

SEPTEMBER.

THE golden-rod is yellow;
 The corn is turning brown;
 The trees in apple orchards
 With fruit are bending down.

The gentian's bluest fringes
 Are curling in the sun;
 In dusty pods the milkweed
 Its hidden silk has spun.

The sedges flaunt their harvest,
 In every meadow nook;
 And asters by the brook-side
 Make asters in the brook.

From dewy lanes at morning
 The grapes' sweet odors rise;
 At noon the roads all flutter
 With yellow butterflies.

By all these lovely tokens
 September days are here,
 With summer's best of weather,
 And autumn's best of cheer.

But none of all this beauty
 Which floods the earth and air,
 Is unto me the secret
 Which makes September fair.

'Tis a thing which I remember;
 To name it thrills me yet:
 One day of one September
 I never can forget.

THE BLUSH.

IF fragrances were colors, I would liken
 A blush that deepens in her thoughtful face
 To that aroma which pervades the place
 Where woodmen cedars to the heart have stricken;
 If tastes were hues, the blissful dye I'd trace
 In upland strawberries, or wintergreen;
 If sound, why, then, to shy and mellow bass
 Of mountain thrushes, heard, yet seldom seen.

Or, say that hues are felt: then would it seem
 Most like to cobwebs borne on southern gales
 Against a spray of jasmine. But the glow
 Itself is found where sweet-briar petals gleam
 Through tend'rest hoar-frost, or upon the snow
 Of steadfast hills when shadows brim the vales.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

European Travel.

THE number of Americans traveling in Europe during the last year has been very large. This continued interest in Europe, which seems really more fresh and strong with every passing year, is a good sign, and can only result in good to our country. Our sea-side hotels are the only sufferers from this annual flight, but they manage to prosper in spite of it, so that we cannot spend much sympathy upon them. America has now become such a nation of

travelers that Europe has arranged itself in many regions for her special accommodation. Beds are made, tables are set, waiters are trained, with special reference to American wants and tastes, and no American can arrive anywhere without understanding that he is welcome, and has been looked for and carefully provided for.

Americans have been much accused, both at home and abroad, of pride and vainglory in their country. It is true that the average American grows up with the idea that his country is, in all respects, the most

remarkable and desirable country that the sun shines on,—that it has the longest rivers, the highest mountains, the broadest prairies, the most notable resources in mines and soils, the best institutions, and the brightest, the best-educated, the happiest and the most prosperous people on the face of the globe. We suppose this unreasoning pride of country is not peculiar to Americans. The average Englishman is about as bigoted in his national pride as he can be, and so is the average Frenchman, while the German regards them both with a measure of contempt, as he indulges in his habitual glorification of "*Vaterland*." There is no cure for this overweening national vanity but travel. Shut a nation off by itself, as the Chinese have been separated from the world in the years gone by, and it naturally becomes to itself "The Central Flowery Kingdom," and all other nations are "outside barbarians." Self-idolatry is the besetting sin of all peoples shut up to themselves, and nothing has done so much to modify the American national vanity as the travel of the last few years.

However grand in its natural features America may be, and however vast in its material resources, these peculiarities are hardly legitimate subjects of pride, and in the presence of what man has done in Europe, the American grows ashamed of his vanity of what God has done for him, and acquires a more modest estimate of himself and of his grade and style of civilization. The great cathedrals, the wonderful cities, the collections of art, the great highways, even the ruins of the ancient buildings, minister to his humiliation by showing him how far other nations, new and old, surpass his possibilities of achievement. When a man is thoroughly humble in the presence of his superiors, or in the presence of work that overmatches his power and skill, he naturally becomes not only teachable, but an active and interested learner. Europe to-day is a great inspirer to America and a great teacher. It is true that she gets but little of her political inspiration from Europe, but her instruction and inspiration in art are almost entirely European. In architecture, painting, sculpture, and even in literature, European ideas are dominant.

So this great tide of life that goes out from us every year does not return without that which abundantly repays all its expenditure of time and money. For in all this impression of European superiority in many things, there is very rarely anything that tends to wean the American from his home. The conventionalities of old society, and habits and customs that had their birth in circumstances and conditions having no relations to his life, do not tend to attract the American from his home love and loyalty. He usually comes back a better American than he goes away, with the disposition only to avail himself of what he has learned to improve himself, his home and his country. The American, bred to great social and political freedom, cannot relinquish it, and can never feel entirely at home where he does not enjoy it. He perfectly understands how a European can come to America and

be content with it as a home, because he can shape his life according to his choice, but he cannot understand how an American can emigrate to Europe and make a satisfactory home there, because the social and political institutions would be felt as a yoke to him, and a burden.

To leave out of all consideration the matter of utility, we know of nothing in the whole round of recreative experiences so pleasure-giving as European travel. A man of culture, visiting for the first time the old homes of art and story, experiences about as much of pleasure as this world has to give. To see new peoples and strange scenery is a great delight; and to do this, having nothing else to do,—far removed from business cares, and even the possibility of other employment,—is to see them under the most enjoyable conditions. Indeed, we know of no better reward for the labor of many years than the ability it should secure to visit Europe as a sight-seer. It is often thrown as a reproach at the American that he goes abroad quite ignorant of what is worth seeing in his own country, but this is unjust. In the first place, many of the things quite worth seeing in America are very difficult to reach. To all the scenes of Europe, the way is paved with conveniences, and often strewn with luxuries. The great mountains and cañons and geysers of the far West are difficult to reach. A man almost literally takes his life in his hand when he visits them, and his experiences are full of hardship. In Switzerland, there is a better road over the highest mountain pass than America can show in her parks, and the treasures of art which Europe has to show are of a kind which an American cannot find at home. From the time an American starts from home, including his passage of the Atlantic, until he returns and once more greets his native land, he experiences a round of pleasures procurable in no other way. He comes back full of new ideas, he is rested, he is refreshed and every way improved; and he is ready, as we are, to give the great army of his countrymen who yearly follow in his track—to repeat his experiences—a hearty "God speed!"

A Word about Newspapers.

In all the discussion inspired by Mr. Whitelaw Reid's recent suggestive address on the newspaper, we have seen no mention made of a topic of the greatest interest to the reading public and of the greatest importance to the newspaper itself, viz., the practical confusion of moral and social values in the present conduct of the public press. If any simple, unsophisticated person were, for the first time, to take up a newspaper and to endeavor to judge what things in the moral and social world were considered of the greatest importance, what would he conclude, judging by the space and attention devoted to them in its pages? In a large majority of instances, he would find a stinging column devoted to the discussions of a social science convention, and half a page to a murder or a boat race. He would find a column devoted to police reports, in which the disgusting