

tion of the Philosophers' Camp was attached. The club expired when the war broke out.

Twenty-five years elapsed before I returned to Follansbee Water. The *genius loci*, dryad or hamadryad, had there been one, would have found it as hard to recognize me as I found it hard to find Camp Maple. I had the same guide, Steve Martin, a gray-headed man, the worse for a life of hardship, which, I find, does not always harden; but we found with great difficulty the landing and the choked-up spring. A half-reforested clearing spread round the spot where our "ten scholars" used to lie, and a tangled thicket of raspberry-bushes, lady's-willow, birch saplings, and tall grass made walking almost impossible. We found a huge rock that had been a landmark, but this and the spring alone were to be distinguished. The careless tourists had cut all the hard wood away, and let the fires in, and the whole forest round had been burned, and was succeeded by thickets of undergrowth. The great maples and the tall white pines had gone from the entire vicinity, and a vulgar new forest was on its way; the trees that used to line the lake-shore had fallen into the lake, their roots being burned away; and not the slightest feature remained of the grove where wit and wisdom held tournament a generation before. All was ashes and ruin. I

felt like one who treads alone  
Some banquet-hall deserted.

Nor was the lake less changed in outward appearance. Every fit camping-ground on the shore had been occupied in succession, and the camp-fires allowed to spread into the forest until the whole shore had been denuded of its fringe of hoary trees. The "procession of the pines" had gone by forever; only here and there a dead trunk was standing, among them that up which Lowell's guide climbed to the osprey's nest to get an egg for Agassiz. Speculating manufacturers had built a dam across the Raquette and flooded all the bottom-land, killing the trees over a large tract; wretched dolts had put pickerel into the Raquette waters, and the trout had become exterminated in every stream to which the ravenous fish had access.

It was well that the charm once broken, the desecration begun, it should be complete. The memories sacred to the few survivors can never be quickened by this ruin, and to the rest of the world it does not matter. Emerson has embalmed it; that is enough. In some Eastern countries it is the custom to break the bowl from which an honored guest has drunk; nature has done this service to Follansbee Water.

W. J. Stillman.

## A SISTER OF SAINTS.



HER name was Gilberte Pascal. She was a woman who did nothing remarkable two centuries ago.

She was born in 1620 at Clermont, in Auvergne, where her father was a man of high position. When she was seven years old her mother died, leaving in her care a baby brother and a smaller baby sister, whose names the world was to hear one day—Blaise and Jacqueline Pascal. A few years later the family moved to Paris—the brilliant Paris of Richelieu's time. Gilberte is represented as a beautiful and accomplished as well as a capable girl. When she was twenty another move was made to Rouen, where shortly afterward she married Florin Perier, and went back to Clermont to live. He seems to have been a worthy man, and "worthy" means uninteresting, whatever the dictionaries say.

Gilberte and her husband, like the other members of the family, adopted the austere Jansenist idea of life, but not, like Blaise and Jacqueline, to the extent of absolute renunciation of the world: they abjured the trimmings of it—society, and ribbons for the children, and such things. Later, in 1661, we find Gilberte again living in Paris, where she died in 1687, having outlived her husband and two sons, as well as the gifted brother and sister, the story of whose lives she wrote. That is all, and it is not very interesting.

Gilberte does not belong in history, but, having a distinguished brother and sister who do, she tags in after, because she is one of the family. Being there, she serves as a convenient example of a wide phase of human experience, or, more exactly, one phase of her life illustrates a wide phase of human experience—the back-action of lives of definite aim and attainment on lives—more especially women's lives—which stand near them.

One saint or one genius in a family generally gives the other members of it plenty to do. Gilberte Pascal had three such on her hands; for Jacqueline was a saint, and Blaise was both a saint and a genius, and that makes three. The brother and sister are old acquaintances. Master hands have sketched the story of their lives, and the picture of that brilliant seventeenth-century France of which they formed a part has been painted again and again. All this need not be reproduced here. It is enough for our purpose to recall, in passing, that religious movement which swept the lives of Blaise and Jacqueline Pascal into its current.

Jansenism challenged the attention of men as a reform movement. Its followers sought, without forfeiting their position as loving and obedient children of the Church, to bring back their wandering parent into the true theological path marked out by St. Augustine, from which she had strayed. Claiming Augustine as authority, Jansenism emphasized the doctrine of necessity rather than free will, of faith rather than works, of grace rather than merit, of election rather than free redemption, thus antagonizing the reigning Jesuitism, which emphasized the opposing doctrines. But Jansenism stood for something more than theological reform. It demanded of its followers a life of intense religious devotion, and of a purity and unworldliness so stern and inflexible as to offer a vivid contrast to the more pliable moral system of the Jesuits.

The man through whom this thought won its first great victories was not the quiet Dutch scholar whose name it bears, but his French fellow-student, Duvergier de Hauranne, Abbé of Saint-Cyran, the magic of whose influence over men Richelieu is said to have feared. It was he who drew into the movement Arnauld, Lemaistre de Sacy, Singlin; it was he whom Angélique Arnauld sought as spiritual adviser for her convent at Port Royal, the reform of which had been her life-work; and thus the connection was established between this band of men and the Port Royal sisterhood. Jansenism crystallized about Port Royal, so that the name of the little convent came, in the end, to stand for the whole Jansenist movement—its theology, its mode of life, its method of education.

It was after Saint-Cyran's death, when Jansenism was in full swing, and fighting for its life, that Jacqueline Pascal joined the sisterhood, Blaise the "recluses," of Port Royal. Let us glance for a moment at these two vivid and interesting personalities, and the general drift of their lives; only "drift" is not the word: you might as well speak of the "drift" of two arrows shot full force from the bow.

Blaise Pascal seems to have been an intel-

lect and a soul with just enough body to hold them, and that so uncomfortably that they moved out before long, to find, it is to be hoped, better quarters across the river. We think of the early part of his life as a passionate pressing toward the mark of scientific attainment, genius urging him on; and of the latter part of it as a still more passionate pressing toward the mark of spiritual attainment, conscience goading him on. Having once surrendered himself to the guidance of Port Royal, he threw aside, as alike worthless, scientific ambition, bodily comfort, and human affection, holding them to be hindrances to his pursuit of that absolute holiness of soul which had become his ideal. It was "this one thing I do" with him, from that time on to the end.

The latter half of Jacqueline's life-story corresponds to that of her brother. There is the same absorption in the attainment of the same ideal. But there was this difference between them, that the renunciation of the world seemed to cost her no struggle. When the call to what she believed the higher life came to her, she threw away, as indifferently as though they had been broken toys, all the social and literary possibilities of a beautiful and brilliant girlhood, pushed aside as fast as she could the hands that tried to hold her back, and sought the seclusion and privations of Port Royal with eager joy. The convent annals tell us that she became "a perfect nun."

Close beside these lives, so consecrated in purpose, so eager in spirit, that of Gilberte flowed quietly on. There was nothing about her to suggest the arrow shot full force from the bow. There was nothing of "this one thing I do" about her life. Like many—most—women's lives, it consisted of a series of adjustments to the needs and claims of those about her, this much-loved brother and sister among them.

They pursued their high ideal at a sacrifice, but the sacrifice was not all their own. Gilberte paid part of the price of their spiritual attainment. Take the story of their lives, which she has told so simply, tenderly, and proudly, and read here and there between the lines. There is many a suggestion of payment made by her for their achievement—a few pennies at a time, maybe, but the sum total could hardly have been small.

Jacqueline, then twenty-two years old, had determined to enter Port Royal, but was deterred by her father's command from taking the step immediately. During the interval, while she remained in the world under protest, she went to stay for a time with Gilberte in Auvergne. She was straining every nerve to win the prize of her high calling. The end was high, and the effort heroic; but, from an un-sanctified point of view, what an uncomfortable

visitor this enthusiastic young would-be nun must have been! She allowed herself next to nothing to eat, and, being a delicate girl, fasting did not agree with her. The only room for her in the crowded house was one without a fire, and she not only refused to have anything done to make her comfortable in it, but even to go near the fire at meal-times. The number of burnt candles told the tale of constant vigils. She left the house only to go to church and on errands of charity. She shut herself up in her own room, into which none intruded. If Gilberte had anything to tell her, it must be told at table or on the way to church. "Not that she forbade me or any one else to enter her room," writes Gilberte, "nor that she refused to listen, but that we saw whenever her thoughts were called off in order to talk on subjects not absolutely necessary, it evidently tried and wearied her so much that we tried to avoid giving her the annoyance." In sickness she came to the front. Several of the children had violent illnesses,—the Perier children seem to have had some faculty in that line,—and she nursed them while they needed her. "During this time I was often indisposed, and she would stay with me all day without showing the least restlessness. . . . She was always very affable," writes Gilberte.

The whole tone of this narrative is one of loving admiration for superior goodness. Her own feelings Gilberte does not find worth mentioning, except once, where she speaks of her anxiety over the freezing and starving process. But is not there a good deal written between the lines, which may be read by any sympathetic woman who cares to try? Must it not have been a little hard on Gilberte, with her real mother-heart, to have had her idolized little sister adopt just that method of saving her soul? Do we not know, as well as though we were told, that she shivered and starved sympathetically all that winter? She quietly accepted the fact that the every-day interests of her life must not intrude themselves within the walls of her sister's room. From the point of view of both sisters that exclusion was perfectly right; but—but—she had a very human heart of her own, as I make it out, and a human heart feels rather hungry under such conditions. How many days of "affable" and patient companionship in sickness—companionship withdrawn as soon as the sickness had passed—would it take to equal in heart value one hour of spontaneous companionship, given simply because her own was wanted in return? How much starlight is equivalent to an open fire?

Three years later the father died, and Jacqueline was free to seek that retirement in Port Royal for which she longed. Blaise could not bear to have her leave him,—this was before

his own final conversion,—but go she must and would, and Gilberte must soften the blow to him as much as possible. Jacqueline did not dare to say farewell to her brother. Gilberte writes, describing her departure:

I told her for him what words of tenderness he had spoken, and after that we both retired. Though I consented with all my heart to what my sister was doing, because I thought it was for her highest good, the greatness of her resolution astonished and occupied my mind so much that I could not sleep all night.

At seven o'clock the next morning, when I saw that my sister was not up, I concluded that she was no longer sleeping, and feared she might be ill. Accordingly, I went to her bed, where I found her still fast asleep. The noise I made awoke her; she asked me what time it was. I told her, and having inquired how she was, and if she had slept well, she said she was very well, and had slept excellently.

So she rose, dressed, and went away, doing this, as everything else, with a tranquillity and equanimity inconceivable. We said no adieu, for fear of breaking down. I only turned aside when I saw her ready to go.

Gilberte is unconscious that she is anything in this picture but a bit of background for the figure of Jacqueline to stand out against. As a matter of fact, she is central. For she has the hardest of it in this farewell. It costs Jacqueline something to leave the brother and sister whom she loves; but, after all, there is a distant look in her eyes, and she is impatient to be gone. Is not her girlhood's dream at last to be realized? Can the runner entering the race be absorbed in thoughts of those left behind at the starting-point? But to Gilberte, left behind, absorbed in the thought of the bright young life going from her, there is just the emptiness and the ache to be borne as best they may. Even yet the story between the lines is not fully told. Gilberte must stand between Blaise and Jacqueline in this hour—and why? Is it not, at bottom, because she was a shade less dear to both than they were to each other? Jacqueline dared not see her brother. Blaise must be spared in his sorrow for the sister "who was assuredly the person whom he loved best in all the world." Did she then, or ever, mind taking the second place, and think she would like to try the first, just for a change? Her quiet words give no hint of it. She played second fiddle with perfect grace.

Gilberte's biographical sketch of her sister ends with the swinging to of the convent gate between them. We, too, take leave of Jacqueline there, and turn back to the brother whose life-story Gilberte tells through to the end. It was a life which grew even more intense toward its close. Let come what would of phys-

ical weakness and pain, Pascal took not an hour's respite from the task of self-annihilation to which he had set himself, until, when he was only thirty-nine years old, death brought its enforced rest. Gilberte was near him during these final months, and her account of them suggests a number of small payments made by her for his victories over the flesh. It was no sinecure, the care of this astonishing invalid, who never stopped trying to make himself more uncomfortable than his illness already made him, or to square the lives about him to his ideal.

Here are some sick-room notes: He could hardly eat anything, and they took great pains to procure him delicacies, but he never said, "That is good"; and when they served him something new, if any one asked him afterward if he had liked it, he answered, "You ought to have told me beforehand, for I must confess that I did n't notice." This because he had trained himself not to taste what he ate, lest he should by chance enjoy it.

His belief that the life of poverty was the only Christian life gave him an especial tenderness toward the poor, and led him to give all that he could, and a good deal that he could not, to help them; and for four years he labored with Gilberte to induce her to consecrate both herself and her children to their service. She objected, naturally enough, that such a course would interfere with her domestic duties. He refused to accept the excuse. It simply showed her lack of good will; it was quite possible to arrange such things in such a way that they should not interfere with domestic duties. She suggested trying to find some means by which the needs of the poor could be provided for in some more general way. No, that would not do either; they were not called to that sort of general service, but to the daily service of the individual.

His ideal in regard to purity was no less exacting. "I even was afraid," writes poor Gilberte, "because he found fault with things I said, which I thought perfectly innocent, and in which he made me see faults which I should never have seen without his admonitions. He could not suffer the caresses which I received from my children, and told me that I ought to break them of the habit, for it could only harm them, and that there were a thousand other ways in which tenderness could be shown."

It was part of Pascal's religion not to allow himself to have any attachment for any one, and to prevent any one from having it for him, regarding all human attachments as a wrong to God. "As I did not know that," writes Gilberte, "I was utterly surprised at the rebuffs which he gave me sometimes, and I told my sister, complaining that my brother did not love

me, and that it seemed to me as though I troubled him, even when I rendered him the most loving services in his infirmities." Jacqueline assured her that it was not so, and, soon after, an occasion arising in which she needed his help, he responded in such a manner that she could not doubt his love. "So that I attributed to the fretfulness of his sickness the cold manner with which he received the attentions I paid him, trying to divert him, and this enigma was only explained to me on the very day of his death." When the news came to them both of Jacqueline's death, and "he saw me in constant grief for this loss which I felt so keenly," writes Gilberte, "he was angry, and told me that was not right, and that one ought not to have such feelings about the death of the just."

In his last distressing illness, when Gilberte was caring for him at her home, he insisted on having added to the household some poor sick man who should be cared for exactly as he was. Gilberte sent immediately to the *curé*, to request that the desired "*pauvre malade*" be forwarded without delay; but, fortunately for her overfull hands, there was none in condition to be moved. Then Pascal insisted on her sending him to the Home for Incurables; but, fortunately for her loving heart, neither was he in condition to be moved, so that plan fell through also, and he was obliged to put up with dying where he was, in all the comfort which her constant and tender care could give him.

All that Gilberte wants to do is to make us realize how good, how very, very good her brother was. "See how near heaven he was," she seems to say; "I could n't begin to get up there." Her admiration was not so far out, either. Pascal went down into the valley of the shadow of death with his colors flying. Still, in all this recital, there is an undertone, and I think the undertone says something like this: It says that if she made nice chicken broth for Blaise, she would have liked him to know the difference between it and soapsuds. It says that she wanted to please him in the matter of serving the poor, but that honestly she could n't. He did n't understand about household matters; she wished he would n't be angry about it. It says that she was puzzled and troubled about that ideal of purity which she was always unconsciously offending; but I think it does *not* say that the children's caresses were vetoed. It says that when she had tried her level best to minister to him in some suffering, or divert him in some tedious hour, to be treated as though she had hindered, not helped, was hard to bear, even though she learned later that he had acted from religious motives. It says that, much as she admired his Christian

resignation when Jacqueline died, it would have been acceptable to her if he had cried a little with her instead of telling her to stop crying. It says that, deeply as she revered that utter absorption in things of the soul which left her standing outside, none the less did she feel cold standing outside. How could it be otherwise? The man of genius and spiritual vision who lay dying there was still her baby brother, whom her mother's death had placed in her child arms, to have and to hold from that day forward.

Not that I think Gilberte Pascal was an unhappy woman, or was badly treated by this brother and sister. On the contrary, they cared much for "ma fidèle," as they called her; and thought of her, wrote to her, turned to her in any emergency as a matter of course. The pain which came to her through them could hardly be called their fault. It was inevitable, their conception of the higher life being just what it was, and their striving after it being as intense and exclusive as it was.

But good-by to Gilberte. She has served her purpose if she has brought into the foreground for a moment that army of women whom she typifies, whose lives have formed the indispensable background of the world's achievement. It is a great army, and very varied in its make-up. Some of the happiest women in the world have belonged to it—women whose service has been made a joy by the love and appreciation which have greeted it; and there are many others who would choose to be here even though they are keenly conscious of the cost, and many more whose lives have been one long hunger. The women of this army have worked in the odds and ends department. They have had to make the countless, tiresome, scrappy little sacrifices which some great sacrifice, made by one near to them, has brought in its wake. They have followed on to pick up the loose ends left flying by the lives of definite purpose and achievement, as they hurried forward.

They have made the conditions right for the worker to perform his task. They have had the weapon ready for the hand that needed it, and the pillow ready for the head that needed it. They have done *so* much, waiting around to see what they would be wanted for next. They have been the left-behind ones. When genius has soared away from earth, they have stayed to clear up after it, and to see that it was not pulled down again by petty, practical complications. When sainthood has heard the command to go out from the old home life and follow some remote ideal, and has obeyed, they have been left with the added home-work on their hands, and the added loneliness in their hearts. When heroism has gone to the battlefield, their portion has been the strain of suspense, without the inspiration of struggle. When crucifixion has been the end, they have stood beside the cross, feeling the pain as their own, unable to see that vision in the soul of the sufferer which to him might make the pain seem worth while—"martyrs by the pang without the palm."

In former days, the lives of definite achievement to which these others have been the companion pictures, not on exhibition, have been largely those of men. But in our own day the call comes to woman after woman, "Be definite, be definite, and evermore be definite"; and woman after woman, hearing it, turns her back on a life of aimlessness and waiting, and takes up some definite work. It is one of the finest phases of the mighty, many-sided woman movement of our age. Now, there is no fear but these lives will have increasing recognition and honor; but what about those other lives which they necessitate? They have had scant recognition in the past. Will our own time do better by them? Will it realize, while it admires the pictures on exhibition, that the companion pictures, not on exhibition, are often masterpieces too? Will it give a place of honor all their own to its Gilberte Pascals?

*Marion Libby.*

