

Full in nature) the child is our own,
Life of life, love of love, moan of moan,
Through all changes, all times, everywhere.

"He lends not; but gives to the end,
As He loves to the end. If it seem
That He draws back a gift, comprehend
'Tis to add to it rather,—amend,
And finish it up to your dream,—

"Or keep, as a mother may toys
Too costly, though given by herself,
Till the room shall be stiller from noise,
And the children more fit for such joys
Kept over their heads on the shelf."

So speaks the woman. And what has the man to say? Here is he whom we boast as the wisest and highest among our American authors,—a man, too, so wrapt in philosophic thought, so happy in his lonely contemplation, that he seems generally to stand apart from the struggling, work-a-day world, where most of us live. But the man is a father, like other men; his boy dies, and how does he bear it? He puts his heart into the tenderest poem he ever wrote, the "Threnody." He looks longingly back on just such pictures as other parents do,—the throng of children about the baby in his willow wagon, led by the boy "with sunny face of sweet repose,"—the painted sled, the snow fort, the sand castle, the garden of which his "blessed feet" had trod every step,—and now the boy is gone. The lonely father thinks of it, and will not drown or forget his grief; and slowly there comes to him the sense that love can never lose its own. The rainbow, the sunset, all beauty, all experiences of the soul, teach him a new lesson:

"What is excellent,
As God lives, is permanent;
Hearts are dust, heart's loves remain,
Heart's love will meet thee again."

The moments when such convictions flash in—such insights, rather—are an assurance deeper than belief; but how much can be carried forth from them into the common levels of every-day life? How much will stay after the first exalted hours? There are not many of whom the world can take testimony on these questions; but occasionally there is some one in whom a typical experience is wrought out, and who has the gift of expressing it, like Tennyson in "In Memoriam." It is almost twenty-five years since Mrs. Browning died. Here is a little volume of new poems by her husband, "Ferishtah's Fancies." There run through it—as there have run through all his best works—the notes of the same constant love-song. It is as tender as it was of old, and it merges now in a symphony,—the love of the one blending with the love of

all; the immortality of one union prefiguring a universal joy. In the verses that close the book, the poet tells his companion spirit how all the sadness and trouble of the world cries out to him, and he listens; but, as he hears, a vision rises, and he sees, as if in a rift made by the moon through clouds, the heroes and saviors of past ages;—they bid him fight and trust as they fought and trusted.

"Was it for mere fool's play, make-believe and mumming,
So we battled it like men, not boy-like sulked or whined?
Each of us heard clang God's 'Come!' and each was coming:
Soldiers all, to forward face, not sneaks to lag behind!

"How of the field's fortune? That concerned our Leader!
Led, we struck our stroke, nor cared for doings left and right:
Each as on his sole head, failer or succeder,
Lay the blame, or lit the praise; no care for cowards: fight!

"Then the cloud-rift broadens, spanning earth that's under,
Wide our world displays its worth, man's strife and strife's
success:
All the good and beauty, wonder crowning wonder,
Till my heart and soul appeared perfection, nothing less."

True hearts make answer to each other in all ages. Just as Browning from the joy of a personal undying love goes out with fresh heart for the common battle, so Paul, after his exultant cry, "O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?" rallies for the present work: "Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord; inasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord."

Time would fail us to call in other witnesses, of our own day—such as Bryant, Whittier, and the American author of that little poem which is like a sun-burst: "On one who died in May." This last touches the deepest truth,—that it is only the presence of death which teaches the full significance of the present life:

"Dark Death let fall a tear
Why am I here?
O heart ungrateful! will man never know
I am his friend, nor ever was his foe?
All Hope, all Memory,
Have their deep springs in me;
And Love, that else might fade,
By me immortal made,
Spurns at the grave, leaps to the welcoming skies,
And burns a steadfast star to steadfast eyes!"

These voices speak home to the common heart because they speak out of the common heart at its noblest. They are not individual experiences merely; they are typical. It is motherhood and fatherhood, friendship and love that speak; it is the voice of humanity; it is the music drawn from the heart of man when touched by the hand and filled by the breath of God.

OPEN LETTERS.

An Interview with General Robert E. Lee.

A YEAR or more before the death of General Lee, he came to Baltimore as one of a committee to enlist the authorities of the city and the president and directors of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad in the project for a railroad down the Valley of Virginia.

I had met General Lee but once, and then only for a few minutes; and though his home during his last years was in my native place, I did not intend calling on him in Baltimore; but a Southerner of wealth, then in New York, Cyrus H. McCormick, having telegraphed me to see the General and invite him to come on and be his guest, I called upon him to deliver

the invitation. The General said he was here on a hurried visit, that his duties to the College required his presence at home, and that with many thanks for the courtesy, and the hope that he would be able to enjoy the proffered hospitalities some other time, he must decline. I urged him not to carry out that decision, assuring him that the College would probably gain substantial benefit from his visiting my friend. He at length agreed to hold the question under consideration during a day or two he was to be absent in the country, and made an appointment for my meeting him on his return.

The two days having expired, I called again and found him expecting me. He stated that, having fully considered the subject, he had decided that he must return home. After again presenting reasons why he should make the visit to my friend, I said :

"I think I see, General, that the real difficulty lies in your shrinking from the conspicuity of a visit to New York. I can readily understand that this would be unpleasant. But you need not be exposed to any publicity whatever; my friend has given me *carte blanche* to make all arrangements for your coming. I will engage a compartment in the palace car of the night train, and will telegraph my friend to meet you with his carriage on your arrival in New York."

I shall never forget the deep feeling manifested in the tones of his voice, as he replied :

"Oh, Doctor, I couldn't go sneaking into New York in that way. When I do go there, I'll go in daylight, and go like a man."

I felt rebuked at having made the suggestion; and finding he was fixed in his determination, the subject was dropped. But he seemed in a talkative mood,—remarkably so, considering his reputation for taciturnity,—and immediately began to speak of the issues and results of the war. The topic which seemed to lie uppermost and heaviest on his heart was the vast number of noble young men who had fallen in the bloody strife. In this particular he regarded the struggle as having been most unequal. The North, he said, had, indeed, sent many of her valuable young men to the field; but as in all large cities there is a population which can well be spared, she had from this source and from immigrants from abroad unailing additional supplies. The South, on the other hand, had none but her own sons, and she sent and sacrificed the flower of her land.

After dwelling with emphasis and with feeling on this point, the General then introduced another topic which also moved him deeply, viz., the persistent manner in which the leading Northern journals, and the Northern people generally, insisted that the object of the war had been to secure the perpetuation of slavery. On this point he seemed not only indignant, but hurt. He said it was not true. He declared that, for himself, he had never been an advocate of slavery; that he had emancipated most of his slaves years before the war, and had sent to Liberia those who were willing to go; that the latter were writing back most affectionate letters to him, some of which he received through the lines during the war. He said, also, as an evidence that the colored people did not consider him hostile to their race, that during this visit to Baltimore some of them who had known him when he was stationed here had come up in the most affectionate manner and

put their hands into the carriage-window to shake hands with him. They would hardly have received him in this way, he thought, had they looked upon him as fresh from a war intended for their oppression and injury. One expression I must give in his own words.

"So far," said General Lee, "from engaging in a war to perpetuate slavery, I am rejoiced that slavery is abolished. I believe it will be greatly for the interests of the South. So fully am I satisfied of this, as regards Virginia especially, that I would cheerfully have lost all I have lost by the war, and have suffered all I have suffered, to have this object attained." This he said with much earnestness.

After expressing himself on this point, as well as others in which he felt that Northern writers were greatly misrepresenting the South, he looked at me and, with emphasis, said :

"Doctor, I think some of you gentlemen that use the pen should see that justice is done us."

I replied that the feeling engendered by the war was too fresh and too intense for anything emanating from a Southern pen to affect Northern opinion; but that time was a great rectifier of human judgments, and hereafter the true history would be written; and that he need not fear that then injustice would be done him.

As the General was in a talking mood, he would have gone on much further, no doubt, but that at this point his son, General W. H. F. Lee, whom he had not seen for some time, and who had just arrived in Baltimore, entered the room.

John Leyburn.

BALTIMORE.

Bishop Bryennios and the Teaching of the Twelve Apostles.

THERE is a quarter of Constantinople called Phanar, inhabited almost exclusively by Greeks. Here the houses are larger and cleaner, and an appearance of greater thrift and comfort exists, than in the Turkish parts of the city. Here is the residence of the Greek Patriarch and of the more celebrated Greek bishops. Here is the patriarchal church, where the great festivals of Christmas and Easter are celebrated with the utmost pomp. Here, too, is the confused and irregular mass of buildings belonging to the Patriarch of Jerusalem, and forming what is called the Jerusalem Monastery of the Holy Sepulchre. Hardly more than a stone's-throw to the east, opposite the entrance of the great patriarchal church, is a narrow, unpainted wooden house, four stories high. This house has been for years the residence of Philotheos Bryennios, metropolitan of Diocletian's ancient capital, Nicomedia, and, of late, specially famous for his discovery of the manuscript volume containing what is called the *Διδασχὴ*, or Teaching of the Twelve Apostles. In the library of the Jerusalem Monastery that manuscript is still kept which has been more discussed, and has attracted more attention, than any other ancient manuscript since Tischendorf discovered the Codex Sinaiticus.

It has been my good fortune to meet Bishop Bryennios on several occasions. Twice I have had the rare privilege of seeing and glancing over the manuscript — a privilege only one other American gentle-