

# EDITORIALS BY THE LAITY

## Christmas Spirit for All the Year.

By Hugo Krause.

**A**NOTHER Christmas has come and gone. The carols of glad tidings are still reverberating in our ears, while the beautiful and innate spirit of love still abides in the hearts of many. Only a few days ago all humanity was united in a large benevolent trust formed with the unselfish thought of contributing to the welfare and happiness of others. For a few days at least humanity was at its best and may truly be said to have contemplated the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

In the commercial world the captains of industry extended the hand of friendly interest to those who had helped to make their success possible, while the employees responded with a feeling of good will which plainly indicated that they had come to a temporary realization that the interests of the two are reciprocal, if not identical.

In the social world the artificial distinctions of caste and position were for a while abandoned in order to minister to the wants of those in less fortunate conditions. The helping hand was extended to the needy in a manner which is seldom observed at other times. Especially this year, the Christmas spirit seems to have received a new

impulse. Seldom, if ever before, have churches, fraternal organizations, benevolent societies, and groups of individuals vied with each other to such an extent in the distribution of Christmas baskets, clothing, and other useful as well as pleasure giving articles.

All of this is commendable and is doubtless productive of much help and good cheer, giving joy to the recipient and happiness to the giver, but it can hardly be called true charity if perchance it is meant as such.

Charity in its modern and best sense has for its object the bringing about of justice and reasonable living conditions to those unfortunate whom cruel fate for one reason, or another has deprived of the ability to help themselves. They require assistance not only at Christmas time but throughout the entire year.

To the thoughtful observer, therefore, it will naturally occur that true acts of charity and kindness should not be confined to the Yuletide, and that it is necessary and desirable that this feeling of good will should be fostered, encouraged, and extended throughout the entire year. For just as the truly religious man does not permit his feelings and actions to accumulate for a one day in the week demonstration, but puts them into operation in everyday life, so the true philanthropist allows his feelings and actions to pervade his entire life without display or ostentation. The true Christian is the person who extends the Christmas spirit throughout the 365 days of the year.

The number of Christmas baskets distributed and the amount of money spent on such occasions may to some extent be measured, but who can estimate the many acts of justice, helpfulness, and encouragement that are given throughout the year by well regulated charitable institutions? The sum total of such charity, rightly distributed, is not amenable to statistical demonstration. It leaves its impress deep in the character of men and women, to reveal itself in better citizenship and a larger share of usefulness to the recipients and to the community.

The philanthropic institutions that have labored silently and effectively throughout the year, at this time also offer their gift to their friends and beneficiaries—the community at large—not in the number of Christmas baskets distributed nor in the amount of Yuletide demonstration, but in the restoration to partial or complete independence and self-respect of thousands of children and adults who have been reclaimed from lives of viciousness or sickness or incompetence and who have been restored to useful members of society.

This intangible but nevertheless real and important gift is one that should not be overlooked at this time by those who believe in reciprocity of good will, especially when it is apparent that many of these charitable institutions are at present sadly in need of funds to continue their work.

The two tendencies of charitable impulses above described find

their application in the conditions that surround the Christmas sufferer. On the one hand we see the well meaning but impulsive and thoughtless critics of the Red Cross moved by the desire to supply the unfortunate with a Christmaslike feast of short duration, involving the possible dissipation of trust funds, and on the other hand we find an organization which has not only provided for present needs, but which seeks to extend the Christmas spirit of the contributors throughout a period sufficiently long to work out the permanent salvation of the intended beneficiaries. For just as Christmas unfortunately comes but once a year, so public sympathy in behalf of these sufferers can but once be tapped successfully. In contrasting these impulses one is forcibly reminded of the fable of the grasshopper and the ant.

By which of these charitable impulses are you actuated? Do you belong to the one day a year Christmas advocates or do you believe in extending the benefit of good will toward men throughout the year? To what extent have you shared in the Christmas gift to the public as presented by the charitable institutions? To what extent will you contribute to the communistic betterment of the city during the coming year? These are fair questions for those who believe in the co-operative scheme and the Christlike mission of building up character in men and women, of enlarging their opportunity for self-development and of mitigating the suffering of both man and beast.

## Are You Willing to Pay the Price?

By John A. Howland.

**T**HERE are some things in life which the young man is disposed to take most seriously to heart, but which fifteen years later he is likely to regard as of no consequence whatever. These things, then, must be marked as his mistaken judgments. But in the meantime he has been nursing these mistakes perhaps for years. He has acquired the habit.

Awakening to the long-mistaken attitude which he has held regarding these things, he may be led to forget that this awakening has been only for the thinking ones of his type and class. Older men than he still may be holding fast by them and the young man is numerous around him in crowded city life. Many of these old mistakes of his may have been of community consequence. Acting along these lines of mistaken judgment, which the man himself has decided as wrong, this adult, earnest, honest thinker may make another mistake which may cost him dearly before he is done. That is, he may depend upon a right thinking public spirit—which isn't there at all—to see him through some move he may make in protest against an inexcusable thing.

Only the other day in a public conveyance I saw a city ordinance violated openly and brazenly. Ungliness was in the man's face when he did it. I protested against the act and was threatened by the fellow who had been guilty of the offense. I rose up in the car,

called attention to this violation of not only a written ordinance but a violation of all unwritten laws of decency, and asked if some one or two decent citizens would come forward and witness with me this flagrant offense. But not a man stirred!

Encouraged by the ineffective appeal I had made, the offender was more offensive than ever. He repeated this violation of a city ordinance still more openly and brazenly, as if showing his defiance of me and my duty as a citizen. I walked down to the middle of the car, where I had seen a man of rather unusual poise, bearing, and apparently decent citizenship.

"I beg your pardon, sir," I said, "but in the forward part of this car is a man openly and defiantly breaking a law of the city in which you live. Won't you come with me, witness the act, and give me your name and address?"

"No," he said, "but I will tell you why—"

Which I did not give him a chance to do, for instantly I turned my back on him and walked back to my old seat in the car, where for a mile or more I sat while this breaking of a city ordinance continued going on. Why shouldn't these violations continue? I had appealed to all the decent citizenship of a whole car to enter protest with me, and—decency had refused to do so!

Out of a long experience of the world, however, I confess that I felt I had been asking for something which I would not get from the "average citizen." I would have been surprised—and delighted in the same degree—if I had found one man to back me up. I failed to find that one man, but I may say with reference to the incident, I

did find a city official who at this writing has sworn out a warrant for that man's arrest. At this writing the police department has that warrant in hand, and I am hoping that long before this matter is in type I shall have had the satisfaction of appearing as the accusing witness who will testify truthfully to the end that a heavy fine will be laid upon that willful offender against law and decency.

In the meantime I am preparing to pay the price of decency. When I am summoned as the accusing witness I shall have to leave my bed much earlier in the morning, eat a hurried breakfast, and hurry down to a 9 o'clock session of the court before which this man must appear as a defendant. My time may be taken up unduly and I shall have to work later because of it. I may have to miss luncheon and eat a cold dinner at night. And all for what?

Simply that I may reassure myself that in whatever way my good citizenship is involved in making for good citizenship I'm willing to make that sacrifice, whatever it may be.

Are you with me, Young Man, in principle? Are you with me, Young Man, in the hard condition of fact? Or, being with me in sentiment, are you free to force yourself forward and take up this gaze of citizenship, even if you realize what taking up that gaze may mean? Acting promptly—doing—you are making for a better citizenship. But are you free to act—to do?

It is one of the hard conditions of modern business that thousands of good citizens are not free to act in such a manner. They are tied down by a system which doesn't admit of it—which will not hear as excuse, even, that in the exercise of your manhood for

the common good you have lost half an hour, one hour, two hours away from desk, or counter, or bench, or lathes. Your employer may have been making speeches at banquets upon that eternally slobbered over subject of "Good Citizenship." But, concretely to the point, he will not allow you to get up and do something to help maintain it!

But presuming, Young Man, that you are pledged personally to decency and that you have freedom of speech and action in behalf of maintaining decency and order as a decent citizen should, you cannot count upon the great public standing behind you at the call for help. You will find it largely indifferent. Still more widely you will find it afraid to answer your call! Afraid of discomfort—afraid of discipline at the hands of the employer who has been making banquet speeches upon "Good Citizenship."

"Laugh—and the world laughs with you; Fight—and you fight alone."

"What am I to do about it?" you ask.

Frankly, I don't know. Systematized business—whose life depends upon at least the show of good citizenship—has manacled thousands who otherwise might fight for real decency and real order in society. Being decent, how firmly are you manacled? Or, manacled in one position, can you find another that affords the wider field of personal good citizenship?

You or your employer, or both of you, must solve the problem.

## Work in Reality a Divine Blessing.

By Prof. Geo. Burman Foster.

**T**HE basis of our economic life is human work. It is for this reason that the social question is frequently identified with the labor question. But the former is much more comprehensive than the latter; still, the latter is in the foreground today, and will stay there until it is settled, and settled right.

Our century's moral appreciation of labor is deeply significant. There are two possible views of the moral worth of work—blessing or curse!

If the end of life be pleasure, gratification, work is a curse under all circumstances. Even so, work may be necessary to procure means of gratification, or maintain capacity for pleasure; affording body and soul the variety and change which make every pleasure more pleasurable. But the point is that, according to this theory, work is for the sake of pleasure. We seek light, but work is the shadow of life. The shadow may be unavoidable, and the light may appear all the brighter for the shadow; but shadow remains shadow all the same.

This appraisal of work as an evil is confessedly old and widespread. You hear its echo in the old saga of paradise. Work is the wage of sin. "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread." It is the wisdom of Epicurus and his school; the pious faith of the Buddha and his disciples; the dream of the Christian middle age—each trusting that the yearning of the human heart may be satisfied by the contemplation of life, or by resting from labor in the hereafter.

But it was first in modern times that this sort of appreciation of

labor arrived at full consciousness. In modern times it has been reduced to a system, and that system may be termed liberalism.

No man would work if he did not have to; that is the text of all these liberals, however various their sermons. It called down the bitter, biting sarcasm of Nietzsche: "I do not seek my happiness; only an Englishman seeks his happiness; I seek my work!"

But not Nietzsche alone! Long before his day this judgment that work is a necessary evil met with powerful opposition. Choosing his parables of the kingdom of heaven, as he did, from the sphere of active life, the merchant, the farmer, the housewife, the servant, it is clear that Jesus must have accorded a dignity to work quite independently of the personal wants which it gratifies or the means of pleasure which it produces.

The young man who grew up in simon pure liberalism did not ask: Where can I best employ my energies? Where can I be most useful; do the thing the best for which I was born? But he asked: Where can I find the most agreeable life; the most comfortable and most assured support? Simply because the outer conditions in which his vocation led him seemed agreeable to him he unhesitatingly crowded into callings for which he had neither endowment nor inner inclination, but which he only engaged with his incapacity and slack moral earnestness. In the background of all the desires of such a liberal heart is the ideal of a life freed from the necessity for labor, but with the means at its disposal to get others to do the work for it.

But if liberalism, in its desire for happiness, reckons with work, socialism, in its devotion to work, is not hostile to happiness. Its advocates know how to prize the joys of life, frankly seeking to make these joys ever more accessible both to themselves and to others.

But with the true socialism happiness is for the sake of work, not work for the sake of happiness. Work is the real end of life—love and work.

But work today wears a sour and stern countenance, not seldom full of pain, indeed, and on this account we are not without our fears that under the influence of socialism something of the joys of life may be sacrificed. We sometimes imagine that if work sat upon the all powerful throne of life there would be no room for pleasure and pain any longer, for the free activity of the spirit in the kingdom of art and beauty in that world of the ideal where all traces of human indignity are obliterated.

Which, now, is the better appreciation of labor—that it is a means to the end of happiness and pleasure, or that it is itself the end and task of life?

Let us look at the great subject in a large way. God is a creating, working God. With his breath he sustains all that lives. He renews the face of the earth unceasingly. So great and numerous are his works, so full is the earth of his wisdom and goodness, that the children of men may dwell under the shadow of his wing.

But man is only truly man when he is like God. Therefore, only the creating, working man can speak of the divine nobility of his nature; only such a man may be sure of being in the image and likeness of God, of sharing the eternal Father's strength and life.

The point of most importance is that human work and creation must have for its eternal and supreme standard the work and creation of God. Then is the divinity of man revealed.

But why do we speak of a creative activity of God at all in the world? Why do nature and humanity appear to us as the gigantic work of God? Because here everything, great and small, lives in the

whole, serves the whole, on all sides creating life and blessing in an eternal order. The sacred countenance of God himself begins to fade for us whenever the living connection of the individual with the whole threatens to be lost, whenever our poor, anxious hearts begin to doubt whether new life may bloom from the countless ruins of life, or whether God's work can create the peaceable fruits of righteousness out of our sighs and tears. Therefore, all human work also has its worth ultimately in the blessing which it proves to be to the whole, to human society, to its development and enrichment.

Modern socialism has no full understanding as yet of this supreme social worth of human greatness and nobility as such for the age long, efficient forces of the moral nature of man. The highest, hardest work—the work of strenuous self-discipline and self-culture—of this socialism has no adequate appreciation as yet, with all its sense of the dignity of labor, with all the jubilees it sings over work. But it is only this maturing of manhood that can give a truly human and moral significance to the labors of our hands.

Socialism will yet be truly social, and see not only the social value of factory and invention, and all the aids of economic life, but also the social value of man fighting for spiritual and moral values. Then will it appropriate the element of truth in the old liberalism; the man who, in all his work, material and spiritual, is conscious of his living connection with humanity, the truly social man, will also be the truly free man.

He will no longer work because he must, but because he will. He will find his supreme happiness in his work. A co-worker with God, he will carry some stone to the great temple of humanity in which the divine light, life, and love shall stream ever clearer and warmer to man.

## Tale the Photograph Cells: Tragic Story of Aminta Fosselli, the Beautiful Contadinella.

By Sarah Cleb.

**D**ID you ever think when presenting a representation of your lovely self to an important friend or acquaintance what would ultimately become of it? In your stimulated egotism you had a right to suppose it would decorate the mantel piece or dresser of the supplicant at least ninety days; your vanity, however, would have received a violent shock had you but dreamed of its speedy, as well as ignominious end.

Think of your expensive, wondrously robed souvenir in a few weeks, among other litter, carried away to the Salvation Army dump or, more humiliating still, to be sold by a "kind one" it was seen looking out pitifully from under a stack of other "has-beens" ready to start the furnace fire on a raw June morning.

To save my dear remembrances from such ungenerous treatment, at the annual house renovation I devised the plan of packing them away in a derelict trunk. Do I want beside it on a lonesome, rainy day, and dream is one of my favorite pastimes. As I select and examine the face of this that old friend my heart is moved with varied emotions. The history of each is fully known to me—their struggles, successes, and disappointments—and are never dull stories.

Here is the typical handsome American scholar—too sensitive to meet the rebuffs of a commercial world, and is counted a failure. There the unfulfilled, plethoric gentleman whose thrift the fates have fostered from the start. Here the rudderless genius driven hither and thither by passion's pitiless sway until a mendicant's grin claimed him. And here a wondrous beautiful face, with sorrow's presence stamped upon its every lineament. I turn over the card and read for the hundredth time:

"Aminta Fosselli, Sorrento, Italy."

Shall I tell you her pathetic story? In 18—my husband came home early one afternoon to tell me friends of ours were to sail in a few days to spend the winter in Italy. As I had been a fair fever patient the summer before some one had told him an ocean voyage, if begun before the first of August, forestalled an attack.

"If you stay at home," said he, "the money will be spent on doctors and drugs, with distress and sleepless nights to boot. Why not buy health and pleasure with it?" To taking this ocean treatment I was much in favor; consequently in less than a week, accompanied by friends, we boarded a liner at New York bound for Antwerp, with the privilege of landing at Portsmouth, England's great naval station, if desired.

O, that never to be forgotten nine days' sail, under fleecy skies and over rippling waves! Such an experience is the refinement of human enjoyment.

A half dozen tourists or more, bent upon a similar errand, were on board. It was not long before we knew each other, and the mildness or severity of our ailment furnished a topic of conversation at once sympathetic and amusing, some going so far as to confess there was a rage to get on shipboard the hottest six weeks of the year.

From Antwerp over to Cologne by rail, down the Rhine, through the St. Gothard tunnel into Italy, a few days at Milan and Turin, a week in Rome, another in Naples—the most beautiful of all—these filled up my allotted time, and, parting with friends, I turned my steps homeward by way of the Mediterranean route.

When passing out of the Bay of Naples I noticed a young girl on deck, sitting apart, whose eyes were fixed upon the disappearing shore, pinnacled with mountains, towers, spires, and the domes of the seagirt city, so familiar to her. During the day I noticed her position was unchanged, her expression most sad, and her whole bearing indicating utter forlornness.

After leaving Palermo, in the dusk of the evening, I strolled over and took a seat beside her. At this mark of friendliness she burst into tears and sobbed as if her heart would break. I could only stroke her hand in token of my sympathy, ascribing her distress to her first separation from family and home. I sat with her during the evening, and, although she knew no English and I only Ollendorff's Italian, we could watch together the shimmer of the moon's rays over the dark, gentle waves of the sea, the sailing clouds across the bluest of heavens, and enjoy the cooling breeze moving landward.

We left the deck late. At the door of her stateroom she grasped my hand and kissed it with unusual feeling, murmuring, "Ah, madre, mia." "Decry as we will what we are pleased to call foreign obsessions, we are all more or less flattered by it, unless the motive be too obvious. Her kiss of confidence decided me to assume her chaparrone on her voyage to New York. She was alone, and too attractive to escape inviolent criticism. Of medium height, patterned after the rather full Italian type; eyes large and black, the look beaming from their depths genuine and sincere; her features regular save a somewhat full mouth—this blemish redeemed by a pair of rosy lips—the dead whiteness of her complexion softened by an olive tinge, the merest blush

of a tropical sun upon her cheeks, and her abundant hair vying with the raven's wing, resulted in an uncommon beauty, as well as a most distinguished appearance.

I concluded from her graceful bearing, her polite manners, and a pronounced spirituality of expression about her eyes, she was a girl above those ordinarily journeying westward; perhaps a novice, sister of a man, or more probable, on a visit to some well to do relative in New York.

From the first evening she addressed me always as "madre," smiling the while as she touched my brown hair. To abbreviate the story of visits to several considerable cities on the Mediterranean coast, on which occasions my protégé chaperoned me, our delightful sail across the Atlantic, in the same direction Columbus had sailed, with balmy days and starry nights in full measure, at last we were nearing the harbor of New York.

As the great metropolis of the new world loomed to view the young girl grew deathly pale, her whole body quaking with fear.

"What is the matter?" I inquired. "O, madre, mia, madre, mia!" thrusting her hand under my arm, as if for protection. Reassuring her and laughing at her distress, when somewhat soothed, she drew from her bosom a letter, the envelope bearing a crest above the coat of arms. I opened it and read the following, written in a small, cramped, English hand:

"The bearer of this recommendation, Miss Aminta Fosselli, Sorrento, Italy, comes to the United States seeking employment as governess, lady's maid, or in some position suited to her attainments in a respectable family. Her character is above reproach.

"LA SIGNORA CONTESSA M—"

Taken so completely unawares I was astounded and must have betrayed it, but I was not to have the privilege of thinking myself misled. Moving back a few steps and fixing her dark eyes upon me, she said proudly: "No, madama, non inganno; no, no," (deception). The rebuke was not uncalled for, since had I known the truth, I am free to confess, my advances would have been somewhat more formal. But I had intruded upon her privacy; therefore, no deception had been practiced on her part. Had we had a common language, nothing relating to her station in life would have remained concealed. She was the soul of candor.

no acquaintances with her own countrywomen. Unlike other lovely women, she avoided exhibiting herself on the street, nor wished to be seen in public places. If gazed at she appeared embarrassed or offended; a sober sadness in deportment, a growing discontent with everything about her were more manifest day by day. What was her sorrow? I half suspected it.

While I was considering what I could do, or if I could do anything—since her usefulness to me was of little value—Aminta received a large square, foreign letter, the wax seal bearing the crest and coat of arms I had seen upon her letter of recommendation. Her whole being was changed. She laughed and cried for joy. It was the delay of this letter that had brought her almost to the brink of despair. At last it was here! Pressing it to her lips she fled to her room to be alone in her great happiness.

But a few moments had elapsed when I heard her moaning and walking up and down the floor as if beside herself. Something distressing had happened; possibly the death of her father or mother. Hastening upstairs, I rapped upon the door. Opening it, I instantly, she threw herself upon my breast, crying: "O, conti Tito Livio (the Count Livio), O, madre! Il capitano!" I sat down with her, hoping to calm her. But the pent up anguish of months of waiting had weakened her self-control. Her misery must have vent.

It was now decided the time had come when it was imperative for us to know just who Aminta was, so no common event could throw this young creature into such a paroxysm of grief. The editor of *Il Messaggiere* de L'Ovest was sent for. His interview with Aminta was to this effect:

At the age of 18, living with her parents in the sweet tenderness of the Italian middle class family, one day while strolling along the beach she was accosted by La Signora Contessa M—, accompanied by her son, a captain of infantry in an Italian regiment. To enjoy the famous surf bathing of Sorrento they had come from Naples and taken a villa for the summer. The countess was agreeably impressed with Aminta, and after some preliminary inquiries asked to be taken to her parents. The result of the visit was her engagement as lady's maid.

What was more natural and what less to be expected of an Italian captain on furlough from his immediate enlistment in a furious love affair? Owing to the lynx eye watchfulness of his (tired) mother his movements were necessarily more or less strategic. Interviews were almost impos-

ible, but kiss snatching and hand wringings were successfully carried on behind her back, though these delights were robbed of their full measure by the fear of the countess' sudden right-about-face to find him out of military position. Concealment of an overpowering passion, however, cannot long be maintained, or, rather, as the French say, "Love and smoke cannot be hidden."

One day, in watching the lovely contadinella engaged in putting the drawing room to rights, with a recklessness courtly ruin, he seized her about the waist, pressed her to his breast, and kissed her rosy lips again and again. O suicidal gratification! At an opening in the drapery between the rooms stood his paralyzed mother. The ancestral dismay of a thousand generations was pictured upon her face. Nobles are expected to have "affairs," within reason; but the action of her house had transcended his privileges. Decisive action was necessary. The scheming rustic! To America she must go forthwith. That was the rightful country for such as she to operate in.

The captain, owing to every reason under the sun except love, was forced to consent to the separation, though swearing a solemn oath, on Aminta's departure, as soon as he had overcome his mother's opposition he would send her the wherewithal to return to her innamorata. The letter she had received after anxious days and nights of waiting, instead of the expected message, "Viene; viene; O carissima!" (Come, come, O my dear), confessed he had been unable to soften the obdurate heart of the countess, and as he would be compelled to join his regiment in a few days, she had better remain in America for the present.

The editor counseled the same course, assuring her Italian friends in the new world were more sincere than in the old.

"No, no!" she replied, a southern fire flashing from her dark eyes: "Vado a casa, vado a casa, signore!" (I am going home.)

I attempted to reason with her in the same strain. I pictured to her her despair on returning she should find the countess did not consider his promises obligatory and would treat her indifferently. I urged her to remain and try to forget a man so far above her station in life, as it would be nothing less than a miracle if his highborn mother consented to her son's marriage to one out of his class. She wrung her hands the more, crying bitterly, "No, madama, vado a casa; abbiamo amato moltissimo!" (We have loved much.)

We were all deeply concerned over the poor girl's situation. "To go home" was easily said. Her means, however, would barely take her to New York, not to speak of her passage across the ocean. But some way must be found to raise the necessary amount for her return. The editor of the *Messaggiere* was enlisted. In a half dozen hours, through the sympathy of her countrymen, he was able to place the adequate fund in her hands. Falling upon her knees, she cried, "Grazie a Dio!" and ardently kissed her silver crucifix.

On the eve of her departure she made the odd request of me to write a few lines, presumably to whomsoever it might concern, saying she had lived in my family since coming to America, and had been a good, well behaved person; as proof my photograph was indispensable. It was forthcoming, and with the certificate, the captain's miniature, and her cross were enveloped in a dainty handkerchief and placed in her bosom. The next morning farewells were spoken, and, snuggling through her tears, Aminta turned her longing eyes eastward.

A year had passed without a word or news. Had her confident hopes been realized she would have dispatched the fact to me at lightning speed. Her silence but confirmed the story I had prophesied. She was beginning to fade from my mind, one of the kindnesses of time, since I had hoped and half persuaded myself she had overcome her infatuation for the count, was married to some chivalrous neighbor or her own rank, and was leading the life of a modern Hebe among the peasantry from which she had sprung.

Yet when I reflected upon her aristocracy of feeling, her impatience at the grovelling conditions imposed by any sort of labor, coupled with her marvelous beauty, the supposition seemed improbable; yet if not true I hoped I might never know it.

It was not so to be, however. Some eighteen months after her return a letter was received from the editor of *Il Messaggiere* de L'Ovest, then visiting Italy, saying the body of Aminta Fosselli had been recovered from the Gulf of Naples a few weeks before. The broken hearted girl could live no longer in the once fair land now made so desolate by the count's treachery.

The following pathetic verse from Lamartine's "Graciosa"—another forsaken girl—is a befitting epitaph to Aminta Fosselli: Near the shore of Sorrento's sea, Where the blue waves meet the orange tree, In a narrow way by the blossoming hedge, Stands a little stone at the water's edge; A grave it scarce can be.