

beauty is beyond words. From my feet across field and valley and hilltop extends a glittering pathway of gold to the moon. It is like looking out to sea.

I have passed the evening with Samuel Longfellow's life of the poet Longfellow, a delightful book full of inspiration and help for every young man. What impresses me more than all else is the thought that his was a success without a halt. Others have devoted themselves from childhood to an idea, but who else has had circumstances bend to his every wish? who else has reached the top without weary disheartening days of unrequited toil? His college days had scarcely ended; he had hardly begun to look anxiously out into the world and the future, ere he was called by his *Alma mater* to one of the most honorable positions at her command. Three years in Europe—Paris, Madrid, The Alhambra, Rome, Florence, Venice—meeting Lafayette and the other lions of the old world; living for weeks in close fellowship with Irving and Everett; making the acquaintance and winning the friendship of those who were to become the intellectual leaders of America, what youth of nineteen could ask for more than this? and then professor in a college of high rank at twenty-two! Hardly had the first glow of his early experience as a leader of young men began to dim when the offer came of the Harvard chair; Harvard then the intellectual center of the new world. Again in Europe revelling in its treasures of literature and art, and then years when every day he dined and thought with Sumner, and Felton, and Emerson, and Hawthorne, the giants of a golden age. His tasks as revealed by his journal seem almost beyond belief, his literary successes seem marvellous, his friendships ideal. He had genius, who doubts it? he had the charm of a personality such as is granted to but few men in a generation, but what earnest, thoughtful young man could not accomplish wonders with such opportunities and such an environment?

FEB. 1. February brings cheer. The farmer repeats the old rhyme:

"To-morrow is Candlemas day
Half your grain, half your hay;"

but he is merry nevertheless. "A short month," he says, "and March is the first month of spring." February, like all the months, has its own peculiarities and charms. It is the borderland on which are fought the first feeble skirmishes with winter. Till now he has ruled supreme, but with the second