

THE HARVEST OF THE SEA.

The deep sea lies dreaming by the shore, And up the rugged, grassy steep The fisher folk bring home once more...

OLD PARSON WADE.

The pompous little chairman of the village church committee ended his neat little speech with a final flourish of his fat hands, and leaning back in his chair complacently awaited the reply of his audience...

It had seemed a simple thing. Old Parson Wade had become old-fashioned and rusty and outgrown, too, by the people of the bustling little factory village.

At last the stillness became un-supportable. He started up and fell to poking the fire with nervous, energetic strokes, which seemed likely to put out the flames.

"You won't hold no grudge, parson?" said Mr. Hicks, following him. But the parson suffered his nerveless fingers to rest for an instant in the strong grasp of the chairman, then silently opened the door and went out.

The day was ending in a dreary rain—a chilly November rain that made people turn up their coat collars with a shiver and remark that winter was coming.

The news of his dismissal had come to Parson Wade with cruel suddenness, and only by degrees did he recover from his half-dazed condition. Over and over in mechanical fashion he repeated Mr. Hicks words.

All through the dreary years since his wife's death the old man had been under the rule of two unmarried daughters, who made no effort to conceal the fact that their old father was an uncomfortable burden on their hands.

old comforting assurance was no longer his. In the bitterness of this new pain he gave up all hope that he could ever be wanted anywhere.

With these thoughts in his mind the old man stumbled on and at last turned in at the gate and reached the house that he called home. He stepped out of the cold and gloom of the night into the warmth and cheer of the cozy little hall.

There was little in the gaunt old man, with his stooping shoulders, thin spectacled face and shabby, scanty ill-fitting garments, to attract a child. But she started toward him and was almost in his arms when a sharp voice cried: "Father Wade, what right have you to touch her? Come away, Elsie, dear, the ugly old man will hurt you."

Half an hour later the little household gathered at the tea table. Miss Wade, tall and stately, presided with cold dignity, and opposite her sat Miss Harriet, with little Elsie, the daughter of a near neighbor, who had left the child with the Wade women for the afternoon.

Little Elsie eyed the old man furtively during the opening of the meal and fidgeted uneasily in her chair. She was a timid child, and Miss Wade's remark lingered in her memory.

So Parson Wade was vanished to the kitchen, there to eat his bread and drink his weak tea alone. He longed for a bit of meat for his supper and a little cream and sugar for his tea.

On his way up stairs awhile later Parson Wade passed the parlor door and paused a moment to look in. The fire was burning cheerily in the grate, there was a cushioned chair before it, and on the table by the big lighted lamp was the evening paper.

With glistening eyes he read, for getting his own sorrows. Half an hour had passed when a hand drew the paper from his grasp, and his eldest daughter's cold voice said: "You forget that this room is not intended for your use."

old man spent the long evenings in dreary loneliness. There he toiled over his spiritless sermons, trying out of his meager, barren life to find something that might bring encouragement and comfort to some struggling soul.

Formerly Mrs. Lander was an actress known as Jean Davenport, and once when playing "Camille" in California she was supported by Edwin Booth in the role of Armand. Booth had not reached the age of 21 at the time, and Mrs. Lander was somewhat annoyed that she was obliged to have so young a "leading man."

Booth had proved keen and bright, anxious to learn and to please the star actress. At rehearsal he said: "Miss Davenport, how shall I kneel in the death scene?" "Be sure to kneel before me, so that I can look down upon you," was the reply.

The evening came. The opera house was packed. My boy, to the astonishment of all, played with the very soul of genius. He fairly trembled with emotion. He forgot all my careful directions and acted his part with the self forgetfulness and abandon of an old actor whose intuitive knowledge is sufficient to him.

A lady traveler thus describes a visit to a house in Japan: "When we had left the table, I asked my hostess through her husband if the gentlemen might smoke. She nodded and laughed and drew from her obi a microscopic silver pipe.

"The Lord wants me to marry the parson and take care of him, why, I guess he'll take care of Hiram Bickford's feelings, and I don't have no need to trouble myself about 'em. And Hiram was always such a sensible critter!"

So the old lady, in her crisp black silk gown and best lace cap, smiled on the shabby, sad old man, while she helped him liberally to the sweets on the table and finally said: "James Wade, you'd better look out for, and the Lord sez for me to do it."

The amazed parson fairly gasped for an instant, but he had been ruled all his life by womankind, so he meekly murmured, "Yes'm."

A little later as they sat before the blazing fireplace the parson faltered out: "But what will the girls say?" "Say?" responded the widow briskly. "Why, lots o' things. Never saw 'em when they didn't. But we won't tell 'em till it's all over with, and then let 'em talk!"

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The story of the performance should be told in Mrs. Lander's own words. "The evening came. The opera house was packed. My boy, to the astonishment of all, played with the very soul of genius.

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