

on this point he felt rather insecure, and had avoided putting the question to the issue until the very last moment.

"That is the end," said Miss Golightley, laying down the last drawing. "I am very much obliged to you."

"Not at all," returned Garth, abstractedly, closing the portfolio and tying up the string; "the obligation is on my side."

"I don't know what made me say all that," remarked Miss Golightley, with a faint smile glimmering around her mouth and eyes. "Somehow I felt better acquainted with you than I am."

"It was the laughing, I suppose, that surprised us out of our customary behavior. I wonder when we shall laugh again! Before you go, come and take another look at the picture."

They arose and came round in front of the easel, and both looked, resting a hand on the back of the low chair. Presently the artist said, "I'm inclined to think the whole thing a failure. Do you?"

"I don't know how to blame or praise it technically, Mr. Urmsen; but I never saw a picture that made me feel so sad. It ought to make the world better—it makes evil such a fearful thing. And yet your—Lady Eleanor seems to be making fun of it."

"You think, then," said Garth, turning his eyes with a kind of vehemence on his companion's pale face, "that the picture has merit enough to make the alteration of that part of it worth while?"

"I'm sure of it."

"Well," rejoined he, drawing a deep breath, "that is saying a good deal. But I am glad you have said it."

They turned away and walked to the door. "We are going to stay to dinner," observed the lady, pleasantly, "so I suppose I shall see you again."

"Yes. Come up here often, Miss Golightley. I have other things to show you."

"By-the-way," said she, with her hand upon the door, "you said a little while ago that you were going to ask me a question."

"So I did," said Garth, smiling, "and you answered it."

He escorted her to the foot of the garret stairs, and then returned with measured steps to the studio. After sitting inactive for a few minutes before the easel, he lazily took up his palette and mixed some dark brown paint upon it, whistling softly to himself the while, and tapping his foot upon the floor. When the tint was ready, he dipped his brush in it, and prepared to apply it to a certain portion of the canvas.

"It may be against history, Lady Eleanor," he muttered, between a smile and a frown, "but off comes your head, nevertheless!"

A noise as of some one running up stairs caused him, however, to pause in the act of

execution. It was Madge; she burst into the room, all breathless and sparkling.

"Oh, my Garth!—dinner is ready—but oh, Garth dear, isn't it splendid?"

He got up, letting brush and palette fall to the floor. She was flushed and joyous, and her dark eyes were glistening with happy tears. She stood before him with her hands clasped, full of light and life and eagerness, yet touched with a shade of maidenly timidity that rendered her quite irresistible.

Garth tried to say something, but no words came. All at once he took Madge in his arms.

"Uncle Golightley has told me," she murmured on his shoulder. "Oh, Garth, think of five thousand dollars! and all because my portrait was in it! If you had left out the picture, perhaps he would have given more. My dear, darling boy, how happy we shall be! But dinner is ready; shall we go down together?"

"Yes, take me down with you," answered Garth, in an oddly jocose tone. "Keep your eye on me, Madge; I'm not fit to be trusted alone with five thousand dollars in my pocket."

"I shall take care of it for you, Sir," rejoined she; and hand in hand the happy lovers left the studio. And Lady Eleanor was reprieved.

PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN TODD.

ON the 9th day of October, A.D. 1800, a poor insane woman of Rutland, Vermont, the wife of a helpless cripple, gave birth to a puny babe, whom the good neighbors were moved to hope that God would mercifully recall from so inhospitable a world as this promised to prove to the newborn child.

On the 24th day of August, A.D. 1873, there died in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, a venerable clergyman, loved and honored throughout the country, and known in his books the world over. The unpromising infant who came unwelcome into the world at the beginning of the century had become the Dr. John Todd whose influence for good has been felt to the very ends of the earth, and whose published writings are read in more languages than one can well count on the fingers.

From beginning to end the story of his life is full of interest; and luckily his letters, of which he wrote an unusual number every year, are so rich in personal detail, and so frank and unreserved withal, that his biography* is, in fact, almost an autobiography, written from day to day as the

* *John Todd: the Story of his Life, told mainly by Himself.* New York: Harper and Brothers.

events chronicled occurred, and with no thought on its author's part that his account of his life's experiences was ever to be put into print.

The childhood of the young John was passed, after the fashion of rural childhood in New England at that early day, chiefly in hard work. His crippled father died about six years after the boy's birth, leaving a large family, which, by reason of extreme poverty and the helplessness of the maniac mother, was necessarily scattered. John found a home with an aunt in North Killingworth, Connecticut, where he remained several years, working hard "for his food and a part of his clothing," and trapping wild animals for the rest. When ten years of age he passed a brief time in New Haven, attending school, and earning his bread in the capacity of "chore boy" in the house of a kinsman. It was during this residence near Yale College that he first came into contact with people of a higher culture than was common among the rural folk of North Killingworth, and the accident appears to have determined the whole course of his life. His ambition was awakened, and from that time forward his purpose was fixed—to secure the benefits of a thorough training in the schools. The task he thus set himself seemed a hopeless one—so much so, indeed, that from first to last his friends labored diligently to dissuade him from the undertaking. He was without money, without prospects, and without friends able to help him; but young as he was, the iron will which served him so well in after-life was already his, and he appears never to have faltered in his purpose after it was once formed. He lived poorly, by such work as he could get to do, saved every moment of time, studied under any masters he could find, and finally, in the autumn of 1818, entered Yale College, having traveled thither on foot from Charlestown, Massachusetts, "with his entire wardrobe under one arm and his entire library under the other." At the time of his matriculation, he tells us, he had but three cents in the world, two of which he paid out for toll in crossing a bridge on the same day.

His lack of means was not his only lack, however. Upon examination he was found wholly unprepared to enter college, we learn from one of his letters, and was admitted only in consideration of the peculiar circumstances surrounding his case, the faculty's admiring appreciation of his resolution and courage having no little influence, we may well suppose, upon their action. But his want of preparatory training cost him dearly enough. To repair his deficiencies and gain a respectable standing in his class, he overtaxed his strength in study; and when to this extra labor was added the work of teaching, by which he must main-

tain himself, it seems not at all strange that his health broke down utterly. Twice he was obliged to quit his books and go upon long journeys, once through New England and once to South Carolina, in search of health. These prolonged absences seriously interfered with his regular advancement in college, but by dint of extraordinary exertion he managed at last to recover his standing, and was graduated with his class. His success was a grand triumph of courage and will over circumstances the most adverse, although it does not appear that he himself ever thought the achievement at all remarkable; and in a letter written many years afterward to a poor student we have a very positive expression of his opinion that any determined man may accomplish as much if he will. "I think if I were poor," he wrote, "and had to feed myself with one hand and hold my book with the other, I would go to Williams. However, a man who *wills* it can go any where and do what he determines to do. We must make ourselves, or come to nothing. We must swim off, and not wait for any one to come and put cork under us."

From Yale Todd went to Andover as a student of theology. With his graduation from the college, his severe struggle with fortune had come to an end. He was still poor, indeed, but having won influential friends in many quarters, he was no longer obliged to "feed himself with one hand and hold his book with the other." For the first time in his life he met his classmates upon equal ground; and now that his energies were no longer dissipated in severe labor for support, he quickly won a first place in the seminary for scholarship and ability.

While yet an under-graduate in college he had written for the press some essays, which his mature judgment in after-years so far approved that they were republished in the little volume of *Simple Sketches*, with which most readers are familiar. At Andover he resumed the practice of writing, and published some essays which attracted no little attention. During his vacations he was usually employed in some editorial work in Boston, and indeed it appears that his expenses at Andover were largely paid by the work of his pen. He early won distinction, too, a preacher and orator, and before his course of theological study was completed he was appointed, to his own great surprise, to address the municipality of Boston on "The Cause of Africa," under the auspices of the leading churches there. His success was so marked that a committee of gentlemen who heard the address straightway offered him a "settlement" at Holliston. This he declined, however, refusing several other calls, and accepting instead a fellowship at Andover.

In August, 1825, a mere accident practi-

cally determined the course which the young theologian's life was to take, at least during its earlier years. A friend invited him one Saturday to share a drive with him, and Mr. Todd was driven to Groton, Massachusetts. Upon arriving in the town, "I was immediately introduced," he writes, "to the minister, Dr. Chaplin, a venerable old man, more than eighty years of age. He was quite ill, and here I first began to suspect the snare into which my friend had drawn me. You must know they are all Unitarians, and hate Andover worse than poison. The good doctor is a kind of Arminian, a man of commanding talents, and, I doubt not, a go-to-heaven man; still he has made all his people Unitarians."

This, the reader will bear in mind, was the period of sharp and bitter theological controversy in New England, and Mr. Todd was an earnest believer in the theology of Jonathan Edwards. By invitation the young Andover man filled Dr. Chaplin's pulpit the next day, apparently pleasing his congregation as greatly as he astonished them. "They knew not that Andover was like this," he wrote, in the letter already quoted from, and the young man had every reason to think that the impression he had made was altogether favorable. But it appeared afterward that his preaching had given rise to some jealousies between the Unitarian and "orthodox" halves of the congregation, which, as Mr. Todd continued occasionally to preach for Dr. Chaplin, rapidly grew into an extremely bitter church quarrel.

In a letter dated a little more than a month after the time of his first visit to the town, Mr. Todd wrote:

"Something over forty-six years ago a young minister was settled in Groton by the name of Chaplin. He is now Dr. Chaplin. He married into a gay, worldly family.... This family have since all become Unitarians. As Groton was a beautiful and fashionable place, and as he had married such a girl, the consequence was that he was drawn away into the vortex of fashionable society.... The next consequence was that, however orthodox his head might be, his heart was cold, and he could not and did not preach faithfully and to the conscience;.... and the consequence is that all or nearly all of his congregation have become fashionable Unitarians.... You know, I preached once to this people before they knew what I was. All parties applauded. The Unitarians went too far in praising to retract immediately. The orthodox had no wish to retract. This gave the few pious people courage. They sent for me again. I went. The Unitarians were still mostly silent; they winced, but said but little. The pious were still more encouraged. The next step was for the pious people silently to raise a subscription and invite me to come there a few Sabbaths, not as a candidate, but as assistant minister to Dr. Chaplin, hoping that a good impression in favor of piety may be made on the town."

This invitation he accepted, and naturally his coming shook Groton to its foundations. The dispute in the church was a very pretty quarrel as it stood, but his return speedily raised it to the dignity of a

church war. The space at command is not sufficient for the giving of more than an outline of the events which followed, but the merest summary of the doings will serve to show how bitter was the contest. On the 14th of November the church voted, seventeen to eight, to call Mr. Todd as assistant pastor; but when, according to custom, the question was submitted to the town, the proposition was voted down and a committee appointed to supply the pulpit. Then a petition signed by a majority of the legal voters, and praying the committee to employ Mr. Todd as a candidate, placed that body in a sad predicament. In a letter written at the time, he says of the petition, "If they grant it and I go there, they fear it is death to their party; if they refuse, as they probably will, it will bring odium upon them and make their party more and more unpopular." Another sentence from the same letter shows how determinedly the war was waged: "I hope to hear from Chaplin soon, but he hardly dares write to me, for fear his letters will be picked at the office." The gentleman here referred to was Mr. William L. Chaplin, a son of the old clergyman. The committee refused in the end to comply with the request preferred by the petitioners, and announced that a candidate was already engaged.

At this point of the controversy Dr. Chaplin actively interfered. Having been settled over the church "for life," he asserted for himself the right, according to Congregational usage, to say who should and who should not occupy his pulpit; and in exercise of this right he declared his purpose to employ an assistant at his own expense until a man acceptable to both parties should be found. The committee rejected this proposition, however, claiming that their pastor's age and inability to preach annulled his right in this respect. They employed the Rev. Mr. Robinson to supply the pulpit—a proceeding against which Dr. Chaplin protested in writing, declaring that if the stranger should enter the pulpit it would be contrary to the wishes of the church, the majority of the people, and the pastor himself.

The remonstrance was without effect, and the new minister preached, whereupon Dr. Chaplin called a meeting of the church, at which it was voted—1, that, in the opinion of the church, Dr. Chaplin had a right to supply the pulpit himself; 2, that the church desired him to do so; 3, that they wished him to employ Mr. Todd; and 4, that no member should thereafter be received into their communion from another church without first assenting to their articles of belief. A caucus of the orthodox present, numbering just one hundred, adopted precisely similar resolutions; and when a committee waited upon the old pastor with a report of the conclusions reached, he prom-

ised to comply with their wishes in the matter. To this end he sought first to have a preacher sent over from Andover for the following Sunday; but after consulting his professors, Mr. Todd wrote, strongly deprecating that course as certain to produce unseemly wrangling in the house of God, to the great scandal of the church, and advising a very temperate but logically strong appeal to the good sense and right feeling of the committee. But it was deemed too late to recede from the position already taken, and, to quote from a letter again,

"So they got Fisher, from Harvard, to go to supply. But when he arrived he found the Unitarian committee had appointed constables to keep him out of the pulpit. His heart failed him, and he dared not go into the meeting-house."

A council was called in Boston to consider the state of the church in Groton; and after four hours' deliberation it was decided that every effort should be made to strengthen the orthodox and weaken the Unitarian party during the time which must elapse before the holding of the annual town-meeting, and that to this end it was Mr. Todd's duty to go to Groton as Dr. Chaplin's assistant. An extract from a letter written while he was yet uncertain as to his duty in the premises reveals something of the man, and still more of the spirit in which controversial theology fought its battles in those days:

"Yesterday I preached before the seminary—one of our Groton sermons. It made the natives stare, especially as they knew it was such food as you had to digest. Dr. Porter said I went at you with a broad-axe, but he was evidently pleased with it. I told him it was my manner to let it off at you 'bush fashion.' He is now laying a plan to get me into a neighboring pulpit the next Sabbath, in hopes that I can strike hard enough to split them. You see what a tool they make of me. I think you and I will soon be able to hire out to great advantage to split societies."

About this time Mr. Todd preached the first sermon delivered in Hanover Street Church, Boston; and writing of the occasion, he gives us a hint of the prices paid half a century ago for service of this kind: "They gave me the usual price, ten dollars, for my day's work." The day's work thus liberally paid for consisted in preaching three sermons—one in the Old South Church and two in the new Hanover Street house. He still hesitated to go to Groton, greatly dreading a further experience in controversy of the kind he had awakened there, and yet his spiritual pastors and masters, to whose authority he was especially subject by reason of his Andover fellowship, insisted upon his performing the disagreeable duty. "As to Groton," he writes, "I really do not know what to do. I can not get at them to do them any good, and the professors and good people of this region would not allow me to be a candidate in any other place in the world while the question is pending."

At the town-meeting the Todd party was outvoted by a small majority; but this by no means ended the matter. Young Chaplin went to Andover to consult with the authorities there; and Mr. Todd writes: "The professors advise that the orthodox set up a separate meeting, and that Mr. Todd go and preach Unitarianism down—say, a campaign of six months, to begin with." During the same week a council was held in Boston on the Groton affair, Dr. Lyman Beecher presiding, at which it was resolved

"That in their opinion it is expedient for the orthodox in Groton to have separate worship; that, in order to hold a check upon the fund, the church hold its stated communion, as usual, in the old meeting-house; that Mr. Todd is the man to go to Groton."

Dr. Woods, of Andover, said, in the council, "Our Mr. Todd is a genuine hero. He stands and looks at the field of battle, dreads to enter it, but if we once get him there, he will fight most powerfully. There is no shrink to him."

Thus urged by the leading clergymen of his State, Mr. Todd accepted, though with great reluctance and at considerable sacrifice of personal feeling, the call which was presently given him, and on the 1st of April, 1826, arrived in Groton. His services were held in a hall hired for the purpose, the Unitarian wing of the church retaining possession of the regular meeting-house. His congregations were large and earnest, and his labor unceasing. The practical division effected in the church wrought no change, for a time at least, in the spirit of the controversy. Mr. Todd suffered from every species of petty annoyance. At one time during service the linchpins were removed from the carriages of his congregation. At another, ropes were stretched across the stairs during an evening service, and in leaving the hall he narrowly escaped a fall down the stairway. In the midst of all these annoyances he was tempted to leave so inhospitable a place by excellent offers to go elsewhere. A call from Portland, Maine, appears to have shaken his resolution most, although, with his strong journalistic instincts, we may well believe that only a firm conviction of duty strengthened him to decline the editorship of the *New York Observer*, which was at this time tendered him. "There was no shrink to him," however, and having undertaken to establish a Congregational church of the orthodox sort in Groton, he steadily resisted every attempt to win him away from the work his hand had found to do. The story of his trials and triumph in this undertaking forms a very interesting chapter of biography, which we must condense into very few words here. The new congregation determined to build a new meeting-house, and on the 4th of July, 1826, the corner-stone was laid. "The stone," he writes, "was hurled off out of its

place.....the night but one after it was laid." Then follows this characteristic comment: "Is it any wonder that they who cut away the great Corner-stone in open day should overturn the corner-stone to His temple in the darkness of midnight?"

The stone was replaced, of course, and a few months later the frame of the new building was raised. Commenting upon the successful completion of the task, he gives us a side glimpse of the manners and morals of the time, which is interesting. "Not a man got intoxicated," he says, "and not one used profane language during the whole."

By advice of a council, a new church was finally organized, and Mr. Todd became its pastor. Meantime a very marked religious revival had been felt in his congregation, so that, in spite of the vexatious quarrel still existing in the town and the old church, the earnest young minister felt himself rewarded for all his weary work.

The new meeting-house was dedicated on the 3d of January, 1827, and its pastor received ordination on the same day, Dr. Lyman Beecher preaching the sermon. The building had been erected at cost of severe self-sacrifice on the part of the people, and when done the young women cut the fringe from their shawls that they might provide a decent rug for the pulpit.

Being now a regularly settled pastor, with good prospects, the young man's thoughts, not lightly, but soberly, turned to love. Several years before, he had wooed and won Mary Brace, the daughter of Rev. Joab Brace, of Newington, Connecticut, but the time of their marriage had been left undetermined to await the convenience of both. When the new church was fairly established, there was no longer any occasion to postpone the matter, and accordingly Mr. Todd sought and obtained a brief vacation in the spring of 1827, and on the 11th of March he was married.

His work in Groton continued to prosper, and after three years' labor there, he could count eight churches in the vicinity as the direct and visible result. Of his life there we have here no room to speak in detail. He knew joy and sorrow; children were born to him, and his first-born died; he was sick often, and oppressed at times with care; but he bore all manfully, and while he felt the unrelenting enmity of some to the last, his friends steadily increased both in number and in the warmth of their devotion. When called to Salem in 1831, his church unanimously voted not to dismiss him, and before a council subsequently called to decide the question of his duty in the case, they pleaded so earnestly against his removal that the council refused to sanction the proposed change. In December, 1832, however, he was finally permitted to accept a call to Northampton, where again he must

begin work at the foundation, becoming pastor of a new church not yet organized, without funds, without a house of worship, without a Sunday-school, without any thing, in fact, but the good-will of the church from which it had gone off as a colony. He preached to his new congregation for the first time January 20, 1833, in the town-hall. A new church building was begun at once, however, which, when finished, was one of the best in New England outside of Boston. It was dedicated Christmas-day of that year, the pews selling for nearly ten thousand dollars.

Mr. Todd's labors in Northampton were quite as great as in Groton. In addition to the large measure of work which fell naturally to him as pastor of a newly organized church with a house of worship to build and pay for, he was compelled during a considerable period to take upon himself the pastoral charge of the older society as well as his own; he was called upon to assist actively in every undertaking which needed an energetic advocate; and, as was nearly always the case with him, his ministry resulted in a marked revival, which added greatly to his burden of labor. Finding himself ill from overwork during the second summer of his stay in Northampton, he made a journey for his health through Pittsfield, and was well-nigh enchanted with the extreme beauty of its surroundings, although he little dreamed that the beautiful Berkshire town was to be his home during the greater part of his remaining life.

His letters at this period are peculiarly rich in the sharp wit, the abounding humor, and the agreeable playfulness which to a great extent characterized his correspondence and conversation throughout his life. He worked harder, encountered greater difficulties, and suffered more in every way during the time spent in Groton and Northampton than at any subsequent period, with the exception of that passed in Philadelphia; but youth was in his favor then, and he seems to have had a readier laugh than later with which to meet annoyances. Writing to Mrs. Todd's mother, soon after his marriage, he thus playfully hints the happiness the new life was giving him:

"I can not stop to tell you how father's letter at last came to hand;.... how the little books did *not* come to hand, and then, after a long time, they *did* come to hand; how Mr. Wright was delighted and cheered and swelled on the occasion (and while my finger is on the little fellow, I must just wink to you that I believe he is courting our landlord's daughter).... I really don't know but our happiness—Mary's and mine—will excite our very pig to fall in love, for so every thing else does that comes near us; even the philosophical Mr. H— came near falling into a swamp."

His pig and his hens occupy large space in his letters about this time. Describing a house he had bought in Groton, he says:

"We have a good parlor to shut up—a thing indispensable to human happiness."

Writing of a sample of Mrs. Todd's thrifty ingenuity, he says:

"Mrs. Todd, instead of putting me up to get a tidy goat's-hair wrapper, with wadding, etc., has turned my old college plaid cloak, taken out one lining, cut up my old fur cap for a collar, and then persuaded me it is warmer for having lost one lining, and, as to looks, is really superior to any thing that can be purchased. . . . I get it on, rub my cheeks against the fur, imagine that it is new, and prove its warmth by shivering in every limb."

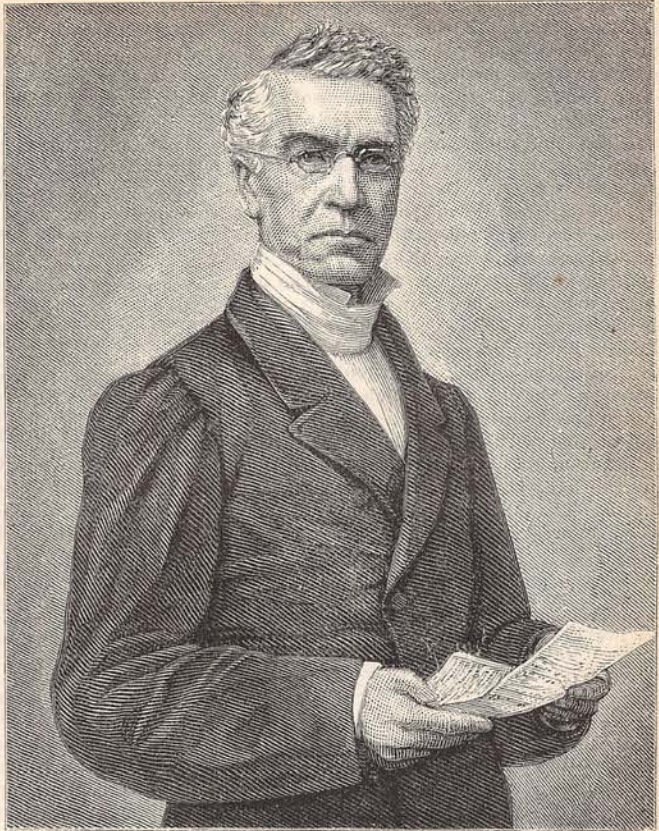
Having attended the ordination of a young minister, with whose haziness of view on theological points he was not pleased, his comment was that "some men are sewed and others only *basted* together."

One of his Groton enemies named a pig after him. "He calls 'Todd, Todd,' and the pig knows his name.

It is altogether the likeliest member of his family."

Mr. Todd's success in organizing new churches and conducting them through all manner of trials and difficulties to a condition of permanent prosperity had gained for him so wide a reputation for that sort of executive ability which is most needed in such cases, that in June, 1836, he was earnestly besought to go to Philadelphia and become pastor of an infant Congregational society, the first of the kind ever organized in that city. The history of this church is interesting chiefly on account of the strong light it sheds upon the state of feeling existing at that time among Christians of different denominations.

Dr. Todd's theology was precisely that of the Presbyterian Church, from which, indeed, the sort of Congregationalism known in New England as "orthodox" differed only in the matter of church government, and yet in that day it was a foregone conclusion that between the newly established Congregational church and its Presbyterian sisters around it there would be both active and passive hostility. While yet holding the call under consideration, Mr. Todd wrote:



JOHN TODD.

"All things look as if I should *not* go to Philadelphia. As I get away from the excitement and anxieties of the place, the more the difficulties seem to rise up, and the fear the ship can not weather the storms which are before her seems to increase. If I should go, the thing must go, or I must die in the attempt. But the hazard seems very great. The more I look at it, the more it seems doubtful whether they are sufficiently strong to weather the opposition which is coming, and to stand under the burdens which *must* come upon them as a matter of course. If they had not the united strength of Presbyterianism to contend with, and only the ordinary obstacles in the way, I should shrink less."

Several years later, in the midst of his trouble in Philadelphia, he wrote:

"Our Presbyterian brethren have never felt as if they dared, either Old School or New, to invite me even into a ministerial prayer-meeting."

But the jealousy seems not to have been confined to the Presbyterians. In another letter, written soon after Mr. Todd had taken charge of the new church, he says:

"Mr. —! Do you remember how I asked him to give me the 'right hand,' how he groaned in spirit over Philadelphia and Presbyterianism, how his soul yearned in behalf of true Congregationalism? Well, he has come to the — Presbyterian Church, and when installed did not even ask me into the pulpit."

From small beginnings the church in Phil-

adelphia grew rapidly into prominence. A handsome house of worship was built, and for a time it seemed that the energy of the pastor had conquered success in spite of the obstacles he had foreseen, and some still worse ones that he had not anticipated at all. In 1837 came sore financial distress to the country, and his church was sharply pinched for means. Its debt pressed it heavily, and its other difficulties were great; but there seems every reason to suppose that it might have outridden the storm but for dissensions within, which resulted in the end in the purchase of the mortgage by a clique of disaffected members, and the sale of the church building under foreclosure. The quarrel in the church was a long and very bitter one, the details of which it is not necessary here to discuss. We shall be better entertained with a few characteristic extracts from Mr. Todd's letters, written during the five years of his Philadelphia pastorate. The following gives a hint of some of his annoyances:

"If people see that they can nettle the minister, it at once gives them power and importance, which they are sure to exercise. The world will have weak women and stubborn men in it, at present, and I am afraid that it will still have fools in it.... I have enough every week to throw me into the scarlet fever if I did not stand still and let Folly kick up her heels till she is tired, and then goes to be sick of a cold caught by the exercise."

Mr. Todd was becoming very well known as an author at that time, so that the critical opinion expressed in the following, with regard to Sir Walter Scott, is interesting:

"You will be absolutely amazed that a man with so little learning, and what he had resting on so poor a foundation, could have produced such a sensation among his species. He seems like a huge, splendid castle resting upon a cob-house for its foundation."

Mr. Todd's cheerfulness appears to have been wholly unconquerable. In the midst of the sorest distress, overworked, suffering for money, and having a houseful of sick to care for, he wrote:

"We have had some sickness, and I have had the dyspepsia—the only fashionable, genteel thing I ever had."

His wit, if we may call it so, was not always playful, however, and we find traces of it in his most serious and earnest utterances; as, for example, this: "The intellect and the heart must be cultivated together; a divorce between them, like that between man and wife, is ruin to both."

From a single sentence in one of his letters written about this time it appears that his biographer might fairly claim for him the honor of having been one of the first to suggest Young Men's Christian Associations. "I am trying," he writes, "to get up a society of young men in the city for the protection of young men who come here from abroad. It is to save thousands from ruin."

Another passage from the same letter

shows how wide his popularity as an author was even then:

"I have just had a bookseller from London to see me to make arrangements to publish *Todd's Works*, as fast as they are written, in London. He seemed very much in earnest."

This is the way in which he satirized some things at a college Commencement:

"This afternoon I heard an oration before the literary societies, and also a poem. The oration, as I presume, was deep, but it was the driest of all fodder. The poem was a long string of rhymes and good pious feeling. This evening we had the Junior exhibition, very manly and sound, with a vein of the obscure, foggy, misty Coleridgeism in all. This gives a kind of deep philosophical fog, through which common thoughts appear quite magnificent. Did you ever see that boy who owned the parrot, and that other boy who owned the owl? 'Can your bird talk?' says the owl boy. 'Oh yes,' says the parrot boy, 'he can talk every thing. Can your bird talk?' 'No, he can't talk yet, but he can *wink* terribly.'"

From this college Commencement dates Mr. Todd's habit of making summer journeys into the Adirondack wilderness. In the letter last quoted he writes:

"To-morrow I am going across the lake, with two or three of the professors, into that wilderness of mountains, in measuring heights and depths, climbing mountains, and exploring lakes and rivers, and peeping into the very cupboard of nature."

During the winter of 1841-42 the troubles in the church culminated in the sale of the building and Mr. Todd's resignation. Here ended his long and very trying labors in building up churches under adverse circumstances. Henceforth he was to do work of a different kind, for which, as the event proved, he was even better fitted by nature than for this. He accepted a call to the First Congregational Church of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, and was immediately settled over a well-established parish of active, thrifty, and keenly intelligent people, whose pastor he remained during the entire thirty years that were left to him of life. He was frequently urged to go elsewhere, but would listen to no call, preferring to remain with the people who had first given him rest, and among whom he had for the first time in his life been able to establish himself with a sense of security, as in a home. Whether it was that, after all, he was better fitted for quiet, conservative, well-seconded work than for the turmoils of the theological warfare, the conduct of difficult enterprises to successful issues, and the management of wrong-headed men and women, or whether it was merely because his youth had passed away and taken some of its energy with it, we shall not undertake to say; but it is certain that after he was fairly settled at Pittsfield nothing less than a strong conviction of duty could have induced him to undertake another task like the three he had already performed.

The church building in Pittsfield was a plain wooden structure, not too comforta-

ble, and not at all pretty. Apt as he was to make the best of matters and to discover their good points, the only things the new pastor could find to commend were the bell and the clocks. The building was afterward burned, and replaced with a handsome stone structure. The people composing his church and congregation pleased him in very many ways from the first.

"It is a great, rich, proud, enlightened, powerful people," he wrote. "They are cool but kind, sincere, great at hearing, and very critical. I have never had an audience who heard so critically. There is ten times more intellect that is cultivated than we have ever had before.....A wider, better, harder, or more interesting field no man need desire."

He had much to do, however, from the first. The Sunday-school was not in a proper condition, and a good many other matters needed immediate attention. A revival speedily followed his coming, too, so that his work was made very heavy almost from the hour of his arrival. In November, 1842, the parsonage was burned, together with nearly all Mr. Todd's household furniture, his library of a thousand volumes, most of his manuscripts, and his entire stock of sermons. The loss was a sore one, the more so as he was too poor to replace the books, while the burned manuscripts had been well-nigh his only marketable wares. He did not lose his cheerfulness, however—an agreeable fact, which he explained by saying that good spirits were pretty nearly all he had left in the world.

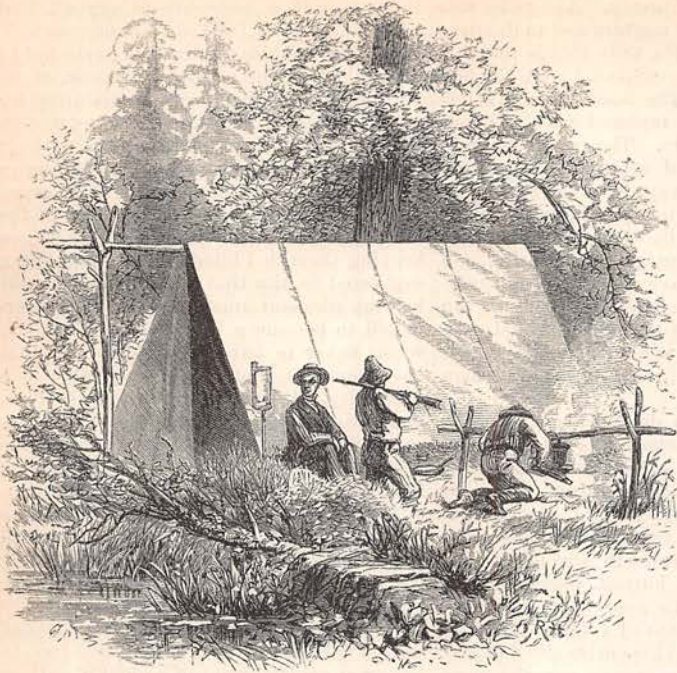
His people were as resolute as he, and straightway set about the work of repairing the loss. Within less than a year after the fire a new parsonage, built upon the old foundations, under Mr. Todd's own supervision, was ready for use. In a letter written March 4, 1844, from the new home, which was to be his during the remainder of his life, he gives us a hint of his manner of life and work in Pittsfield:

"We have got into our new home, and find it *very* comfortable. Here we have been all winter. . . . I think (when I can get any thoughts), write till my wrist aches, visit the sick till I feel diseased, attend funerals till I feel mournful, and the rest of the time write sermons and books and make bee-hives. I am now delivering a course of lectures to the young men; and though you might think the subject exhausted, I actually find several things to say, and shall probably spin out my thoughts so as to make a book as large as any one will want to buy, and larger than any one will wish to read. I don't have much to do. Let me see: a parish of over two thousand souls, three sermons on the Sabbath, three services between Sabbaths, chairman of the school committee, and sixteen schools to take care of, a church of over six hundred members, over fifty funerals a year, letters, calls, visits, journeys, etc., to say nothing about authorship. I forgot a new and brilliant map to make for every monthly concert, and ten thousand other things. . . . I wish I had about seven acres of land, and then I verily believe I might contrive to fill up my time."

Concerning the bee-hives mentioned in

this letter it is necessary to explain that bees were one of Dr. Todd's numerous hobbies. His hobbies, by-the-way, were not at all subject to the control of reason, or restrained by circumstance. He indulged his whims solely for the sake of the recreation they were capable of affording, and without inquiring whether or not the circumstances surrounding him made their indulgence practicable or otherwise, as the story of the bees sufficiently proves. He first began keeping them in Philadelphia. Something suggested to him that keeping bees might be very pleasant amusement, and he determined to become a bee raiser at once. It seems never to have occurred to him that bee keeping is not quite practicable in a great city. It was his whim to have bees, and if circumstances were in the way, it was so much the worse for circumstances. He placed the hives in his garret, making a long glass-covered passageway to the window, and for a time his plan appeared to work well enough. He soon discovered, however, that he could scarcely help losing the young swarms, as he was not quite willing to go out into the thronged streets for the purpose of securing them after they had settled themselves upon a way-side tree, to the great astonishment of a quickly gathering crowd. After a while, also, he learned that bees, like men, may become thriftless by being too freely provided with food; and his, finding an abundant supply always at command among the molasses casks on the docks, actually ceased to hoard up honey, and so became worthless. In Pittsfield he resumed his experiment, though the climate was extremely unfavorable to bee keeping, and persisted until, seeing a statement in some newspaper that bees may be kept all winter without feeding by burying the hives in the autumn and exhuming them in the spring, he made the experiment, and killed his entire stock, forty swarms of bees. While he kept them, he got some honey, a great many stings, which were to him not only very painful, but actually dangerous, and a vast deal of recreation. He tried all manner of patent hives, buying the right to manufacture, and making them for himself, the pleasure of doing which appears to have been the chief return the bee keeping made him.

It was the same with all his other fancies. They were indulged for amusement far more than for any thing else. He was a connoisseur in fishing tackle, for one thing, and was at great pains to secure every new contrivance designed to facilitate the taking of fish; and yet even during his summer wanderings in the Adirondacks he fished very little, and never for pleasure. He took no fish which were not actually needed for food. He had a good many guns, too, of various patterns, though he never



CAMP ON JACKSON'S POND.

cared to hunt much, and steadfastly refused to kill game for mere sport.

His most constant hobby was his workshop, and it, like all the rest, was of use to him chiefly as a source of recreation. He made use of its appliances in the mending of locks and other small household affairs, but for the most part contented himself with ivory turning and carving—an art in which he became quite expert, as many little keepsakes of his manufacture, still cherished by the friends to whom he gave them, attest. The workshop, like all his other possessions, was the result of growth. His first small purchase of tools was designed simply to enable him to do for himself many trifling household jobs not worth calling a mechanic for, and to these was added one implement after another, until the workshop was sufficiently well stocked to afford its owner pleasant recreation, and after that, of course, the shop was the greater of the two, and many things were purchased for its sake rather than for Dr. Todd's. Friends encouraged the whim, if it may be so called, adding from time to time to the treasures of the little workshop, until it held three or four lathes, a buzz saw, several scroll and jig saws, a work-bench, an anvil, a small steam-engine, and a complete stock of tools of various sorts, with nails, brads, screws, oils, varnishes, and a hundred other things, of every one of which Dr. Todd knew the use. His treasures were some fine blocks of ivory

and rare woods, given him by friends, and out of these he was constantly making little toys and keepsakes for those around him. His shop adjoined his study, and it was his habit when weary of reading or writing to throw down his books, and work for a brief time at his bench or lathe. When rested, he would return to his more important duties, and thus the shop was, in fact, scarcely less useful than his library, whether the work done in it produced any valuable results of a material sort or not.

But the workshop was only an adjunct to the study, which was his glory. The room was fitted and furnished to his taste, and, we may say, to his whim as well. The destruction of his books in the fire already mentioned left him in middle life with no library at all, and, poor as he always was, the work of accumulating another was of necessity slowly and imperfectly done, so that, although there were two or three thousand volumes on his shelves at the time of his death, the collection very inadequately represented either the taste or the culture of its owner. We may well suppose that many of those that were there were bought for some immediate use, while very many of greater permanent value were left unbought for want of means. The study was noteworthy, however, for things other than books. A collection of walking-sticks, each with some legend or association attached, interested every visitor. There was also a very ingeniously contrived fountain, with a bell-glass cover. In one of his letters he describes it as—

"An eight-sided, pillar-shaped thing, with a marble-colored basin, and a pure marble top, the top being several inches larger than the pillar, which is also eight-sided. The whole height is two feet and nine inches. Then on the top of all this is a glass cover about two and a half feet high, and large enough round to more than cover the basin. In the centre of the basin is a little brass jet, containing nearly forty little holes in a circle. . . . Then, outside of the glass, and on the marble top, are three little statuettes, white as the driven snow. . . . I have only to touch a little brass cock, and up

leaps the water through these little holes, nearly forty little streams, and each springing two feet into the air, and then turned into a myriad of silver drops bright as diamonds, leaping and laughing as they rise and fall, and dropping into the basin with the sweetest, ringing, singing sound ever heard. It seems as if the fairy daughters of music had got under my glass cover, and were each playing on her own harp. I can think of nothing but pearls dropping into a well, or golden balls falling into cups of silver."

But there were other interesting things in the study, some of which one would scarcely look for in the library-room of a distinguished doctor of divinity. "As you stand in my study," he wrote, "and look into the adjoining library, you notice that over the door are several things that have an untheological look. There is a long, small, iron-pointed javelin, which came from Africa. Near it is a long double-barreled gun, 'my sceseh gun.' What is its history? I don't know.It was taken on the field of battle at Baton Rouge." A number of other guns and pistols were in the curious collection, among them an old flint-lock musket, made many years ago in Pittsfield by one of Dr. Todd's parishioners. It was used by a Confederate in the war, was picked up on the battle-field of Newbern, and sent to Dr. Todd as a relic. Other guns, some of them of improved pattern, shells from the South, snow-shoes from Canada, and a score of similar treasures, make up the collection.

We have already mentioned the first of Dr. Todd's visits to the Adirondack country. Upon the invitation of two of the professors in Burlington College he went into the wil-

derness, and found there so perfect a rest from the weariness of his labors in Philadelphia that for more than twenty years afterward he went regularly every summer into the wilds, staying usually five or six weeks. The tourist had not then invaded the wilderness, and life there was untouched of the outside world. When throngs of summer idlers came to turn the solitudes into a great picnic ground, Dr. Todd abandoned his old haunts, going thereafter to the woods of Maine and Canada for the rest and recreation he could no longer find among the lakes of Northern New York.

On Long Lake Dr. Todd found a settlement of about sixty people, who were without school, church, or religious services, and, moved at once to compassion, he determined to preach to them. It was Saturday when he came, but two young women in a little boat published the news throughout the settlement in time, and the next morning Dr. Todd preached the first sermon ever heard in the Long Lake country.

"We could not sing," he said, in writing about the matter, "for none had learned the songs of Zion in a strange land. In the afternoon we met four or five miles up the lake, to accommodate one who was feeble. They were all there again. One woodman now recalled a half-hunting tune or two, and so we had singing." A year later Dr. Todd visited the settlement again, and found it much improved in every way. At the close of the service on this second occasion he took the responsibility of organizing the



THE CHURCH IN THE WILDERNESS.

people into a church, without the sanction of a council, there being no churches any where within reach from which to call one. Baptizing eight children, he organized their elders, eleven persons, into "The First Congregational Church on Long Lake." On his return to Pittsfield he wrote in the religious journals some account of the little church in the wilderness, interested others, and secured finally valuable contributions of money, books, and clothing for their benefit; and while the missionary who was sent to take charge of the church became discouraged and left, and the church itself practically ceased to be, there is no doubt that Dr. Todd's influence upon the rude people wrought some measure of permanent good among them. A member of the Long Lake church visited Pittsfield some years later, and when asked about Dr. Todd's work in the wilderness, replied: "Oh yes, the doctor

came up there and did us a great deal of good, sent us a missionary, and organized a church; but he didn't quite understand us. Why, — it, I was one of his deacons!"

But we may not tell here a tithe of the entertaining things which went to make up the life of Dr. Todd. The space at our disposal has been insufficient even for a complete biographical outline, and having barely sketched the story of his life, picking out here and there a significant anecdote or a characteristic expression, we must end by saying that he continued in active pastoral work in Pittsfield until 1872, when the failure of his health led his church to accept the resignation he had offered a year before, voting unanimously, however, to continue his salary and the use of the parsonage rent free for the remainder of his life. That life peacefully went out a little more than a year afterward.

IS THE VALVE OF UTRICULARIA SENSITIVE?

By MRS. MARY TREAT.

FOR several months past I have been working on different species of utricularia, and during this interim Mr. Darwin's book on *Insectivorous Plants* has appeared. It is so comprehensive, and the experiments have been so carefully conducted, that it seems presumptuous for any to attempt to differ in the least from his conclusions; and in the main a careful experimenter can not differ from him. But there are a few of the points which he has treated in his chapter on utricularia in regard to which my observations and experiments have led me to conclusions somewhat different from his.

My notes and memoranda have been jotted down during the progress of my work, and I have such a mass of material collected that I find it difficult to make a selection. A magazine article must necessarily be brief; so but few experiments can be given in detail.

These plants — utricularia — grow in water or wet places. (It takes its name from "utricle," a little bag or bladder.) When growing in water they have long floating stems and usually finely dissected leaves, and along the stems, among the leaves, are often numerous little utricles. In some species we find long stems wholly destitute of leaves — simply clusters of utricles scattered along the stems.

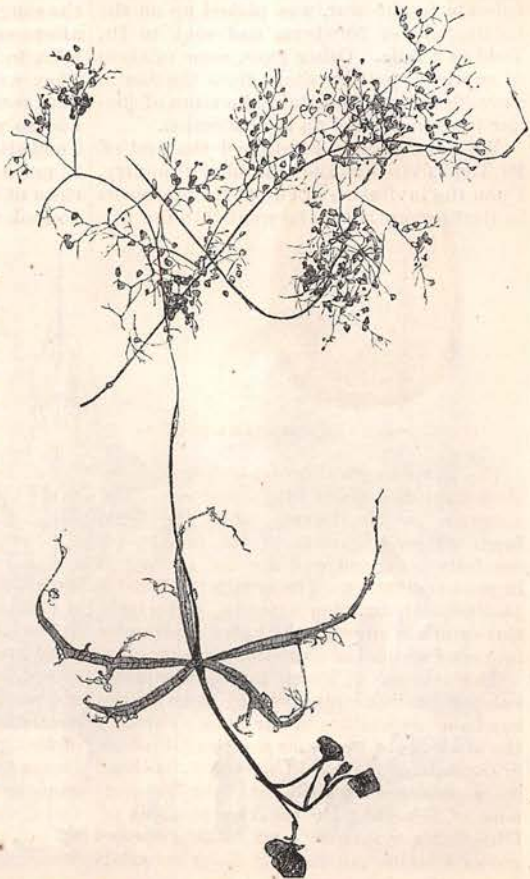


FIG. 1.—FLOWERING STEM OF UTRICULARIA INFLATA.