

**Be Careful.**

Be careful, ye whose wedded hearts  
Are lovingly united;  
Be heedful lest an enemy  
Steal on you uninvited.  
A little wily serpent form,  
With graceful, luring poses;  
Or, coming in a different guise,  
A thorn among the roses.

Be careful, ye whose marriage bells  
Now merrily are ringing;  
Be heedful of the bitter word,  
The answer keen and stinging;  
The sharp retort, the angry eye,  
Its vivid lightning flashing,  
The rock on which so many hopes  
Are daily, hourly dashing!

"Bear and forbear," the only way  
To tread life's path together;  
Then come, and welcome, shining sun,  
Or come, dark, cloudy weather;  
Two loving hearts dissolved in one,  
That cannot live asunder,  
Have put Love's golden armor on—  
Oh, world, look on and wonder.

**Let it Pass.**

Be not swift to take offense;  
Let it pass!  
Anger is a foe to sense;  
Let it pass!

Let it pass!  
Brood not darkly o'er a wrong,  
Which will disappear ere long;  
Rather sing this cheery song—  
Let it pass!  
Let it pass!

If for good you've taken ill,  
Let it pass!  
Oh! be kind and gentle still;  
Let it pass!  
Time at last makes all things straight!  
Let us not resent, but wait,  
And our triumph shall be great;  
Let it pass!  
Let it pass!

**BASHFUL BOOTS.**

"Tell me, Bashful Boots," I said, "how far is it to Whitby?"

"Pleath, thir, my name ithn't Bathful Booth," answered the child. "It's Mary Cumru."

I was just eighteen, and, after having taken my degree in the time-honored University of Pennsylvania, was making a pedestriana tour through the eastern counties of my native State. For several hours I had been traversing a wild, wooden region that the inhabitants called "the forest," and which stretches for nearly thirty miles, from the northeast to the southwest, back to the Blue Ridge between Whitby and Heidelberg. It was a primitive, picturesque district, with small farms scattered through the valleys, while the hills on either side were densely clothed with the original forest trees. There were so many little lateral valleys and so many cross-roads that at last I began to fear I had lost my way.

Suddenly there rose before me, over the crest of a low hill, the chimney and roof of a time-worn, stone farm-house. The fences were moss-grown; the woods around were bushy and wild; rush grasses grew in the meadows, and the whole air was fragrant with the scent of water-flowers that bloomed in the little brook near by. A scientific agriculturist would have turned from the scene in disgust. But a poet or painter would have been charmed by it. The tangled, luxuriant growth carried the imagination back for a century to the landscapes that Fielding described and Ganesborough painted.

Crossing the field between me and the house, and advancing in my direction, was a little girl. She wore an old sun bonnet and loose sack, and carried an earthenware pitcher in her hand; yet in spite of these comparatively coarse accessories there was a bright, intelligent look in her eyes and an air almost of refinement in her face. Observing a stranger she stopped shyly, with her finger in her mouth. It was then I addressed her.

We soon managed to get quite well acquainted. Whitby, she told me, was "just over the mountain, not more than an hour's walk." She lived with her maternal uncle, who owned the farm-house, which had been her grandfather's and her great-grandfather's before. "Papa was minister," she said. "We lived in the city till he and mamma died."

I was about to walk on, when she asked me, slyly, if I wouldn't like a drink of milk. She was going to the spring-house, she added. I assented most gladly, and she tripped gaily before me, flitting along like a free, happy bird.

Have you ever, my dear reader, seen a real, old-fashioned Pennsylvania spring-house? A one-storied, one-roomed stone edifice, built over a natural spring, generally shaded by a weeping willow, or some ancient forest tree, and floored with brick and stone? My little hostess, kneeling down, dipped some milk up from a pan that floated in the ever-running stream, which made the circuit of the spring-house inside. Never, before or since, have I had a draught so delicious.

Afterward I sat down on the low, turf-bank outside, and chatted with my little friend.

"Do you know," she said artlessly, "I like country better than town? You hear the birds at daybreak; you can hunt for wild flowers. Oh? such violets, and blue bells, and quaker ladies as we have here."

"And buttercups, too, I hope."

"Yes, yes, buttercups. Do you know how to tell if you like butter?" she asked, gleefully.

"Don't I! You hold the buttercup to your chin."

She clapped her hands, and laughingly said, "How do you know that?"

"Oh! I know more than you think," I answered, coolly, but feeling a young man's pride, nevertheless, in her admiration. "Can you tell me, for instance, what is this?"

I had been, as my habit was, poking with my stick into the turf, and now I had loosened a heavy, rusty-looking bit of stone, that rolled at my feet.

"No," she said, with some contempt. "I don't care for dirty rocks; I care for flowers and trees."

"But this dirty bit of rock," I answered, "is hematitic ore," quite willing to show off my geological knowledge, and forgetting that she would be wholly ignorant of the matter. "If there's a vein of it on your uncle's farm it will make his fortune. I shouldn't wonder if there was," I added. "This ore is always found in just such localities, where the trapdykes," and I waved my stick in the direction of the ragged, knife-edged hills that rose in front, "break through the sandstones. Why, it's as good as a gold mine, my dear."

"A gold mine!" Her eyes were bigger than ever now.

"Yes! as good as a gold mine. If the farm was mine, I'd sink shafts at once. Is your uncle at home?"

"No. He has gone to Whitby."

"Well, then, mind you tell him when he comes home to-night. It will do no harm at any rate." As I spoke I rose to go.

She looked down and put her finger to her mouth again. At last with a shy blush she said:

"Would you mind writing it down? the big word, I mean."

"Oh! the name of the ore. Certainly not," I said, laughing. I tore a leaf from my memorandum book as I spoke and wrote the word as she requested.

"Do you often come this way?" she asked, bashfully, as I offered my hand and said good-bye.

"I was never here before, little one, and don't know that I shall ever come again."

Her face fell.

"But I should like to come. I will try next summer," I added.

She brightened up again.

"Oh! do come," she cried. "Do you know I like you—ever so much?"

When I reached the turn of the wood, at the top of the hill above, I stopped to look back. My little acquaintance stood just where I had left her, gazing wistfully after me. I took off my hat, she courtesied, and then I plunged into the forest.

That night, at Whitby, I had occasion for my pencil case, a thin, golden one, with my name engraved on it. I could not find it anywhere. "Where have I left it?" I had quite forgotten that I had used it in the spring-house and might have dropped it there.

I never returned to the old farmhouse. The next winter I went abroad, for I had a competent fortune, and I wished to finish at a German university. Afterward I became an attaché, and subsequently traveled excessively. Ten years in Europe had only made me love the institutions of my country the more. But before I returned to America I went to Rome on a farewell visit. To me, as to many others, that wonderful city was the one city of the world, to which to go back, again and again, with ever increasing affection.

The morning after I arrived, I walked to St. Peter's to hear, in the canon's chapel, the music of Plestrina. While listening to the chanting, I happened to

glance up at one of the private galleries on the left, and saw there a woman's face, so wrapt, so exalted, that for the time she looked like one of Fra Angelico's angels.

"It won't do," said my friend, Charley Hargrave, putting his arm into mine, when the congregation was dispersing. "I saw whom you were looking at, but she's above even your reach. She's been the belle of the season, my dear fellow, and has had lots of earls and counts disputing her smiles. Stop, here she comes, and Prince Borgia is with her, to whom they say she is engaged."

"We had by this time reached the aisle outside. As the lady passed, she looked up, as if some instinct had told her she was the subject of our conversation. For one moment our eyes met. A thrill went through me. Never before had I known what love was, but from that moment I was hopelessly lost."

"Who is she?" I stammered, when she and her escort passed out of hearing.

"Miss Vonberg, a great heiress."

"German?"

"No, American, though of German descent as the name shows. The gossip of the last week, that she has finally made her choice, must be true; for that was Prince Borgia, as I said before; and only some influential person, one of the Pope's guard, as he is, for example, could have got a permit to that gallery. The stately old dame with them, too, was his mother; the other was Miss Vonberg's chaperon, for she is an orphan. You'd have known all this if you had been here through the winter, as I have been. Why, the young English swells used to crowd to the *table d'hôte* at Miss Vonberg's hotel in the Corso just to catch a sight of her at dinner. At last she had to move to private apartments in the Palazzo Goldoni, to avoid being stared out of countenance."

Why was it that, notwithstanding this friendly warning, I went back to my hotel to think of Miss Vonberg? Was I mistaken in fancying that, in passing, she had looked at me with evident interest? All that day her image was before me. At night I dreamed of her; dreamed that she had made me happy; and woke to find out my delusion and to wish I could have slept on forever, with dreams so blissful.

But sleep would not come again. Beside I had an engagement with an old diplomatic friend to accompany him, his wife, and his wife's mother on a drive out on the Campagna. There had been some remarkable excavations made lately at Scava, which he wished me to see. So I dressed, breakfasted and joined my friend.

We had finished our investigations, and were about to re-enter our barouche, when I heard shrieks and the rush of wheels, and glancing up the road, saw a carriage approaching at full gallop. In vain the coachman tugged at the frightened steeds. On, on they tore, the barouche bounding from side to side behind them, threatening the lives of the two ladies who seemed to be the only occupants of the carriage, and from one of whom came the shrieks.

It was but the work of an instant for me to rush forward, seize the nigh horse, twist the bit until I threw him against his fellow, and stop the carriage with a lurch that snapped the pole and sent the coachman reeling from his seat. In another instant my friend had come to my aid, the traces had been cut, and all danger was over.

I stepped to the door, hat in hand, to assist the ladies to alight. The one nearest me, an elderly woman, whose shrieks had rent the air, fairly tumbled into my arms. It took both my friend and myself, she was so helpless, to carry her to the bank by the roadside, where we put her down. Then, leaving my companion and the ladies of the party to attend to her, I hurried back to the barouche.

But before I could reach it the other occupant, springing lightly out, had met me half way. Apparently she was as cool and composed as if in her drawing room at home. As I began to apologize for my delay, she threw back her veil and smiled, revealing the face of Miss Vonberg.

I felt as if I walked on air.

"How can we thank you sufficiently?" she said, in the softest, and most musical of voices, "I had given ourselves up for lost, when you rushed forward so bravely."

Never shall I forget the emphasis on these last words, or her looks as she spoke them. "It was nothing," yet my heart beat high and proud. "Nothing more than any other would have done."

"Pardon me," she answered, "I do not think so. It was an even chance

that the horse would trample you to death, and only heroes take such risks as that." Her great Juno-like eyes blazed as she uttered these words.

She had stopped in her enthusiasm. But now, as if sensible she had been too frank, she colored violently and moved quickly forward, saying, "Excuse me, but aunt, I perceive, is calling me."

"How shall we ever get back to Rome?" cried the poor old lady, who had recovered from her faint. "I never, never can trust myself behind those horses again."

"If you will accept them, the seats of my friend and myself are at your service," I said.

"But you will have to walk back to Rome."

"That is a trifle," I replied.

"The distance must be four or five miles. But for my aunt I could not think of accepting." She hesitated. "I suppose there is no other alternative. How can we ever repay you?" She gave me her hand in parting, smiling bewitchingly.

The long miles back to the Latearn gate seemed but a few steps, I was so intoxicated with happiness.

Intoxicated with happiness and with dreams that I soon found to be, alas! hopeless ones. For, calling the next day at the Palazzo Goldoni, the first person I saw in the saloon was Prince Borgia, to whom Miss Vonberg introduced me. He had heard of the event of the day before, and he scowled at me as if I had interfered with him. Miss Vonberg herself was ill at ease. She watched the Prince anxiously, so anxiously, that in a little while I rose to go.

I think I never was so angry. Miss Vonberg was evidently engaged to the Prince, and, moreover, was afraid of him. She was as different in his presence from the bright, frank, enthusiastic girl of the Campagna as it was possible to be. "Another sacrifice to rank," I said, wrathfully. "What fools our American girls make of themselves!" You see, I had gone there expecting a warm welcome, dreaming impossible dreams, and this was my revenge.

Now came days and weeks of intolerable misery. Angry as I was I could not get rid of Miss Vonberg's image. Her blushing eager face, as she thanked me on the Campagna, was rising up before me constantly; and at every recurrence of that seductive vision I was more madly in love than ever. More than this: Whenever I happened to find her alone she was graciousness itself, natural, frank, sympathetic and charming beyond words. But if the Prince happened to come in, she froze toward me at once. Was she a flirt? Everything contradicted this idea. No, she was pledged to the Prince, and was afraid of awakening his jealousy. Yet I loved her in spite of all.

The reader will say it was insanity. Perhaps it was. Perhaps all love at first sight is. Again and again had I laughed at such a passion; had called it boyish; and said it was impossible for a man of sense; yet here I was, at eight and twenty, as much a slave to love at first sight, as the veriest lad of seventeen. Night and day I thought only of Miss Vonberg. I haunted every place I thought I might meet her—the Pincian hill, the Bergese gardens, the Ville Pamphilia, the opera, the Corso. Her sweet, low voice, her enchanting smile, her divine face and figure were always in vision before me.

At last came a crisis. The Prince's originally cold hauteur deepened into almost surly insolence. Once or twice Miss Vonberg, I thought, feared an explosion. I shall never forget the imploring look she gave me at a ball, when the Prince, finding me at her side, quite forgot he was a gentleman. That look was the last drop in my cup of bitterness.

"She is grateful to me for that day on the Campagna," I said to myself, "and has not the heart to refuse me an occasional dance; but she throws herself on my mercy; she begs me by her looks not to incense the Prince. Why do I stay here to complicate matters? I cannot trust myself much longer, if the Prince continues to be rude; there will be an affray and a scandal, for her name will be dragged into public gossip. Had I not better leave Rome, and so relieve her from anxiety?"

I lay awake all night revolving this sacrifice, and fell asleep in the early morning, having resolved upon it. There was a train at midnight by the way of Civita Vecchia—I would take that, and put the Atlantic, as soon as might be, between me and my hopeless love.

"One last glimpse," I said, "is all I ask. I cannot even trust myself to a farewell. Mrs. Townsend told me they were going to a concert at the Barberini