

"Josselin!" He too had been younger, and he was out of breath.

The wind crackled the chestnut branches, and blew across his bare head, and he shivered. She stood still, the tears rolling down her old cheeks.

"Josselin," and he stretched out his hand, "give me that letter. It will comfort me when I am lonely, for then I shall remember that once you did love me, you dear, splendid woman."

Great-aunt Josselin spoke very softly, "And do you still care, Duymar?"

"I care? O Josselin! Give me the letter."

"There is no need, Duymar. Why read in those old letters what you shall read in my life day by day, God willing?"

The tears fell down her cheeks, though she smiled.

"I must begin to take care of you, dear. Go home and fetch your coat and hat, and come to the mill. The children are waiting, for to-night is St. Nicholas. You will not leave me? Then we must go together."

AND so it was really St. Nicholas, modestly aided by the twins, who brought back her old lover to Great-aunt Josselin. As for the two culprits, she just took them in her arms and kissed their round, unworthy cheeks, and her eyes were full of tears, happy tears.

O tender and faithful Josselin!

Anna Eichberg King.

THE MAKING OF THIEVES IN NEW YORK.

By the Author of "How the Other Half Lives," "The Children of the Poor," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY W. H. DRAKE.



SHORTLY before the last vacation I paid a visit to the old Chrystie Street School in New York city. In the paper on "Playgrounds for City Schools" in THE CENTURY for September, I referred to this visit, and to the crowded condition of the class-rooms. In two of them the pupils who sat nearest the door—in fact, right up against it—had to get up before we could enter: their legs blocked the way. While I waited for the commotion caused by our coming to subside, I remarked to the principal that at least her benches were filled. She smiled a little sadly. "Indeed, yes," she said; "and we have a waiting-list of two hundred."

I looked at that stuffed class-room, and thought that the two hundred would have to wait a long while if they expected to crowd in there. "Where are they now?" I asked, with a vague sort of hope that they might have given it up, and gone elsewhere.

"In the street, learning to become thieves," she said.

It was a disagreeable way of putting it, but I happened to know that she was more than half right. My errand there had reference to this very matter. I had come to see for myself what were the conditions that were making thieves at an unusually rapid rate of the children of a people heretofore reproached only

with poverty, and with the meanness bred of oppression, but whose domestic virtues made them a standing rebuke to their Gentile neighbors. There was a time, not so long since, when they boasted, and justly, that there were very few Jewish criminals, and no beggars of their faith; but now for several years it had been apparent that some agency was at work on this crowded East Side that was producing a new type of precocious depravity. Children of tender years were taken up as pickpockets so constantly as to give occasion for periodic yarns about some East Side Fagin whose pupils made Grand street and its big stores unsafe. The streets of the Jewish quarter were overrun with little vagabonds. There was evidence that the corruption of young womanhood kept step with the lawlessness of the street. I had been inclined to lay most of the blame upon the tenement as the destroyer of home love, the sound kernel around which all the Jew's virtues crystallize. Taking it with the atheistic and anarchical drift of the day over there, I had made it out a case of what the Frenchman described as the natural result of similar crowding in the slums of Paris, "the exasperation of the tenant against society." Certainly, if ever exasperation was justified, it seemed justified there. Yet, not quite satisfied with my own diagnosis, I had set out to make a closer study of the matter, when this teacher came with her testimony, supplying the missing Fagin.

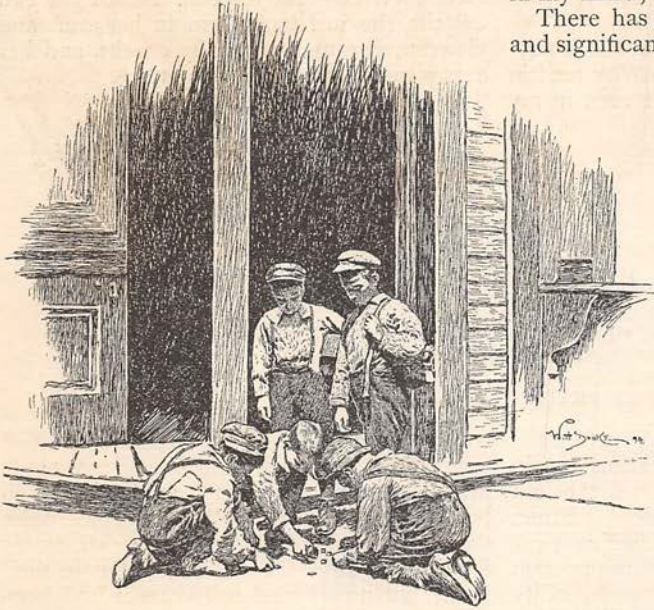
Her school was one of fifteen in the district

south of Rivington street and east of the Bowery, the sweater's district, with its teeming crowds. Their pupils come from the poorest Jewish homes. It appeared upon examination that in September of last year 1527 children who sought admission to these schools had been sent away because room could not be made for them even on the Chrystie street plan. As that was about one fifth of the whole number

For whether it is among the poor Jews in the Tenth ward, or among the Italians in the Twelfth, where 2880 children were crowded out of the schools last year, or in the Nineteenth, half-way between "Little Italy" and "Jewtown," where they had to refuse 1250, the street is not slow in responding when it is installed as master. I have made special mention of Jewtown because the teacher there unwittingly supplied a direct answer to the question that was in my mind; but it is the same all over.

There has surely been of late a very great and significant increase in the number of child criminals that are brought to our police courts. There are more of them, and they are much younger than they used to be, and they are vastly "tougher." Their manner shows plainly that the street has been their teacher, and that they have been apt pupils. Its method is simple, and varies in Hell's Kitchen and in Jewtown only in the opportunities offered. To begin with, the boy idler in the street during school hours is there in defiance of law, whether the fault is his own or not, and he knows it. He is in the attitude of opposition, the normal attitude of the street. The policeman is his enemy, and the policeman stands for the established order of things. Thus the groundwork is laid for whatever mischief comes along.

It is not long in coming, rarely longer than the dinner-hour of the first day. The boy is hungry. He wants something to eat. A boy's hunger is not like a man's, which can be appeased with promises. He wants something at once. If he is playing hooky, he does not want to go home to get it. Anyway, there is no need to do so. The street can show him an easier way. A grocer's stand is handy, or a pie-wagon. Better still, a soda-water wagon: the bottle is worth so much cash at the junk-shop. The driver's back is turned; the boy "swipes" one. It is not a very great crime, but it is the stepping-stone to many greater. A horse-blanket or a copper-bottomed boiler may be the next thing. It is the first step that costs an effort, and that not a very great one, with the clamor of a hungry stomach to drown the warning voice within him that whispers of the policeman and the lock-up. The friends he makes in the street soon help him to contempt for the one and a secret pride in the other. Then he is a thief; and if before he was of the "don'ts," he now joins the "won'ts,"



SHOOTING CRAPS.

(7353) turned away from the city's schools that month, while the district comprises only a tenth of the population, it seemed that in this also it had the worst of it. No new public schools having been built since,—in fact, one of those in that region has been condemned by the Health Board, and its nine hundred pupils may yet be unwilling idlers with the rest,—and all the charity schools being crowded, the 1527 had, as the teacher put it, practically been referred to the street for such education as they could pick up there. That they were hard at it, the police records gave daily assurance. It was of no use to them that there was a half-empty school-house, or a dozen, across town in a ward of which they had never heard. They did not go there. They were in a sense official truants. It was compulsory education after a fashion, but not the fashion contemplated by the law.



A CURE FOR TRUANCY: DRILLING IN MULBERRY STREET.

and is a truant by choice, not by circumstance.

By the "don'ts" and the "won'ts" I mean the two kinds of truants. The "won'ts" are the real truants, who prefer the street, and have to be driven to school. That was never a common kind, until recently, in Jewtown. Of the "don'ts" — those whom poverty, or the treadmill of unceasing grind in which they find their step so early, keep out of school — there were always many, but how many no one can tell. The truant-officer technically should be able to, of course, but under the circumstances what is the use of his bothering himself about it? This much we do know, that 1527 were added last year whose parents were not to blame. Generally they are, and it is the parents it is proposed to reach with the new law which goes into effect on January 1. Thereafter a parent keeping his child away from school can be fined five dollars for the first and fifty for every succeeding offense. *Shall be* says the law, which makes of his failure to school his child a misdemeanor; but what sense is there in punishing a father for not sending his child to school when there is no school to send it to? There would be some, to my mind, in fining the persons whose business it was to provide the school, and who had failed to do it. It is clear that no compulsory-education law, however excellent, can compel anything until the school-board has first been compelled to do its duty. The appointment of a dozen, or of two dozen, additional truant-officers is not going to help the matter. A truant-officer may be, and ought to be, a very

useful official, but unless he can build schools and provide seats where there are none, it is hard to see of what use he is going to be where the children are turned away for lack of room.

For how many room will have to be found I shall not discuss here. Opinions vary about that, partly on account of the confusion wrought by the different sets of census-men who have counted noses in New York since 1890. According to the Federal census, there should have been in 1891 fewer children between five and fourteen years of age in this city than actually sat in its schools¹ that year, although, as a matter of fact, the usual number were turned away; while certain other computations that I have seen figured out more than a hundred thousand children of school age roaming the streets. In that year I satisfied myself by a very careful examination of the facts, which was afterward verified by a partial school census taken by the Board of Education, that there were 50,000 children in New York city whom the school did not reach, and I believe that to be practically the situation to-day. If anything, the number of children in the street has increased since. Superintendent Jasper has taken official cognizance of the fact in his last report by the somewhat remarkable statement that "the appearance of many children of school age upon the streets during the daytime would seem to indicate that the law is not enforced as successfully as it should be; but investigations carefully made have proved that the in-

¹ Counting public, private, parochial, and corporate schools.



IN THE TOMBS.

ference is far from correct." What the nature of these careful investigations was I have been unable to learn. I know from Mr. Jasper himself that they were made by the truant-officers, and satisfied them, and him, that only five per cent. of the children of school age were non-attendants, "except," as he added in telling me, "in some districts where we make no attempt to enforce the law. We could n't."

These districts, as we have seen, are the very ones where its enforcement is most needed. They are the neighborhoods where the crowds are greatest; and the greatest crowding means usually the greatest poverty and the greatest danger from the street that is the alternative of the school. "Crime," said a German judge, "bears an exact proportion to the cubic space of our dwellings." "In all my career on the bench," said a police justice in New York, this last summer, "I have never seen so many cases of boy thieves and burglars. Hardly a day passes but that there are from two to six or seven boys arraigned, charged with some kind of crime, all of them under fifteen years old. In a great measure, I am sure, the responsibility lies with the way our poor live crowded together in their tenements." He saw another cause—immigration. But immigration, while it might be troublesome, would not be dangerous, if we could get hold of all the children, and make sure that they went to school, as for our own protection we certainly should. That we cannot do. The law is not enforced. We have seen

one of the reasons why it is not, but it is not the only one. Even with schools enough, we should be unable to fill them without a school census to guide us; and with schools and school census supplied, the apparatus would still be incomplete and ineffective for the want of truant-schools. As matters are in New York, our compulsory-education plan has neither beginning nor end, and for the want of them the middle is useless except to breed mischief. The best law that was ever made is not going to change that. It is all very well to fine the father for the boy's sin. If it was his fault that the boy played hooky, it may change his mind; if it was the boy's, it will likely get him a flogging that may help him to change his. But a boy who runs away from school is not therefore a criminal to be jailed. I have my own ideas about boys who never wished to go fishing—school or no school—on a sunshiny day, when the birds were singing and the fish were jumping in the stream: I think they can't amount to much. I know I wished to when I was a boy, and I see to it that my little lads get a day off once in a while, in remembrance of it, as an insurance against that sort of thing. Of course I don't encourage truancy. I say "wished to go" purposely. All the more credit to them if they did n't go. What I protest against is the notion that a boy who plays hooky should be put in jail with thieves, and kept there as if he were a dangerous criminal. That is what we do in New York, so far as we do anything with him beyond exercising a very weak sort of moral suasion. A worse outrage was never perpetrated upon defenseless childhood. Superintendent Jasper never seemed half so wise a man to me as when he said indignantly, in answer to my question why there were so many truant in the streets, and so few in safe-keeping, "Do you think I would run such a risk as that?"

The risk was that of the Juvenile Asylum and the Protectory, the two institutions in New York that are designated by law as the proper places to send truant. Both are prisons. They are not only designated by law as truant-homes, but as the jails to which every kind of rascalion under sixteen years is to be sent until his record becomes so bad that he is fit for the House of Refuge. In theory the last is a sort of juvenile penitentiary, the other two reformatory schools. In practice the House of Refuge is quite as much of a truant-home as the others. Of the "cases" received there last year, 44 per cent. were committed for crime, 56 for vagrancy, disorderly conduct, and truancy. Most of them, however, were from out of town. The Juvenile Asylum and the Protectory are for the use of New York city only, the former for Protestants, the latter for prisoners of the Catho-

A PICKPOCKET AT THIRTEEN.¹

This is how it foots up the "cases" of forty-one years, the period of its existence: Unfortunate children (homeless, destitute, etc.), 9206; young thieves, 3246; vagrants, 3219; bad, 1390; beggars, 552; peddlers, 54; disobedient and truant children, 12,219; temporarily committed as witnesses, 52. Total, 29,938. As will be seen, if Superintendent Jasper was unwilling to take the risk, there were others who were less scrupulous. It was generally the boy's father, when the point of rebellion against the treadmill had been reached, and the lad, from being a source of income, had become a burden to him. He was a truant from the shop rather than from the school, and his first introduction to the latter was as a prisoner to the jail. Nearly one third of all committed to the Juvenile Asylum could neither read nor write, and of the remainder more than one fourth could only read. It was the same story at the Protectory. There they are received either as "destitute" or "ungovernable," and there are no statistics to show what the ungovernable had done to earn that name. The last attempt to analyze the record was two years ago. It showed that of the 3123 cared for that year 689 were utterly illiterate, while only about one third of them all could read and write; 739 had never received any religious instruction.

Both of these institutions being under expert management, conducted by Christian men and women who are in no way chargeable with the blunder that makes truant-schools of their reformatories, one might justly expect some attempt at least to classify the children there, to separate the sheep from the goats. Bearing in mind the experience of all who have to deal with the youth gone astray in our cities, that it is weakness rather than wickedness which troubles them, it would seem that there must be special danger in such contact. But the man-

lic faith. To them are sent burglars, pickpockets, vagrants, beggars,—in short, all the precocious scum of the city's life,—to mingle with truants and homeless and destitute children, for whom, with rare foresight, there has been made room in this choice company. Lest the reader who knows nothing of this "system" think that I have fallen into some grievous error, I will let the report of the Juvenile Asylum speak for itself.

agers have no such concern. They seem to rely implicitly upon the rectitude of their intentions, and upon such moral pressure as they are able to bring to bear upon their charges *en masse* for their reformation. At the Juvenile Asylum they assort their boys according to size—those who are four feet, four feet seven, and over four feet seven! Was there ever such moral classification of a mixed company of thieves, vagabonds, and harmless children? I do not know whether the theory is that the blackness of a boy's soul is in distinct proportion to the length of his body. What I do know is that I read in the last report of the Asylum that there was classification according to character "wherever necessary," as if that was not on the face of it the prime necessity of such a place, and that I went up to see how they did it, and found that they did nothing of the kind. I saw no signs of it anywhere, and was assured by the principal of the school that they never attempted it. I watched the boys in the playground and at their dinner, and I went through their dormitories, and nowhere was there evidence of any restrictions upon their intercourse except such as the dining-hall and the dormitory naturally placed upon it. There was a relief-officer on duty in the playground. I pointed out four or five boys in the crowd, and asked him what they were there for. He did not know in a single instance. How, knowing nothing whatever of the boy's case, he could head off mischief to which it might tend, or have any influence whatever on him, was hard to understand. The principal of the school said candidly that it was a pity, for their "destitute" inmates were usually good children; "they got a lot of vagrants and criminals who ruined them." He added



A HIGHWAYMAN AT SEVENTEEN.

that if a boy became too bad, they packed him off to the House of Refuge, as it seems they had to do with three or four this last year. But the matron of the girls' wing, who was present, said significantly that in her experience as the manager of such children it was then quite apt to be too late.

The school in the asylum is part of the public-school system of the city, and, I should judge, quite up to the standard. "The difference," says the principal, "is not one of methods of instruction, but discipline." It seems all the more strange that the one handle of all by which our boys, and such boys particularly, can be caught with success, that of organization, of drill, should have been neglected. At

¹ This portrait and the following are drawn from photographs in the Rogues' Gallery.



A BURGLAR AT SEVENTEEN.

the Protectory they have made much of it, and the boys show it in their bearing and in their brighter looks. The Juvenile Asylum boys, in their repulsive work-house garb, are a slovenly, ill-looking lot. There are, nowadays, a good many of the Jewish children of whom I spoke among them, and, as everywhere else, they are the most troublesome of them all. I found it so at the Brooklyn Truant Home. It is as if, the patriarchal home-life of the Jew having once been broken up, the whole boy was going to the bad at a rate there was no checking. I counted up the commitments of Jewish children in the twelvemonth ending with last May. They numbered 120. An even score were sent up for stealing; twenty-eight for disobedience; twenty-nine for truancy; seven for staying out nights; eight for vagrancy, which, like truancy, in their case doubtless meant that they were tired of working; and nine for running away from home. There was one burglar in the lot. Of all the 289 truants committed to the asylum in 1893, the school authorities were responsible for only five.

At the Juvenile Asylum praiseworthy effort is made to return to the soil the child whom the city's slum has corrupted, and so to effect his permanent rescue by a changed environment. At the Protectory they follow the opposite plan. They have sold their up-country farm, and with the money built shops, where the boy is taught a trade. They keep him longer, and endeavor to fit him out for a useful career, which, however, he must always pursue amid the temptations of the city. In the management of the children they depend upon a system of constant surveillance and rules which all other prison experience has shown to fail of its purpose. As Mrs. Josephine Shaw Lowell has aptly pointed out, there is little sense in warning a boy against speaking of his crimes to his new comrades when he is burning with pride in their achievement. He will find a way to boast of them, though ever so closely watched. They put no obstacle in his way by any attempt at classification according to character. In fact, it is carefully avoided, "to maintain social equality."¹ When I pointed out to the brother in charge at the Protectory office that it was not fair to the child who had done no wrong to class him with burglars, I received the as-

¹Address of William J. Fanning, secretary of the Catholic Protectory, at the Conference on the Care of Dependent and Delinquent Children, New York, 1894.

tonishing reply, "But would it be quite fair to the burglar to set him apart with that stamp upon him?" The burglar is not an abstract idea at the Protectory any more than he is at the Juvenile Asylum. Particularly during the long religious war over the House of Refuge, now ended by the appointment of a Roman Catholic chaplain, a procession of toughened rascals, who escaped long sentences in State's prison only by the accident of their being under sixteen, found its way to the Protectory in spite of the right of the managers to refuse a boy with "a record," there to mingle, on terms of social equality, with truants and helpless, destitute children. So I am informed by those who were certainly in a position to know, and it was not denied at the Protectory. The brother contented himself with admitting that they too "had had their black sheep."

An institution run on the plan of giving the burglar a show may be an excellent reformatory, if the locks are sound and the windows securely barred, but as a truant-school it is an inconceivable outrage for which the Board of Education is directly and solely responsible. It has not even the miserable plea of a false economy to offer in its defense. A special committee of its own body pointed out three years ago that two truant-schools and a home for incorrigibles could be built for less than the cost of maintaining the city's truants on the present plan. In the year

1890, at the rate of \$110 for each inmate per year, the city paid \$63,690 to the two institutions on this account. The committee urged that such schools be built at once. Every year, before that and after, Superintendent Jasper has done the same. As long ago as 1888 he said in his report, "The confining in reformatories of children between eight and fourteen years who have committed no crime, but who refuse to obey their parents, and allowing them to associate with older children who have been committed for crime, appears to be a very grave matter. *On this account very few children are committed each year.*" In other words, they were allowed to take the chance of the street as the less evil. If ever there was a grave matter, surely it is this. But six years have passed, and nothing has been done. The only explanation offered is that the board as a board "has not believed in truant-schools." And so there are none; our compulsory-education law remains a dead letter, and half the



A HIGHWAYMAN AT EIGHTEEN.

efforts of the children's friends are paralyzed, as Mr. Brace repeatedly pointed out, by a danger that overtops all others in the lives of the poor. I think I should find a way, if it were left to me, of convincing such a board of its error, and it would include terms of social equality with the burglar, until such time as the



A HIGHWAYMAN AT EIGHTEEN.



A MURDERER AND BURGLAR AT NINETEEN.

board should have been taught by the association to believe in truant-schools.

A truant-home, as the case stands in New York, is as necessary to the enforcement of the school law as a prison is to the enforcement of the criminal law; but it is essential that they shall be kept apart. It is above all necessary that the truants shall be kept out of politics. They get there soon enough on the present plan, and make trouble. To provide against this I would put the management of them into the hands of the Children's Aid Society, which has the experience and the patience for such a task, and is, moreover, part and parcel of the city's educational machinery. It gets a good many of them as it is, in its industrial schools, and later in its lodging-houses and its farm-school, and returns a share to the public schools, clothed and in their right mind. Any objection the Children's Aid Society might raise to prison-schools would not necessarily apply. Truant-schools need not be prison-schools. I should myself recommend a flogging any day in preference to the jail for a boy who must have one of the two. Anyway, he would not boast of the flogging. But there should be no need of either. The truant-schools in Superintendent Jasper's oft-advanced plan are not prisons. The burglar is eliminated, and with him the bars. Mr. Jasper's idea is to have two or three special schools set apart to which children who are prone to playing hookey should be sent. They should be allowed to go home every night, but should be carefully watched. For their failure to attend, their parents should be punished until it was demonstrated that the children were

really incorrigible. Then, and not until then, for the protection of the community, should they be deprived of their liberty and compelled to learn, besides the three R's, an honest trade. The plan is not only worth trying; it is our bounden duty to try it.

There is another plan that is worth trying while we are about it. The long summer vacation makes idlers of too many city boys. The street has nothing to fill up their time except loafing. The Fresh Air Fund holiday reaches only a small proportion of them. The rest have to stay where they are. Nothing would fill up that gap so well as drill of some sort. Nothing would so cut the ground from under the feet of the tough. The gang is nothing but the genius for organization in our boys run wild. A scheme for organizing the public-school children into a great military body has been broached. Why not extend it to the long vacation, and make a real vacation of this for the boys who need it most by drilling them in camp? The public schools of Paris send their pupils to the sea-shore for a week or a fortnight. We turn ours loose in the street for two months at a time. The man who first organizes them into an army, and marches them off to the mountains to camp under military rule in July or August, will come near to solving the problem, I think, by making truant-schools superfluous and by clearing our police courts of child thieves. And, given the skill and experience necessary to manage such a band, there is no considerable obstacle in the way. In fact a very good beginning has been made by the Baptist Boys' Brigade, with its sea-shore camp. I should be almost willing to accept the burglar classification for boys who could n't be made to come in on that plan.

The public schools of Indianapolis have such a good name that, while busy with the



A BURGLAR AT NINETEEN.



A VAGRANT AND PICKPOCKET AS A CHILD — HANGED FOR MURDER AT FORTY.

preparation of this article, I wrote to the city superintendent out there to find out what they did with their truants. He answered that

they did not have enough to create a problem. They reduced in number those they had, year by year. "In the first place, we try to make the school reasonably pleasant," he explained. That is the way of Indianapolis, and it has earned a good name. In New York we put boys in foul, dark class-rooms, where they grow crooked for the want of proper desks; we bid them play in gloomy caverns which the sun never enters, forgetting that boys must have a chance to play properly, or they will play hookey; we turn them away by thousands from even such delights as these, and in the same breath illogically threaten them with the jail if they do not come. Having done all of which, we pass a law to punish the father for not sending his boy to school, without having any means

of bringing either or both to book, there being no school-census to go by. Was ever a worse mess made of a great trust than we have made of ours?

And while we are asking at this end of the line if it would be quite fair to the burglar to shut him off from social intercourse with his betters, the State Reformatory, where the final product of our schools of crime is garnered, supplies the answer year after year unheeded. Of the thousands who land there, barely one per cent. kept good company before coming; all the rest were the victims of evil associations, of corrupt environment. They were not thieves by heredity; they were made. And the manufacture goes on every day. The street and the jail are the factories.

Jacob A. Riis.

WITCH-HAZEL.

THE last lone aster in the wood has died,
And taken wings, and flown;
The sighing oaks, the evergreens' dark pride,
And shivering beeches, keep their leaves alone.

From the chill breath of late October's blast
That all the foliage seared,
Even the loyal gentian shrank at last,
And, gathering up her fringes, disappeared.

The wood is silent as an unswept lute;
Color and song have fled;
Only the brave black-alder's brilliant fruit
Lights the sear deadness with its living red.

But what is this wild fragrance that pervades
The air like incense-smoke?
Pungent as spices blown in tropic shades,
Subtle as some enchanter might evoke.

Not like the scent of flower, nor drug, nor balm,
Nor resins from the East,
Yet trancing soul and sense in such a charm
As holds us when the thrush's song has ceased.

Mysterious, gradual, like the gathering dews,
And damp, sweet scents of night,
Whence is this strange aroma that imbues
The lone and leafless wood with new delight?

And while the questioner drinks, with parted lips,
The mystical draught — behold!
A wondrous bush, beplumed from root to tips
With crimped and curling bloom of shredded
gold!

Not even the smallest leaf or hint of green
Is mingled with its sprays,
But every slender stem and twig is seen
Haloed with flickerings of yellow blaze.

What wizard, wise in spells of drugs and
gums,
With weird divining-rod
Conjures this luminous loveliness that comes
As if by magic from the frozen sod?

Fearless witch-hazel! braver than the oak
That dares not bloom till spring,
Thus to defy the frost's benumbing stroke
With challenge of November blossoming!

And yet it has an airy, delicate grace
Denied all other flowers,
And lights the gloom as some beloved face
Dawns on the dark of melancholy hours.

Miraculous shrub, that thus in frost and
blight
Smilest all undismayed,
And scatterest from thy wands of golden
light
A sudden sunshine in the chilly glade.

Sprite of New England forests, he was wise
Who gave thee thy quaint name,
As, threading wind-stripped woods, with
awed surprise
He first beheld thy waving fan of flame.

Elizabeth Akers.