

certificate from his state examination, and remains true to you—"

"True to me!" Oh mama!" laughed Eva, in her glad perfect confidence in her lover, and she threw her arms around her mother's neck and closed her mouth with kisses.

Eva was not wrong in her high estimation of Franz. The forest master, in speaking of him to Madam Lindner, who told him of her promise to Eva, said, "Franz is one of the truest and best of men."

In regard to the other conditions, which Madam Lindner had mentioned, it was read with great pleasure in the latest official gazette, that Master Franz Lauderback had made a creditable state examination, and had received the title, "High Forest Master."

THE END.

Charles Kingsley.

BY MRS. L. P. LEWIS.

CHARLES KINGSLEY, author, philanthropist, and clergyman, was born at Holne Vicarage, Devonshire, England, June 12th, 1819. His parents were gentlefolk of force and culture. From his father he inherited his love for art and his fighting blood;—from his mother his keen humor, and his love of science, romance, and literature. He displayed his natural gifts very early in life, commencing to write poetry and preach sermons when only four years of age.

When Charles was about eleven, his father removed to Clovelly, a small fishing parish, whose rich vegetation, strange fauna, and new flora filled the boy's soul with delight. A most striking scene in one of Kingsley's stories is a reflection of life in Clovelly, representing the putting out to sea of the herring fleet, when the rector, his wife and boys always went down to the quay, no matter what the weather might be, to hold a parting service with "the men who worked and the women who wept," and they all joined in singing,

"Then thou my soul in safety rest,
Thy Guardian will not sleep."

When, in 1836, his father was presented with the living of St. Luke's, Chelsea, Charles was entered as a scholar at Kings College, London. But it was a great trial for the nature-loving boy to leave his country home, with its geological and botanical pleasures, for a London rectory, with its endless parish work and talk. Two years after, Charles went to Cambridge, where he came out first in classics and mathematics the first year.

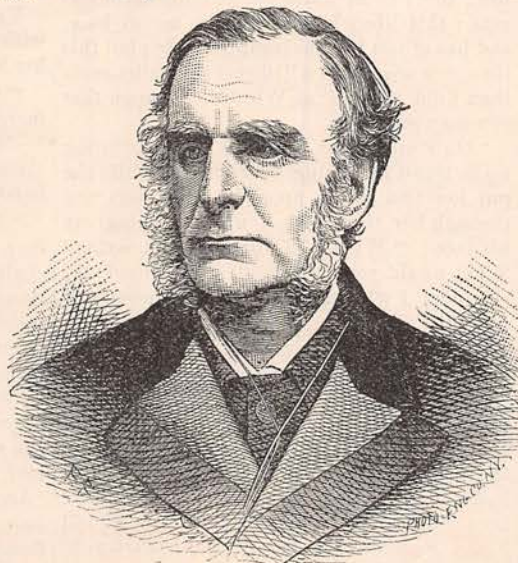
But at this period he was so full of religious doubts, and the conflict in his mind between faith and unbelief was so fierce, that the succeeding year he read but little, rushed into almost every excitement, and at one time

nearly resolved to leave Cambridge and go to America to live as a wild hunter on the Western prairies. God, however, sent light into the darkness, and he came out doubly strong in faith and confidence.

In 1841 he left Cambridge and decided to take orders, although his previous intention had been to study law. A most amusing story is told of his answer to one of the questions propounded by one of the examiners in Physics,—“Describe a common pump.”

Kingsley, being utterly unable to give a scientific account of the internal machinery of a pump, sketched a grand village pump in the midst of a broad green, and opposite the porch of an old church. Surrounding it were women and children of all ages, sizes, and costumes. Around the pump was a huge chain, padlocked and guarded by the church beadle, who pointed to a conspicuous notice, “This pump locked during Divine service.” This sketch Kingsley sent up to the examiners, and though probably hardly received as a proper answer to a scientific question, was so cleverly executed that the Moderator of the year had it framed and hung in the examination room.

Having finished his theological studies, Kingsley became curate of Enersley, in Hampshire. It was a small parish, but had been greatly neglected. Before Kingsley took charge, if the rector happened to have a cold, or any other trifling ailment, he would send notice at the hour of service that the church would not be open that day. As a natural consequence, when the church doors were open the pews were usually empty, while the pot-houses were full.



CHARLES KINGSLEY.

In 1844 Kingsley was married to Fanny Grenfell, to whom he had long been attached. He had expected to leave Enersley at this time, but the living falling vacant just then, the parishioners made a successful effort to secure the appointment of the curate who had labored so diligently among them. When fairly settled as rector, happy in his work and happy in his home, he met all difficulties bravely,—and they were not few. His home

was damp and unhealthy; there was not a grown-up man or woman among the laboring class in his parish who could read or write; the church was in a dilapidated condition; one old broken chair stood in the chancel; alms were collected in an old wooden saucer, and the Holy Communion was celebrated but three times a year.

He drained the rectory garden and filled up the ponds which surrounded the house; he established shoe clubs, coal clubs, maternal clubs, and a loan library. He had adult schools in the rectory three nights every week, Sunday school in the same place every Sunday morning and afternoon, and weekly cottage lectures in the outlying districts for the old and feeble. But the power he acquired over his parishioners was mainly by his house-to-house visiting, for if any one was sick or in trouble he would go, not daily, but three or four times a day, and night as well.

The *Saint's Tragedy*, which was his first book, was published in 1848, and though it did not make much impression on the English literary world, yet gave him a position, especially among the young men at the Universities. The High-Church party of Oxford attacked it fiercely, while in Germany it was eagerly read and appreciated.

During 1848 the Chartist troubles arose, which shook England severely, and under the force of that excitement Kingsley wrote *Yeast*, which was published as a serial in *Fraser's Magazine*. Having every hour occupied during the day, he wrote it at night, after the rest of the household were abed. This proved too great a strain upon nerve and brain, and he was ordered entire rest from mental work.

He went to Ilfrancombe, and for many months he could do nothing except wander on the sea-shore, collecting shells and zoophytes with his wife and children. After his recovery he returned to Enersley, and fell back into his routine of hard work. The times were bad and the tax-payers discontented, so the rector returned to the tithe-payers ten per cent. on their payments, thus gaining their confidence forever. To make up this deficit in his income he resorted to his pen, and wrote *Alton Locke*, for which he found some difficulty in getting a publisher.

In 1853, *Hypatia* was given to the world, and was recognized by thoughtful people as not only a valuable page of history, but as a real work of art, though among extreme high churchmen.

The feeling was, if possible, more bitter than that aroused by the *Saint's Tragedy*. In 1854 he passed several months at Biddeford, on account of his wife's ill health, and as at that time the fierce attacks of the religious press had frightened all parties of the clergy, he was for once allowed perfect rest, all pulpit doors being closed against him. It was during that time that he gathered together the materials for that most charming of his books, *Glaucus*. He passed hours on the sea-shore every day accompanied by his children, collecting numberless treasures of shells, sea-weeds, and zoophytes, to be arranged and classified at home

by the side of his invalid wife. Here, too, he commenced his novel *Westward Ho!* whose opening pages describe the scenery of Biddeford minutely.

Upon his return to Enersley he began a course of lectures in his night schools, upon subjects connected with natural history, illustrated with blackboard drawings. His sense of form was marvelous, and he was rarely seen indoors without pen or pencil in hand to aid his conversation, no matter what the subject might be.

The passion he felt for inanimate things he also carried into his love for animals, with one exception, of which he speaks in *Glaucus* when he says, "Every one has his antipathic animals. I know one bred from childhood to zoology by land and sea, and bold in asserting and honest in feeling that all without exception is beautiful, who yet, after handling and petting and examining all day long every uncouth and venomous beast, cannot avoid a paroxysm of horror at sight of the common house spider."

To his children he was everything, father, companion, playfellow, teacher. Sunday, to so many little ones a day of gloom, was the brightest day in the week to them. They were taught to begin the day by dressing the graves in the churchyard with flowers, and no matter how weary he might be when his day's work was ended, there was always the stroll on the moor after service, or indoors, some Bible story to be illustrated with his ready pencil, the children always choosing the subject.

In 1859 he was appointed one of the Queen's Chaplains in Ordinary, and from that hour till his death he received many tokens of royal kindness. The following year he was accorded the Regius professorship of modern history at Cambridge, and also appointed special lecturer to the Prince of Wales.

That delightful child's book, *Water Babies*, was written about this time for his youngest boy, a book which has the freshness and fragrance of sea breezes in almost every page. In 1863 he had the honor of being made a Fellow of the Geological Society, which was a sort of comfort to him after his rejection at Oxford for the D.C.L., asked for him by the Prince of Wales. The refusal to confer this degree upon him had been a great disappointment, for he confessed to have had for years a hankering for the Oxford D.C.L.

In 1869 he resigned his professorship at Cambridge, feeling the tax upon his strength to be too great. However, he kept up his work at home, giving lectures, penny readings, and musical treats for his poor people, besides writing essays and books.

At the close of 1869 he went to the West Indies, a trip graphically described in *At Last*. To one so fond of nature what a storehouse of delights those islands must have been, the orchids and the ferns, the lumps of coral and the delicate shells, the tall aloes and the gray-blue cacti. Yet in three months after quitting his native land he was back again at his work, though feeling sensibly the change of climate, from the warmth of the western

paradise to the damp cold of his northern island home.

He had before this been made Canon of Chester cathedral, and during his yearly three months' residence there he started a botanical class, expecting to have a few young clerks only to attend. But the class increased largely, and they soon added to the room lesson a weekly walk and field lecture. During his second year's residence geological lectures were added, and a regular society formed which has grown to be a society numbering six hundred, with such names as Hooker, Huxley, Tyndal, and Lyell on its list.

In 1873 he was offered a canonry in Westminster Abbey, which he gladly accepted, not only for the joy of belonging to the great Abbey, but for the opportunity it gave of permitting him to lay down his pen as a necessary source of income, so that he could devote his whole power to his sermons alone.

In 1874 he came to America, where he spent some months, going west as far as California, everywhere received as a valued and honored guest. Soon after his return to England he was taken ill, not indeed having ever fully recovered from a severe illness he had had in Colorado. He preached his last sermon in the Abbey, November 20th, and when the service was ended, he went home much exhausted, and going to his wife's room, who was very ill at the time, he said, "Now my work here is done!"

They returned to Enersley next day, but the journey was serious in its consequences upon Mrs. Kingsley, so that it seemed for many days as if death was threatening the household.

In his anxiety Kingsley became reckless, and though he promised his wife to try to live for his children's sake, yet it really seemed as if his heart was broken. He became seriously ill, and for some days husband and wife both lay under the dark shadow. The last morning of his life, January 23, 1876, he was heard to repeat a portion of the burial service, after which he turned on his side and passed away so gently that his daughter who was watching him could scarcely tell when he was gone.

On the 28th of January he was buried in the "dear churchyard" at Enersley, in the spot chosen by himself many years before. Men of every rank, profession, and school of thought met around that grave. Roman Catholics and Protestants, dissenters and churchmen. Telegrams and letters of sympathy poured in for those left behind from every part of the world. Never was man more loved or more mourned.

His grave was visited for months afterward by strangers, even the Gypsies, whom he had always befriended, turning in whenever they came near to scatter wild flowers upon it.

A white marble cross marks the spot, on which, under a spray of passion flowers, are the words he himself chose, as telling the story of his life,

"Amavimus, Amamus, Amabimus."

Old Elsie.

BY MARY TORRENCE.

OLD Elsie sits by the window low,
In quiet Camwell town,
With a wistful look on her aged face
So wrinkled and old and brown;
And watches, far over the harbor bar,
The weary sun go down.

THE restless day is sinking to rest
Adown the horizon far,
And calmly up from the tossing sea
Floats the silvery evening star,
And softly shines in the cloudless sky
Above the harbor bar.

NOW come away, Mother Elsie, come,
For the air is damp and cold,
And the wind blows strong from the salt sea waves,
And the mists the world enfold;
And long ago on the evening air
The vesper bells have tolled.

NO ship on the moaning, restless waves,
As far as the eye can see;
No sound save that of the rolling surf,
That sigheth mournfully,
And the voice of the homeward-bound fisher lad,
Who sings aloud in glee."

OLD Elsie slowly shakes her head,
And gazes longingly
Far off to where the sky bends down
To touch the tossing sea,
And in a feeble trembling voice
This answer maketh she:

WILL not leave my station here
While day shines o'er the sea,
And I can watch in the softened light
The wavelets kiss the lea,
And listen to the message sweet
They softly speak to me.

DO you no other sound is borne
But the song of the fisher lad,
That floateth out on the sea-moist air
From a heart that's young and glad;
And the moaning of the restless waves
In cadence low and sad.

CAN you not hear, far o'er the wave,
The sailor's cheery call,
As he swiftly nears his dear-loved home
While the evening shadows fall,
And through their mist he sees afar
His humble cottage wall?

THE good ship *Mermaid* homeward bound
Sails over the ocean wide,
I have waited for many a long, long day,
And watched o'er the dashing tide,
While the weary day far off in the west
In a sea of gold has died."

FOR five and forty weary years
Old Elsie's wistful eyes
Have looked far off to where the sea
Is kissed by the sunset skies,
When the tedious day with its load of care
In the far horizon dies.

HE watches for a gallant ship
That sailed one summer day,
While she with mournful, tear-wet eyes
Saw it slowly fade away,
Like a fairy hope, too beautiful
In this dark world to stay.

AND never more the stately ship
Came back to Camwell town,
Where the fair young face through the weary years
Grew wrinkled and old and brown,
As it watched in the misty even-tide
The tired sun go down.