in a foreign land. I have looked princes in the face, and I have found them no more worthy than men who keep sheep in your mountain pastures, or make sugar from the maples on your hills. I have lived in a great city which had only 8,000 people in it when I first saw it. I now see it with 400,000 inhabitants. I have seen the larger part of it consumed in a day to ashes, carrying away a small fortune of my own. I have seen it come again like Jonah's gourd, but as substantial as stone and brick can make it. In all this experience I have thought of the town you celebrate as the great starting point of all. While tossed upon the ocean waves I have thought of the quiet of your homes. While reposing in foreign lands, in the beautiful country we call our mother England, or in the whirl of giddy Paris, or 'mid the ice mountains of Switzerland, I have dreamed of your village as Alexander Selkirk dreamed of his native land, and at once I seemed to be there. One of the great expectations of my future has been my return visit. I have ever meant to drop down suddenly among you. This would have been a favorable opportunity if I were not previously engaged. But I still hope to fulfill my expectations. When I do I would like to meet the children of the fathers and mothers I knew and tell you the story of my life.

Z. EASTMAN.