

answer. The Children's Aid Society of New York and other similar agencies have changed the circumstances of those whose heredity was unfortunate, and the outcome has been changed character in the vast majority of cases; probably it is safe to say in nine out of ten cases. Thousands of children born of the worst parents have been taken from surroundings in the slums of cities which would have made of them paupers, prostitutes, and criminals, and they have become useful and honorable citizens. With some degree of certainty it can be predicted that the circumstances of the worst slums mean to the child brought up in them ruin, and perhaps with quite as great a degree of certainty it can be predicted that a change to an altogether favorable environment will mean social salvation. If heredity is, in such cases, as it may be admitted, an adverse force which must be overcome, yet favorable circumstances are sufficient to overcome it, and circumstances have by far the greater weight.

Recent studies of heredity appear also to give less importance to it, on the whole, than earlier ones. It is now frequently asserted by scientists that acquired qualities cannot be transmitted. An English economist says of Weismann, whose essays upon heredity are well known, that he has reopened the case for Socialism. What he means is this: Socialism lays emphasis almost entirely upon circumstances, and Weismann's investigations have so emphasized the importance of circumstances as opposed to heredity that once more the case for Socialism requires discussion before the bar of public opinion.

The present views, perhaps, are best expressed by the words *social solidarity*. All men are bound together in their material and moral well-being. Man lives to himself in no respect. The salvation of his soul is not purely an individual process. Material and social environment of men have a large influence upon their well-being in every respect. Man cannot acquire a fortune in a desert or even in a fruitful land if he lives alone, nor can he as an isolated human being ever attain any heights of moral excellence. It is generally admitted that there are those whose circumstances are so unfavorable that, taking men as they are, there is no reason whatever to expect that they can be redeemed until their circumstances are changed. Methodists, Episcopalians, leaders of the Salvation Army, all tell us that among the poorest and most degraded a social reformer must precede, or at least accompany, the evangelist. At the same time the human will is recognized, because it is admitted that, with favorable circumstances, an appeal must be made to man's free agency; that he must be brought to resolve upon right action. Individual responsibility can scarcely be said to be lessened. If it is lessened at all, it is lessened for those who are so low down that they scarcely feel their responsibility for their position. Social responsibility, on the other hand, is immensely strengthened, and as members of society we must all feel the weight of this responsibility. Social responsibility in the end becomes the responsibility of individuals, and it is on this account that many feel inclined to reject the doctrine of social solidarity. They cry out, like Cain of old, "Am I my brother's keeper?" But their indignant protests can no more remove their responsibility than could Cain's denial alter the fact that he was his brother's keeper.



Consciousness of ignorance is no small part of knowledge.—*St. Jerome.*

A map does not exhibit a more distinct view of the situation and boundaries of every country than its news does a picture of the genius and morals of its inhabitants.—*Goldsmith.*

It is said that Dr. Andrew Bonar began a sermon to his people, on one Sunday morning, in the following way: "Once upon a time a congregation asked their minister to give them strong meat. Next Sabbath he preached on the duty of Christian giving. And they sent him no more requests for strong meat."—*Wesleyan Advocate.*

A New England Graveyard

By Margaret Sutton Briscoe

There is a good deal of comfort to be gathered from these little old scraps of poetry; . . . and, somehow, they seem to stretch to suit a great grief and shrink to fit a small one.—*Hawthorne.*

Cradled among the loveliest of hills, resting in their very center as in the hollow of a hand, lies a New England graveyard with an unpretentious entrance—a time-worn wooden gate, and an earth roadway striking in unexpectedly from an old elm-lined street. Clustering about the gate, the spreading branches of other elm-trees screen the road's destination, their small leaves clothing yet not concealing the strong boughs' outlines as a diaphanous robe might drape a graceful form. Near the gateway stands a rude shed, from which the town hearse has been rolled into the sunshine—for a funeral to-day, perhaps. The thought of a new grave seems an impertinence among these ancient tombs, as a new patent of nobility among those long ennobled. The summer rains have softened and the winter storms have beaten down the mounds to a grass level. You may walk among the worn headstones with a lighter step, perhaps, but earth has been earth too long to hold part sacred. The grass has grown up long and thick. You read that "Mrs. Thankfull, wife of Judah Dickson, died aged twenty years," but your head must lie as low as hers and you must part a green veil of verdure before learning that "of four children she alone survived infancy, and from infancy she was an orphan. To the sympathy due to one thus early bereft of near kindred and home she imparted peculiar interest; for she was equally amiable and intelligent."

All these stilted phrases and barely twenty years old—only just a wife, perhaps! The minister of the village wrote that epitaph, beyond a doubt. But those two lines below, so worn that to decipher them you must trace the letters with your finger, as the blind read—who wrote these words of quaint pathos?

Though all the world forget beside
'Tis meet that I remember still.

How pleasant to lie in the cool grass with the warm sun shining down from the warmer blue above, and, with your chin propped on your hands, vivid life without and within, your blood quick in your veins, read how another lived and breathed and loved and ended, poor thing, a hundred years ago!

The next stone stands so near that you may reach it without rising. The feel of the earth is good, as the crawling beasts of the field know. Move forward as they, and part the veiling grass to read Martha Pryor's message to the world she left:

Reader you also shortly muft
Be stripped of life and turned to duft.

Let the grass spring back. Martha is not the gentle Thankfull. You will think of all this some day; yes, but not at Martha's bidding, with its spice of venom—not with the spell of the joy of living on you!

Move on to that stone near which a small, three-leaved, clover-like plant nods a negative with you, shaking its wind-swung head from side to side on its slender stem.

"Sufa Ingraham" lies here—her tombstone rough-hewn from the hills, its back unfinished as the cut-off life which the carven front tells of. The stone has sunk sideways into the ground, which adds to its look of decrepitude. The inscription can be read, but with difficulty:

The blooming cheek, the sparkling eye
From Death's arrest could not save me
Youth and beauty

—are where the rest of the inscription is hid, doubtless. If under the mold there "Sufa," as Martha, compares her state with ours to be, kindly Mother Nature has taken from her Martha's privilege, and stopped her lips with earth.

How denunciatory they are, these old tombs—aggressively warning in their cry of doom!

Daniel Roswell, from under his carven urn, draped with

a switch of drooping willow, sternly sounds his note of warning:

Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear
Repent! thy end is nigh,
Death at the furthest can't be far,
O think—before thou die!

And Elijah Warner, brooded over by a watchful cherub, impossible and dreary, with eyes bulging from their sockets, tells of his too early death in the same awful voice:

Youth, can'st thou heedless view
The relics of the dead:
O think; beneath your feet
There lies your own likeness.

And then, most awful,

Elisha Grey 2nd,
Who quit this dufky
Stage in the 81th. year
of his age, Which
was on Oct^r 18, 1790.
My children dear, this place draw near
A Father's grave you fee;
Not long ago I was with you
And soon you'll be with me.

There is in all these a note of ghoulish desire to bring the warm and living to the cold dead, and "soon you'll be with me" rings with it creepingly. It rouses a spirit of revolt. You turn away sharply to a stone a little apart from the rest, set on a grassy hillside—sweet, short grass, green and soothing to the eye and touch. This is a double stone. "Anfiel Bolton" lies here; beside him, Jane, his wife. Stooping, you read this beneath his name:

Tender were his feelings,
The Christian was his friend,
Honest were his dealings,
And peaceful was his end.

And beneath her name:

The beneficence of her heart, the diligence of her hands, the pious influence of her lips, and her liberality to the poor will be remembered when this monument has yielded to the—

The last words have already yielded, as all must yield in time, but what need of more? Lying here, a little apart from those others, the pious influence of her lips and the tenderness of his feelings still live, healing, restful, and strong.

Did they suffer a little, this tender pair, among their neighbors? Did they sometimes speak of it together, lamenting gently that Martha had a biting tongue or Elisha a hard heart, and then repent their lamenting? You move away softly, leaving them together in their peaceful end.

A little higher up the hill lies "Abraham Dean," a baby almost two hundred years old! His moundless grave is the softest resting-place, and you sit there, leaning your back, wearied with bending, against his little carved footstone. Poor baby! did you find New England two hundred years ago too harsh a spot for you? Was the soft earth kinder?

Catherine Grace, wife of the Rev'd Ebenezer Grace and relict of Nathaniel Ware.

You move to your feet to read the rest of this inscription, and find a strange story in stone. Oh, cold, unjealous grave! Catherine lies rigidly between the man to whom she was wife and the man of whom she was relict. The three stones stand there upright, harmoniously, unfeelingly together.

Three stones!—there are four. Ah, Nathaniel Ware, you do not lie there unavenged. Catherine, your relict, lies at Ebenezer Grace's left side, as at your right, truly; but whose name is that at Ebenezer's right hand?

Julia, beloved wife of the
Rev'd Ebenezer Grace.

Last of the four to die. Were the valley of dry bones to live, what then?

Out there in the town they will tell you the story of the

minister's second wooing. Others of his calling, passing through Boston Town, spoke much of a Mistress Julia, finding her amiable, sprightly, yet pious and delectable to the sight. Ebenezer Grace made a journey to Boston Town and sought her father, Mistress Julia yet unseen. What an inflammable generation it was! We of to-day call them staid, serious, and cold, but who now lives on a description, and woos by faith in it!

Perhaps it struck much-courted Mistress Julia's father as impetuous, or this quiet minister's pretensions may have amused him somewhat. He had no encouragement to offer. To his personal knowledge, Julia had made three vows. She would never wed a man of the country, a widower, or a clergyman.

"I am all three," quoth Ebenezer Grace; "and so I will enter, with your permission." Thus it came about that Mistress Julia lies, with a certain demure complacency to one who knows her story, at Ebenezer Grace's right hand in the little village churchyard.

Wandering in and out among these ancient stones, you find a few inscriptions which, escaping the Puritan sternness, narrow as the grave, rise above it to a certain grandeur of thought. Here, for instance, is one which reads as a rude litany, and rings with the triumph of a certain faith:

Long I've believed
God's power to fave
Cheerful when called
Go to the grave.
My flesh in duft
Shall be his care
And he will raise
Me strong and fair.

In the gentle, musical phrases of Lois Levin's epitaph there is but the voice of a natural regret for a young life laid down in its springtime. She had known but eighteen years one hundred springs ago, when this was written:

Stay thoughtful mourner hither led
To weep and mingle with the dead
Pity the maid who slumbers here
And pay the tributary tear.
Thy feet must wander far to find
A fairer form, a lovelier mind
An eye that beams a sweeter smile
A bosom more estranged from guile
A heart with kinder passions warmed
A life with fewer stains deformed
A death with deeper sighs confessed,
A memory more beloved and blest.

But there is one inscription which stands widely apart from all the rest in spirit, or rather soars high above them, thoughtful among the narrow, spiritual among the sordid, calm-minded and just. He who lies beneath held a fair and well-earned post of honor among his fellows, as his tablet tells:

This modest stone what few vain marbles can
May truly say here lies an honest man
Calmly he looked on either life and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear.
From Nature's temp'rate feast rose satisfy'd
Thank'd Heaven that he had lived and that he died

Fanaticism has striven to darken your day and dull this sunshine, this joy and pride of life in your veins. You have smiled as the dead warned gruesomely of doom and worms and tombs, and then one word of honest, wholesome thought strikes like an arrow in the gold of your mind. Has the lightest mind its gold hid away somewhere, awaiting the well-feathered shaft?

"Nature's temp'rate feast"—you feel the tempered splendor of the sun. In the softness of the many-blended hues of the green, in the girdling circle of undulating hills held in a strong-drawn line on the horizon's edge, are the calm power of the unbroken laws of life and nature.

Turning thoughtfully aside, you see again the diaphanous, graceful leaves draping yet not concealing the strong boughs of the elm-trees clustering about the graveyard gate.