, and how elevating they are to those who read them?

I hear you spoken of very highly by every one who is so fortunate as to come in contact with a *Sunny South.* (This is not taffy; that is something I don't believe in, and when I tell you that it is an old maid who is writing to you, you will *know* it is not.)

Every one loves your writings, and of course, that is equivalent to saying every body loves you—even this old maid has the audacity to add her name to the list of your many admirers.

Seriously speaking (for I can but think of you as a dear friend, so long have I heard and read of "Earnest Willie") you have no idea how much good you accomplish by writing. (Speaking for myself), I always feel better for having read one of your *long* letters. In taking up a new paper, I invariably turn the pages quickly and when the name of "Earnest Willie" is seen, that is read first—afterwards the other reading matter. But when I fail to see that name, somehow I am disappointed, and really don't enjoy the paper as much as when I read a letter from you.

Your letter in Thanksgiving Number was read with so much pleasure, and my heart echoed what some one said, "What a noble Christian boy 'Earnest Willie' must be—how I would like to see him!"

If you feel disposed to reply to this letter which expresses very inadequately what I really desired to say, it will be appreciated. And although we may never meet on earth, may we meet on that "Beautiful Shore" where there shall be no more death, "neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain." Until then, may "God be with you." Your friend,

DAISY A———.

ATLANTA, GA., May, 1893.

William D. Upshaw, Esq., Upshaw, Georgia:

MY DEAR SIR—Accept our congratulations on the completion of your Literary Hall and Library enterprise for the young people around you. Commendable indeed is your success in building this monument to your desire to make better men and women. Your enthusiasm is but your soul—your success but its reward. To love one's race is an affinity with God. It was the creed of the Christ, the happiness of the world, and the hope of eternity. You, sir, command the respect of every man that knows you. Your kinsman must commend, the world must applaud and the God of love approve of your desire to make happier men and a better world. With my duty to your family and yourself,

I am sir, sincerely,

W. S. U.

FROM REV. M. A. MATTHEWS, NOW OF DALTON, GA.

CALHOUN, GA., May, 1893.

Mr. Willie Upshaw, My Dear Young Brother:

From the depths of a glad and appreciative heart accept my congratulations upon the grand and remarkable success with which God has crowned your labors for the young around you.

Your affliction has indeed been a rich blessing from Heaven. You ought to be very happy. You have builded a monument far more beautiful and enduring than sculptured shaft or shining marble. You have written your name on the tablets of human hearts which the breath of age cannot crumble nor the storms of time efface! Hosanna to God in the highest for thus manifesting Himself in your life!

God bless you and strengthen you always on earth, and in eternity place on your brow the victor's crown, is the prayer of your friend and brother in Christ.

M. A. MATTHEWS.

"OPAL."

WINCHESTER, KY.

DEAR, NOBLE "EARNEST WILLIE"—Your letter came to me yesterday, and you can never on this earth know how much comfort and encouragement it brought to a heart that was in sore need of both. I have read it again and again, and each time it seems to give me new hope, new inspiration and a greater desire to be more Christ-like.

The booklet from "Opal" was in itself scarcely worth the gratitude with which you received it, but if kind wishes and loving thoughts do your heart as much good as they do mine, there was certainly enough of them accompanying it to make it valuable.

It is impossible for me to tell you how much I appreciate your sweet, generous letter, yet when I look into my heart and see the vast difference between what *I am*, and what *I ought to be*, I bow my head in deep humility and pray God to help me to be more worthy of your blessing, and more worthy to bear the sacred name of Christian, which I have too often dishonored. It is such a sweet thought, that of Jesus "knowing our frames and remembering that we are dust." Think of His having lived and suffered just as we do now and of His having been "Lengthened in all points like unto us— yet without sin." If we would only live in close and constant communion with Him as He did with His Father, temptation could have no power over us.

There are so few to whom we can lay bare our secret thoughts, without the fear of being misunderstood, and what is harder for a sensitive heart to bear than this? I think that is why I first wrote for the *Sunny South*—that whether in prose or verse, I might pour out my very soul—and no one know it was I. I cannot help dreading unkind criticism, but when your letter came, "Earnest Willie," so full of appreciation, and when I read that my letter had been "specially attractive and beautiful" to you, and that both "letters and poems had struck so many kindred, answering chords in *your* heart," my heart beat joyfully with praise to God and gratitude to you. The manner in which you wrote of "May Belle Clyde" would have been sufficient in itself to have shown me what a true, *earnest* Christian you are and how much you deserve all the love *we* feel for you. She wrote to me she had been to see you lately. I should, indeed, consider it a privilege to sit beside you, read and write for you and talk with you. Perhaps I may some day. Who knows?

I shall keep your letter among my *treasures.* I cannot ask you to write to me again, but I shall watch eagerly for your letters in the *Sunny South.*

And be assured, "Earnest Willie," that you are often prayed for and thought of by

Your sincere, though unknown friend,

——— ——— ——— or

"Opal."

GOD BLESS THIS MOTHERLESS "UNKNOWN."

Mr. Will D. Upshaw, "Earnest Willie"—On the night of December 24th (Christmas Eve), as I was sitting in my room, all lonely and alone, thinking of the past, these words kept repeating themselves in my mind:

"Oh! my own, own love
My dear dead love,
My love that loved me so,
Is there never a chink in the world above
Where they listen to words from below?"

I was thinking of my precious mother that left me this year; my heart kept crying out to her so much that I thought I would get something to read and see if it would divert my mind; when my eyes fell on the "Thanksgiving" Number of the *Sunny South.* I listlessly turned the pages when I came to your letter; that beautiful tribute to your mother. Oh! it is the only thing that has stirred me much for so long. Those sweet words you said about your "own loving mother," touched me as nothing else could have done. I thought, "here is one brave, true soul that can understand me among all the many I meet on the way of life." My mother filled all my heart; I seemed to need no other love. My girl friends would say to me: "You are such a baby, always thinking about mamma."

May God bless your good mother; I am so glad she is a warm, loving presence to you. I hope God will give you strength to write many more beautiful letters to the *Sunny South,* something that will cheer such ones as I.

Please pardon, if this letter seems "not good form" to write to a stranger, but you do not seem like one. I've read your letters so long, and been so much drawn to and benefited by you.

Your grateful unknown friend,

Rosalie.

MAJ. JNO. J. HOOD—ANOTHER ARDENT ADMIRER OF TOM F. McBEATH.

Meridian, Miss.

Willie D. Upshaw, Esq., or "Earnest Willie": Dear Sir—I am going to infract the rules of propriety to address you, and congratulate you on the manly, noble tribute you paid your parents in "Thanksgiving Number," and furthermore, to express my appreciation of your kindly notice of Prof. McBeath's grand poem, "Biopsis." Sometime back I had it republished in one of our leading papers here. I regard it as one of the finest poems

that has been contributed to the literature of the South for twenty-five years (or North, if you please). Had he written nothing else, he might safely rest his fame on this sublime poem. It is full of a glorious faith and hope, and such an inspiring estimate of life, that no one can read and contemplate its exalted teachings without being benefited.

It is a poem that will especially benefit the youth of the land, give them a higher, nobler conception of life, and lead them into such thoughts and faith as will strengthen them for the duties and responsibilities of their lives.

This poem is unquestionably a masterpiece of intellectual thought, finish and beauty, and surely is in touch with that which is most worthy the divine afflatus of spiritual conception, expression and power.

In these days, when many are kneeling at the wall of doubt which some of the doubting, subtle literary charmers have woven about them, and from which there flashes never an arrow of hope to penetrate and illumine the regions beyond, such a poem, as a messenger of blessing, smites the frowning wall asunder, and bids them go hence rejoicing.

Such a message is both spiritual and practical. It inspires to a higher consecration—to the community of finer thinking and pure feeling, and to that elevation to where we all awake to the divinity of our natures.

You have many unknown friends in the South, who are familiar with your health and struggles, and I am sure there is not one of them—especially of those of us who have sons nearly your age—who read your "Thanksgiving" article, but wish you the most unbounded success and happiness.

Respectfully, your obedient servant.,

JNO. J. HOOD.

P. S.—We regretted very much, Prof. McBeath's going to Florida; the departure of such a man would be a loss to any State.

J. J. H.

LOVED BY HER ANGEL SISTER.

TRINIDAD, COL.

DEAR "EARNEST WILLIE"—I must write you, if only a few lines, to tell you of my beautiful darling sister who loved you so much, and watched impatiently for your letters in the L. B. of the *Sunny South*, and who, only three weeks ago, left us for her Heavenly home, pure and unspotted from the world.

I said she loved you—so she did—and often expressed her intention of writing you. Each word from your pen was read with unusual pleasure by her. For this reason I want you to know you were thought of, admired, and had the sympathy of one of earth's fairest flowers. She has gone to add to the gems in the Heavenly crown. She was only eighteen years old—a true Christian, and a more beautiful death was never witnessed. No one ever met their fate more heroically than our darling one. Our dear father left us only two months before her, leaving our once happy home desolate and dark. For now there is no joy—no pleasure. I am the only sister and my life is darkened without

her. It is almost unbearable—we were so much to each other—inseparable all our lives; and her death robs me of sister, helper, confidante, oh! so much! If it were not for the glorious meeting with our loved ones on the other side, what would we do? I sympathize so deeply with you in your affliction, and think of you so often. May the grace of God be with you and help you bear it all. May He bless, comfort and uphold you always.

Your friend, EDNA O.

"MURMURING RUBY."

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

It has long been the fervent desire of "Ruby Murmurer" to learn the address of "Earnest Willie." Now that she knows it, there doesn't seem half so much to say as there *was*. At least the eloquence is not forthcoming. However, she would like to express how very much she admires his letters. What a grand mission you are performing daily, dear friend, I don't believe you yourself are conscious of.

To draw all hearts nearer to God and religion is indeed a special gift. Do not think me rude or indelicate when I say that the chief attraction in the *Sunny South* (to me) is your letters.

I wish to ask you to count "Ruby Murmurer" among your staunch admirers and unknown friends. I will close with the following excuses (always or generally essential) for pen, ink, paper and—contents. Very cordially yours,

"RUBY MURMURER."

SUFFERS EVERY MINUTE.

RURAL, MISS.

MY DEAR INVALID FRIEND—One who has drunk deeply of suffering's cup feels that she must offer her hand of sympathy and congratulation to you. For years I have been a great sufferer, and never pass a minute without pain. But the Saviour's blessed presence sustains me, and helps me to see our Father's smiling face amid it all. To look at your strong, patient face is an inspiration to me. You cannot know, "Earnest Willie," how much your brave Christian letters in the *Suany South*, have cheered, inspired and strengthened me during my hours of suffering and trial. God bless you and help you to continue to bless and help those who need the Christian's faith, strength and happiness.

Your invalid friend and sister, BEULAH B.

"BURTON."

CEDAR KEYS, FLA.

"Earnest Willie":

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER—You have won our hearts in this sea-washed Florida town. Your letters touch so many responsive chords in my heart, because I have known much of sorrow. And yet God has graciously blessed it to my spiritual good. Jesus lives in my once tired, desolate heart, now as a glorious brightening presence.

Mother was reading me a beautiful, eloquent extract from the *Sunny South* the other day, and before she finished, I decided it must be from *Talmage* or "Earnest Willie"; and sure enough it was from the latter. Your prose writings read like a poem. Indeed you are a prose-poet. Now, if you were one bit less humble or dependent upon God, I would not tell you this. But we both know and trust in that Christ from whom cometh all our wisdom and all our strength. May the dear Father ever bless you and keep you under the shadow of His blessed wing.

Your sister in Christ,
"BURTON."

A MOUNTAIN GIRL.

GRAY'S CREEK, N. C.

MY DEAR, DEAR "EARNEST WILLIE"—Did you ever in your life receive a beautiful, unexpected token of love—a rare souvenir of friendship—a sweet little bouquet of flowers breathing forth the fragrance of charity and tenderness, from some dear one far, far away? And did your heart thrill with a new joy unspeakable, and tears of gladness perhaps come to your eyes as you held it in nervous, almost trembling fingers? And did you lift up your heart to God in happy thanksgiving for the gift of such a friend? Then, you know something of how I felt when your letter came to me—such a grand surprise and favoring smile from one of whose friendship a great queen should be proud! It was so good of you to reply to my first letter at all. I am only a little uneducated country girl among the mountains of North Carolina, but I felt that I must tell you how much joy and inspiration your *Sunny South* letters have given me. And your private letter! —I can never tell how I feel about it. It seems one of your greatest pleasures to help and encourage others. God bless you, dear "Earnest Willie," for the sweet encouragement and sunshine you have brought into my life. And Oh! *do* write to me again!

Your friend and sister in Christ,
"HYACINTH."

FROM NORTH GEORGIA'S ELOQUENT ORATOR, HON. JOSEPH G. CAMP.

DOUGLASVILLE, GA.

MY DEAR WILLIE—It has been my pleasure to receive several lines of love and manifest interest and good cheer from your consecrated invalid hand and I should have demonstrated my appreciation of the kindly feelings you entertain for me, by writing to you long ago; but amid the ever-changing scenes of my environment, I have unwillingly neglected to do so. But I am sure you will take "the will for the deed," when I tell you that my thoughts often wander in tender sympathy to your bed of affliction, and always return to me richly laden with the sweet incense of Christian resignation. Never conclude, therefore, that, because affliction has laid his withering touch upon your bright and promising young manhood—your horizon widening and glowing with hope and promise—your life will be a failure.

No, indeed! whenever I am with you and observe the sublime resignation with which you bow to the hand of fate, I draw a Christ-like inspiration from your presence, and my faith in the God of my creation and the Christ of my redemption is strengthened and confirmed. Amid the vicissitudes and temptations of active life it requires more prudence and greater circumspection to live in close and sweet communion with our Christ, but, notwithstanding these besetments, by the grace of God and the blood of His Son, I intend at last to anchor safe at the port of the Eternal City and rejoin my precious young wife—the instrument in God's hand of my eternal salvation.

Not for Crown or Cross, not for Star or Badge of Honor, would I exchange the fragrant memory of her pure, beautiful life and her holy influence which will abide with me till my last day. Her grave is the holiest spot on this earth to me, and a spot which I always approach with loving and reverent tread. It is the Mecca of my earthly love, and so long as life shall last I intend to make pilgrimages to its shrine.

I want you to pray for me that I may ever live in the earnest and faithful discharge of my Christian duty.

Please to let me hear from you. I love to hear from you. Remember me very kindly to your family, and believe me, you have my kindest benedictions for your future.

Your sincere friend and brother in Christ,

J. G. CAMP.

TWO SWEET LITTLE SCHOOLGIRLS.

MURFREESBORO, TENN.

OUR DEAR "EARNEST WILLIE"—We are two little Tennessee schoolgirls who just feel like we *must* write to, and get a letter from the *Sunny South's* most popular young correspondent. If you could only know how much your letters in the paper delight those who read them, we think it would make your heart even happier than it is. We all watch so eagerly for you when the *Sunny South* comes; and when you are there, Oh! how the shout rings through the house: "*A letter from 'Earnest Willie'! A letter from 'Earnest Willie'!*" And then when the evening's work is done, the good mother comes and reads it to us while we children sit around her, eagerly listening.

We wish you could write every week, and Oh, if you would only write us a letter all to ourselves, we would be so very glad. We feel like God is greatly blessing your earnest Christian letters. Please write to us if you are able.

Your little schoolgirl friends,

HORTIE AND RUTH.

COLEMAN, TEXAS.

MR. W. L. BENNETT—Enclosed find twenty-five cents for which please send "Earnest Willie's" photo. We are getting very anxious out here in the "Lone Star State" to see a picture of the *Sunny South's* hero—a true hero indeed.

Very respectfully, (MISS) L—— W——

"IRENE."

CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

Mr. W. D. Upshaw:

MY DEAR UNKNOWN FRIEND—Your reply to my note surprised and delighted me. When I wrote that note I was tempted to throw off formality and write a letter, but I hardly had the courage, and knowing that you have so many calls upon your time and strength, I resisted that temptation, and tried to be content in remaining your admiring unknown friend.

Since you have peered through my nom don't you think that if you were to try *right* hard, you could guess who that friend is to whom I had reference? Six or seven years ago, this friend of yours told to a group of schoolgirls the accident that made you an invalid. Her version of the accident, of your youth, Christian fortitude and lovely character, made a deep impression on my girlish heart; and when two years ago I first read some of your letters in the *Sunny South*, I knew at once that "Earnest Willie" was no other than the young invalid Ella (there! I've told you) had so often spoken of as one whose invalid's chair had been converted into the throne of a Christian prince, who teaches us the royal, beautiful lessons of patience—and of her twin sister, faith. Need I tell you that I have your picture?

I am glad that you know Ella Standard and can appreciate her sweet, true womanly character.

Your letters have always been a source of comfort, strength and inspiration to me, as they must be to every one.

Very truly, your unknown friend,

"IRENE."

LED BACK TO LIGHT.

HENNING, TENN.

Mr. W. D. Upshaw:

DEAR "EARNEST WILLIE"—I feel it my duty to write and tell you what a blessed comfort and strength your letters in the *Sunny South* have been to me. It does seem that if you, cut down so young, and now so helpless, can be so brave, patient and cheerful, I with health and strength should not repine. But I have had a trial hard to bear. A few months ago the Reaper, Death, took from us a dear little brother, on whom we had built so many fond hopes, and left me only a widowed mother in all this world to love. Somehow I could not be resigned. Infidelity and despair seized upon me and tried to make shipreck of my faith; but some of the words which the Father put into your heart to write touched me, and now His infinite love and mercy have caused these dark doubts to fold their sable draperies about them and steal away, I trust, forever. Ah, "Earnest Willie," not here, but in that Better Country will you know all that your sufferings have done for others. May the Lord ever keep you.

Sincerely,

BELLE M——.

LED TO CHRIST.

TERRA CEIA, FLA.

DEAR "EARNEST WILLIE"—I have just finished reading one of your soul-stirring letters in the *Sunny South*—an earnest talk to young people leaving school. I shall never forget the first letter of yours I ever read. It was in the Thanksgiving Number of the *Sunny South*, and brought deep conviction to my heart, and from then until now I have been seeking the Saviour, hoping, believing that the offered peace would come sooner or later; and, thank God, it has come at last, bringing sweet rest to my weary soul. But, remember, oh! remember, it was you, under the blessing of God, who caused my conversion. * * * * Now, dear Willie, I must close, with the earnest request that you will remember me in your prayers, that I may be a true and useful Christian man.

Your sincere and happy friend, and brother in Christ,

CHARLES L. REYNOLDS.

And thus it ends. The author's "casket" must regretfully be closed. These gems are indeed only a few picked up here and there among the beautiful many. Amid all the light they give there lingers still a tiny shadow of pain at the thought of the vast majority which the reader cannot see. Most of them are just as sweet, just as tender, just as refreshing. And every one that has ever been sent me has performed its blessed mission of cheer, and is, and will ever be, kept among my most treasured treasures. God grant that these sweet and tender gems that have brightened my own life, beyond all my power to tell, may sparkle, as it were, like sun-kissed dewdrops of charity in the crowns of those who sent them, and that we every one, through Jesus our Lord, may be garnered by the Master when He cometh to "make up His jewels," and shine at last as blood-washed gems in our Saviour's crown in Heaven.

"EARNEST WILLIE."

SUPPLEMENT TO SECOND EDITION.

THROUGH OTHER EYES.

COMMENTS OF PRESS AND PEOPLE ON THE FIRST EDITION.

Friend, Listen:

Just wait until you write your first book, "gentle reader," especially under circumstances as unusual and trying as those out of which grew the book that has received these generous comments—just wait until then, and you will partly understand the happiness and gratitude which the following words have caused in my heart I trust I shall be pardoned for inserting them here when I tell you that they are the veriest infinitesimal part of the hundreds—I may say thousands—of kindred comments, both written and spoken, that have been showered in gracious profusion upon me. Many of them, of course, seem extravagant in the extreme. I know this as well as anybody. But if you will show me the *human being* that would not be glad to hear such things said of his efforts, felt and written with almost no education, but efforts as earnest as he or she knew how to feel—if you will just show me one such unnatural person, I will—well, I will almost promise to leave them out of my next edition.

Many friends have declared that they enjoy reading what others say of my book—hence, the hope that what follows will not be without interest to all who, from close reading, have become friends indeed. These comments are voluntary. The *intellectual* is naturally pleased at comments upon the *intellectual*, but above all, the *heart* lifts up a song of thanksgiving that will make melody, I trust, on eternity's shore, because of the happy and refreshing assurances that other hearts have been lifted, blessed, and brightened—*abiding good* accomplished in my Redeemer's name.

THE HAPPY AUTHOR.

CHARMINGLY INTRODUCED BY THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION, FROM THE FACILE, MELLOW PEN OF BRILLIANT LUCIAN L. KNIGHT.

The author is happy to let the "leader" of these 'opinions of others' embody extracts from announcements and reviews by the above named gentleman, whose almost peerless gifts and attainments as a linguist, journalist, and author are only surpassed by the undeviating integrity of his noble young manhood and the radiant and inspiring beauty of his lofty Christian character.

JUST BEFORE ITS APPEARANCE.

From the nature of the publication, as well as the interesting person of the author, it is sure to find its way into a warm reception.

Its title, which is rather quaint, is "Earnest Willie," or "Echoes from a Recluse," and the author, whose reputation the book will undoubtedly establish, has been a sufferer for more than nine years.

The solitude of this long imprisonment, so to speak, has been employed by the author in the weaving of beautiful thought into expression. This has now and then taken the form of poetry, all of which is characterized by a strong feeling, as well as a peculiar beauty, which gives a clear insight into the heart and life of the young author, whose efforts in this direction plainly evince the fact that he is moving along the edge of a bright future in his life's profession.

The book is made up of the poems, addresses, and meditations of this bright young writer, whose condition, while it has tortured his body and made, as it were, a prisoner of the man, has only unfettered his poetic soul and given freedom to his brilliant pen.

In this way, the author has been able to gather up the fragments of his boyhood's dream, which was rudely dashed to the ground a few years ago, when he became a confirmed invalid. These fragments he has beautifully put together and given to the whole the velvet quality of his rich and soulful imagination.

SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR.

Mr. Upshaw, who is known to everybody by the name of "Earnest Willie," lived in Atlanta several years ago. When a small boy he attended Crew street school, and was a pupil, at different times, of Miss Lou Laneau, Miss Sallie Johnson, Miss Lou Wood, Miss Mattie Andrews, Miss Hillyer, Miss Millie Rutherford, Miss Heath, and Professor John Isham. He was thus brought in contact with many of Atlanta's young professional and business men, and in the boyish competitions of those early days he was the admitted peer and equal of the brightest in his class. His proficiency was such that he passed through the entire school of eight grades in only four years, with distinguished honor, a record which has rarely perhaps been equaled. Even in those days he enjoyed the reputation

of being the best young orator in the school, and his life, as the logical result of these budding efforts, was one of budding and rosy expectation.

His father and mother being earnest and watchful Christian people, and naturally fearing for the welfare of their boys, exposed to the temptations of a large and growing city, decided to move into the country, after residing in Atlanta for several years, and settled in the neighborhood of Powder Springs, in Cobb county.

For several years the embryonic author applied himself to hard work on the farm. In the meantime, however, he was busily engaged in storing up sunshine for future use, and in the acquirement of those lucid metaphors which were destined to blossom out from the solitude in which he was soon to be confined. He was a careful observer, and the world spread out before him in the quiet chapter that embraced the hills and valleys of Cobb county was one in which his poetic soul found much to interest and much to treasure up for subsequent use in the laboratory of his rich imagination.

As the days drifted along the horizon, and the harvests were kindled around the point of his plowshare, the young farmer began to think that he saw in the fruitful measure of his work on the plantation the type of his own success in the world of which he had thus dreamed.

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AFTER ITS APPEARANCE.

Mr. Upshaw's book is having a wide sale. Considering the circumstances under which it was written, it is undeniably one of the most remarkable publications of the century. From the wilderness of "Earnest Willie's" affliction his heart began to break forth in song like the psalm of the nightingale.

There are many beautiful pictures of heroism in this life, but in all this world there is not a more beautiful and inspiring sight than this noble young man who, shut out himself from the joys and dreams he cherished, is thus bravely striving to make the world brighter and better.

It seems, instead of being a sufferer, that he had been a pupil of the mocking bird and had caught the secret of her notes as she poured forth her bewitching melody under the blue arch of his native sky.

His book is full of religious purity and truth, and cannot fail to sweeten the household into which it enters, or better the life of him who reads it in a spirit of emulation.

The pluck and determination of this brave boy deserve to be encouraged. Though the hand of misfortune has been laid upon him, his only answer has been a smile and a song. Unable to realize his early ambition, he has found through suffering a new and, perhaps, a higher mission in life, and he has brought to the mission a resolute purpose, and a commanding enthusiasm. A beautiful lesson is thus taught in the life of this noble young man. It shows that if one who suffers can, in spite of his affliction, be truly happy and spend his life in giving

happiness to other people, that he who is more favored by worldly circumstances has no reason to be unhappy. How beautiful, indeed, is such a life, that in spite of sorrow is full of melody, and though smitten by adversity is rich in sunbeams!

PEARLS OF CHARITY.

SOUTHERN CULTIVATOR, W. G. WHIDBY, Editor, ATLANTA, GA.—The author is an invalid, but the book is not.

J. ONEAL BELL (Cor. *Sunny South*), MACON, GA.—I am perfectly charmed—carried away with "Earnest Willie's" book. I have never followed any writer who used more fascinating language. It is the grandest collection of gems for youth that I have ever read.

MRS. W. E. JONNARD, CHATTANOOGA, TENN.—"Earnest Willie's" book is beautiful—beautiful. Surely there has never been anything else like it.

MISS CORINNE BERRYMAN, KAUFMAN, TEX.—I agree with my cousin who said: "'Earnest Willie's' book is next to the Bible." When we think of your affliction, it is sad, but when we consider what you have done for us in giving us this book, we are glad God has given you to us just as you are.

BIRMINGHAM DAILY NEWS.—A grand symphony in God's name.

REV. R. F. SMITH, LOCUST GROVE, GA.—It is the grandest book that lies on my table. Sunshine for young and old, inspiration for youth, happiness for all. I wish it could be placed in the hands of every young man in the land.

THE LINNET, DOUGLASVILLE, GA.—It is one of the most all soul books of recent publications. In one minute the author will make you laugh and cry. You will wish you were an invalid if you could write that way; and then you thank God for health and strength.

A MERCER UNIVERSITY STUDENT.—It is the sweetest book I ever read.

A TEACHER.—Dear boy, you deserve every commendation and encouragement for your tireless efforts at self-support. Your grand book would sell everywhere if the people could only know what it is.

REV. JAMES S. EDENS, (Field Editor *Christian Index*).—Brother Willie Upshaw was at the Convention by a large majority. He is as bright as a sunbeam, as sparkling as dewdrop, and a blessing to every home into which he goes. His pet—his book, you know, went into many new homes. It is a *live* book—just what the people want and need, and will live long after the author goes "home."

MRS. WILLIAM KING (Aunt Susie of the Atlanta *Constitution*).—Your beautiful "Echoes," have been ringing through my head and heart all the morning. Your collection of gems is a

grand success, and I would that every boy and girl in the land could read it.

Rev. P. A. Jesup, Cochran, Ga.—"Earnest Willie" has caught and held the attention of my wife and children as no other book has ever done. It has brought sunshine and happiness with it, and been a real blessing in my home.

Miss Beulah Green (invalid young lady), Sommerville, Tenn.—Frankly, "Earnest Willie," I have received more comfort from your book than any I have ever read except my Bible. I can never thank you enough for writing it.

Mrs. Mattie Shelnutt Morris, Bowdon, Ga.—When I consider your youth and your very limited schooling, and then read in your book such remarkable strength of thought and eloquent beauty of language, I can but exclaim in the words of Matthew: "Whence hath this man this wisdom and these mighty words?" The great variety in your "Echoes" charms me. Their pure merriment and sparkling wit often make me laugh; their pathos has many times melted me to happy tears, and the warmth of their earnest, beautiful eloquence thrills my very soul. And Kathleen's letters! That peerless, wonderful girl—why did you not let us know more of her? I would love so much to know her queenly soul. I have named my little girl "Kathleen."

Marguerite Evelyn, Glen Haven, New York—"Earnest Willie's" book has been a delight to me in my Northern home. The language is beautiful and refreshing, the imagery grand, and above all, the spirit is inspiring and uplifting—so full of Christian sunshine.

"PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."

From the imprisonment and persecuting affliction of John Bunyan, "Bedford's immortal dreamer," came "Pilgrim's Progress," perhaps the most wonderful and glorious book, except the Bible, that the world has ever seen. And in more recent years and seemingly now in a more humble way, affliction has brought from the cot of a crippled farmer boy in Georgia a book which, from my point of view, ranks, in spirit and achievement, close to Bunyan's immortal book. I refer to "Earnest Willie, or Echoes from a Recluse," by Will D. Upshaw, for seven years on bed. No person can read it through without being thrilled and inspired by this remarkable output from "Earnest Willie's" heart, the consecrated fire of his words, and the sunshine of his soul.—*From a sermon by Pastor Cloud, Baptist church, Auburn, Ala.*

"BEN-HUR."

Mr. G. B. Lindsey, Douglasville, Ga.:

Dear Sir and Brother:—We can never tell you how "Earnest Willie's" book is loved and talked about in our Texas home. When I read "Ben-Hur" I thought: "Can I ever find anything else to equal it?" But in point of touching, absorbing power I must declare "Earnest Willie" its equal. Indeed, it is the most

blessed, absorbing book I ever read except my Bible. I am happy to have been able to sell over $50 worth of them among my neighbors during the last few months. I could not think of charging commission. I am happy and thankful for the privilege of thus helping him, and blessing and elevating the youth around me. Tell "Earnest Willie" Mr. Dunlap says for him to quit working so hard and take care of himself, for *the world needs him.* * * *

MRS. E. C. DUNLAP,
Brenham, Texas.

"WASHINGTON IRVING."

DEAR "EARNEST WILLIE":—Words can never tell what a feast your book has been to me. I am a great deal alone and it takes the place of that congenial companionship for which I often long, as the words of no other author have ever done. Your thoughts are grand, and the ease and grace of your language reminds me very much of the style of Washington Irving, only your affliction has given your writings a tenderness and beauty even greater than Irving's writings possess. Above all, the earnest Christian spirit, breathed in everything you write, gives your book, after all, its greatest charm and power.

Your enthusiastic friend,
HATTIE PUTNAM,
Americus, Ga.

FROM A GENEROUS ALABAMA GIRL.

DEAR "EARNEST WILLIE":—Your long looked-for book is before me at last. "Earnest Willie" the author of a book, and a great, large, handsome book at that! Well, well, *did I ever?* And what shall I say of the *inside?* It is simply *too sweet for anything!* It is so natural, so unlike any other book, but its own unique self. "Earnest Willie," you seem talking to me in every line. You write just like yourself. Its pages are charming, they're bright, they're glorious!

The girls all fall in love with the picture, the book, and its author, and mothers and fathers love it for their children and homes. Send me a dozen copies at once. It will be one of the delights of my life to help you by placing it among my friends. I have my heart set on selling a hundred copies in this county. Charge you any commission? No, indeed! Why, that would spoil all my pleasure. I just want to help you and others, too. It is a *heart-service* with me. May God bless you and your noble book.

Earnestly, faithfully, your unseen friend,
"STARLING," OR JOSIE WORRELL,
Calebe, Ala.

HAPPILY CONVERTED.

MERIDIAN, MISS., February, 1895.

DEAR "EARNEST WILLIE:"—O how much pleasure it gives me to write to one who has done me so much good! One of your published letters was the cause, under God, of my being converted.

And your book—I can never thank you enough for writing it. I find new beauty and help in it every time I read. One of my lady friends, after reading it, said: "Why can't I, as well as he, be a true Christian? I am resolved, this day, God being my helper, to reach that point in Christianity that 'Earnest Willie' has;" and she is to-day one of the most consecrated Christians in our church. May the Lord ever bless you. Sincerely,

ANNIE MAY RHODES.

IN A MOUNTAIN HOME.

I am perfectly enthused over the subject of "Earnest Willie" and his book. It is simply wonderful to contemplate what he has accomplished in giving us this masterpiece from his invalid's room. I consider "Earnest Willie" or "Echoes from a Recluse," better, higher, and more useful than anything that Lord Byron or any other man of like fame has given to the world. It's the beautiful purity and the supreme wish to do good that make his achievement such a blessing to me as they come laden with such uplifting fragrance, to inspire me in my mountain home.—*Carrie Foster in Sunny South Letter.*

WHOLLY NEW.

There has never been another book like it—never one, I feel sure, growing out of such circumstances as "Earnest Willie" mastered. It is thoroughly unique, and I read it in my home with great pleasure.

COL. SION A. DARNELL,
Ex-United States District Attorney, Jasper, Ga.

STEPHENS AND LOVE.

UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA, ATHENS, GA., '95.

God speed you, "Earnest Willie"! Your book has been a feast to my very soul. The brilliant, graceful flow of your language sets me on fire. I have rarely read its equal. And, then, your book is so full of love. If it were a pond I could *swim* in it! True, you are in body a cripple, but in intellect you are an Alex. Stephens, and in spirit like David, after God's own heart.

I am a young man, student here at the University, just starting on the threshold of life. Will you not write to me sometimes? A letter from you would give me so much encouragement. But if you cannot, and do not write, I have this advantage—in your book you have already written. God bless you ever.

Yours warmly,

J. J. BENNETT.

NORTH AND SOUTH.

HARTFORD, CONN.

From Professor C. Howard Young, M. F. S. H., ex-Professor of Modern Languages at Paris and Nice; English, French, German, and Italian; Staff *Journal d'Hygiene*, Paris.

Your book has greatly cheered and helped me. Shake! North

and South. Indeed, I stopped writing my own biography to listen to Mrs. Sophia Forbes (my nurse) read yours, as it seemed so much more spiritual than my own writings. I can better spiritualize my own book in consequence. I like your book so well, that in a letter to a Western religious journal I recommended every invalid to buy it; also to my friends by letter.

Mrs. Forbes is an admirable reader, and did full justice to your grand Christian work.

AROUND THE FIRESIDE.

MUDDY CREEK, TENN., February, 1895.

DEAR "EARNEST WILLIE":—Your book is a joy and blessing in my home. I sit up every night and read to my mother and my wife, and we all laugh and cry and rejoice together. Your book helps me so much in my Christian life, that I want everybody to have it; have already taken several orders, and am going to do all I can to place it in the homes of my friends and neighbors.

Your unseen friend and brother in Christ,

ALISON MOUNTCASTLE.

"I CAN FEEL HIS WARM HEART BEATING."

From H. A. Beach, Pension Service, Washington, D. C., author of that superior story, "The Mystery of Number Twenty-Seven."

As I hold "Earnest Willie's" beautiful book in my hands, I can *feel* his warm heart beating, it seems. I could hardly go to sleep last night for reading it. It is a crown of gems, and every way you turn them you see their new, kaleidoscopic beauty. Verily, this noble boy has made his book a glorious blending of love and sunbeams.

A BROTHER HELPER.

From Elder John F. Cheney, the beloved Pastor of the Baptist Church, Crawford, Ga.

In my Christian work, amid many and trying afflictions, I have received more comfort from "Earnest Willie"—the book and its author, than from any other source outside of my God and my Bible. I thank God for his words and his life.

FULTON, KY.

I must tell you how my little fifteen-year-old daughter has been "carried away" with your book. She has already read it twice, and has talked about it more than any book she has ever read except the Bible. I can warmly commend "Earnest Willie" to parents everywhere as especially inspiring to the young.—*From Rev. Mr. Rooney.*

ARMSTRONG, MO.

You have put your whole heart and soul into your book, "Earnest Willie." It is such a sweet and helpful companion to me in my daily Christian life.—*From Miss Ida Spotts.*

MONTGOMERY, ALA.

Yours is a book of gems. In many pieces, but especially in "A Day of Bliss," writing of Christianity and infidelity, you write like one inspired. O, how sweet it is to lift up hearts in Jesus' name! I can say with you that it gives a peace and joy the world can never know. God bless your beautiful, tender "heart throbs" in their elevating mission.—*From Miss Veni McDonald.*

FROM AN INVALID GIRL IN FAR-AWAY KANSAS.

PARSONS, KAN., Sept. 11, 1895.

DEAR, DEAR "EARNEST WILLIE":—Did you ever, in your life, want any one thing very, very much—think of it, long for it, dream of it—and then, after so much longing, have it given to you, without expecting it?

Well, if you have, you can imagine to some extent my joy at receiving your book. I was so astonished, so overjoyed, I just sat looking at the covering, turning it over and over in my hand—hugging it to my bosom in ecstasy; and when I did at last open it, and my eyes fell upon those beautiful words upon the fly-leaf, penned by your own dear hand, I just felt so happy the earth could hardly hold me. I have nearly read it through already—and oh, the sweet heart-talk, the blessed, consoling nearness of Christ—the abiding love, and encouragement to fight with the tempter! And that beautiful piece, "Jesus Calms the Troubled Breast," just seemed to me the most soothing, tender balm for wounded hearts.

If I could accomplish one-hundredth part as much good as you have, my dear brother, it would indeed give me great joy. I would then feel as though I would not have to meet my Saviour empty-handed. But all are not so gifted, and have not that beautiful magnetism that draws all hearts toward them, as you have, dear Earnest Will. When I think of all that you, in your helpless state, have accomplished, how the influence from your bedside has gone over all the States—the Southern States at least—the *pluck*, the *energy*, the *will power* you have shown, while you were so helpless, I just feel rebuked to think that I have done so little—nothing—less than nothing. God help me to be more useful.

My life is so much better and brighter for having known you—if only through your writings—that I shall ever deem it one of my greatest privileges in life to have been called *friend* by "Earnest Willie." Think of and pray for your little Kansas invalid friend,

ANABEL WILSON.

FROM A BRIGHT CRIPPLE AT OAKHURST, S. C.

DEAR "EARNEST WILLIE":—It is needless to tell you that I am charmed with your book. It is a delightful companion to me, as I lie here helpless, flat on my back, and read and dream, investing my room—my little world—with all the types and characteristics of the great world outside.

The marvel to me is that you have ever been enabled to accomplish so much in your condition—how you use the little that you have learned so well. Now, I suppose I have read twice as much of Burns as you ever read, but, to save me, it seems that I never could have written such a comprehensive, graceful gem of a *critique* as your "Life as Burns Saw It." And your Christian faith shines out everywhere. You seem to do good and scatter sunshine everywhere you touch. How I wish I could meet you face to face; but I am here on a bed, where I have been for six years, and can never see you unless you come to me. Can't you? *Do* speed the day!

Earnestly, your invalid friend,

W. COLUMBUS CAUTHEN.

SUNSHINE AND COMPANIONSHIP FOR A LONELY NORTH CAROLINA GIRL.

ANDREWS, N. C., June 20, 1895.

DEAR "EARNEST WILLIE":—I wonder if you remember meeting me on the boat that afternoon on the Potomac? I was so sorry I did not see you again—so sorry you could not write anything in my book but my name.

Now, that I have read your book, I *must* write and tell you a little of the pleasure it is to me. It is to me what the lady in Texas said it was to her—"it is next to my Bible." I have never read any book that has done me so much good.

I am a teacher and when I get through my day's work, feeling cross and tired, I just take up my "Earnest Willie," and in a little while I wonder how I ever could be cross. I am many miles from my home now, which is Wadesboro, N. C., and that makes your book doubly dear to me; for, when I have fits of "blues," or homesickness, I always find something in it to cheer me up and make me forget myself.

When I saw you on your chair at the Convention before I knew who you were, I was struck by your face, and one night, after studying your face for quite a while, I thought, if among that vast sea of faces I had to choose a person for a friend—a true, steadfast friend—I should choose you. Of course I knew by your chair that you were an invalid and I sympathized with you, but I also knew that however much you had suffered, your life had not been unhappy, for one could tell from your face that you "daily walked with God."

A prominent man of my acquaintance, who was sour and cynical, somewhat, has been so softened by reading your book that the young people who were afraid of him before are drawn to him now, and many note the wonderful change.

What a blessing is your book to all who read it! "Earnest Willie," you ought to be very happy. *Do* write me a letter; won't you? Your glad new friend,

POLLY CROWDER.

JOY AND "KATHLEEN."

LAVERNIA, TEXAS.

Your book is a benediction to my home, "Earnest Willie." It is so lifelike and natural—so earnest and heart-reaching. I have read it and read it and take it with me and talk it everywhere I go.

And, Kathleen, Kathleen! that brilliant, lovely, wonderful girl who wrote those wonderful letters—what about her? I can but wonder why in the world you and she did not—well, never mind, but why did you not let us see more of her and her letters?

Remember, that although unseen by us, you have many warm friends out here in the "Lone Star State" who breathe blessings on your name. Your friend and sister in Christ,

MRS. L. E. SORRELL.

TEARS OF GLADNESS.

SPARKS, GA.

Heaven bless "Earnest Willie" and his dear book! That is what my glad heart feels, dear invalid friend. For several days after your book came I kept it right by me on my bed all the time, so I could read it the last thing at night, and then let my eyes fall on its blessed pages the first thing with the return of the morning light. I lie here on my bed where I have been for months and read and rejoice and often cry for very joy. You can never know this side of heaven how much good "Earnest Willie; or Echoes from a Recluse" has done the heart and life of

Your glad invalid friend,

FANNIE K. SCHUMAN.

LEADING TO A HAPPY TIME.

LOCUST GROVE, GA., June —, 1895.

DEAR BROTHER WILLIE:—I was so much impressed with your address to the young people at Woolsey last Sunday morning that I write to invite you to come to our general meeting and make a special address to our young people on Sunday morning. I love my young people, and I long to see them more active for Christ; and I feel that God will bless your coming, to their good. Brother Graham and I were so anxious to help you, and the people, too, that we have secured ten orders for your book. We want you to come and scatter your blessed book in all the homes of our community. Your burning words and consecration have been an inspiration to me in my work for the Master. Now, Brother Willie, *do* come and talk to my young people at Union Church. *Do* not disappoint us. Write and gladden my heart by the news of your coming. God bless you in your glorious work.

Your loving friend and brother in Christ.

I. G. WALKER.

FROM ELDER HIRAM RAINEY, THE GENEROUS BENEFACTOR OF PERRY-RAINEY COLLEGE, AUBURN, GA.

WINDER, GA., August, 1895.

DEAR BROTHER WILLIE:—I can never thank you and God enough for your presence in our gracious meeting at Hebron. The people had never seen you before, but they love you as they have never loved any man who stayed such a short time among them. The young men have organized a prayer-meeting as the result of your labors, and in their sweet meetings they often pray for "Brother Willie." Let me tell you something: Two good sisters, hearing that you had come here, followed you clear to my house, several miles, just to get to see you again. Your praise is on every lip. O my young brother, I thank God for your life and work, and hope that He may continue richly to bless you.

Fraternally yours,

H. N. RAINEY,

"EARNEST WILLIE LITERARY SOCIETY."

WOOLSEY, GA., August, 1895.

DEAR "EARNEST WILLIE":—With a message of joy I come telling you of the highly successful organization of the "Earnest Willie Literary Society." Your short but glorious stay in our community was a blessing and inspiration to all our young people, and you left a ray of light behind, shining in your path. We do not see now how we have lived so long without this club which you have influenced us to organize. And after you were gone, so much did we appreciate the inspiration you gave us, that we felt we must have our club bear the name of "Earnest Willie."

I have secured the promise of several young men and boys to help us; the girls are all enthusiastic; and I feel more inspired and determined to get an education than ever before. The very breezes about us seem to sing of the success of the "Earnest Willie Literary Club," and I am happy! We all long to see you among us again.

Your grateful friend and brother,

WILLIAM M. SAMS.

ON THE SPOT OF MY BIRTH.

"UPSHAW LITERARY CLUB."

NEAR NEWNAN, COWETA COUNTY, GA., July, 1895.

Mr. Willie D. Upshaw, Atlanta, Ga.:

MY DEAR COUSIN WILLIE.—Rejoice with us! Our Club is a glorious success. It was organized last Saturday night with a large roll of enthusiastic members. The first question was: "What shall be our name?" And there seemed to be but one unanimous cry from all parts of the house—"The Upshaw Literary Club"—for if it had not been for "Earnest Willie's" inspiring speech and encouraging words, we never would have organized it." And so the "U. L. C." is no longer a dream, but

a glorious reality. It seems so fitting that here in the community where you were born, and where your recent visit (after an absence of so many years) so thoroughly waked up the young people, they should gratefully seek to honor you by giving their Club your real name. How we wish you could be here to help us out! Send us some By-laws and a Constitution.

We are going to get up a "great big" public entertainment as soon as we can, and invite you back down here to make us a speech. Our club is the talk of the community among young and old, and its influence for good is spreading like wild-fire. I can never tell you all the good, grand things the people are saying about your visit here. You seem to get so close to the young people, somehow, and reach their hearts as no one has ever done before.

Cousin Willie, I pray God to always bless you.

Your happy, loving cousin,

NELLIE PALMER.

"I breathed a song into the air;
It fell to earth I knew not where."

PLYMOUTH, IND., June 24, 1895.

Mr. W. D. Upshaw:

DEAR SIR AND FRIEND:—Inclosed please find $2.00 for one of your books, "Earnest Willie, or Echoes from A Recluse" (best pebble binding, with gilt edges).

I know your time is greatly occupied in various ways, but I want to tell you of a special friend of mine, whom you met on the train in or near Atlanta some time ago.

It was your humble submission and reverence to God that won this friend's admiration for you, and he said as long as he lived he would remember your bright smile, and deep in his breast longed for the peace and joy in believing the Scriptures.

He is not altogether skeptical, but will not (or at least says so) believe in a personal Saviour.

Well, I hardly know what he does or does not believe. He seldom attends church services, and less often reads the Bible, that I know of.

When I saw he was so interested in you, and the influence you had over him in only a few minutes' ride on the train, I concluded to present to him one of your books for a birthday remembrance, with the hope that through its pages he may be led to see the beauty of your Christian life and seek salvation—eternal life and Heaven.

He is winning prominence and honor in his profession, but, Oh! he is neglecting the Saviour's words: "*Seek ye first the kingdom of Heaven.*"

He is the subject of my almost constant prayer as I go before the Father's Throne.

Now, I have written you quite a lengthy letter, being an entire stranger to you, but you will see how your influence has reached far away to some you no doubt have never thought of, and scattered seeds of loving kindness unknown.

I pray that God's choicest blessings may be yours, and when you remember others at a Throne of grace, in love remember us too. Yours affectionately,

S. Z.

"A RED LETTER DAY."

SEARCY, ARK.

DEAR "EARNEST WILLIE":—Yesterday was a "red letter day" to me. Our beloved pastor, Brother Faulkner, came home from the convention, and told me he saw "Earnest Willie" at Dallas, and moreover he brought me one of your books. I had been wishing for one, and I almost jumped for joy. I have read it and read it, and my heart melts and my soul thrills with joy as I follow your happy, burning words. Your sunshine scatters the clouds, "Earnest Willie." Surely God wants you to preach His blessed gospel to fatten man, your heart seems so much in your work. But whether you preach as a preacher or not, you and your book are preaching every day. God bless you, is the prayer of Your faraway friend and sister,

"DOLORES," OR ROSALIE JONES.

"THE BLUES."

I have never seen you, nor have you seen me, but I just want to write and tell you, "Earnest Willie," that your book has fallen into my hands, and has given me untold joy and encouragement. I am a country girl, having had poor opportunities for education, but longing and determined to do something for the master. You are a Baptist and I am a Methodist, but what does that matter? You are a Christian and so am I, and that is enough to make me love you. I don't feel like I am reading a book; I feel like you are talking to me. Sometimes, when I feel blue, gloomy, and discouraged, I just get my "Earnest Willie" and let the book talk to me, and then I feel inspired and happy.

Your grateful, unseen friend,

MARY CHAISTAIN,
Near Macon, Ga.

"HE LOVES THE GIRLS."

Ha! ha! Cousin Willie, let me tell you what a neighbor lady said of your book. Of course she thought, like everybody else does, that it is a *splendid book*, and all that, but her special remark was this: "I've found out *one* thing from reading Earnest Willie's book; *he certainly loves the girls.*" And I told her of course you did, the girls had been so good to you since you were crippled, that you could not help loving them.

LEONA STAMPS,
Irondale, Ala.

"NO PARSNIPS THERE."

Our whole family reading your book! That is the picture. I could hardly get my aunt to look after the parsnips for dinner; she was so absorbed. She was lost in reading your and Kathleen's

letters, and came out smiling, and said: "They were not talking about parsnips where I was." More than all, "Brother Willie," I hope and pray your bock may be blessed to the eternal good of my dear brothers who are out of Crist.

Your Tennessee friend,
(Miss) Gussie Newman.
Alpha, Tenn.

Ah, Earnest Willie, your *book!* your *book!* It is a perfect cluster of scintillating gems. And your lecture! Everybody is talking about it. Your audience was fine, but if you will just come again I think we will have to bring the camp chairs into requisition.

From Miss Emma Hampton,
Cleveland, Tenn.

"MY PANACEA."

Earnest Willie,—I call your book my *panacea.* In my daily life as teacher I have so many things to annoy and worry me that I get almost out of heart sometimes. Then I pick up your book, and you begin to talk to me in its sunny, encouraging pages, and the blues leave me. I catch your spirit of hope, faith, and determination, and arise to go forward with renewed effort. I never had any other book to affect me as does *my panacea.*

From Miss Melle Smith,
Teacher in Flovilla Institute.

"MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF."

Mr. Upshaw's book "Echoes from a Recluse," reminds me very strikingly of the "Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff," with this difference in our Atlanta boy's favor: His book, like the journal of this wonderful Russian girl, is true to life, full of hopes, dreams, and lofty ambitions. But throughout hers, there is, though brilliant, a somber hopelessness, that makes you pity at last the author and her life, while "Earnest Willie," brilliant in thought, and with broken plans, is still radiant all through with Christian faith, hope, and joy, and thrilling in the supreme purpose to lift up every heart and life he touches.

From Colonel Howell Green,
A Scholarly Atlanta Attorney.

HON. JOSHUA LEVERING.

Baltimore, Md.

Mr. Will D. Upshaw, Atlanta, Ga.:

Dear Sir and Brother:—I remember seeing you on your chair at the convention in Atlanta, and have read your letter with much interest. * * * Inclosed you will find a check for ten dollars to help you in the publication of your book. You may send me one copy, and give the others to some poor, worthy boys and girls not able to buy. Assuring you of my deep interest in your labor and success, I am,

Very truly yours,
Joshua Levering.

TO THE LAME AND BLIND.

So much did I enjoy your book that I carried it tc an old man, who is paralyzed, has not walked a step in five years, and who, besides, is almost blind. I read it to him nearly all day, and I do wish you could have seen how he enjoyed it. When I told him good-bye, he said it was the happiest day he had spent in a long time. I do wish you could come out here and help inspire our young people to do something.

MRS. MATTIE SMITH,
Grand Junction, Tenn.

"EARNEST WILLIE" AND HIS BOOK.

'Tis full of gems, 'tis full of beauty,
"Full of health" and joy and truth,
Nothing in it dark or sooty;
'Tis just the book for age and youth.

May Heaven bless our sunny Southland—
('Tis *we* should bless THE SUNNY SOUTH,
For 'twas this paper "brought out Willie,"
And he's now "in every mouth.")

Suffer no envy, be ye not jealous,
He's of us, and he is ours;
Like him, let every one be zealous,
Bringing forth perennial flowers—

Flowers amaranthine, never fading,
Soul-flowers, blooming evermore,
Flowers bright with no earth-shading—
Bright natives of "the other shore."

Buy his good book—buy it, read it,
It will fan your spirit's fire!
All who read it, if they'll heed it,
Will be helped up—lifted higher!

The book is heartful and 'tis soulful,
Filled with sunshine, joy and truth;
There's nothing in it sad or doleful—
Just the thing for age and youth.

'Tis full of tame and wild birds flying
'Mong the Spring-blest flowering trees,
And every bird's a heart-emotion—
(Grant this "figure," if you please!)

How his magnetic sparks go shining
To his friends, and touch their hearts!
But never cause a soul's repining,
Though so piercing are his darts.

T. F. JEFFRIES.

Near Rome, Ga.

"KEPT ME AWAKE ALL NIGHT."

Among those who crowded around "Earnest Willie" after his lecture entertainment to shower their enthusiastic congratulations upon him, was one of our prominent business men who warmly declared, as he bought one of his books, "If your book contains even no more than all you rendered to-night, I would not take $5 for it. I am going to give it to my children as a blessing and inspiration to them." And as the young author, on his rolling chair, passed a company of gentlemen on the street yesterday, Colonel W. D. Hamrick, the well-known attorney, was heard to remark: "That man is the only author that ever wrote a book that kept me awake all night. The first night I ever saw it I was tired from work in court, but I picked it up and became so intensely absorbed following his burning, heart-reaching words, that I positively never laid the book down until 4 o'clock in the morning." And some one who heard him declared that that was a remarkable tribute, especially coming from a lawyer.—*Carroll County Times.*

CHRISTMAS SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON.

GUSSETA, ALA., December 25, 1894.

DEAR "EARNEST WILLIE"—I have never seen you, but I know and love you through your published letters and book; and that you may know that your influence has reached to this far away community in Southern Alabama, I just want to tell you that my husband, who is the superintendent of our Sunday-school near here, was so much pleased with your story, "Bewitching Smiles," in the last *Christian Index*, that he turned aside from the regular routine of the Sabbath-school lessons, and read to the school your impressive story on the evils growing out of card-playing and kindred dissipation. He also told them something of your life, and the great help and comfort he had derived from your book.

How useful—how happy your life, even though you are afflicted. You spend your efforts in trying to do good to others in your Savior's name, while so many grasp after worldly pleasures, and, like the little butterfly playing around the dazzling flame, only the dust of its sordid wings is left to tell that it has been.

On this glad day, while others are feasting, I felt like I wanted to send you this little token of your having reached hearts, letting you find in it food for your happy soul. I am the mother of Annie Shealey, whom you kindly helped to buy a rolling-chair for Mr. Spraggins, the Meriwether county cripple. God bless "Earnest Willie," is our prayer.

Your unseen sister in Christ, MRS. G. W. SHEALEY.

CALLANDS, VA.

DEAR "EARNEST WILLIE"—What a blessing! What an inspiration your book has been to me—to my home—to all who have seen and read it! I thank God that it came just when it did. It prepared my heart for a gracious revival that I attended soon af-

terward. My young men friends have been especially touched by it. * * * * When will you be in Atlanta? Answer quickly. I would like to go to the Exposition, but unless I can see "Earnest Willie," I do not care to go. Though I have never seen you, you seem like an old friend. Pray for me, and God bless you.

Your unknown but sincere friend, SUE SEMONES.

VINEYARD, GA.

DEAR "EARNEST WILLIE":—I have been reading your book, "Echoes From a Recluse," and assure you I never met such a work before. I feel constrained to thus acknowledge its merits. Oh, how every word touches some tender chord in my heart! Wonderful work! wonderful intellect that planned it. I can never find words to express my appreciation of the book or its author. May I ask for your picture? I want to hang it in the brightest place on the parlor wall, as a souvenir of one of the grandest specimens of *manhood* that Georgia ever produced.

Very sincerely, your friend,

CORDELIA HALL.

AROUND THE DEATHBED.

O, "Earnest Willie," you can never know what a joy your book was to my precious sister, Nannie Lou, during her last sad, fatal illness. I read it to her every day, while she would lie there and sometimes smile and often cry for very joy. She asked me to send you this souvenir spoon as a token of the fact that you and your book gave her more comfort in her spiritual life than any other living person. How often she talked of and longed to see "Earnest Willie." It should give you great joy to know that on her dying bed you helped her so much. Oh, how I miss her! She died very happy, and now with your own sweet sister, Sallie Blanche, she is before the Redeemer's throne.

Your sorrowing friend and sister in hope,

MRS. PORTER BETTIS.

"REVERIES OF A BACHELOR" AND "DREAM LIFE."

RUSSELLVILE, ARK.

* * * Your tribute to your mother and father is the most touching thing in the whole book, and will undoubtedly do much good everywhere it goes. * * *

Of the book as a whole, I think, in point of frank, earnest, refreshing truthfulness, it rivals that book which Gladstone has called "without a parallel," "the Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff."

In beauty and sweetness, it as far transcends it as day does the night. In its tendency to uplift and ennoble, it is also the rival of a book I have held incomparable hitherto—"An Attic Philosopher in Paris, or the Journal of a Happy Man."

It ranks from my point of view with "Reveries of a Bachelor"

and "Dream Life," and is as much stronger than Jerome K. Jerome's books as meditation is stronger than mirth.

MAY BATTENFIELD.

ON THE LECTURE PLATFORM.

"EARNEST WILLIE'S" DEBUT AT MERCER UNIVERSITY.

The people had been led to expect something above the ordinary lecture, but they were not prepared for the rare feast which Mr. Wm. D. Upshaw, the rolling-chair speaker and author spread for his large audience at Mercer chapel last night. His poem, "The Mercer Boys," was unexpectedly sprung, and was the most brilliant hit of the evening. Enthusiasm ran high. Then later many eyes were in tears. "Earnest Willie" renders his own productions with a naturalness that is charming to listen to.—*Macon Telegraph.*

"EARNEST WILLIE" AT WESLEYAN.

HE CAPTURED THE WESLEYAN GIRLS WITH HIS LECTURE YESTERDAY AFTERNOON.

Mr. Will D. Upshaw, the brilliant and versatile young invalid author, gave one of his unique entertainments to the young ladies of Wesleyan yesterday afternoon between 4 and 5 o'clock. The spacious hall was filled with happy and bright faces, the possessors of which listened eagerly to Mr. Upshaw's productions. The bright poems, some scintillating with sparkling wit, some full of lofty and inspiring ideas, and yet others breathing a tender pathos and love for humanity, all elicited enthusiastic applause.

Mr. Upshaw came among us last week not altogether a stranger, for he had been heralded by the appearance of his book about two months ago, still he had very few personal acquaintances in the city. But his lectures and recitations, together with his magnetic personality, have endeared him to the people of Macon, who will regret to see him depart.

He will give an entertainment at the Academy of Music the evening of the 19th instant, when all will have an opportunity to hear him. Like James Whitcomb Riley, he recites his own productions, and his manner of reciting them gives a peculiar charm. The lecture and recitations will be interspersed by some choice selections of music from some of Macon's most talented artists, and especially by that popular organization, the Young Ladies' Orchestra, who have complimented Mr. Upshaw with the offer of their services.—*Macon Telegraph.*

AT BOWDON.

Mr. W. D. Upshaw, the young Georgia author, better known here by the title of his book, "Earnest Willie," which had preceded him in the homes and hearts of our people, has been turning the social element of Bowdon upside down for the past three days. Old and young are drawn alike by the wonderful power of his personal magnetism, as they behold in him the unfoldings of

the true philosophy of living. Snow covers the ground, but his room is thronged with delighted callers—we may add, especially, young ladies. The rich and poor, the learned and unlearned—all love this gifted and consecrated young man.—*Miss Eula Hood in Bowdon (Ga.) Intelligence.*

IN FORT WORTH, TEXAS.

Will D. Upshaw, or, "Earnest Willie," as he is more broadly known through his correspondence in the *Sunny South*, and as an author, is in Fort Worth for a few days. Last Sunday he and Governor Northen, of Georgia, were selected out of the large number of delegates to the great Southern Baptist Convention at Dallas, to address a men's mass meeting at the opera house in that city, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. He has kindly consented to address a similar meeting in the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium hall in this city next Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock.

Mr. Upshaw has been an invalid for about nine years. He was the center of much interest at the Dallas Convention, as he was rolled in his chair to the stand. He is a young man of good appearance and bright intellect. The *Dispatch* says of his address last Sunday afternoon: "It captivated the large audience, moving them to many demonstrations of enthusiasm—applause, smiles and tears."—*Ft. Worth Gazette.*

JOHNSON CITY, TENN.

Will D. Upshaw ("Earnest Willie"), the young invalid author and speaker from Georgia, lectured to a very large audience here last week. In one minute he will have you fairly yelling with laughter, and then tenderly he will begin to take hold of your heart until tears will find their way down your cheeks. His audience here was larger than Governor Bob Taylor's last, if this is popular "Bob's" own home.—*Walter Hunter, in Baptist and Reflector.*

MORRISTOWN, TENN.

"Earnest Willie" lectured here last week to the largest audience drawn to the church here by any lecturer for years—larger than "Bob" Taylor's at his last appearance. Everybody was pleased and edified.—*Miss Maggie Hunt, in B. and F.*

A Mercer University Student: I'll declare! I feel like I got too much for my money. I ought to have paid a dollar. I saw one man laugh till he cried, and another cry without laughing. I never enjoyed anything of the kind so much in my life.

Dallas (Tex.) *Dispatch:* Mr. William D. Upshaw, of Georgia, or "Earnest Willie," as he is widely known, delighted his large audience at Washington Avenue Baptist church last night. Sometimes he speaks from his rolling chair and sometimes he rises on his crutches and in impassioned eloquence lifts his audience with him. His voice is clear and ringing, and he keeps his

hearers swinging between that pendulum of mirth, inspiration and pathos, which natural eloquence always produces.

"Earnest Willie" filled his engagement at the Baptist church Monday night. Despite the threatening aspect of the weather a large audience was on hand to greet him. Nature made him a poet and his every word falls from his lips like the dews of heaven on a sun-kissed flower. With this native talent, blending the serious, humorous, and pathetic, he held his audience enraptured to the end, exerting a power decreed to but few.—*Cleveland (Tenn.) Banner.*

TO THE LUCY COBB GIRLS.

In response to an invitation from Miss Rutherford, the accomplished and beloved principal of Lucy Cobb Institute, who was his childhood teacher, Mr. Will D. Upshaw, the young Georgia author, dined at the Institute on Saturday evening and afterward addressed the young ladies in their study hall. "Earnest Willie" so completely captured them that the "Lucy Cobb Girls," to whom he has dedicated a special poem, as a companion-piece to "The University Boys," are coming in a body to his lecture at the Y. M. C. A. hall to-night. This is a copliment that will influence not only the young "citizens" of the University, but the city as well.—*Athens Daily Banner.*

THE "CLASSIC CITY."

"Earnest Willie" drew the largest audience that ever greeted any lecturer at the hall here. Everybody was charmed, wanting him to come again.—*H. R. Bernard, in Christian Index.*

AT A SUNDAY-SCHOOL CELEBRATION, CANTON, GEORGIA.

After Mr. Connie A. Weddington's eloquent address, Mr. Will D. Upshaw, made a short but earnest, enthusiastic talk, which was eagerly listened to by all present. He is full of zeal for Christ. "Earnest Willie" is visiting his cousin, Mrs. Ben F. Perry, for a few days. He is the toast of the town, and all who come in touch with him are blessed with the wish and purpose to live better and nobler lives.—*Cherokee Advance.*

"THROUGH SNOW AND MUD."

When "Earnest Willie" lectured at Talbott last winter, the people came for miles through snow and mud to hear the crippled young man whose published letters they had read and enjoyed so much. As evidence of the fact that novelty was not the only attraction, when he came recently the *second* time, with a new entertainment, his audience was wonderfully large (about twice as large as before), some people coming from over in Granger county—seven miles at night—to hear him. One old lady, past sixty years, poor, but noble, *walked five miles* She had

read his book, and she felt that she *must* hear him. Such are the tributes that have been paid this earnest, gifted young man, at many places during his lecture tour through East Tennessee.—*Porter Daniel, Cor. Baptist and Reflector, October*, 1895.

INTRODUCED AT A LECTURE.

Dr. W. W. Fitts, a venerable, highly intelligent, and greatly beloved Christian physician, used the following words in introducing "Earnest Willie" to a large audience in Carrollton, Ga.:

"If I were called on, ladies and gentlemen, to name the bravest, *pluckiest*, most energetic human being that I have ever known, I would repeat the name of Will D. Upshaw, the young man whom I introduce to you to-night. Summoned to his bedside about nine years ago on a professional mission, I found him prostrate and helpless, feeling no doubt, in the disappointment of his young life, as those boys out there in the audience would feel if they should be stricken down as he was. Drawn to him at once by his bright face and engaging conversation, and deeply impressed by his hopeful cheerfulness and his resolute purpose to yet do something in the world for himself, and that would honor his God and do good to humanity, I have followed his career since that time with a peculiar interest felt in no other young man whom I have ever seen. The preparation of his book under such trying circumstances, and his recent success on the lecture platform, almost unparalleled triumphs of a comparatively uneducated boy, thrill my heart as I think of them. What he may say to you to-night I do not know, but I feel sure you will be charmed to the end, and carry away the conviction that "Earnest Willie's" achievement is a shining monument to noble pluck, perseverance, and sterling Christian character, that should inspire all young people who hear him to higher and more useful lives."

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

A touching incident, showing how Mr. Will D. Upshaw, "Earnest Willie," not only charms the young people, but delights the old as well, occurred just after his lecture. Among the crowd that pressed about him, showering their congratulations, was a very aged lady, tottering beneath the weight of nearly eighty years. Grasping the young author's hand, she was heard to warmly say: "O I feel that I know you! I have your book, and I almost idolize it. I was afraid I might die before I could meet you face to face." As she spoke the tears were in her eyes, and the young man's face was radiant with happiness, as he held her hand and replied: "God bless you! you make my heart very happy!" "Earnest Willie" has a power over hearts possessed by few, and his audience, so unusually large for Athens to give to any lecturer, will remember his earnest, beautiful words for many a day.—*Athens (Ga.) Evening News.*

"BOB" TAYLOR.

With a heart of mingled gratitude, pride and pleasure—all naturally felt, the author transfers to a place among these press comments the following extract from an article in the *Baptist and Reflector*, of Nashville, Tenn., by Elder Shelby E. Jones, one of the faculty of Carson and Newman College, Mossy Creek, Tenn. Prof. Jones is indeed what Professor John T. Henderson, the stalwart and remarkable young hero-president of the College said of him: "A jewel among men." This occasion was the greatest platform success the author has ever known, and he gratefully cherishes in his heart each member of the faculty, all the people of the town, and all the noble Carson and Newman boys and *girls:*

"EARNEST WILLIE" AT CARSON AND NEWMAN COLLEGE—A LARGER AUDIENCE THAN GREETED GOV. BOB TAYLOR.

"Earnest Willie's" entertainment for genuine eloquence has seldom been equaled in this place. No speaker has ever had as large an audience, except during commencement, and that is saying much. We have had "Bob" Taylor, A. H. Pettibone, and several other celebrities among the politicians, and other men of literary attainments and high rank, but somehow "Earnest Willie" drew the largest audience to hear him. He has been a delight—a perfect feast to the college and community. Where is his power? It is in his heart. God has filled it with good things, bright things, heavenly things. His voice is as sweet and musical as hymns that float to us from the "Isles of the Blessed"; his words to the sad are like sunbursts through the over-hanging clouds; to all, is abounding sympathy, ready wit and good humor make an hour more delightful than one can begin to think or pen.

S. E. JONES.

A HAPPY SABBATH.

The morning of the fifth Sunday in June dawned with a lowering sky, but regardless of this, a vast concourse of people assembled at our church; for it was a well-known fact that that day would find our dear young brother, "Earnest Willie," in our midst for the first time.

The services were opened by the beloved Brother Elam Culpepper of Jonesboro.

Elder E. M. Hooten delivered a tender and impressive sermon on the "Winning of Souls." This was followed by a powerful appeal from Elder B. W. J. Graham of Locust Grove, on the subject of "Denominational Education," and especially in behalf of the Institute, now in course of erection at Locust Grove.

But the crowning event of the day came in the form of an address made by "Earnest Willie."

It had seemed that the church was filled before, but still they came, every available space was occupied, and in the rear of the church was a solid wall of eager-faced boys and men, waiting for him to begin.

As leaning back in his invalid's chair, his noble face thrown out in bold relief, his strong, clear voice fell upon the ears of the anxious throng, and instantly every sound was hushed.

During the entire address, which lasted for more than an hour, he was given the most rapt attention. And strong men, whose hearts had not been visibly touched for years, now under the influence of his tender appeals and powerful sacred eloquence, bowed their heads and wept.

At the close, people came crowding around with expressions of benefits received, and solicitations for the book written by this wonderful young man.

At the conclusion of these delightful exercises he rode away amid the tears and prayers of many friends.

He spent the remainder of the week among these friends, and like a *gleam of inspiration* he moved among them, doing good and reciving in return enthusiastic admiration and undying love.

May he find success waiting for him at every hand in the work he has so nobly begun for the Master.—***Mrs. Lula Bryant, Woolsey, Ga., in Christian Index.***

"SEEING THE WORLD" FOR THE FIRST TIME.

Partly at the suggestion of friends, but mostly *because I want to* myself, three chapters of these "Happy Echoes" are here given. Lack of space prevents my giving these that do appear in full, or all of them in succession. This I deeply regret. Just imagine yourself in my place, "gentle reader," a prisoner as long as I was, and you can then only catch at the skirts of my leaping joy. These are given here, not as "literary" productions, but as simple heart-throbs and joy-gleams from a most unusual experience—"rich, rare, and racy"—such as few people on this "terrestrial ball" have ever known.

THE AUTHOR.

HAPPY ECHOES.

No. 1.

How would you feel if you never had been *anywhere?*

Well, that was almost my condition of *being* until a short time ago. I, who was so long on bed, held there year after year by the unrelenting hand of a trying affliction—I, even *I* (for it seems almost like a vanished dream) have been raised off my long-attended cot, and with the assistance of my plaster of Paris jacket, crutches, reclining chair and sleeping-car, have traveled over the "wide extended plains" of far-away Texas and come safely and happily back home again. I had never been out of my own State before, and I'll declare, I feel almost like I had been around the world. And to all who feel that they would like to go with me in fancy on my trip "around the world," here goes! for I have been requested by a great many kind friends to "write up my trip," and if they had not requested it, I would have wanted to tell you all about it anyhow.

SOCIAL CIRCLE: Perhaps I would better begin at the first. I had never been more than thirty-five miles on a train at one timein all my life, and so when I started to Social Circle, Ga., I felt like I was going on a great journey, for it was *fifty* miles from Atlanta!

t is too long now since then to tell much of th is grandly grand visit. It is enough to say that I spent a

week at the home of two sweet, pretty and accomplished cousins, Misses Lena and Jessie Upshaw, and their friend and ours of "Letter Box" memory, "Annie Laurie," or Miss Pearl Avery, whom the "society editress" would describe "as a daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair." The snow imprisoned me four days, and you can just imagine how hard (?) it was to endure such thraldom—shut up there in the house for four days with three merry, winsome girls. Ha, ha! and when the young men came, oh, how those girls would smile on those boys and make them buy my book! I conducted three parlor readings, met some of the best people in the world, received such kindnesses as humbled and cheered my heart—and, well, I just floated on a swelling tide of joy. But sweetest of all, I remember the touching little prayer-meeting service, with the young lady and young man who afterwards came to me, each one saying: "Pray for me." Oh, how happy such things make my heart, that longs above all things else, to point and lead young people to Christ.

* * *

In Macon: A hundred miles from home: It seemed indeed that I had traveled a great way and seen much of this great big world. O'Neal, our staunch Letter Box friend, met me at the train, and although I had never seen him (I had his picture) I looked through the window and knew him. How gladly we grasped each other's hand, for although unseen, he had been as kind as a brother to me. But just think of such hard treatment as I received from the very first man I met in Macon after seeing O'Neal. I must tell you before, though, that I pretend to be very sensitive about my age. Eighteen when I was hurt, I feel in my heart just eighteen still, and like, of course, to be taken for an eighteen-year-old-boy, or thereabouts (and sometimes I am, they say). Seated on the street-car by an old man, with crippled form, dimmed eyes, tobacco juice on his lips and a smell about his breath that evinced very plainly that he did not live in a prohibition town, he surveyed me long and intently from head to foot, took in my crutches well, and asked in a drawling voice: "*Mister*, did you get wounded in the *war-r-r?*"

Mercy! my heart sank, and before replying a word to

the old man I turned to O'Neal and said: "If you ever tell that to a soul, I will nearly kill you."

And seeing that he had created great consternation by his remark, the seedy old fellow sent forth on the fumes of John Barleycorn these plaintive words:

"*Mis*-ter, don't get mad—please don't hit me with your crutch. I didn't mean no harm by what I said. Every time I see anybody crippled it just makes me think of an old Confederate soldier."

Only one ray of compensation pierced the sickening gloom of his awful mistake: I made him have a *patriotic* thought; for dear to my heart is the "old Confederate soldier."

I afterwards told this incident when I gave a lecture and reading at the Academy of Music (my first appearance at a big opera house), giving it, I said, to show the striking contrast between the first and last reception I had been accorded by the people of Macon, and also as an illustration of what a *mean* thing whisky will make a man do.

Talk about princes among men! Think of it! Mr. W. A. Davis, a prominent cotton merchant, in whose beautiful home with his noble wife, lovely daughters and manly son, I was a happy guest—this busy, *business* man, and Hon. Hope Polhill, now the popular representative of Bibb county in the Georgia Legislature, actually quit their counting room and law office, at their own suggestion, and went for a day among the business men of the city, unselfishly and successfully seeking to interest them in my lecture at the opera house, so anxious were they that my first appearance in a large city should be a success. I had never seen these gentlemen before I went to Macon. God bless such nobility.

It is needless for me to attempt to tell you every (to me) thrilling detail of my visit, for O'Neal has already done that in words more beautiful than I can now command, and more generous far than I deserved. Suffice it to say that, from the first night, when he and his pretty sister had the Huguenin Heights Literary Club meet at their beautiful home as a kind of welcome to me (and oh what a cheering welcome it was!), until the last act of kindness which they and their friends showered upon me, I seemed to *sail* on a

sea of gladness whose radiant bosom reflected the bending glory of the cloudless skies above.

Unto the noble students of grand old Mercer University, who so generously welcomed me to their society halls, the inspiring exercises of their chapel, and, I am happy to believe, to their warm and manly hearts, what shall I render for all their blessings to me? And there is Dr. Gambrell, whom we captured from Mississippi, the brilliant and noble president, so venerated by the boys as he stands at the helm of their honored Christian institution. Go there, boys, if you want to catch an inspiration that will start you through the channel of noble, useful, Christian manhood on your journey to the stars!

And Wesleyan! Think of it! Just to be among two or three hundred pretty girls all at once! Why, it was enough to almost run any boy in the world crazy, and my friends tell me that I have shown new signs of mental or rather *senti*mental weakness ever since.

The pioneer among the female colleges of the world! Great is Wesleyan, and never to be forgotten the golden memories that cluster in our hearts.

And while I think of it, I want to tell you that O'Neal's sister, Miss Bessie Bell, is just lots prettier than O'Neal is, and likewise is a special friend of hers; together they—well, don't you all think it is a beautiful day?

And his dear mother and father (God bless their noble hearts!) I will love them for their kindness till the sun of my life goes down.

Good-bye to eyes of liquid blue and sweet eyes of tender brown! Good-bye friends and scenes where bloomed so many joys of varied and blessed richness! O'Neal (heaven smile on one of the dearest boys that ever lived!) went with me to the train—a warm and tender handclasp—a grateful longing in my heart, and our earnest "God bless you, my dear boy!" and my visit to Macon became a memory of which this letter is but the faintest echo.

* * * * * * * *

And now with a heart of leaping joy, off to the great soldiers' reunion at Birmingham, and then (can it be true?) to far-off Texas—my trip "around the world."

And when I reach the line of Alabama (laugh if you

will, but it is the first time I have ever been out of my native State) I feel like I want to get down and make obeisance to the soil of a new State.

"EARNEST WILLIE."

HAPPY ECHOES.

SEEING THE GREAT "FATHER OF WATERS" FOR THE FIRST TIME.

Of all sights the most inspiring ("speaking after the manner of iron") behold a coach full of passengers tired and sleepy or sleeping—stretched out or bent over, hats over faces, the graces of position all forgotten, an occasional "waking thought," a wild "stare and start," then falling back into the arms of Morpheus—then oblivion over all.

If some gifted artist had just been there to sketch our company that night in all their homely silence, and had "held the mirror up to nature" in all its grotesque grotesqueness, his fortune would have been assured, and his canvased name pressed high up in the temple of fame. Drowsiness endureth for a night, but mirth cometh with the morning.

It is 4 o'clock and the restless passenger begins to wake up, stretch his eyes, send forth an unpoetic yawn, then get up and stalk around over the car with a kind of somnambulistic air. He talks loud, and wonders "where on earth we are," forgetting the comfort of his sleeping comrades, and proceeds forthwith to raise a window to "see where he is at."

In rushes a draft of cold night air, the window falls with a sharp sound, and the passenger nearest awakes with a start.

"Hey here! What in the world are you doing?"

"I am going to Texas, my friend. Don't you remember that we left Birmingham last night for Texas? Why, I am surprised at you. And I was merely raising the window to see how far we are on our way. That's all. Lie back and take your rest."

"All—nothing! Rest—the mischief! How can anybody rest when somebody is prowling around his head

after any such fashion as that? That draught of night air seemed like we were in 'The Third World'—nearing the North Pole, and the sound of that window falling seemed like the firing of the first signal gun."

"Gun! Gun!" shouted another waking sleeper near by, what about a gun? Who's going to shoot? Oh! mercy, I wish I were at home with my wife and children Don't shoot, gentlemen, don't shoot! It can do no possble good. Oh! mercy!"

"Did you ever? Just listen to that lunatic. Nobody is thinking about shooting you or anybody else or the North Pole, either. Hush up and go to sleep. You have forgotten where you are. Don't you know a Baptist preacher wouldn't shoot at anything but old satan? Hope you don't feel like you are akin to him. Go to sleep, my dear. Rocky bye baby in the tree-top!"

"See here, Mr. Conductor," cry a half-dozen others awakened by the racket, "if our morning nap has to be broken after any such fashion as this, we are simply going to change our boarding place: that's all there is about it!"

"Heigho!" says the proverbial big fat man, "you all are a pesterin' me!"

He looked so comical—so funny, that everybody laughed—he! he! he! he! ha! ha!"

"The morning light is breaking—
The darkness disappears!"

All are awake—everything is life and animation. I am tired but happy. This is a strange, new world that I am passing through. Leaning on my crutches I stand on the platform and watch a glorious sunrise over the picturesque hills of Northern Mississippi. The leaves on the great forest trees flash like jewels of silver and gold, as the bright beams of the morning sun penetrate and filter through them. My soul wakes up to the grandeur of the scene. I would fain reach out my arms and gather these jewels into my hands and heart, but the train dashes on and on like the chariot of time on the fields of life, and these gems, like golden opportunities, are buried forever in the backward sea.

Kissing my hand in parting benediction, we fly away toward Memphis, the great Western metropolis, which they tell me, by the way, is nearly as big as our only At-

lanta. But it is not Memphis I am caring so much to see. I am longing for my first look at the great "Father of Waters." We are now entering the city, and my interest and expectancy are on very tip-toe. I look with all the eyes I have to catch the very first glimpse. Behold!—look! What is that water there?

"That, my boy, is the Mississippi river." A steamboat is floating on its placid bosom—the first I ever saw. Whoop-ee! I almost shout; but we pass behind large warehouses, and I realize that I have seen only the veriest glimpse. The shout half uttered dies on the lip, and I resign myself to wait for the full broad view that must soon come.

For three mortal hours we wait in Memphis to make connection with the Baltimore train. Oh, the crowds! the hungry people! And the flying sandwiches! I rest there in the depot in my Sunny South chair. Familiar faces begin to break in from the vast unknown around me.

"Why, howdy do, Willie!" a kind-faced minister says. "How—do tell me how you got here. I never dreamed that you could get so far from home."

Then a sweet-faced lady comes and asks:

"Is not this 'Earnest Willie?' Yes, I know you. I have read your letters; and I am so glad, my boy, that you can come—so glad, dear boy, so glad!"

And I bless her dear old heart, thank God for the blessing of friends, and go into the office to write a letter to my dear mother at home, who I know is anxious about her wandering boy.

THE RIVER! THE RIVER! HURRAH!

At last we start. Our train makes slowly up the levee. We are just entering the mammoth bridge that spans the great Mississippi. Hurrah! My heart leaps wild within me! Is it possible that I am about to cross, *sure enough*, the great "Father of Waters," about which I heard and read and dreamed so much during the school days of my boyhood? I declare that I must see it all. I rush to the platform, and resting on one crutch on one side and on the arm of Brother McCutchen, my beloved pastor, on the other, I catch my breath and prepare to drink in all the inspiration of the imposing scene. We are now full on

the mighty bridge, and, in all the broad expanse of its solemn majesty, I see the grand old Mississippi sweeping below toward its ocean home. Yonder I fancy DeSoto was lowered at midnight by his disconcerted followers. All along floated the gunboats of Grant when they would make Vicksburg their prey. In an instant harsh scenes vanish, and I can see in fancy the lonely boat of "Evangeline's" lover in his melancholy voyage to the desolate North. All these thoughts flash through my mind in far less time than it takes to tell them. We are now over the middle of the mighty stream. I look both ways. My soul swells within me. Oh! I feel poetic and patriotic. Glory! glory! I almost shout aloud. "Excuse me, all of you people, but I just feel like I am obliged to 'holler,'" and my friends, who are catching some of my enthusiasm, reply: "That's all right. Holler just as much as you want to. We don't care. We love to see you enjoy it."

And with this gracious grant of liberty, I can but shout, "Hurrah for America! hurrah for the fourth of July! the Mississippi river, Douglasville, Georgia—'home, sweet home,' *e pluribus unum*, Washington monument, Niagara Falls, Mammoth Cave, the enterprising East, the great wild West, the cold, stirring North, the solid sunny South—one and inseparable, now and forever! Amen!"

And still the train moves slowly on, and still the rolling Mississippi, in all its peaceful grandeur, flows on in solemn majesty below, while natural mirth and enthusiasm give way to serious, reflective thought that lifts the heart in deep thanksgiving to the great Creator of the universe, the source of my salvation and preservation, who, after so many years of trying seclusion, has brought me to look for the first time on this glorious masterpiece in the handiwork of God.

"EARNEST WILLIE."

HAPPY ECHOES.

No. 8.

Sunday in Dallas.

It is now the Sabbath—

"That blest day to mortals given,
To turn our thoughts from earth to Heaven."

The sunshine breaks with undimmed glory over the plains of Texas, and falls on the stirring city of Dallas, with a golden beauty suggestive of that Heavenly brightness where the eternal Sabbath reigns.

I shall never forget this beautiful remark of our dear lamented Southern boy: He said in one of his popular letters to our "Boys and Girls," that it seemed to him, if he were cast off on an uninhabited island, and so circumstanced that he should loose the calendar distinction of days, he could tell when the Sabbath came; for there seemed to his soul a holy calm about the day which mirrored Heaven's special approving smile.

Where shall we attend service to-day? All the churches in the city are filled with convention preachers. Finally we decide to go to the First Presbyterian, to hear Dr. F. M. Ellis, of Baltimore. And on my rolling-chair we start on our journey; but we have only gone a block or two when we meet the people coming back, saying: "It is useless to go; you can't get in anywhere. Every church is packed to the doors and windows." And so we turn to the tabernacle where a special overflow service is held by Dr. Justin D. Fulton, of New York, the self-appointed apostle to papal fields. He surprises us with his gentleness. His soul seems aflame with earnestness. Tears often come to his own eyes and to the eyes of those to whom he is preaching. The song—the prayer, the fervid preaching—all the service is full of Jesus and His love.

In the afternoon Gov. Wm. J. Northen (our own beloved governor of Georgia) has an appointment to address a large audience of men at the Dallas opera house, under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association. His theme is "The Model Man," and as he pictures in his earnest, beautiful, impressive way, the traits and virtues

of the model, Christian young man, contrasting them with the vices of the bad, we think, surely he stands before them himself, as the embodiment of the "model man." When there are so many who are not strong enough to bear the temptations which high political positions bring, it is a glorious—a truly inspiring sight to look on a man like Gov. Northen—pure, noble, grand—as far from the practices of the demagogue as the earth is from the sun—standing like a majestic column; a towering shaft of spotless marble above the marks and wrecks of sin. Thank God for Christian statesmen! His address in full is touching and glorious, and in the short address with which I have the pleasure and honor to follow him, I can but point to Wm. J. Northen, as a model of inspiration, standing on the pure height of strong Christian manhood, to which every ambitious young man before me should aspire.

I have never received a more gratifying reception from any people than from this, my first Texas audience. It is inspiring. It thrills my very soul As I look on faces of bright, promising young men—so many the sons of anxious mothers who follow their boys from distant States to far-off Texas, with their prayers and their undying love, my heart burns and yearns to see them safe in Christ, amid the temptations that surround them; and as I plead with them to yield their hearts to Jesus, who led me from a life of wickedness, and who stood by me during all my years on bed and made me happy still, even in the very presence of death, tears of blended joy and anxiety, come to my eyes. Oh God! bless even now these humble words which my heart so deeply feels, to the temporal and eternal good of some mother's "wandering boy." When I have done, many come up to my chair and shake hands with me, and speak cheering words that will live forever in my heart. As Gov. Northen has told them in his introduction that I am from his own State (bless his noble heart for his words of generous commendation!), old Georgians who have come to Texas to live, largely predominate in the number we meet. What a happy hand-shaking time we have! I also have the pleasure of meeting some relatives which I never seen before—Col. S. C. Upshaw, an attorney of Hillsboro, and Mr. Wm. W. Upshaw of Belton. The latter is a one-legged Confederate soldier. He has been

reading the "Sunny South" for many years, and first came to know me through its columns. How glad this meeting makes my heart!

As I leave the opera house (Oh! will I be pardoned for this little incident which gave me so much unspeakable joy?) a man meets me as I roll along the sidewalk in my chair, and says, "Here, my friend; I just want to say this much for your comfort. We may not agree in our ideas of religion; I am looked upon as being the hardest man in Dallas, but your talk this evening is the first thing of the kind that ever brought tears to my eyes. I just felt like I wanted to tell you that much."

Friends, forgive my telling his words; but my cup of joy runneth over. I grasp him by the hand with a song of thanksgiving in my heart, and say: "God bless you my friend, I am so glad, so glad! Again, God bless you and deepen that impression by His Holy Spirit, until it leads you to Christ, who has done so much for me."

He is a city official —a man with stern features and determined face, and his frank words touch my heart and make me happy in a way that no one can possibly understand, who has not been situated as I have been.

My faithful "Eugene Edwards," and I go to our room. I am too tired and near broken down to go out to service to-night, but I lie on bed and thank God for the glorious experiences of my first sweet Sabbath in Texas—experiences that speak with holy inspiration and Heavenly hope, of that bright unending Sabbath—

"Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end."

"EARNEST WILLIE,"

"QUEENLY BEATRICE"—OUR BEAUTIFUL DEAD.

TENDER MEMORIES THAT MORE SACRED GROW.

Whose bright little boy is that with laughing face, bonny brown eyes, and tossing head of clustering auburn curls? Yesterday he skipped through the hall, peeped into the door, and sweetly threw a kiss in response to one from "Uncle Willie's" cot, and said:

"Yes, I lub you heap, Unker Willie!"

"How much, little Lucius?"

And with a precious, musical little laugh, he answered: "Way down in the well full."

To-day he quietly turns his little head from side to side on bed, for a fever has seized his little form, that would pierce the heart and write anguished anxiety on the beautiful face of his almost idolizing young mother—if she only knew. But there's "no more sorrow there."

Whose little chubby-faced girl, talking even less plainly than he, as she calls the little boy "Buvver," then in answer to a question, says: "I am papa's feet ittle dirl," as she toddles away in baby prattle, happily unconscious of the great treasure that has gone out of her precious life—missing forever throughout the unwritten—the unknown of her dawning existence, that which is such a heavenly boon to every girl who needs and receives it—the priceless gift and blessing of a Christian mother's love.

Whose children?—these little sparks of immortality, girt about with all the fearful and eternal possibilities of life's temptations and woes, or just kindling, under God, with the light celestial, and glories unspeakable, that stream from Divinity's Throne.

They are the tenderly beloved children of my brother Lucius, left on his fond and sorrowing heart by their noble, beautiful young mother, who folded her hands in obedience to the touch of death, and went away from our agonizing hearts on the fifteenth morning in sunny June, the month she loved so well.

And that young mother was no other than "Ma Belle Carmen" of the Household, who, under this *nom* and "Cousin Bertram" of the "Letter Box," was several years ago a loved and gifted contributor to our dear old *Sunny South.*

It is not a *sister-in-law* that I have lost; but a *sister*, for such she had been to me—tender, true, and loving. She had done so much to brighten my invalid life. In her rare girlhood, like a ministering angel,

"Bending o'er
The sorrows of earth's sin-stricken shore,"

she would come to my bedside and read to me and talk to me, encourage and inspire me, refresh my spirit and bless

my life with a pure, tender, gentle sunshine, such as few characters this side of Heaven know how to sweetly shed.

She it was who introduced me to, and made me fall in love with, the *Sunny South*; she it was who then first gave me the name of "Earnest Willie," a title which in itself has seemed a passport into the favor of many; she it was whose tender persuasive words influenced me, after many months of effort, to first write for the *Sunny South*, thus leading me by gentle hands into a field where so many sweet friendships have blossomed, and I trust, so many opportunities for doing good. To her, more than to any other human cause, I feel that I thus owe the beginning and the continued inspiration of my book, whose gratifying reception by the people has given me a new circle of friendships, where, under God, I am enabled to live in many hearts and homes, as otherwise I never could have done.

Oh, how can I ever speak enough to her precious memory? I tried not to keep my flowers of affection and appreciation to place on her grave. I often told her these things while she was living. But I know now that I never told her enough—never made her understand all that she had been to me. And I feel that up yonder by the Saviour's throne (if, through the Redeemer's love and righteousness, I reach at last that "home of the soul," where her glorified spirit has gone), I want to get down by her, and from a heart that has gathered gratitude as the blessings she began have multiplied, tell her again and again until she shall fully understand through all eternity, the good she has done to me and the love I bear, which I have since so often tried to speak with trembling voice and tearful eyes.

When I learned that, after a very romantic experience of years, this sweet, beautiful girl, M. Beatrice Christian, was to become Mrs. Lucius C. Upshaw, and as my brother's wife become nearer and dearer to me than ever, my pleasure can be well imagined. That was in '89. I think she has never written for the *Sunny South* since then. Soon after their marriage, when I was trying to persuade her to write again, I said: "Sister Bat, you used to be always talking and writing about literary things, quoting and

reading poetry. You love it so much. Why don't you write now?" And speaking through a smile of happy satisfaction such as only the face of a girl of her lofty appreciation knew how to reflect, she replied: "O Willie, I am LIVING poetry now!"

On the Sabbath that they were married (Nov. 17th, '89), I was lying on bed, three miles away, and with my thoughts gathered about the happy scene I sent them a little "marriage greeting," concluding with the prayer:

That you may in Christ united be,
And reach, at last, the Crystal Sea.

Thank God? that prayer became a blessed fact. Both of them having been converted some time before, the joyful tidings came to me last year that they had confessed Christ together before the church and the world, and had sent for my mother and father, sister and me to come and see them baptized. Oh, the joy unspeakable! Oh, the happy tears! Together they gladly followed Jesus into the water, and when they had been "buried with him" in his holy ordinance of baptism, and "raised up to walk in newness of life," those standing near by declared that as Beatrice came up out of the liquid grave, her face of so much natural beauty wore an expression—one of the sweetest and most heavenly that they had ever seen.

She loved the sanctuary of God, and often went through great physical weakness to garner the spiritual blessing which always comes to the soul that goes there thirsting and seeking for it. And on the second Sunday in June, while listening to the tender preaching of the earnest man of God, Brother McCutchen, whose beautiful character she loved so well, she was suddenly stricken by a power that she at once recognized, she said, as the hand of death. Five days we watched her—such trying days—such prayerful, tearful, anxious watching; but her complicated troubles baffled all medical skill (for God had called her), and on Friday, in the gray mists of the morning, Jesus touched the frail, struggling heart and gave His beloved sleep—a sleep that awoke amid the brightening gladness of the fair eternal morn. O, God! the anguish we feel in the final, everlasting separation from those we love! And here the anguish of a fond husband who loved her as his life, as he held his two little motherless children in his arms!

But thank God, she was a Christian and prepared to die, and he is a Christian and prepared to bear it.

She had been a great physical sufferer for several years, and as I think of that, with all others who have suffered like her, and to whom the Christian's death has spoken a "sweet release," I think of those peaceful words,

"All the heart's wild longings ended—
All life's wearying struggles past;
And the wayworn body resting
'Neath the sweet spring flowers at last."

On her deathbed she asked us to sing her to sleep one day, and a few of us gathering about her bedside sang, "Take the Name of Jesus with You" and "Shall We Gather at the River," when she said, "How sweet!" and then asked for one of her favorites and mine, "The Home of the Soul."

The angels of God seemed very near. We sang them again at her funeral, when the pastor brightened the gloom of pain and bereavement with so much Christian hope, comforting balm, and heavenly gladness.

Yes, Beatrice, sweet sister, you *have* gathered at the river,

"Where your happy heart doth quiver
With the melodies of peace."

Because of the intimate relation "Ma Belle Carmen" sustained to my acquaintance with the *Sunny South*—years that have borne to me on their radiant bosom so much happiness and blessing, I have felt constrained to speak thus at length of the life, character and death of one who, as our "Mother Hubbard" beautifully and truly expressed it, "possessed an ideal higher than the most of us," and to whose blessed memory, alas! I can never, never, never, perform such a loving service again.

But more as an inspiration to the living, than a wreath of love on the grave of the dead, would she, whose very soul so loved purity and righteousness, have the effect of this humble tribute to be.

Only a few days before she was stricken down, she quoted to me from some author, the words: "And when she had passed, it was as the ceasing of sweet music," adding, "Is not that a beautiful thought and expression?" And when she had gone it came to me that her going was

"as the cèasing of sweet music"—music that flowed in heavenly rhythm through a soul born anew in harmony with God.

In her girlhood, a popular belle because of her lovely face and character, her life was not marred by the dazzling dissipation of so many modern society belles, but, instead, she sought to influence the many young men of her acquaintance toward noble Christian lives.

The early closing of her radiant young life was like a beautiful earthly flower, fading and brightening into a white immortelle of eternity. The sun of her sweet existence shined out its brightness while it was yet morning, and sank down to rise and shine again, glorified and resplendent in the Paradise of God.

SHE IS NOT DEAD! In comforting fancy we see now her bright, smiling face before us, and we *feel* in our hearts and lives her glad, sweet presence still! Gone? Oh, yes, I know, *forever*! But her modest, gentle life that caught its heavenly purity and Christian brightness from above, throws back its mellowed beams of tenderness and splendor, falling into our saddened hearts and lives and drawing us nearer in trust and service to that Christ who was her stay and hope on earth, and is now her fadeless joy in heaven! In grateful, loving memory,

"EARNEST WILLIE."

HOPE DEFERRED.

"My last hope of seeing you this Summer has faded."
—Letter from "Kathleen."

After all my hopes and longings,
All my fears and prayers—
All my happy heart-throbs,
All my sunlit cares—
All the rare emotions
That I have felt for you,
The sun sinks for a season
In my sky of tender blue.

The ship I long have waited—
Whose golden prow to see,
Has sailed with trailing penons
Beyond my summer sea;
But Faith with star all beaming
Thro' the mellowed mist of tears,
Holds out my rosy dreaming
In the harvest of the years.

Our God who holds the issue,
  In the day that seemeth best,
Will bring our golden cargo
  With peace on its shining crest;
And in that time of splendor
  Which garnered Faith imparts,
We'll bless the star that guided
  Our trusting, happy hearts.

AN ASPIRING PEN

A hurried letter in verse, written from the Read House, Chattanooga, Tenn., to my gifted young friend, Miss Blanche Jordan, of Cleveland, Tenn.—an unusually bright girl of fifteen, whose published stories, beginning at twelve, would have done credit to a much older and more experienced pen. This is but a backward glance upon a short visit that deeply impressed me with her rare gifts and purpose in life.

DEAR BLANCHE:—

Not a letter—just a "heart-throb,"
  Is this little backward glance,
Blended with a glad "God bless you,"
  Felt too deep for utterance.

Like the glow that often lingers
  When the day's sun has gone down,
My stay, like touch of gentle fingers,
  Weaves for me bright mem'ry's crown.

In my canopy of friendships
  Beameth now a brighter star,
Whose glad light, naught that's earthly,
  I pray God, may ever mar!

Upward toward the heights of glory
  I would point your youthful pen—
Help you tell in song and story
  Truths that all the world should ken.

But remember, Blanche, that sweeter
  Than the flaming praise of earth,
Is the thought that from your stories
  Lasting good was given birth.

Let my friendship help you higher—
  Be new hope and purpose given,
'Till with those whom you inspire,
  And *our Christ*, we meet in Heaven.

Your happy, hopeful friend,
"EARNEST WILLIE."

A WONDERFUL SPEECH.

(NOTE.—The author has pleasure in transferring to this volume, from the columns of "*The New South*," Douglasville, Ga., the following extract from his report of the commencement exercises of Douglasville College, June, '94, concerning the most wonderful speech he ever heard. Changing from the third to the first person, possibly, I am not exactly a trustworthy witness, for I sat in my rolling chair right down in front of the stage, where the fire from the young orator's tongue fell into my soul and set me wild; but old, sober-minded men bear out the statement that it was the most wonderful speech they ever heard anywhere in all their lives.

EARNEST WILLIE.)

CONYERS, THAT WONDERFUL WONDER.

Great have been the speeches of the invited orators at this commencement; but the grandest speech of all, the most brilliant of all, everybody declares, ever delivered in the history of the college, or even the town, was the address of Hon Ben J. Conyers, that young wonder of Atlanta. His theme was on the line of national development, with the light of a pure Christianity as our strength and glory in the past and our hope for the future. If ever the proverbial expression, "no synopsis of the speech can do it justice," was true, it is verily so in this case. In five minutes after he had begun, the vast audience was under his power. On a broad base of gigantic thought and powerful logic, he builded such a tower of impassioned oratory as has seldom been heard since Grady caught the nation, or Patrick Henry shook the world. We would not be fulsome, but we would be just; and we cannot speak justice to this peerless speech unless we say that old men declare that they have never, from the greatest orators of America, heard anything to equal it. Wonder-struck with some wonderful thought and sentence and carried aloft by some skyward sweep of kingly eloquence, the audience would burst upon him a perfect storm of enthusiastic applause; but waiting not for it to die away, he would rise, like a powerful ship among the breakers, ride over the raging waves, and plunge at once to deeper depths, or bear the people to higher heights than had just set them wild before.

Overcome by the spell, the people would lean forward, catch their breath, and with startled, wondering eyes,

turn to their neighbors and say: "*Whom have we here? What on earth can he say next?*"

With the breadth of a statesman, the heart of a Christian patriot, and a kingly genius and brilliancy that dazzled the swaying audience until it seemed they could go no higher and contain no more, his peroration wrapped them in a living flame of subduing fervor, and left them floating amid the stars!

When he sat down the audience went wild, and when they had exhausted every mark of enthusiasm, the speaker modestly bowed in recognition. Dr. Whitley, who had gracefully introduced Mr. Conyers, arose and proposed a rising vote of thanks for the most wonderful speech ever delivered on the college platform. The people again went wild; handkerchiefs waved, voices blended in a perfect delirium of cheers, and the most inspiring pandemonium reigned.

"Conyers and his speech!"

They are the talk of the town; they are the words of salutation when men meet on the streets, and every expression is in the superlative degree; and one of the most wonderful things of all is, that this brief and wholly inadequate description is every word true, and Douglasville will make affidavit to it for those where Atlanta's "wonder" has not been heard. God bless the man!

BEWITCHING SMILES.

A CHRISTMAS STORY OF TEMPTATION, TRIAL AND VICTORY.

It was a Christmas night in Atlanta. The innocent mirth, the hilarious joy and the unholy revelry of such a day in a great city had almost died away. In the arcade of the most popular hotel, men and boys stood in groups, or sat in lounging ease on the cushioned seats beneath the glittering chandeliers that hung above them like clustered stars in Heaven's arching dome.

Robert Edmonson, a young man of rather plain but neat attire, entered the door with quick, elastic step, paused for a moment near the center of the arcade and looked about on the chatting crowd. Some were noisy and gay, some were almost reeling under the day's intoxication,

while here and there some sat quiet and gloomy, as if existence were a very burden. Robert was a thoughtful boy, and the varied picture held for his reflective mind a kind of melancholy fascination. He walked to a point apart from the crowd, and stood for some minutes, looking in calm review upon each face where fell his kindly searching eyes.

One figure caught and held his deeply interested attention. It was that of a young man who sat with bowed head, his face buried in his slender hands. Any one, even less observant than Robert Edmonson, would have read in his dejected manner the sad story of a misspent day and a dissatisfied heart. As if actuated by a sudden impulse, Robert walked directly toward the young man and sat down by him.

The bowed head looked up, somewhat startled, and Robert met his anxious, unhappy look with a winning smile and pleasant words:

"Good evening, sir! Pardon me if I have rudely broken into your reverie; but ——" and hesitating a little, the dejected young man answered: "I wish you might break it forever—I do—I do! Then my heart could have some peace. I thank you for breaking a thraldom of memories that seemed deepening around me like the gloom of death."

While he was speaking his face seemed a little relieved, but instantly the pain came back, and with it the shadow of sorrow.

Robert saw at once that the boy before him showed marks of culture that came to him in a home of better and happier days, and he said to him: "If I have relieved you of even one moment's unhappiness, I am very glad indeed. Believe me, my heart would be so glad to cause you some pleasure that would be far more lasting. Will you not let me try? Tell me all about the cause of your present trouble. I will listen to you as to a brother."

The young man looked at him in wondering silence, but finally broke it with: "Such kind words have not fallen into my heart since—since—oh, it has been so long. My friend, you look just like I can trust you, and I will. Would you hear my story if I tell it briefly?"

Robert grasped him by the hand and said: "God bless

you! I will not only hear it if you speak it briefly, but will gladly hear it all."

"My story is simply this," he said: "A boy raised in ——, a little town forty miles from the city, brought up in one of the purest Christian homes in the world. Holding the hands of my good mother and father, they led me to church and Sunday-school during all my happy childhood. As I grew older, I had deep religious impressions, while the temptations of youth confronted me on every side; but I fought off these good impressions and yielded to the alluring charms which fashionable society held out to me. Soon the little town where I was raised grew too small and dull for me, and I came to Atlanta. I shall never forget the morning I left home. Father took my hand and said: 'God bless my son and keep him from harm!' and his eyes filled, and his lips trembled with the love he felt. My sweet mother broke down and fell on my neck, while the tears from the deep fountain of a mother's love fell on the face of the boy she loved so well. 'O my child! be sure that you do not go anywhere or do anything that you would not be willing for your mother to see. God sees you all the time and everywhere. Remember always that your mother thinks of you and prays for you.' And my dear little sister, whose fragile form had so often leaned on me for the strength she did not have, smiled sweetly into my face; and then kissing me good-bye, burst into tears, saying between her sobs: 'I know my Brother Charlie will be a good, noble boy, and not forget his sister's love and prayers, by going into anything in which she could not join him. Promise me, Charlie, won't you?'

"And drawing her pure form to my bosom, with broken voice I promised.

"On reaching the city and accepting a lucrative position, I began boarding with a splendid family of high social position. Knowing our family, the young lady of the house sought to make me feel at home by inviting me into the parlor to meet some friends and join in a social game of cards.

"I hesitated a little, telling them I had never played a game in my life, and did not know how. The truth is, the sight of cards rather chilled me. But she insisted that they would teach me, saying it was pure social pleasure,

and could do no possible harm. Her smiles bewitched me, and I was won.

"The first game fascinated me, and night after night we met there and played until midnight, the fashionable hour to retire. Soon we boys began to continue the game after we had retired to our rooms.

"First we played for chips of corn or coffee, soon for copper cents, soon for more; and soon the social glass of wine began to flash its exhilarating sparkle over our exciting game.

"The faces of my sweet mother, sister, and father, glistening with sorrowful tears, would sometimes rise up before me, but would be quickly banished, under the deceptive plea that I would not carry it too far—I really meant no harm.

"It is needless to tell you more. Read what followed, in the record of hundreds of others in this very city who began as innocently as I thought I did. I followed on and on, lured by mocking brightness that 'led to bewilder and dazzled to blind." Incapacitated for business, I grew negligent, and now my fine position is gone. I madly, vainly sought to drown my disappointment in drink. Last night was Christmas eve, and mocked by the memory of the blessed times when my stocking hung up in my happy childhood home, I pressed the cup of hellish revelry anew to my lips. This morning I awoke and thought of my forgotten and broken promise to spend Christmas with the dear ones at home. The remorse almost made me wild. All day long I have been trying to sober myself up, until now, "clothed and in my right mind," and trembling beneath the ruins of my fallen life, I am suffering such torments of conscience as no tongue on earth can tell, and no heart can long endure. Think, too, how I have broken the heart of the sweet girl who trusted all to her my keeping. O, God, pity me! Oh, that I had never left my Christian home! Oh, that that thoughtless young lady had never pressed me to play that first game of cards! Oh, that those companions had never offered me that first glass of wine! And oh, that I had had the manhood to kindly but firmly refuse the first temptation that came!

"My friend, oh, my friend—you who have spoken to me so kindly and listened to me so patiently, will you not

help me? Is there any hope for a poor wretch like me?" And with these piteous words, poor Charlie broke down and wept like a child.

Robert took him gently by the hand and said: "Yes, my dear boy, God helping me, I can help you. Come with me."

And he led him to his little church where a Christmas night praise service was being held. How long since Charlie had entered a church, and the holy atmosphere seemed to awe, and mellow his very soul. The prayer touched him—oh, when had he prayed?

And when the congregation began to sing songs that he had heard in the little church at home, his emotion was evident and deep. And when at last they tenderly sang:

"Come, humble sinner in whose breast,
A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come with your guilt and fear oppressed
And make this last resolve"—

the song that, under the power of God's Spirit, had led him to the altar for prayer so many times when he was a boy, his heart completely melted, and with trembling steps he walked to the front, saying in his heart: "I'll go to Jesus, tho' my sins have like a mountain rose."

Robert's joy knew no bounds. In an instant he was at Charlie's side. And falling on his knees beside him he said: "God help you, dear boy. Just fall at the feet of Jesus and say: 'Here, Lord, I give myself away—'tis all that I can do.'"

Charlie's frame shook as he cried: "Lord, save me or I perish. I yield my heart—my all to Thee. Take me just as I am."

Jesus met him there and spoke peace to his burdened soul. In a moment Charlie was on his feet, and throwing his arms about Robert's neck, he rejoiced in the unspeakable joy of newness of heart and life in Christ.

On Robert's arm he walked from the church, and pausing on the steps, he said: "I must see my dear mother, father and sister this night. In fifteen minutes I will catch the 9:30 train. I can never thank you enough—you can never realize until enternity reveals it to you, the power of the few kind words you spoke to me to-day, when

my life—my hopes—were almost wrecked. God bless you forever and ever.

The joy in Charlie's home can be more easily imagined than described.

The next day he wrote a letter to the young lady whose misguided kindness had led him into temptation, telling her how near it led him to the verge of eternal ruin, and urging her never to influence another young man to learn to play cards.

In a happy letter to Robert he again thanked him for leading him, under God, from darkness unto light, and urging him to never let any opportunity pass to speak a kind and encouraging word in Jesus' blessed name—

To help some erring brother rise,
And turn his face toward "Home" and skies.

TWO NOBLE FRIENDS.

(NOTE:—Affectionately dedicated to the memory of Miss Lilla Watson and her brother, Mr. Coleman Watson, two of the dearest and most faithful friends who ever blessed my life. Lilla, handsome, queenly Christian girl, faithfully helped to nurse my sister, Sallie Blanche, for about nine weeks before she died, mingling her tears with ours. She went home, was stricken down by fever and died, herself, in a few weeks. Coleman, a brave, noble boy, just twenty-one, followed his loved sister and mine only a few weeks later. Shadows fall thick and fast, our stricken hearts ache, but the gleam of *Eternal Hope* shines sweetly through them all.—"Earnest Willie.")

As if from the shining firmament
Two bright stars flash and fall,
And a gloom and dread like shade of dead—
Come strangely over all;
So, from my sky of friendships dear,
So blessed, full and true,
Two names as bright as stars at night,
Have faded from my view.

O Lilla, how your bright, brown eyes
Beamed with your queenly soul,
And hopes as high as cloudless sky
Your heart and purpose told!—
And even yet across my path
There falls the glow and flame
Of your earnest zeal for others' weal,
In Jesus' blessed name!

O Coleman, brave and kingly youth,
So handsome and so strong,
Who, with the arm of manhood's charm
Shunned as a grave, the wrong!
I love to think how, *not at all*
Would you coquet with sin,
And how to Peace, where heart-aches cease,
Through Christ you've entered in.

How faithful each was to my life!—
When chill clouds gathered dark,
I saw the Dove of your Faith and Love
Speed from your shelt'ring Ark.
And by and bye when we meet on high
I'll tell again my joy,
That takes the room of my grief and gloom
When you my thoughts employ.

* * * * * *

She, twenty-three—he, twenty-one—
So young to be cut down,
But God who gave the calling stroke,
Gives now the victor's crown.

"TATTIE'S" BEAUTIFUL LIFE AND—DEATH!

A BROTHER'S CLINGING LOVE. THE STORY OF THE RADIANT LIFE AND STILL MORE RADIANT DEATH OF MY LOVELY, LOVED, AND LOVING SISTER, WHO WAS THE SUNSHINE AND INSPIRATION OF ALL MY INVALID YEARS.

(Written in September '95.)

Oh, I can't—I *can't* write! I have tried so many times since she went away from us in the blended gloom and joy of that sweet April twilight, tearing our very heartstrings with her going, but I *can't*—it seems that I just *cannot* write of "*Tattie*" *dead!* My tender, precious sister of eighteen—the light and blessing of our happy home; mother's help and companion, pet and heart's-ease; and in her young life's fair morn, the "evening star" of father's declining years; the lovely, loved, and affectionate favorite of every brother and sister, and, O reader! the "sweetheart," the sunshine, and inspiration of all my invalid life! O God! how hard to this human heart of mine! I yield, with a trusting "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight," while on the thorn that pierces my heart to

the depths, there blooms the fragrant flower of Christian comfort, and through my tears, falling thick and fast, there beams the sweet splendor from that Star of Heavenly Hope which lighted her way through the long and trying valley of suffering and death to her glorious "Home of the Soul."

Her name was Sallie Blanche, named for our grandmother and a favorite cousin, but my little angel brother, in trying to lisp her name with his baby lips, called her "Tattie," and in loving memory, and because it seemed to suit her, we called her "Tattie" too.

Many of my unseen friends have known of my sister's long and terrible illness through my occasional published letters, and I have felt that I owed it to their tender sympathy, awakened, and often sweetly expressed, and especially to the speaking memory of our darling one, to write some tribute to her, long before now; and day after day, and week after week, as I have lived with her almost continually in thought, I have longed to write, I have tried to write, I have prayed to write, but I seemed powerless to speak. On Sunday afternoon, just one week from the day of her burial, I tried to write: "One week ago to-day," I began, "I stood by a coffin—a *coffin*—that held the dearest, fairest form of modest, pure, beautiful girlhood, departed, that, in *my* eyes, this world has ever seen; a casket—but the jewel had ceased to shine; a home—but the light had gone out; a rare vase—ah, yes! of infinitely more than oriental charms, but the freshness of whose bouquet of beauty had faded, and whose flower-petals had fallen so early, to the ground; a body, *human*—youthful, to whose senses the breath of life was once as sweet as it is to you and me—a bosom pulsing with love and faith and joy and hope, but whence all these had flown; a form—a being once fairly radiant with happy, tender, trusting, girlish life; but now the gentle hands were folded—the wonderful heart of love had ceased to beat—the precious lips moved not in answer—she stirred not at all at sound of my pleading voice; her cheeks—her face, once glowing in youthful bloom like the blended dawn of morning and the mellow twilight's tender beauty that her soul loved so well, was now pale and cold—*so cold* and *still!*—and, oh! her eyes, her sweet, bright eyes of such unspeakable light and

love, did not beam and sparkle—did not "brighten at my coming," for they were closed on earth *forever*, they told me (*forever!* how long does "*forever*" mean?), and the flesh, listening to the call of Death, had lain down in the silence of the shroud and tomb, while the spirit, thank God, hearing only the call of Life, had leaped out in a heavenly ecstasy of hope and song, and gone "up higher" to live *forever* with her Christ and His redeemed!

But what mean these falling tears? Why, that was *my sister's* form in that coffin—my precious young sister who had grown up around my bedside through all my invalid years, and whom I loved, it seemed, as no other brother had ever loved—*my sister* who, I thought, *must not —could not* die!

Thus I tried to begin and write, but my feelings were deeper than my thoughts and pen could tell, and the paper was laid away.

Just one month from the day of her burial I was in Cedartown to lecture, and some sweet young ladies had called on me, treating me like a brother, as girls always did when my sister was living, and always have since my invalid life began. I watched them as they merrily went away, and thought: "*Some* boys have sweet sisters in that bright company of girls, but I have none." And I could almost see "Tattie"—how, if she had been with them, going for a Sabbath evening walk, or home with the girls to spend the night, she would have looked back and thrown a kiss at "Brother Willie," while her face (the most expressive face I ever saw) would have lighted up with a loving smile, whose blessing would have fallen into my heart almost like a benediction from the skies.

Oh, how I *missed* her then! I thought of my mother and father at home, lonely—so lonely and desolate—and with a heart full of tender, melting memories, desolate pain, but, thank God, the unspeakable joy of Christian hope and comfort, I went into my room and tried to write something about her again, but the words would not come. And thus time and again between crowded calls of business and travel I have tried to speak to the public of my sister's death. I could turn aside and write hurried business letters and newspaper articles on other subjects, but, oh!

when I tried to speak of "*Tattie*" *dead*, my pen seemed to almost "refuse to float the ink," for

"Somehow within my bosom
The prisoned words stuck tight."

Everybody naturally feels that he has the sweetest sister of any boy, but with me the unusual circumstances had been such as to intensify that feeling. She had grown up right around my bedside, from prattling childhood, through merry, cherry girlhood, and was just blooming into modest and beautiful womanhood when a year ago a violent fever struck her down. She had, by her confiding trust and tender attentions to "Brother Willie's" wants, woven herself into my invalid life as few sisters ever have an opportunity to do. It seemed there could be no other sister like her, and since her going, so far as the *human* is concerned,

"A splendor from the earth hath fled,
A glory from the skies."

Do not think me rebellious—no, no! I have never murmured. I weep not for *her*—as the minister said; I weep for myself. Jesus "wept that we might weep." He doesn't care if we cry in grief. She rejoicingly testified for her Saviour every day of the long eight months and a half during which she suffered. She was happy—happy in Him, and

"I know she is safe on the farther side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be—
Over the river, the *peaceful* river,
My *sister* is waiting to welcome me."

She touchingly recited that piece when a little girl of eleven.

AS A GIRL—DAUGHTER—SISTER.

You know it is so natural for us to magnify the virtues and talents of our loved ones; but after all, we know them better than any one else, and why should we not with propriety speak of these things, especially in a written tribute like this, which is the last, perhaps, until I shall see her in the resurrection morn. True womanly modesty was, perhaps, her crown of charms, while affection was her sun of life. She could not bear affectation; dissembling she deeply loathed; and if she

saw these traits in others, she rarely commented, but quietly passed them by and avoided them as her companions. Unusually deferential to her parents, she scrupulously guarded her expenses out of love—"for father's sake," she would say, and shared mother's household cares in such a tender, dutiful way, that she was indeed and in truth her father's pride and her mother's joy. She petted mother as if she had been her little child. I don't know when I ever saw her come in from school when she did not run and kiss mother, take her face in her hands and say: "I just know you are the sweetest mother in the world! What have you been doing to-day? Are you not tired down? Can't I do something for you?" "No, darling," mother would answer, "you are tired yourself; run along and rest." "Yes, mother," Tattie would say, "but I am young and can get over it, and you must not break yourself down." She was no long-faced girl. She was full of life, and when she was well, or even half-well (for she was naturally frail), she would keep us all laughing at her pure and innocent merriment. Sometimes she would run in from some piece of work completed or some hard lesson finished, and declare with merry face: "Oh! you all can just prepare for it. I've just got to have a '*spell*'—I feel it coming on right now!" And her cup of mirth would bubble clear over, as she talked and laughed, capered and caressed us, sang and recited, to her heart's content, while we all looked on and were happy. Her smiles and laughter to me were like the brightness and music of a woodland streamlet, rippling on, refreshing and happy, over pebbles of silver and eddies of gold, breaking and flashing into little cascades of crystalline beauty, with the sunlight dancing through them. It is so sweet and refreshing to look back now and remember her girlish mirth as a pure fountain sending forth its sparkling spray, kissed by the sunbeams of her smiles. But withal, she was firm and womanly when occasion required, and there was about her a calm equipoise of mind and manner remarkable for a young girl so full of contagious enthusiasm and animation. She loved to love people, and she loved to be loved. She loved sentiment, but was not "sentimental"; she owned the pride of aspiration, but loved not the pride of display. Hers was intensely a

poet's soul, though it never found expression in verse. Sometimes at twilight—her favorite hour and mine, she would come and sit down in the window at my bedside, and looking out on the pretty grove below us, clad in all the amber-lit verdure, or mayhap, the autumnal glory of the "dying day," she would say with an inspiring zest of expectancy: "Brother Willie, isn't this sweet and glorious? Give me some 'Carmen'—my soul is hungry for it!" and holding her little hand in mine, and looking on the golden, glowing west—then in the crystal depths of her pure, sweet face, I would begin to repeat that rhythmic masterpiece of Tom F. McBeath, "Carmen Ætati." Her eyes would beam and her face glow and brighten as I proceeded, and her soulful enthusiasm would fairly break over as I reached the words—

"As the Night with stately footsteps drives the laughing light away—
Draws the glowing, crimson curtains 'round the couch of dying Day."

She could hardly sit still as McBeath went on to "watch the blossoming of stars," and it seemed to me that the stars of evening had blossomed in her own beaming eyes. And when I repeated:

"Lo! all things are full of beauty unto him whose lifted eyes
Nightly turn with love and longing, upward to the starry skies,
Beauty's but the bright reflection of that first proud smile of God,
When, well-pleased, He saw the creature, man, perfected from the clod"—

she would impulsively cry out: "O Brother Willie, isn't that beautiful, beautiful! How do you reckon McBeath felt when those thoughts came to him! I'll *declare!* such thoughts at such a time as this, lift me up and make me feel like I could almost float away!" And I would think as I looked at her soul-lighted countenance, that surely a reflection from that "first smile of God" had fallen upon and glorified her pure and radiant face. Her fondness for this hour had made the twilight all the more sacred in thought and memory to me. Perhaps her favorite poem among my own writings was "The Tender Twilight," and especially the lines—

When the evening is taking its slow, measured flight,
And Day falls asleep on the bosom of Night.

When I was on bed I dedicated a little poem to her sixteenth birthday, "*Tattie at Sixteen*" (afterward published in my book). When I had finished it I buckled on my plaster-brace, went into the kitchen where she was cooking dinner, and said: "Here, Tattie, is a little birthday present for you. Listen:" I shall never forget how her face brightened as she looked up from her work, and with half-lifted hand fresh from the flour, she intently listened as I read. When I had done, I looked, and the tears were standing in her sweet, blue eyes. She came and kissed me tenderly, saying: "Brother Willie, that is so sweet, so sweet! I don't know how to thank you enough. I can't love you any better than I do"—or words of kindred feeling; and that was all the thanks I wanted.

Sallie Blanche was a natural elocutionist. If there is one picture that stands alone in my memory—except the morning of her baptism and her glorious triumph amid untold suffering in the presence of death—it is the memory of her as she stood, clad in spotless white, on the commencement stage, and later, at the annual picnic of our literary circle, out under the trees, reciting, in perfect naturalness and pathetic power, "The Fall of Pemberton Mill." It is a real incident of a falling burning mill, told in prose in a wonderful manner by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. "Tattie" never studied elocution as a science a day in her life. She simply "held the mirror up to nature," telling the story in a perfectly natural, soulful way. It seems that I can look back now and almost hear the falling timbers of that mill crashing around her. Just at the last, the crippled girl, the heroine of the story, is entombed alive within a few feet of an opening, and her gray-haired father, upon the heated bricks, is making a frantic but futile effort to get her out. The girl answers: "Don't take it hard, father; I don't mind it very much." And above the roar and crackle a woman's voice rings out like silver:

"*I am going Home to die no more.*"

Tattie sang these words, and the audience melted to tears. Another terrible but futile effort was made at rescue. The flames raged on about the dying girl. But she was happy there. "For One stood beside her, and His form was like unto the form of the Son of God. Their eyes met. Why

should not Mary sing?" And again her voice rang out in glad tones of faith and triumph. "It flung defiance down at death! It chimed in the lurid sky o'erhead:

"*To die no more, no more, no more!*"

And, with these words, the soul of the happy, dying girl seemed to come up and stand in my sister's face and eyes, as, with her, she arose, and on the red bosom of the wreathing flame, she went "Home to die no more!" Forget that picture? I may forget all the triumphs of earth, but I will forget that—NEVER! For soon, amid flames of suffering, Jesus walked beside her, and rising with him at last, as did that dying girl, with songs of victory "Tattie" herself went "Home" to "die no more."

How faithfully during all my years on bed she would hurry through with her household work and come and sit down by me, saying: "Now, brother Willie, what do you want me to read to you?" And she would get the *Sunny South* or the *Christian Index* or some good book, and sitting there at my bedside, her tender voice would read on and on, while I lay there and drank in the music of her voice and the inspiration of the thought or story, like a thirsty toiler bending in summer at a crystal spring. Sometimes the book or paper was laid down; and as we discussed together the beauty of some mental, or the glory of some spiritual thought, our souls seemed to catch on fire anew—then the breezes from the Land of Beulah played over our raptured senses, and the music from the Celestial Shore seemed breaking in silver waves about us! O, Tattie! sweet sister, you will sit by "Brother Willie's" bedside and read to him *no more forever!* How long does "*forever*" mean?

"'Tattie,' you are the only sweetheart 'Brother Willie' has," I would sometimes say as we happily talked, or as I would tenderly bid her good-bye. "Well, brother Willie, you are the only sweetheart *I* have—*'ceptin' one*," she would coyly, sweetly say, and in that moment of fidelity, reflected in such a cute, confiding manner, she would seem dearer to me than ever.

AS A HAPPY CHRISTIAN.

One day, when "Tattie" was a little girl nine years old,

mother noticed her standing by her chair looking wistfully at her with tears in her eyes; and she asked; "What is the matter with mother's little girl? Come and tell me what troubles you." And she came and put her arms around her neck and burst into weeping, saying: "O mother! I am such a sinner, and don't know how to pray." Young as she was, she had listened to religious instruction with an understanding intelligence beyond her years, and it had had its effect, as such teaching always will do, if prayerfully and carefully given. When a little less than eleven, the little darling came to my bedside with happy face, put her little arms about my neck and told me of her conversion—how, the day before at the meeting at church, she had had a hard struggle, but had finally given up everything of the world, and happily trusted Jesus as her Savior—how she felt in her heart like a new girl, and wanted to live and work for Christ. And on the third Sunday morning in August, '87, kind hands placed me on a cot or litter and carried me down to Powder Springs Creek to see her baptized. It was just three years that morning since my sister Addie and I were baptized at the same place, and as I saw her, with two sweet girl friends, follow her Saviour into the water, "buried with him in baptism and raised up to walk in the newness of life," as the words of God's book teach us, I was happy—oh, so happy!

Did she "walk in newness of life?" Yes. Without faults? No, for she was a human being. But be it said for the benefit of the living who read this, that when she saw her faults, she confessed them with penitent heart and asked to be forgiven. From the time she made her confession—told her experience at church in a clear, earnest voice that all the congregation could hear (and it was a touching scene), she loved her church, Sabbath-school, and prayer meeting. One day after an unusually gracious meeting at church, she said joyously: "Mother, I'll *declare*, if Heaven is any happier place than that meeting to-day, it must indeed be glorious!" Bless her little heart! she has found out all about it now.

Stricken down on the 14th of last August, 1894, the violent fever, instead of killing her at once, so completely wrecked her system that she could never rally again. How bravely she tried! Four times she grew so much

better that I went away to my work—traveling, lecturing and selling my book, and four times my heart was pierced with sudden pain and fear by the telegrams that called me back to her bedside. Did she suffer? O God! I have never seen anything else like it. It was enough to kill twenty men, but she never did one time say: "How hard that I must suffer thus!" Mother was not physically able to do very much, and for almost the whole of the trying eight months and a half, my other sister, Addie, left her own home and, like a ministering angel, "bending o'er the sorrows of earth's sin-stricken shore," she nursed "Tattie" day and night with such devotion as I have never seen. Often "Tattie" would come up from tortures of suffering that it seemed would have run me wild, saying in smiling triumph, "I feel so much nearer my Saviour when I am suffering." And one day, not long before the end, she looked up and saw the tears in sister Addie's eyes, and asked: "What are you crying for, sister?"

"To see you suffering so, darling," the sorrowing answer came.

"I am not crying," Tattie said; "If I can bear to suffer, you ought to bear to see it; and remember," she added with a sweet smile, "the greater the suffering, the brighter the crown will be."

Oh! friend, how could you suffer without her Christ?

My father is growing old. His life seemed wrapped up in the life of his loving young daughter. We feared the result of the coming shock upon him. But one day she called him to her, took him by the hand and said with feeble, loving voice. "Father, I know it is going to be very hard for you to give up your little 'baby girl,' as you call me, but don't break down, father. Just ask the same Saviour to help you bear it who has helped me bear my suffering, and He will do it. And remember, the waiting will not be long, father. You will soon come, too, and your little girl will be waiting at the gate to welcome you." Father lived in a perfect atmosphere of prayer and trust, gained the victory, and bore the trial better than any of us did. One night she thought she was going and had the sleeping ones awakened. "If I sink before they get in here, tell them to meet me in Heaven," she said.

And as we entered with breathless fear stamped on our

faces, she would calmly say: "Don't be excited—I am not excited. Meet me in Heaven. Let my mother sit by me. Yes, Father, kiss my hand. O Jesus, my precious Saviour!" And to each, to all, "Meet me in Heaven." But she rallied yet again.

Sometimes, as I stood or sat beside her, anxious to grow tired for her sake, she would look up and feebly say: "Sweet brother Willie! I love you." And after she could not speak, she would pat my face with her frail little fingers, silently speaking her undying love for her sorrowing brother.

"And there was *another*, not a brother, in those sacred days gone by;
You'd have known him by the tender love that deepened in his eye."

He was the young man who loved her so strongly, who watched by her so faithfully, and whom she loved with such intense devotion.

"Ah, friend! I fear the lighest heart
Makes sometimes heaviest mourning."

What a joy his fidelity, his unwavering constancy was to her during those terrible days of agony! Surely his anguish seemed worse even than ours.

One day he and I sat beside her. No other was there. We watched her in silent pain. I had been longing that she might speak to him some parting message of cheer and consolation. She suddenly aroused, and (this is almost too sacred to give to the world, but God will bless it, and I feel constrained to speak it here) looking at him, she said: "Is it going to be hard for my boy to give up his little girl?" He held her hand, his lips quivered, but he could not answer. Again the question; but silent tears made his only response. Then in pleading tones, low and tender, she asked: "*Can't you speak to "Tattie?*" If I die, are you going to let my death have the effect on you that sorrow has on some men? Will you let it drag you down, or lift you up?" And clasping her little hand in both of his, he leaned forward and said, between his tears: "Precious little girl! Your influence has already drawn me nearer Christ than I ever felt before; and if you must go out of my life, every thought of you will point me to your Saviour and mine, and make me strive to work for him as I never could.

have done if I had never known you." When he had thus spoken, she lifted her frail hands above her radiant face and clapped them in heavenly joy, saying, "I thank God! I thank God!" And speaking to him as she had said to father: "Remember, John, it will not be very long until you come, and 'Tattie' will be waiting at the gate for you." Talk about Heaven! *I have seen it!* I saw its happy light break all over her face as she spoke those blessed words.

What strange sounds are these I hear about me? Is it possible the end surely is coming? I have fought off the dread impression to the very last. But good Dr. Selman comes and sorrowfully says: "There is no hope. I might as well be frank with you. It is only a question of a few days." O God! the world, as a stone, seems about to fall on my heart to crush it out. I hear them talking about the dress that "Tattie" has selected to be buried in and the hymns she wants sung at her funeral. *This! this of "Tattie!"* Oh! it could be true of anybody else—but not her—not her! I go to the door—I dry my tears—then I stand and look in silent agony upon her wasted form—she opens her eyes and looks wistfully at me, saying with those dear eyes: "Brother Willie, I do love you," but she cannot speak. And I go off by myself to weep a part of my grief away.

AROUND THE DEATHBED.

And now it is early morning. Our hearts thrill and rejoice as we hear sweet music in the sinking sufferer's room. She is passing through a torturing paroxysm of pain, when she looks up at father and says; "Father, is it wrong to pray to die?" "No," he says, "I think not, darling, under the circumstances." Now she turns her weary head to mother and asks, "Oh! *when* will all this suffering cease?" And a bright smile lights up her sweet, pain-marred face, as she answers herself; "*Some sweet day, by and by*!" And although she has not been able to talk to us any hardly for three weeks, she begins and sings the song she had loved in Sabbath-school, "Some Sweet Day." And then she sang that dear old church hymn that you have heard all your life—the last she ever sang on earth—and how my heart is stirred as I repeat it here, having witnessed with my own

eyes the glorious illustration of its glorious truth in her life and death:

"'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die."

Again she smiled—almost laughed for very joy: "Will the waters be chilly when I am called to die? No, no! I believe they will not be, for my Saviour will be with me. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me!" I tell you it was like listening to an angel sing in the dawning light of heaven.

And thus, with shining faith—not mere resignation, but rapture, she met the last enemy, Death—such a messenger grim and dread to those without hope; but to her, he proved a blessed friend, speaking to her soul sweet release—opening to her the door to that eternal peace and "rest that remaineth to the people of God."

It was Saturday evening when she went "Home"—in her favorite twilight hour. Dr. Love, venerable with age and rich in experience, had done all that his wonderful skill could perform. Dr. Selman, the beloved physician who had been her faithful daily attendant, lingered tenderly at her side. Tearful but happy faces looked on with clinging love. I held out my humanly yearning hands to stay her final going. But *God had spoken, and she had heard.* I tried to be brave. I was trustful. She could not speak, but I sat by her side and held her precious hand. while I talked of Jesus and His love, that the music of His name might

"Charm her last on earth
And greet her first in heaven."

Miss Addie Anderson, one of her sweetest and dearest girl friends, stood at the head of her bed, and looking into "Tattie's" face, said: "Oh! it seems that we can almost hear the gliding barque of the angels as they come to bear her 'over the river.'" And thus, as calmly as the setting sun that had just gone down—as sweetly as a trusting child on its mother's bosom, she

"Laid her head on Jesus' breast,
And breathed her life out sweetly there."

We went with her in light to the gates, but we could not enter. As soon as the thought could come to me: "No more agony of suffering—no more—no more silent watches through the dark and solemn night—peace to her at last! 'Tattie' with her Saviour in Heaven!" I was happy, and could but exclaim: "Bless the Lord O my soul! and all that is within me, bless His holy name!"

Then the pain came like a piercing sword to my heart and I thought: "O Tattie! when our little brother Glenn died, you, a little girl, came to my bedside and comforted me in my sorrow. *Who* will comfort me now, that you are gone?" Ah! He comes—your Saviour and mine, who said: "I will not leave you comfortless"—He comes, and I am comforted.

O skeptic! O sinner, wherever you are, how can you pass through death yourself, or see your loved ones pass through, without a sustaining hope in Christ to sweeten the bitter hour and brighten the dreary, darksome way?

Think of 256 days of suffering cutting her down at eighteen years and nearly seven months of age, in the morning flush and dawn of happy girlhood and promising young womanhood blended into one—yet every day while in this valley of suffering, living on the very mountain height of faith and hope with the Lord.

It was the afternoon of the Sabbath when we laid her precious form away. And at the funeral in the church where she was a devoted member, as they sang "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds in a believer's ear" (that she had so often sung during her illness), "Shall We Gather at the River," "The Home of the Soul," and "We Shall Know Each Other There"—songs that she had herself selected for her own funeral—as I looked at the white, flower-laden casket and thought of the unspeakable legacy of spiritual inspiration she had left me, while she had gone on to be forever with her Saviour and the redeemed—when I thought of how God had blessed me by so gloriously manifesting Himself in the life and death of my own—my own darling sister—oh! as I sat there and thought of it all, the Everlasting Gates seemed almost lifted up, and I was so happy—my soul was flooded with such an ecstasy of heavenly joy, that I could hardly keep from rising right there and shouting aloud the joy of "*my great* Redeemer's praise."

The burial! And now—

"There's a narrow ridge in the graveyard—
Would scarce stay a child in its race,
But to me and my thought it is wider
Than the star-sown vague of space."

With tears of blended sorrow, joy and triumph, I stood by the new-made mound and said: "Good-by, darling, until we meet again in God's "some sweet day, by and bye." O friend, can you?—you can only imagine how I felt when I went away and came back home the first time, as I went into her desolate room where had lain so long this sister—the sunshine of my invalid life, and found no frail little arms lifted in welcome—no smiling face to greet me, no voice of tender music, to say: "Bless your heart, Brother Willie! I am so glad you have come!" No, my life can never be the same again, but it will be a better life, thank God. I can be patient in suffering, and especially point sinners to Christ who so gloriously sustained her in death, as I never could have done before she went away.

Recently I took my first little ocean voyage. It was a new and inspiring experience, but with every wave of inspiration there came an undercurrent of sadness that "Tattie" could not be there to enjoy it with me. I looked out on the beautiful bay and saw the waves dimpling beneath the kiss of the morning breeze and flashing beneath the touch of the morning sun; beyond, I saw the white, shining beach of "Little Cumberland," with light-house on the shore, and I thought: Oh! how "Tattie" would run to me with beaming face, lift her hands in impulsive gesture and say: "Brother Willie! *Bro. Willie*! Look! look! Isn't it *beautiful*—beautiful! Oh, I feel inspired! It seems that I could almost float away on these flashing waves to that shining shore!" Among the passengers, around me on board, there was revelry and thoughtless gayety; but the "still small voice" of comfort came to me amid it all, that she had already reached a far more Beautiful Shore—

"Where no storms ever beat on that glittering strand,
While the years of eternity roll."

A few days ago I went to her grave—the first time I had ever gone since her burial. The first time? Yes, for

somehow it seemed that *she was not there*, and I did not want to go. It was just one year from that day that she was stricken down. I stood alone in the twilight that we, together, had loved so well. As I leaned on my crutches and looked down at her grave, thinking in silent sadness of the hopes, the life, the love—all so joyous and resplendent, that lay buried there, a wealth of tender, sacred memories and still sweeter hopes, like a legion of angels, came to minister to me. I walked over and stood for a while, musing in loving thought at the grave of dear Beatrice, my brother's beautiful wife who went out of our clinging hearts a year ago, then back to "Tattie's grave. Philosophy said: "Is this all?" Nay! Faith lighted her way beyond the tomb.

"*Since Jesus had lain there she feared not its gloom.*" And in spirit, I heard the voice of her Saviour and mine, sweetly saying: "I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." The clouds were rifted, the gloom fled away; my tears were dried; the light of Heaven streamed through, and as my soul mounted high on wings of faith, I cried in joy: "O Death! where is thy sting? O Grave! where is thy victory."

The fresh evening breeze fanned my brow, and happiness came with the thought that the breezes of Beulah Land had kissed her pretty fevered forehead, and brought to her wan and wasted features that fadeless bloom of bright eternal youth. Just then, from over on the hill, the church bell rang out on the twilight stillness, calling me to the house of prayer—the same bell whose mellow tones had called her to that same house of God for the last time just a year before. My heart and eyes looked up, and it seemed that I could almost see, blending with the pure blue of the far-away skies, "Tattie's" sweet, happy face and hear the heavenly music of her tender voice, calling to me with "beckoning hands": "Brother Willie, work for Jesus and poor lost souls, until he calls you 'Home'—to Him and to me."

Yes, "Tattie," sweet sister, I am coming! And I am trying to gladden your dear heart and the heart of Jesus, too, by working every day to carry with me all I can, to your Saviour, dear, and mine.

(Sent to many friends.)

IN MEMORIAM.

On the Evening of Saturday, April 27th, 1895, at Fifteen Minutes before 7 O'clock. . . . . .

Sallie Blanche Upshaw,

Youngest daughter of I. D. and C. A. Upshaw, and sister of Herschel M., Lucius C., William D. Upshaw, Mrs. Addie L. Lindsey—all living—and little Glenn O. (in Heaven),

Peacefully Fell Asleep in Jesus,

at the home of her parents in Douglasville, Ga., after a most trying illness of 256 days.

She was 18 years, 6 months and 22 days old. Happily converted to Christ in August, '87, she was, until her death, an earnest Christian and a devout member of a Baptist Church.

Although called on to suffer during more than 8 months, as few have ever suffered on this earth, never one murmur escaped her lips; and often smiling through agony she would say: "I feel so much nearer my Saviour when I am suffering," and, "The harder the suffering, the brighter the crown will be."

A short time before she died, while passing through terrible torture, she broke forth into happy, triumphant songs of Jesus and His comforting presence, while a heavenly smile lighted up her sweet, pain-marred face as she clapped her hands with radiant joy.

HER WORDS: "Will the waters be chilly when I am called to die? No, no! for my Saviour will be with me. 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me.'"

O "Tattie" darling—sister true—
How much we loved, you never knew!
How pierced our hearts we cannot tell!
But Jesus "doeth all things well."

My INSPIRATION—my SUNSHINE dear,
With happy smile and tender tear
You clung about my narrow bed—
Soothed aching heart and fevered head,
And wove yourself in my life and love
As none can know but God above.

Sweet "Tattie"! your faith and death do leave
A light like setting sun at eve!
An inspiration holier far
Than beams from morn's bright shining star,
Glows in my life, and makes me try
To lead sin-darkened hearts on high.

The same sweet Christ who upheld YOU,
I trust, will light MY pathway, too.
And as your happy spirit sang,
When music sweet, like Heaven's rang—
I'LL MEET YOU! joy beams through my tears!
FAITH lights up the lonely years!
WE'LL MEET before our Saviour's Throne
Where sin and pain no more are known—
Where Jesus calms each weary sigh—
Yes!—"SOME SWEET DAY—BY AND BYE!"

'BROTHER WILLIE.'

NO OTHER LIKE YOU.

Not to my "sweetheart," but dedicated to my lovely, loved and loving eighteen year old sister, "Tattie," or Sallie Blanche Upshaw (now in Heaven).

I have watched the dawn of morning—
On the noontide I have gazed;
I have looked in peaceful rapture
When the West in splendor blazed;
I have seen the white of Winter,
I have basked 'neath Summer skies,
But I calmly, frankly tell you,
None shone bright as *thy dear eyes.*

I have seen the *prima donna;*
I have heard a thousand sing—
I have caught the tender music
That the breezes 'bout me fling;
I have listened, soul-inspired,
As these made my heart rejoice,
But they could not thrill me, dear one,
Like the *music of your voice.*

I have seen the mingled glories
Of the morning, noon and even,
I have fancied all the beauties
That are blooming under Heaven—
Art of man and nature's triumph—
Every form and every grace,
But they cannot bless me, dear one,
Like the light in *your sweet face.*

Not in lines and curves of beauty,
Tho' they be a sculptor's dream;
But the *soul*— the *soul* that's shining,
With its gentle, tender beam!
Aye! *the Christ* your life is living
In your voice, your face, your eyes;
And your *being* links me closer—
Closer, dear heart, to the skies.

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