

OPEN THE DOOR.

"Open the door, let in the air, The winds are sweet, and the flowers are fair; Joy is abroad in the world to-day, If our door is wide open he may come this way."

Open the door.

"Open the door of the soul, let in Strong pure thoughts, which shall banish sin; They will grow and bloom with a grace divine, And their fruit shall be sweeter than that of the vine."

Open the door.

"Open the door of the heart, let in Sympathy sweet for stranger and kin; It will make the halls of the heart so fair That angels may enter unawares."

Open the door.

A PIECE OF PASTURE.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

"Yes," said Mr. Dexter, "honest poverty is nothing to be ashamed of."

"Nothing to be proud of, either," said his son John.

"And very disagreeable, anyway," said Sylvia, his pretty daughter.

"Well, I don't know why we need to talk about it. It's something of which we have no experience," said his wife, "honest, or otherwise."

"Yes," said Mr. Dexter again—looking round at the breakfast room, whose walls were lined with Sylvia's vines and flowering plants that made it a bower of greenery, at his shining table, and the pretty petulant woman with her pink ribbons at its head—we have every comfort, and some luxury."

"Papa means Mamma for the luxury?" "No; he means her for the comfort," said John, who was her special care.

"Thanks, thanks," said Mamma bridling a little. "Comfort is quite relative."

"A very dear relative, sometimes," said John.

"John," cried Sylvia, "you really must go into politics!"

"Heaven forbid!" said his father.

"He has such a capacity for pretty speeches he would be invaluable to diplomacy," urged Sylvia.

"It is all he has a capacity for," his father thought. But he did not say so.

"No, no," he said; "the less politics the better. His desk in the bookstore is the place for John."

"I should be well content with that if I owned the shop," said John. "But this spending the best of your days for others isn't what it might be."

"It is a great deal better than running into debt for your beginning," said his father, as he left them.

"Yes," said Sylvia; "save your salary and wait till I can help you."

"You?" was the contemptuous reply.

"I do think," said Mrs. Dexter, "that a little dose of poverty wouldn't be amiss for Sylvia. She always feels such immense capabilities that it might bring her."

"To a realizing sense of her inefficiency," said Sylvia. "Well, Mamma," she added presently, sipping her coffee—John having gone upstairs again to change his tie—"you speak as if that would give you pleasure."

"No, I don't; not at all. But you are always opposing John!"

"Why, Mamma?"

"Yes, you are. The moment John comes anywhere near proposing to your father to give him the money to buy out the stock of that place, you come in with your influence against it."

"My influence, Mamma?" As if there were such a thing!

"Well, there is! You are so exactly like your father that he hears all you say. And he feels you behind him and laughs the whole thing off. Saving his salary, indeed! He might as well think of buying the crown jewels with his salary! A salary is a dreadful thing; it binds you down in chains. Yes; there is no doubt about it, a salary is a dreadful thing."

"But, Mamma, do you think it is right, when Papa has you and the little children on his hands—I don't speak of myself, because I suppose I can see to myself."

"There it is again! Your immeasurable conceit of yourself!"

"But, Mamma, there are quantities of young girls who do not care of themselves."

"Their name is not Sylvia Dexter, then."

"Well, if I can't see to myself, it seems to me there is all the more reason for Papa's not crippling himself by giving his money to John any riskier everything."

"There is no risk about it. You are a selfish and unnatural girl, Sylvia! You would let your poor brother toil and toil all his life, rather than make a little sacrifice yourself. And he has always been so good, so kind; he was such a beautiful child—I remember when his curls were cut off that Mrs. Dares said—"

"Mamma, dear, you sent Julia on an errand, and said you would make John's lunch!"

"Sylvia! And it's almost train time! Why didn't you see to it? So full of the good of the family theoretically—and poor John all day in town with nothing to eat!"

"And not a restaurant handy, said Sylvia. "Well, I have seen to it. And there's an egg-sandwich, and a breast of duck, and some celery, and some salt, and a buttered muffin, and a little tart, and a doughnut, and a flask of coffee. John has a better lunch than we shall have. He has it every day."

"I should think you grudged it to your brother!"

"No, indeed! John likes good things, and I like to put them up for him; so we are even. John doesn't think so badly of me as you do, Mamma."

"I don't know what you mean, Sylvia. I never said I thought badly of you. You annoy me with your jealousy of John—poor, dear John; he was meant for a prince—and you uphold your father in his severity."

"Here, John—excuse me, Mamma—here John," cried Sylvia, hurrying to the door as he went by. "Don't forget your luncheon!"

"Come, now, that's interesting! Work it out for me while I'm gone, and see if I will have enough to that rate to put out at interest before I die."

"There," said Sylvia to herself, "I shall say no more about it. If Papa chooses to take the risk—poor Papa! Well, his fortune that Aunt Jeannette has invited me to visit her just now." And she put on her jacket to go and call upon the neighbor whose cow pastured in her lot, and see if it would not be so convenient to pay the rent now as later, so that she need not ask her father to open his purse for her. And she came back with so bright a face that her mother declared she thought that cow-right was worth more to Sylvia than the whole place to them.

"Perhaps it is," said Sylvia; "for it's mine, Mamma. And it isn't going to be absorbed and lost in John's business, if the rest of the place is."

For the little three-acre lot was Sylvia's. She had bought it and paid for it from her small savings, together with the two hundred dollars her grandmother had left her, when there was rumor of its purchase for some unpleasant purpose, it being just at the foot of the garden. Her mother had never given her any peace concerning it, so to say. She ought to have lent the money to John, was the tenor of Mrs. Dexter's frequent remark; and doubtless she would have done so but for Harley Melton's influence, and for her part she wished Sylvia had never set eyes on Harley, undesirable and disagreeable as he was!

But Sylvia, for all that, had been a proud and happy landholder and tax-payer ever since, and had enjoyed the sight of the neighbor's cow under the great trees, and drinking from the little brook formed by the spring that bubbled there as cold as if it had come all the way from Spitzbergen; and she had an joyed quite as much the ten dollars a summer that the neighbor paid her for the use of the pasture as she did the money she had had another pleasure in it too; for often had she and Harley Melton laid out those three acres in their strolls across them; and here should be the house, and here the little lawn, and here the orchard; and it would be so pleasant, being near Papa; and if Harley did not think it would be so pleasant being near Mamma, he kept the thought to himself. Sylvia, with her great blue eyes, her lovely fairness, and her sweet sparkling brown-haired beauty, was so precious, that if the mother who bore her was not perfect, too, he was not sure that the fault was not in himself.

He loved Sylvia beyond any words, the bright and busy little creature, alive to the tips of her hair with interest in all things, and all people, feeling all things alive as well to her, the bird on the bough, the blossom there, too the child playing beneath it. They had no idea of marrying, except for in the indefinite future; they had nothing to marry on; it was enough to love each other now; by and by they would build the little house, perhaps, in the piece of pasture.

"They used to wander over the bit of land as if it were an estate, with a joy of possession; and where the spring bubbled out of the ledge that cropped up beneath the group of great trees, they would sit and watch the water as if every bubble were a miracle."

"Just look down at it in Harley—how clear! Look at the jewels on the bottom; they are rubies, sapphires, emeralds, opals, topazes beryls—oh, what a glitter! What color, what splendor! It seems as if I could put down my arm and scoop up a handful of the gorgeous things."

"The pebbles down there? It is the wonderful clearness of the water that makes them so near; and I suppose it is the vertical sunbeam that makes them seem so beautiful. They are really a dozen feet beyond your reach," said the young chemist.

"They can't be, Harley!"

"Yes, I sounded the spring last week; it is eighteen feet deep; and I don't dare to say how many gallons it pours out a minute—that all go so waste through the Tennessee River."

"To think that our brook makes part of a big river!"

"And I analyzed it, too. The river that went out of Eden could not be purer. One drinking this might think he was drinking of the water of life."

"Well, it will be Eden when we have our little house up there on the knoll. What a beautiful earth it is, Harley, when such freshness and purity pour out of its dark places! What a dear earth, to let us call this little piece of hers ours!"

"I really should think," said Mrs. Dexter when Sylvia came in, "that that spring was full of diamonds by the way you and Harley Helton hang over it."

"It is, mamma—is it?" and Sylvia danced away with no idea of the truth in her words.

It was lonesome at Aunt Jeannette's, in the big town twenty miles away. Her father and John and Harley came in every day to their business, and for five minutes she saw Harley, who made occasion to go by the gate. Her father and John found time for few visits. Her first letter from her mother informed her that she would be glad to hear that her father had at last sold his bonds and given John the proceeds to buy out the business where he had slaved so long as a clerk. Sylvia knew, however, under what unbearable pressure her poor father had been brought to sell the business where he had slaved so long as a clerk. Sylvia knew, however, under what unbearable pressure her poor father had been brought to yield; and her indignation and pity for him made her feel at first as if she never wanted to go into the house again. Successing letters were very jubilant and happy; it gave his mother so much pleasure to see John taking his place as became him, a man among men. She thought the business must be flourishing, for John had a little naphtha launch on the river, in which he went to town now, instead of traveling with all the dust and jar of the railway. Of course, there had been opposition, the letter said, for his father was one of those men who never liked innovation; but probably he would soon be going into town on it himself. He was always prognosticating evil; any one would think John was committing an unpardonable extravagance in having devised a healthier way of going to business than they had ever known before. Mr. Dexter did not approve of John's horse, either; and yet any one could see that the horse was as gentle as a woolly lamb, and he ate apples and sugar from the children's hands, and when he traveled he simply flew.

When Sylvia made an errand to her father's office, she found him as anxious as she had expected. But it would do no good for her to go home with him just now; she would show her disapprobation of the state of affairs too plainly; and she couldn't if she would, for Aunt Jeannette was ill with typhoid fever, and, of course, it was out of the question to leave her. There was really a pestilence of typhoid in the town. All the drinking water was drawn from a river that passed large polluting towns and tanneries, and every day a new case appeared, till there was almost a panic in the place.

Fortunately for Sylvia she was one of those creatures so full of vital strength and fire that fear was unknown to her; and so well had she nursed Aunt Jeannette that, when she was a little rested, the hard-pressed physician begged her to help him on another case. And so it chanced that she went from one sick bed to another, and presently came to be offered large payments for her services; and in view of her apprehensions concerning John and her father's unsecured loan to him it seemed best for her to refuse to earn the money thus offered her. "Oh, Harley!" she cried; "I must do all I can for them. For when I think of the poor creatures dying for want of good water, murdered by bad water, and remember our spring in the pasture bubbling up fresh and pure every second, I feel like a criminal; as if I kept health and strength all to myself, as if I, and not the spring, were wasting what would be life to them."

"Such a morbid feeling shows that you are tired, and in no condition to be nursing the sick," said Harley. But suddenly, as they went along together—for he appointed to meet her almost every day now in the hour's walk allowed the nurse by custom—his face flushed and flashed with a sudden thought like the passing of a sunbeam. "Will you give me permission to do what I please, to take all I want of the spring water, and in the way I think best?" he said.

"The idea!" cried Sylvia. "Permission, indeed! Isn't that mine yours, I should like to know? And they passed to more purely personal matters."

"I don't know if you are aware," wrote her mother some weeks afterward, "that Harley Melton is meddling with the spring in your piece of pasture, as you call it, meddling in my opinion most unwarrantably. He has had men there scooping it out and curbing it; and he has righted an unsightly derrick here, and there are filling great glass demijohns by the wagonful. And at this rate there'll be no spring there at all presently. I suppose it is to save himself the trouble of distilling water for his prescriptions—that is so pure. I'm sure if he has money enough to hire men and rig derricks and all that, and cares as much as he pretends about you, he had better lend it to John, who can't sleep nights for worrying about his notes."

Sylvia was too busy with her sick and dying people to wonder much about the burden of her mother's letter. She knew that whatever Harley did was likely to be right. She could not spare the time to go and see her father again; she could not get the time to go and see her mother; and for him, and she laughed a little bitterly at herself to think she had supposed she could help him with her earnings, when a whole year of them would not amount to a thousand dollars. But at any rate she was glad that she was lifting any portion of expense from him, be it ever so small.

It was some weeks afterward that when she went out for her morning walk in a new direction, and saw great posters on all the fences and telegraph poles, "Drink water from the Sylvan Spring and prevent typhoid," she understood with a double thrill of joy for themselves, and joy for the sick, what Harley was doing. And when she met him driving in with a load of the glass carboys filled with Sylvan Spring water, she felt as if she were walking in a new direction, and saw great posters on all the fences and telegraph poles, "Drink water from the Sylvan Spring and prevent typhoid," she understood with a double thrill of joy for themselves, and joy for the sick, what Harley was doing. 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