ADRIFT AND ANCHORED.

Our barques met, touching—and trembled and parted,
Yours for the ocean and mine for the bay.
Ay, yours to drift, from the hour that it started:
Mine to be anchored by night and by day.

The storms arise, and the rain-clouds are flying
Over my barque in the harbor at rest;
But my poor heart, when the sea gulls are crying,
Flees to you, tossed on the tempest's mad breast.

And oft—ah, me!—when the lightning is flashing,
Cleaving a pathway of flame o'er the sea,
When winds are wild, and the thunder is crashing
Out where your barque rolls, while calm is with me,

I think I see, through the tears that are burning,
You, as we drift ever farther apart;
You reach your arms—with your lonely heart turning
Back to the deep-anchored peace of my heart.

The Pacific Coast Woman's Press Association held its first semi-annual convention in San Francisco during the third week in March. During the session the hall was crowded with the most cultured people of that city. Interesting papers were read, and several original poems contributed. The association received many special attentions. It adjourned on the eighteenth, to meet again next September.

Genuis walked hand in hand with Reason; and often when she would leap up to find the heart of a butterfly, or the voice of the wind, reason would smile indulgently for a brief while and let her roam at will; but would always keep a firm hold upon her, and never allow her to leap over a certain hedge which shall be nameless. But one day Genius found Reason asleep, and she spurned her with her foot, and said: "Lo! she holds me back always when I would go! She freezes the blood in my veins, and stills the throbbing of my heart! She puts iron bands on my beating wrists, and she laughs and tells me that butterflies are not made of the gold dust that the dying sun shakes over the sea! I shall escape her, and once—only once—chase the wind over that mysterious hedge." So, wild with delight, she broke away from reason and chased the wind and the butterflies over the hedge; and she found that she could never return. Then, being unrestrained by Reason's firm hand, she flung her long hair loose; and she raced with the tempests, and shrieked with the winds, and moaned with the terrible sea—for she seemed to be a part of all of these. And in the morning people came and looked at her over the hedge, and they said to each other in regretful surprise: "What! did we call her by the name of Genius? Why, she is Insanity's own self!"

It is quite the fashion just now for famous writers to complain very noisily and pathetically of the letters they receive from strangers. They are literally deluged with them; letters cover their tables and their chairs, and overflow to the floor; letters complimentary, appreciative, admiring; letters sensible, foolish and downright silly; letters long, short, rambling, to the point, egotistic, deprecatory—in a word, letters from dozens of different-mooded people in a day. And these writers complain thereof, and politely intimate that they are annoyed thereby to the verge of desperation; and they designate the writers of these letters as "cranks." Do they, then, never pause to remember that the silliest of these letters must have been prompted by a kind heart, and the most exaggerated by an impulsive burst of admiration? Do they never pluck the conceit and vanity out of their eyes long enough to look backward and see that the hearts that dictated these letters are the rounds by which they climbed the ladder to the prize, yclept "fame?" What would these writers have been without the approval of the many? Longfellow, Jean Ingelow, H. H., George Eliot, Harriet Beecher Stowe—none of these wrote to please the aesthetic fancy of the "cultured few," but reached out to the great, warm heart of humanity and set it to throbbing. This is what makes fame live. Thackeray said the highest compliment he ever received was from a ragged, little urchin in the slums of London, who shouted out as the well known author passed: "Hi! D'ye know who him is? Him's Becky Sharp." The more truly great an author, the more does he appreciate appreciation from the lowly.

Where is the woman who does not dread and abhor the book agent or "canvasser?" I firmly believe that one-half my sex fear him as they do a serpent. Why? Well, simply and solely because he induces them to buy articles they do not need or subscribe for books they do not want. To put it briefly, they can not say "no;" and they have been so painfully compelled to realize by dollars on dollars put into obsequious canvassers' pockets that they have grown to hate the sight of a man with a book or picture under his arm, or a satchel in his hand. I am sorry to say that I know some very kind-hearted women who would not snub the most disagreeable man in the world if he came as a guest who are yet rude to canvassers. It is well to remember that canvassers must live, however, and three minutes will suffice to dismiss them. If they ask, with that deprecatory smile which we know so well, if they may enter, reply briefly and courteously that you are too busy to receive them; if they persist, let a little sternness come into your eye and a little coldness into your tone, and steadily refuse to admit them. I have always found the old-fashioned canvasser an easy thing to manage; but I protest with all my heart and soul against the new-fashioned one. He comes to your door faultlessly attired, gloved, and without a sign of his profession about him, and—Oh, the artfulness of these men!—he always knows your name, and presently a bit of meek and innocent pasteboard is carried to you, on which is modestly engraved "Mr. Blank." Of course you go down, wondering who Mr. Blank is, and you find a charming young man with guileless eyes, whose manners are the pink of perfection; and, if you are as dull of comprehension as I am, it will require several minutes of his interesting conversation—so adroitly does he approach the subject—for you to realize that he is just a plain, delusive book agent with sample leaves in his inside pocket. Well, right here, dear, if you are anything like me, you will find your sense of the ludicrous overcome your indignation, and the corners of your mouth will twitch and twitch until you know you are on the verge of a laugh. But stay right on the verge, dear—don't laugh, and don't let him get those leaves out of his pocket. Rise instantly and reply that you are not at leisure to look at his book. Then stand motionless, looking at him gravely, and wait. Believe me, as he was so very gentlemanly in getting into your home, he will be just as gentlemanly in getting out again. And as he goes you may, if you wish, smile—very sweetly and demurely—only to let him know that you appreciate the situation.

The west wind stole in from the ocean and beat at the closed doors and at the windows from which the red light streamed. "Let me come in," it moaned; "I am so lonely and so cold. Let me come in to the light and warmth, for I have had neither; and I am perishing for both." Inside the woman, sitting alone with Hope for her companion, heard not the west wind's pleading, for does not hope shut our eyes and our ears to the sorrows and the failures and the loneliness of others—to all, indeed, save our own rose-colored dreams? So she sat with clasped hands in the warmth of her hearth, and the firelight danced on the wall; and she saw not the wind's pale face pressed against the pane, nor its hungry eyes, nor did she hear that weary, despairing "Let me come in;" and it came to pass that in the gray dawn the west wind crept back across the sea. And, lo! one night the woman sat hand in hand with Joy—and, O, but her eyes were bright as sunlight on deep water and her cheeks were like the heart of a crimson rose. And the west wind came and beat at the doors and windows; and that night its passionate longing was so terrible that its hands must have been bruised and its breast crushed and bleeding. "Let me come in," it cried; "why should you have light and warmth and joy, and I neither? Let me come in"—and its voice arose shrieking and roaring about the house until the windows rattled and shook with fear. Still the woman heard not. How can one who dwells with Joy hear or understand the woe and loneliness of another? And in its unconquerable raging, the west wind tore from the ground the mighty trees and piled them one upon the other, and laid waste the fields of vegetation, and lashed the helpless sea against the rock-walled shore. And in the gray dawn it crept back to its home, shivering, trembling, worn out; and, as it went, it moaned, faintly and far away, "Let me come in." But one night the woman sat alone with Sorrow; and, behold! there was no fire upon her hearth, and no light upon her walls; her face was pale of grief, and her eyes dull of weeping. And the west wind came and pressed its sad face against the pane, and looked in at her with tender eyes. And it said—how soft, how kind, how low was its tone—"Let me come in and weep with you. You did not hear me, or heed me, or need me when you were dreaming, nor when you were happy; but now that you sit with Sorrow let me come in and weep with you, for I understand, and I can comfort you who mourn." And the woman heard; for the heart that is dumb when it stays with Hope, and cold when it dwells with Joy, will leap, warm, to the touch of the whole world when it sits alone with Sorrow.