THE FREE LANCE.

"His good blade carves the casques of men, for the Free Lance thrusteth sure."

Vol. XIII. JANUARY, 1900. No. 7.

THE SONG OF THE SOUL.

The song of the soul, like the song of the spheres,
Too sweet for expression, too deep for all measure,
Like the sparkle of wine that gives zest unto pleasure,
We dream and enjoy, and although we forget,
'Twill lie deep in the soul through an aeon of years
To be sung at the throne in that Haven of Rest,
When we've passed o'er the River of Tears.

C., '00.

HAWTHORNE'S EARLY LIFE.

IN all New England, where romatic towns abound and the very haze of romance seems to linger lovingly, no more romantic town could be found than Salem of Puritan fame. It may seem a coincidence that America's greatest romancer was born in this sleepy village of Massachusetts; and yet it was the very surroundings of the man that moulded his character and "ripened his genius." In speaking of Hawthorne's early life, I will confine myself to his boyhood and early manhood. There is much that is mysterious about his early years.

In this picturesque and historic town, around which so many harrowing memories cling, was born in Union Street,