

*Expressly for the Review.***Winter.**

BY LEWIS HOWARD LATIMER.*

A measure of grass and a measure of grain,
 A cloudless sky and a sunlit plain,
 A purling brook and a restless sea;
 A world of joy and misery.
 A measure of grass for a hungry cow,
 A measure of grain to sow as seed,
 A thoughtful man with clouded brow,
 A sad-eyed woman forever in need.

The cold, bleak wind of a winter's day was sweeping the dust hither and thither along the streets of a great city. Rich and poor were alike sharers in the discomfort of the day; the latter, however, receiving the greater portion.

Out in the country the cold hills stretched away to meet the colder sky; and the meek-eyed cattle looked over the brown fields and longed in vain for the juicy grass which had been their portion through the long summer days.

Beside the road, on a prominence which enabled its occupants to overlook the distant city, stood a small cottage. The leafless trees about it gave free passage to the rays of the winter's sun, which streamed in through the curtainless windows, and filled the rooms with warmth and light. Rooms vacant of life but for the presence of a drowsy cat, which sat in the sunlight, at one of the windows, blinking at a cow in an adjoining enclosure. Desolation more desolate for the presence of those dumb creatures so dependent upon man's humanity.

The cat blinked and the cow chewed meditatively, while a woman came wearily along the road and entered the dooryard.

The cow gazed thoughtfully at her, while the cat jumped down from the window sill and proceeded to the door to await her entrance. Pushing the gate impatiently aside, the woman entered the yard and, passing to the door, took a key from her bosom and, placing it in the lock, unlocked the door and passed inside.

Sun and fire had combined to shed a cheerful warmth throughout the rooms of the dwelling, and the welcome of the cat was none the less pleasant for the suspicion that it was more the hope of food than affection which made it unusually demonstrative.

The woman, divesting herself of her outer wraps, sat down beside the stove, while the cat walked back and forth, rubbing itself against her skirts and purring loudly in a very ecstasy of expectation.

The cat purred and the woman thought; thought of the bleak city streets, of the stately mansions, of store windows filled to overflowing with attractive goods of all descriptions displayed in the most tempting manner. Of the throng of holiday purchasers, and the more numerous throng of holiday wishers, who might look and wish, but might not buy for lack of means.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive," thought she, "but one must have to give."

The woman arose and, walking to the window, looked out upon the chill landscape—out upon the lonely road along which a half-clad girl was hurrying. Her eyes lingered upon the child as she came nearer and nearer, until only the narrow door-yard separated them.

The child was hurrying on when its wandering glance toward the house revealed the woman looking from the window. The child paused, hesitated, and was about to pass on when she noticed that the woman was beckoning to her.

✦The literary work of Dunbar, Chestnut, [and other Afro-Americans has recently attracted much attention. Mr. Latimer joins these literary aspirants of his race with his present modest contribution. Mr. Latimer is an electrician of prominence, having done important work for Edison and Bell of telephone fame.

She turned into the yard and, passing up to the door which the woman opened, was soon inside the house.

She gave a slight shiver as the warm air of the room made her realize how cold she had been on the road.

"Where were you going?" said the woman.

"For the doctor," answered the child.

"Who is sick?" said the woman.

"Mother is sick and all alone; father has gone to the city to work," said the child.

The woman went to a closet and, taking a small cape from a nail, placed it about the shoulders of the child, and bade her hurry on to the doctor; then, hastily placing some food for the cat and replenishing her fire, she gathered some food and other necessaries and, placing them in a basket, put on her wraps and went out, locking the door after her.

The cat devoured its food and returned to the sun, and the windowsill. The cow stirred about to keep itself warm. The child returned on its way from the doctor's, and the doctor followed shortly after.

Wind and sky and cold brown hills, a silent house, a restless cow and a cat blinking in the sun at the window.

A man is coming across the fields. The cow hears his footsteps and turning, looks expectantly at him; but he passes her by and proceeds to the door of the house. The cow gazes after him for a moment, and then thoughtfully turns away and resumes her chewing.

The man tries the door, then takes a key from his pocket, opens the door and passes within.

The cat comes to meet him and the kettle sings a soft welcome.

The man seats himself for a while, holding a small brown paper parcel in his hand, and lapses into thought. His brows lower, and a weary look comes into his eyes.

He slowly opens the package and reveals a woman's handkerchief, white and new. He looks at it for a moment, then, kissing it softly, rises and, passing into an inner room, opens a bureau drawer, places the package within it and, returning, sits down again.

"'Tis not our gains, but our desires," he thinks, "that make or mar our happiness. I want not that I have; nor have I that I want; for what I want is not what I would have, but that the world would envy me. If happiness be not within, no outward circumstances can bring it, and if within, possessions or the lack of them cannot destroy it. Hope springs eternal in the human breast, and happiness is akin to hope."

The cat is sitting beside the man dreamily listening to the singing of the kettle. The man reaches down and strokes her. She calmly submits to his caress, nor deems it necessary to purr the satisfaction it gives her to feel his gentle touch upon her warm and glossy coat.

The man is thinking gentle thoughts of the woman who went out before he came. Thinking how pleased she will be with the handkerchief he has brought her. Pleased not with the gift, but what it represents. A loving thought of her many needs. A wish to please her. A denial of self.

"The widow's mite was her all," thinks he; "a million could not have been more."

The man arises and goes out to the cow, places his hand upon her neck, looks into her eyes; pats her face and speaks gentle, caressing words to her; then, he goes to the barn and brings her food, puts it before her and returns to the house.

The cat sits where he left her, waiting for him to return to the chair beside her, but he passes through to the room beyond and looks through the window down the lonely road.

A woman is just appearing around a bend, some distance away.

The man looks at her and his eyes soften.

The cat comes to the window, jumps upon the sill, and looks down the road. She sees the woman, rubs her head against the man, and purrs. The woman comes slowly nearer, opens the gate and passes into the yard.

The cow raises its head and extends its neck over the fence toward her, and gives a low moo of welcome.

The woman stops a moment, pats its head, then, turning toward the house, looks through the window at the man within with the cat beside him.

Her key is again in the lock and she passes into the house, into the room, and stands with one hand on the man's shoulder, the other stroking the cat.

She is talking to the man; telling him of the child, of the sick mother, and the timely help in their need; and he tells her of his day and the present he has brought her, and they go to look at it, the cat following.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive," she says, as she holds his face between her hands, looks into his eyes and kisses him.

"That which cometh from the heart reaches the heart," he answers.

"But there is so much poverty in the world," she says, recollecting what she has just seen.

"It is God's way," he answers. "Humanity is purified by its tribulations. There is a way out of it. Mankind will find the way when their hearts are purified, for then the scales will fall from their eyes, for only the purified heart gives clearness to the vision."

"But God is so exacting, and the way is so long," said the woman.

"It is but a minute in the eternity of his creatures," answers the man.

And then there is silence. The wind blows the dust through the streets and over the brown hills, and the cat purrs lazily upon the window sill.

Journal's Symposium on "How Shall Labor and Capital be Reconciled."

BY THE EDITOR.

The *New York Journal* has been publishing a series of papers on the question, "How Shall Labor and Capital be Reconciled?" This symposium has been composed of many contributors of eminence, and nothing is more gratifying than the evidence of the growth of radical thought where such evidence was least to be looked for.

Bishop Potter, whose sympathies are so much more profound than his knowledge of social forces, writes as follows, commenting upon the suggested symposium:

"If you can secure, therefore, as already mentioned, the aid of competent minds representing the different points of view on the labor question in its largest aspect, and if they are willing to discuss it without prejudice and without invective, two results at least may be obtained—a large group of facts, now little recognized, will be brought into view, and all reasonable men, of whatever calling or theory, will be constrained to own, first, that there is no single short-cut, patent-applied-for remedy for a situation so complex; and second, that along lines of mutual consideration and concession that solution is not to be dismissed as impossible.

"To lead men to 'think' and 'know,' not to shout or to shriek or to strike, that is the best service you can render.

"For then, when the time comes that they must both shout and strike, they may hope to do so to some purpose."

That is, men are not to shout or strike, but then, again, they are to shout and strike, providing they can do so to some purpose. This is quite as vague as could be wished for. Nothing is more common, too, than the saying: 'there is no short-cut, patent-applied-for remedy,' and, in a sense, no statement