



THE CHINOOK WIND.\*

Come, soft Chinook, and lay thy glowing face  
Against the line of yonder fir crowned hills;  
Free ice-bound meadows, loose the frozen rills,  
With thy warm breath and magic touch of grace.

O, fair Chinook! send one long, kindly glance  
Across this dreary waste of cold and snow;  
Set grasses growing and the rose ablow:  
Stir sleeping violets with thy passion's lance:

Set April's skies in mid-December's world:  
Send April's laughter, that our pulses may thrill;  
Wake silver bird notes on yon silent hill:  
Let this dull sea with sun flakes be imperiled.

O, fair Chinook—yes, like a maiden fair,  
Who flings gold tresses to the golden skies,  
With sunlight glancing from her lips and eyes,  
And reaches downward soft arms, chaste and bare—

Come, soft Chinook, for tender pity's sake!  
Set old hearts hopeful, old blood all aglow;  
Kiss from old reins the frost and ice and snow—  
And like a silver bugle, cry "Awake!"

Many work that others may receive the credit therefor.

Sleep is an opiate for a diseased conscience, but cure there is none—not even death.

Those who have learned most languages sometimes fail to understand the simplest—which is the language of the heart.

Conscience sat at the door of the heart and kept faithful watch that sin might never enter there. But after a long, long while she wearied, as one always will. "I have been faithful so long," she said, "and sin has never once attempted to enter, so I might as well rest me a little while." So she fell asleep; and lo! straightway came sin and entered the unprotected door of the heart. And it came to pass that when conscience awakened and saw what had happened, she was broken-hearted, for she knew that it was too late, and that all her watching now would be of no avail. And she roamed over the earth, lonely, and grieving always; and she moaned: "Oh, that I had never slept!" And again: "Oh, that I had never slept!"

A young wife once went away for a visit, leaving her husband to furnish a new house in her absence. "Now, what kind of furniture do you want?" demanded the head of the household, doubtless with a premonition of coming evil. "O, anything, love," was the delightfully lucid reply; "anything you like, so it is pretty and nice." At the end of a month she returned, and this is what she found in her parlor: A bright orange carpet, pale blue paper on the walls, green curtains, crimson velvet furniture and lilac portieres—not to mention odds and ends of every shade under the sun. "I might have borne it all, though," she said afterward, weeping, to a friend, "if he had not stood there with the most idiotically-pleased expression and asked me if it 'all wasn't lovely'—and to this day he can not understand what was wrong; and he—he says"—choking down a sob—"that all the angels in heaven couldn't please me! I should think not, if—if that's the way they furnish rooms!"

There are Christmas gifts and Christmas gifts. There is the one that is given as a duty, and the one that is given as a bribe, and the one that is given with strong anticipations of a costlier one in return (this one, by the by, usually comes in good time). And there is the one that is given for love. The first three are usually more elegant and expensive than the last, because love is not always rich save in itself. Promiscuous giftmaking is like a promiscuous interchange of photographs—coarse and objectionable. "Give me your photograph and I'll give you mine" is one of the most offensive remarks one can make to me; and if, for the sheer pleasure of it, I send a little gift to some one and something is sent back as a kind of return—well, they never get another. The simplest gift I ever received was the

\* A soft, warm wind that comes over the hills like a beautiful maiden whose hair is gold, and whose eyes are sunlight, and whose breath is perfumed of violets; and who leans downward with chaste arms, and kisses the frost from the meadows, and the snow from the hillside, and the ice from the frozen rills; and who puts new life into the veins of the hopeless old.

most precious, because the one who gave it me said: "I am sorry, dear, that I could not give you something nicer, but"—and there he stopped, and there was something better than tears in his eyes and in his voice. How frequently you hear the exclamation: "O, dear! I must make at least twenty presents this Christmas, and it is such a nuisance!" O, let us stop all such hypocrisy! It is all bad as it is for people who never have a reverent thought to uncover their heads in God's holy temples and to pretend to have respect for his teachings. Let us stop making a mockery of Christmas and of real feeling! Never mind the costly gifts; but if you love some one deeply, send him a little token of that love—if it be only a flower and a tender wish.

For some time an effort has been made to secure the admission of women to the medical school of the Johns Hopkins university in Baltimore. Within the past year this university has received in gifts and bequests half a million of dollars; but to hasten the complete organization of the school, it is now undertaken by the women of America to raise the additional sum of \$100,000. The trustees of the university have recently voted to accept this fund and to admit women. As the right of women to practice medicine is no longer contested—there being over 2,500 women actually following this profession in our country—medical schools of high standard should no longer be closed to them. For the purpose of raising this sum local committees of women are being formed in Baltimore, Washington, Boston, San Francisco and other large cities. Among the names on these committees we find Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Morton, Mrs. Blaine, Mrs. Stanford, Julia Ward Howe, and many of equal prominence. In San Francisco the chairman of the committee is Emma Sutro Merritt, and the vice-chairman is Mrs. Hearst, wife of Senator Hearst. It is to be sincerely hoped that such a work, intended for the higher knowledge and advancement of the women of America, will receive kindly interest and generous aid from all who can afford to contribute. Is it not a more praiseworthy work than the erection of colossal monuments to people long dead? You who have a few, or many, dollars to spare, remember the living before the dead, and thus erect an everlasting monument to yourself before you die—for after death the bunch of violets laid upon your breast by one you helped is sweeter than a pile of glistening stone.

When a man accepts a public position that must necessarily separate him from his wife and home, he does a wrong and unjust thing. For a senator, or congressman, or other public man to be from home year after year, means that slowly but surely will grow up between man and wife a coolness, a lack of sympathy and nearness, a possibility of getting along without the companionship for which it is to be presumed they married—it means a gradual wearing out of love. Yet it is no rare or uncommon thing to see the husband out in the world, bearing empty honors with an easy smile and complacent, dignified manner, while the wife drudges at home in the monotonous cares of housework and children. Once in a while he comes home and graciously accepts their caresses and attentions, and beams benevolently upon everybody and everything. He is pleased that the hay crop is good, and the orchard in fair condition; he samples the luscious fruits, and admires the new colts, the new calves, and the flower gardens. Invariably he brings handsome presents for the whole family—usually a black silk dress for his wife, in which to gown herself and sit, lonely and sad, in the great man's pew in church, year in and year out. He tells them how he longs to remain with them, but that—h'm—his country needs him; and he is so proud to have so noble and self-sacrificing a wife, and such promising children. And presently he takes his little satchel and his big smile away from the loveless home, and neither are seen there again for many months or years. Now, I believe in women being home makers, but do not—with the strongest kind of emphasis—believe in their being drudges and nonentities! If your country needs your husband, it needs you, also. Go with him wherever the calls of his country demand that he should go. If he suggests that the home should be taken care of, or that the children are too young to travel about, smile at him and say yes, you think yourself that it would be better for his country to wait a while for him. Do not ever let him forget that he owns a life interest in those children and in that home, or you will regret it the longest day of your life. It is love that makes a home, and no house, however large, however handsome, however well kept, can be a home without it. And now, let me add that there is another man who is as deadly a foe to his wife's happiness and the peace of his home as the man who yields to public honors. It is the man who lets a love of greed and money beat down the little tendernesses of life; who boards and naves, and never sees the lines that grow about his wife's eyes; never notices or cares that her heart is breaking for a kind word, and that her life is wearing out. By and by, he will have his money, his position, his honors; but I tell you there will be something gone for which he will hunger all his life long, but may never have back again—for love and faith are tender plants that do not thrive in the shadow of neglect, though they stand like giant trees, through the storms of adversity.