

DARLING.

The advent of the following beautiful poem is unknown. It is one of the sweetest gems ever published in the English language. - G. F. A.
A little maid with sweet blue eyes
Looked upward with a shy surprise
Because I asked her name:
While she bent her golden head.

DOROTHEA INGRAM.

A Study of Early Colonial Days.

BY CHARLES C. HAHN.

CHAPTER I.
A COLONIAL SETTLEMENT.
The little maid long the
Sweetest of the sweet
The New England nightingale.

The morning broke
Cool and exhilarating.
All around the settlement
The dawn of a new day.

And yet a close observer must have
And able to detect some good in the man.
He abjured his fellows, he at least
Found friends among the lower animals.

He took genuine pleasure also in sitting
At evening in his cabin door
Watching the tall trees, straight and stiff
In the calm summer, or bowing before
The storm which now and then passed overhead.

On this same morning at nine o'clock
The minister left his sermon unfinished
Upon his desk, and with a very severe
Look upon his long, slim face, walked
With quick nervous step down the one
Street of Sagnauk.

This mill, which was owned by the colony,
Was a picturesque building, had
Been brought from the mother country in
Pieces and set up here by Sagnauk.

Creek, which wound around the east and
south of town. The pilgrims had done
their best to make it prosaic, but by
some unwritten law a mill is always picturesque.

Down deeper in the forest and farthest
from the settlement—so far, in fact, that
the sound of his ax could but faintly be
heard at the edge of the wood—the man
who had blazed the way and led the colony
to their new home was preparing his
winter fuel on this autumn morning.

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And able to detect some good in the man.
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Was a picturesque building, had
Been brought from the mother country in
Pieces and set up here by Sagnauk.

stable had stopped and bade him good-
morning, when, without paying any attention
to the situation, he demanded:
"What do you want, Atlee? You haven't
come out here just for a friendly talk, I
know, so just spit out what you have
to say."

"The officer's face changed color under
this rough greeting. For Mark Hillary
had been particularly hard upon several
of Atlee's weak points, and a most bitter
enemy had sprung up between them.
But he quickly regained the usual malignant
look which always marked his face
when near Hillary, and, in the manner
which his soul thought would be most
aggravating to the rough iconoclast, replied:

"I'm sorry to come on cheer on such
an errand, being as me and you used to
be such cronies; but an 'umble officer' of
the law must do his duty, if it is unpleasant.
I've got here in my pocket a
writ for you, Mark Hillary, which bids
you come before the magistrate and
plead guilty or not guilty to a charge of
blasphemy, so I guess you'd better
lunge along with me."

"The church and the state keep up this
naughty pretty well," was Hillary's rejoinder.
Wonder which one of my
respects you touch, the parson's flank this
time." And he burst into a loud laugh
that made the little constable turn pale,
as, perhaps, Hillary meant it to do.

Throwing on his loose blouse, which
had been hanging upon the limb of a tree,
Mark, with a brief "Come along," started
for the village. This was not the figure
the little man had been expecting to cut.
He had been proud of his commission
and had thought with elation of appearing
upon the street of Sagnauk with his
name following in submissive captivity.

Arriving at the Squire's house Hillary
entered with no more ceremony than he
would have entered the poorest cabin in
the village, and with a hearty salutation
to the Magistrate said:
"Mark Hillary, me well to send
for me in the midst of woodchopping.
Seems as if I am about the most popular
man in Sagnauk, at least you send for
me oftener than any other. I'm ready-
fire away. The meeting's open." With
the gleam of the minister's eyes, he
glared at the minister, who, sitting in
his chair, and half rose intending to
rebuke such lightness, but whom the Squire
motioned to remain seated, Mark sat
down.

"The charge was read, in which it was
stated with all due form, that Mark
Hillary, of Sagnauk, Commonwealth of
Massachusetts, had on several occasions
offended the sacred laws of Sagnauk, his
Majesty the King, broken the peace of
Sagnauk, and done lasting injury to
God's church by denying the power of
God, denouncing His holy word, and
insulting the sacred scriptures, and
sneering, and by ridiculing the holy men
of old whose lives were given us for
patterns of life."

"Mark Hillary," began the Squire, after
the charge had been read, "you are here
charged with denying the power of God,
first with having stated openly that the
ten commandments were not to be
obeyed. What have you to say to the
charge?"
"I never said exactly that," replied
Hillary, "but what I did say was that
where we are commanded to make no
image of anything in heaven or on
earth or under the earth, that it is not
binding, because, if binding, you, Squire,
must take down those pictures from your
wall, and let God be true. I never
told to observe the Sabbath day is not
binding, or, if it is, we are all breaking
God's law, for no one observes that day.
We all keep Sunday, not Saturday."

"Certainly, Squire. Was David such a
saintly man that we should follow his
example? Didn't he steal a man's farm
and kill another to get his wife, when
he already had a hundred or more?
How many wives does Rev. Henry Granville
have? And if that man ought to have
that old lock, I confess I care little
for the first part of it, for it is only a
history of the Jews, and I'm no Jew.
Some parts of the New Testament are all
right and some are not. Paul runs down
matrimony, and while running it down,
says he thinks he has the spirit of God.
If he thought so, I don't, and, as for
sending that slave back to the man who
claimed to own him—I know you all
believe in one man owning another, but I
don't, and I don't believe that what Paul
said then will hold good a hundred years
from now. It may do-day, but that does
not make it right."

"You hear him!" again interrupted the
minister. "His own words bear witness
against him."

The sad refrain when mingled with the chant
Of white-robed, wandering dead, who walked
the earth.

"I have said little as yet with regard to
the Rev. Henry Granville; in truth, have
only mentioned him and his emaciated
frame and white hair, and that he was
not yet forty years old, and had come to
the settlement full of health with the
other colonists five years before. His
family, when he removed to Sagnauk to
become the pastor of the Puritan flock,
consisted of a wife and one child—a girl.
He had come to the new land in the
flush of youthful ambition—ambitious
to do stern work for his
stern God, and had at once thrown
himself into the arena, ready to combat
Popery and witchcraft. He had
studied in the old country until he knew
it by heart. He could discourse fluently
against apostolic succession and the
supremacy of St. Peter; he had the subject
of indulgences down to a fine point, and
could argue up the infamy of Peter-
pence, the Pope—in great style, he was
also well versed in the ritual, and could
show the most prejudiced—for extempore
prayer—that the devil lurked in the
prayer-book. As for bishops, priests, and
deacons, he leveled them all at one fell
blow; he did not believe that the New
Testament, and was not a deacon a man set apart
to serve tables and look after the widows?
And when it came to candles and incense,
he had only but to ask where either
was commanded by Christ, and his opponent
was silenced, or so he thought. It
is true that when he brought forward the
latter argument some of the weak or
ungodly ones asked where in the Bible he
found sanction for infant baptism, and
for women coming to communion; but he
passed them by as scoffs."

CHAPTER III.
THE MINISTER'S DAUGHTER.
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the Rev. Henry Granville; in truth, have
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latter argument some of the weak or
ungodly ones asked where in the Bible he
found sanction for infant baptism, and
for women coming to communion; but he
passed them by as scoffs."

But when he came to Sagnauk he
found another attractive subject for investigation:
The mystery of Popery, and
candles, and incense had lost its charms
because he there met with no believers
in St. Peter or St. Paul or St. James.
Consequently he had turned his study to the next most
inviting subject.

Puritan he was to the core. Medieval
and mystical he was through and through.
If he had not one mystical subject to
study, he must search another.
So from Romanism he glided into
witchcraft, and such was alike mystical
and unknown to him.

And I do not blame him. In fact, if
any careless words of mine, so far, have
led the reader to believe that I am
unfriendly to the Rev. Henry Granville, I
wish he would let me know, and I will
try to do better. He is not my ideal of a
man or of a minister, but he is my
warped ideal of a Puritan student. I
wish I had lived when he did. I should
have believed in witches and fairies with
him."

So, having found no more use for his
philippic against poor St. Peter, long
since dead, and his successor, the Pope,
he turned the channel of his thoughts to
the next mystical subject which was
worrying the minds of men around him.
He read with deep interest the weird
stories of Cotton Mather and believed
them all; and, in time, so thoroughly
did he become imbued with them, that in
every stream he saw a nymph, in every
tree a spirit, and in every old woman the
possibilities of a witch. He knew all
the infallible signs by which one of these
devil's own children could be detected,
and it was reported, had even been present
on the occasion of the burning of one
of them at Salem, all of which gave him
ground upon the subject much credence in
the settlement.

But, it was not until he had come to
Sagnauk that he had any personal experience
with these fearful emissaries of
the evil one. Soon after he had settled
in his new home, Mark Hillary had
called upon him, and his daughter had
daughter had gone into convulsions. After
that first visit, Hillary, whose rough
speech made no favorable impression upon
the minister, seldom entered the parsonage.
At first the minister thought
little of the nursewoman in connection
with the sudden nervous attack of his
daughter, but as time passed, he learned
to look upon the former as a man who
had sold himself to the evil one in exchange
for that most infernal passion,
power over his fellow-men. The minister
saw that his child was of that peculiar
temperament which made her sensitive
to the influences of the unseen world.

At first her experiences with regard to
Hillary had been general, but strange.
She seldom mentioned his name or betrayed
any fear of the man, but whenever
he passed her upon the one village street,
or in the woods around the settlement,
she unconsciously shuddered.

Once, gossip said, when Hillary unexpectedly
came upon her and she was sitting
alone, she was walking hand in hand along
the bank of Sagnauk Creek, she uttered
a piercing shriek and fell down upon the
grass, foaming at the mouth.

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O. T. HELGERSON,

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