

furnace at Bellefonte, ten miles away; or 5-7 cigars down, 7-9 back, according to the roads, as Prex used to say. There's the line of the pike, there by the half-way house. Can you see the old "Alabama" as she careens along? Ha! ha! how Ben would laugh at that! "g'lang there! the mail's *very* heavy to-day."

And do you mind the day when little Tom Jimson came riding up on his bay mare, calling out, "Abe Lincoln's dead, boys, Abe Lincoln's dead," while he galloped on to carry the news to Pine Grove? The eye ranges west again over the sombre shadows of the barrens. That's about the spot where the best of the "Wielandite" was found. Wonder what "Rastus" is up to now? Pushing something, no doubt. Success to him. What's that light there at the barn? Some more "spontaneous combustion?" Oh, no! that's only the light in the boiler room. The Beaver field! How plain its outlines are! And yet plainer still is the *old* diamond without stand, without track. 'Twas there that "Monte" took his first lessons, there his *curving* genius first displayed. What a character he was! Bright, active, a great head on a lithe body. He made a grand score on one field; he is able to make as great in another. I have faith that he will. These buildings how many an old landmark they have displaced! Right there was where we had that skirmish line, along the old stone wall. A trifle only to that side is where the cannon ran over "Glub's" foot. Confound it! why didn't I take another day in San Francisco and go out to the Presidio to see him? He is a first lieutenant now, you know, and well up in the line for promotion. Nearer still, Ah, there's the purple beech and the clumps of shrubbery, all that are left to mark the old-time dwelling place of him to whom, as boy and man, I owe so much. Peace to his memory. A slight turn to the right, the little copse where on that hot Sunday in September we laid poor Bérault. Poor? The preacher said he was rich. Memory becomes a little clouded, the mind confused; faith and hope rise. After all "the Present, the Present is all thou hast for thy sure possessing; like the patriarch's angel hold it fast till it gives its blessing." The breeze is rising and shifting to the west. Its growing cooler—better go. Tightening my coat my eyes sweep backward and forward again and again over the peaceful scene. All is harmony, and not a discordant note breaks the delicious stillness. Yes! Yes! "then of what is to be and of what is done why quieriest thou? the past and time to be are one, and both are *now*."