



Song and Story

FROM

Les Cheneaux

Dr. William Porter

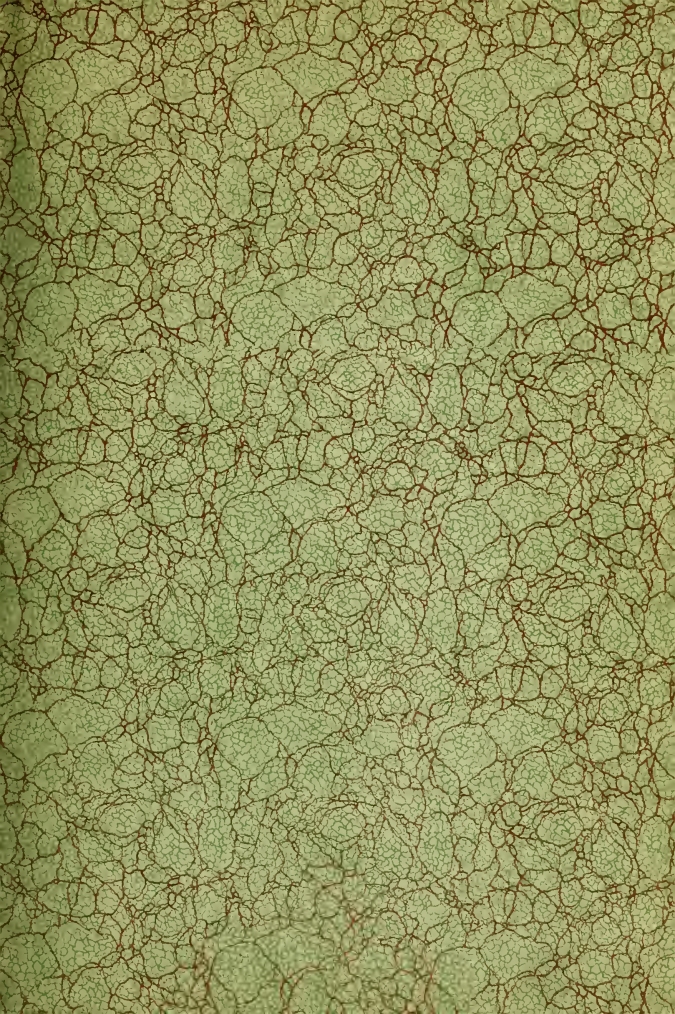


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SONG and STORY

from

Les Cheneaux

Vacation Memories

Dr. WILLIAM PORTER,
Saint Louis

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DR. WILLIAM PORTER

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*Dear wife, do you ask
Why I have written the thoughts that have come to me?
• God has been good to me, life has been kind to me.
You have been near to me, work has been service.
You understood me when days were the darkest.
Now, on the mountain top stand we together,
Behind us the pathway—its hardships forgotten.
Sunshine is over us, light hearts within us;
You understand, dear, why I have written;
For you was the task.*

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LES CHENEAUX.

THE BAY received a morning kiss
That came from azure heights;
The waves, rejoicing, rose and fell
In everchanging lights.

The wind through sighing cedars sped,
The white birch gently swayed,
Moved by the wooing, sweet caress
That o'er its branches played.

The sun appeared with kingly train
Of purple, blue and gold;
His garments fringed with radiant clouds,
Begemmed in every fold.

God's temples in the shaded wood
Were lit by golden rays,
From all the isles white vapors rose,
Incense of prayer and praise.

EARLY MORNING AT MACKINAC.

NIGHT yields to morning, and the fairy island sleeps
On Huron's placid breast. The fleecy covering
Which water-sprites with magic fingers nightly weave,
Moves lightly on the gently throbbing waves, as moves
The drapery o'er the sleeping form of one we love.
The birds within the arbor-vitae groves begin,
In piping notes, to tell the near approach of day.
The breezes bring sweet odors from the pine-clad rocks
And fling the fragrant incense o'er the quiet lake.
Phoebus, with laughing eye, looks on the drowsy East,
Which straightway blushes as a maiden innocent,
And, smiling, leaves her couch to greet the coming god.
The fort upon the hill as yet shows naught of life,
Its white walls looming up like specters of the past,
Hoary with history, and strong yet beautiful.
The boats at anchor in the bay are touched with light.
Bois Blanc appears; its forest in the distance seems
A bold, deep graven line, made by a master's hand.
Above, with lighter touch, Aurora paints the clouds,
While earth and vapor, lake and sky unite
To form this charming, changing, ever-brightening scene.
And now, the far-off light that flashed throughout the night
To guide the mariner, goes out. The stars that shone
With equal brilliancy from higher towers, grow faint.
The heavy shadows of the night are rolled away.
The misty curtains part and leave the lake revealed.
To clothe its lovely form in well-becoming dress,
The sky throws down a robe of blue, flecked o'er with gold;
The trees along the shore in varying shades of green,
Embroider it, and as the morning light breaks full
Over Lake Huron, still upon its breast is seen,
Like purest emerald, the Island Mackinac.

JIM EASTMAN.

SEVERAL times I have tried to paint Jim in words, but somehow the colors wouldn't mix, and the drawing was faulty. In the woods you often find a nook or a vista that you would like to fix on canvas, and you try and try, but you can't get the perspective, or the atmosphere, or the indescribable something that is the soul of it all. You can't get that and you give it up.

Let me try again with Jim. To begin with, I didn't see him at first in the woods; indeed, I never did see him there. He didn't like the woods. He was just a bit too luxuriously inclined, and roaming the woods was so much like work. I think if Mr. Gilbert Stuart were to arise from the dead and paint Jim Eastman under a tree or with a gun on his shoulder, I would protest. It would be a wrong point of view, and Jim wouldn't like it that way. "The woods," he said, "are good enough for Indians and bears and foolish white folks. I may have to take to the woods when I am dead, but not yet."

Yet there never was an Indian more patient, a bear with keener natural instinct than Jim, or a foolish white man who had a more enthusiastic admiration of tamarack and cedar, than he had for a boat. It didn't need a Stuart or Abbey to picture him there. A little tourist chap, who wrote "artist" on his card and was probably spoiling his first or second box of paints, made a picture of Jim and the "Widow," and every one recognized it. He got five dollars for it and almost as much for each of a dozen duplicates. May be that was because Jim signed them. That made them next to artist's proofs, and I wouldn't take a whole lot for mine.

Oh, yes, the "Widow," you say. Let me tell you more about Jim first. He came from away up on the St. Lawrence somewhere, and I guess there was a history or something of that kind in his early days, but he never said much about it. One

day, when we were becalmed, I tried to make him talk, and his silence made me suspect something. Anyhow, he drifted up the great Lakes, and when I met him he was fishing off Les Cheneaux in Northern Huron. A fisherman's life in those stormy waters and through the ice in winter makes men prematurely old, but Jim never seemed old. Of medium height, slender, a little stooped, there wasn't much to attract attention to him from his back, but if you were going the other way and met Jim, well, that was different. I don't remember the special characteristic of each feature except that he impressed me as of middle age, somewhat weather beaten, light hair and tawny mustache, good profile and gray eyes. Ah, there is where you'd stop. You forgot all about the rest of the man when you looked into his eyes, not large, nor prominent, but deep, changeful and grave with a redeeming twinkle creeping into the corners at times. I have seen those eyes quiet and assuring when we were running before the gale that had sent the other boats to shore, or the bottom. I saw them flash with anger scarcely less terrible than his blow, when a bully kicked Annie, his favorite dog. Later, I saw those gray eyes fill with tears as he told me how that same Annie had been washed over-board in a storm.

Now about the "Widow." Well, Jim made the "Widow." He didn't make her out of clay nor from a rib, but out of cedar and oak, and her clothes were of the best and whitest canvas. The "Widow" was his boat—a "Mackinaw" if you please, and none better. Jim looked rather small in the big, graceful, moving beauty. He had all the sheets brought aft and for hours he would lie back, with one hand on the tiller, the other ready to slack or haul in the jib sheet, and all the time those deep gray eyes would be drinking in the lights and shadows of the white capped waves, the slowly drifting clouds, or the distant headland. Then a satisfied glance at the towering white sails, the trim slender masts and the clean,

well kept deck and he would go looking again for something. Sometimes he found it. Once at any rate.

Jim and I had been out in the "Widow." I forgot to say why he called his boat the "Widow." She was the best by far in Huron's waters. Jim said he didn't know how to sail a poor boat, but that was not the reason. Tourists and "Resorters," and even some of the Indians were giving their boats fancy names, or calling them for wives or sweethearts. Jim waited till they had all been christened, then one day he came sailing down the bay, grave and thoughtful as ever, but his pet had "Widow" in big plain letters on her bow. I said "Why?" He said, "It's about all there is left, I guess." I laughed, till I saw a shade of sadness come into his eyes, like a little bit of gray mist in the early morning.

The day that I speak of, Jim and I were running down the Straits before a "Nor'-easter" with only the fore-sail set and that, double reefed. The jib had blown out and Jim said, "It don't matter much, we'll get plenty of water either way." The captain of a big steamer struggling up against the wind signaled us and we worked up under his lee. We made out that there was a boat in trouble off Bois Blanc but too far out of the channel for him to reach. The island was ten miles dead ahead, but we had the "Widow" and the wind with us. Before the steamer was well underway the reefs were out of the big fore-sail. Jim wanted to hoist the main-sail but I mutinied. Jim was always good to me, but I believe in this instance I was good to Jim. It was not sailing as we went down the wind. It was charging. A forlorn hope it seemed, forcing our way over the crested cohorts of the deep. Nothing better at Balaklava and my quiet hero sitting in the stern of his boat, as self-possessed and masterful as though the tiller were the baton of Fate.

It wasn't as bad as we feared. A big catboat had jibed and lost her mast. The strain must have been sharp and quick or she would have gone over. It was not hard to get along-

side. A dozen people were soon our guests, the sailors remaining with the wreck which was anchored.

Though the wind was going down but slowly, Jim offered to take the party to St. Ignace if they thought they could stand the weather. We looked from one to another for answer. Just in front of Jim, her face the other way, sat a lady who had come aboard with a heavy hood over her head. At the sound of Jim's voice she turned. One glance at Jim and I saw in those gray eyes something I had never seen before and I knew why he had called his boat the "Widow."

We made St. Ignace late that night and it was three days before Jim was willing to venture out. Not that the "Nor'easter" blew hard all that time but Jim said he must take good care of the "Widow" and run no risks. I never knew him to be so careful. The evening before we left I saw Jim and the shipwrecked lady coming in from a long walk in the woods. I knew it was a long walk because Jim told me so, but neither of them looked very tired. It puzzled me to know why Jim would spend so much time away from the water, but he said they had been looking up a lost trail to Rest Bay and had found it. "Jim," she said, in a way that made me think she had said "Jim" before, "You need not publish it yet. You had better look after your boat." "Don't care," said Jim, "the Widow is anchored all right."

The next morning as we were beating up past Mackinac Island I asked Jim when and why he had painted out the name "Widow." "Don't mind telling you," said Jim. "It was after that walk last night. She has been "Wldow" long enough and now we'll call her Clara Eastman."

THE SUNSHINE MAIDEN.

I LAY within the forest
One gentle summer's day,
And saw a lovely maiden
Trip lightly down the way.

The path grew bright and brighter,
As she passed beneath the trees;
The flowers seemed to know her,
And nodded in the breeze.

I quickly rose to meet her,
And take her hand in mine;
My eyes were fairly blinded,
Her beauty was divine.

She came and sat beside me,
In the nook that I had found;
'Twas good to have her near me,
Her glory all around.

She only stayed a moment,
She had other friends to see;
The birds were calling for her,
She was needed by the bee.

I watched her slowly going,
'Twas just as I had feared;
The woods were dark without her,
The light had disappeared.

She left me in the forest,
She could no longer stay;
But the memory of her presence
Shed a light upon my way.

Would you know this gentle maiden?
Would you like to know her name?
She was just a ray of sunshine,
But I love her all the same.

SPIRIT OF THE WOODS.

O GENTLE Spirit of the Woods,
That comes with the evening star,
Or rides on the wandering winds of night,
And calls us from afar.

That sweetly calls as the zephers sigh,
"O come, O come to me;
For life in the woods is life to the soul,
A life that is pure and free."

Sweet Spirit, take me by the hand
And lead me forth with thee,
As daylight fades and night comes on
And stars gaze silently;

When shadows fill the long, dark lanes,
And sombre pine trees stand
Like sentinels in dark array,
To guard the enchanted land.

Together we'll seek the merry elves,
That dance beneath the moon;
We'll answer back the night bird's call,
And list to the laughing loon.

We'll leave the shore where the waters sleep,
And the waves are rocked to rest;
For the wild wood ways invite to-night,
And we love the forest best.

So let us roam through the hidden paths,
To the wood nymph's sylvan bowers,
Where the dewdrops deck the bending grass,
Through the flight of the moon-lit hours.

Where wild flowers mingle their delicate scent
With the balm of the balsam fir,
And the feeding fawn is undisturbed
By the sounds of a world astir.

*(Written on a bit of birch bark on the way to my camp in the woods. * * * Don't tell me there are no fairies. I have seen them. I saw two of them slide down a moonbeam into a bunch of grass radiant with dewdrops—but they both got away.)*

ACROSTIC.

As up and down Time's corridor,
My willing feet were straying;
Each year was as an open door,
Right through I passed not staying;
Reaching ahead with hopes and prayers,
Yet sometimes tired and sated,
Came I upon you unawares;
Hearing your song, I waited;
Restful your voice was to my ear,
It raised to new endeavor;
Smooth was the way when you were near;
'Twas thus and shall be ever,
My wife, as hand in hand we go
Along the "now" to the "forever,"
So blest to walk the way together.

THE ANSWER.

I ASKED a star whose constant light
 Begemmed the azure robe of night.
What made it shine with brightest ray
 When all the earth was hid from day?
The bright star trembled in the sky,
 But answered nothing in reply;
Its light was cold, 'twas far away,
 It heard me not, had naught to say.

I asked the breeze that round me strayed,
 As with the rustling leaves it played,
What made its touch so soft and light,
 Like fairy foot-falls in the night?
The truant breeze swept idly by,
 And it, too, made me no reply;
It might have whispered just a word.
 But if it did, I never heard.

I asked the rose, whose rare perfume
 Filled every corner of the room,
What made it grow so wondrous sweet,
 That none with it might dare compete?
The rose looked up into my face,
 With faintest flush and modest grace,
And smiled but never answered me,
 Although 'twas passing fair to see.

I asked Elizabeth to say
 What made me love her all the day;
What made her fill my thoughts by night,
 And crown my days and hours with light?
This time an answer came so sweet,
 My heart doth constantly repeat
The words that make me doubly blest,
 "I love you; you know all the rest."

THE PAGAN.

FATHER GAGNIEUR had his own classification of people.

There were natives, resorters, and Indians—but all of these and others, if others there might be, were, according to the good priest, either christians or pagans. The first class might include the protestants, for Fr. Gagnieur was by no means narrow as some are—but it certainly did take in all the catholics. The pagan class was smaller; in fact, it was very small—only two at the time I speak of, and one of these had moved to Detour. It may seem strange that all others were in one class, but Fr. Gagnieur held that this class included not only those who were but those who might become active believers in the church. The other class—or individual—was utterly beyond the pale. There was a belief, but it was a belief worse than infidelity; it was paganism. As the class was so small, conversions were not to be looked for.

Antwine was the pagan. The legends of his race had found place and impersonation in him. In secret he sacrificed to Getche Manitou. He poured out libations to the evil one and paid tribute of pinches of salt and tobacco when he thought no one was looking. Not that I cared, but I was a bit startled one day when we were sailing to see Fr. Gagnieur suddenly catch Antwine by his "Mackinac" collar and jerk him backward over the thwart upon which he was sitting. "You pagan," shouted the priest; "I'll teach you to sacrifice to Getche Manitou." A storm was coming up and Antwine had slyly tossed overboard a little of the "fine cut" with which he was filling his pipe.

"Father," said I, "doesn't the Constitution guarantee the right to worship God according to the dictates of conscience?" "Yes," he quickly replied, "but it doesn't provide for devil worship. Besides, I don't believe in your Constitution. I'm a Canadian." Meanwhile Antwine had regained his seat and during the discussion, quietly, with a wink at me, tossed over

some more tobacco and went forward to reef the fore sail. While the jib was being taken in and the other sails reefed, Fr. Gagnieur continued to express his opinion of pagans and finally announced that all dead pagans were in hell, or possibly he might have said purgatory—but I think it was the other place. Just then a dark face peered over his shoulder and said in a low voice, but so intense as to be heard in spite of the roar of the wind and hiss of the waves, clear back to where I was sitting at the tiller. "You stop. My mother was a pagan. She is not in hell." Very seldom did Antwine emerge from his incrustation of stolidity but now he was thoroughly aroused and I liked him better for it. Even Fr. Gagnieur looked as though he had found an opening in the joints of the harness of the old chief and was content to wait. The priest knew something of the life and death of old squaw Schumway, something that Antwine did not know.

The winter came all too early in that northern latitude. The snow was deep and there were no warm days to thaw the surface so that when night came a crust would be formed. It was hard traveling, even with snow shoes. Few deer were seen. Wolves came nearer to the Indian village than for long years and the winter's cold was pitiless.

It was long past Christmas and the Indians still waited for their beloved priest. Never before had he disappointed them. A runner came in from the "Soo" about New Years day, but no word from Fr. Gagnieur. Finally a Swede sailor who had crossed from Mackinac on a rude ice boat, brought the message that the missionary had left St. Ignace about three days before, with the purpose to reach his Indian children at Les Cheneaux by an old Chippewa trail which he knew of. Two of his St. Ignace parishioners had gone with him till noon, leaving him with a fair supply of pemmican, tea and courage. He was three days overdue, for the distance was not more than twenty miles.

Antwine stood a long time at the single pane of glass

which he called a window, looking at the snow which had begun to fall again and watching the effect of the rising wind in the tops of the tamaracks. A bad night was coming. Sending Susan, his squaw, to a neighboring cabin and making some excuse for Pete Alec, his boy, to go with her, Antwine quickly (for him) rolled a small bag of pemmican, a little fatwood, some tea and tobacco in a couple of blankets; a box of matches, a tin cup and a small, sharp ax completed his outfit. He left his gun but borrowed (?) Crowfoot's snowshoes, as stronger and wider than his own.

No one saw him leave the village, but night overtook him at Steel's Marsh, only two miles from home. There was a chance that Fr. Gagnieur had gotten to a little hut that stood deserted on the shore, but the hut was empty. The trail to Search Bay and thence to Pt. St. Ignace is hard to find under favorable conditions. It is seldom used since the government surveyed the meridian road to Pickford and thence east to the Point, but it is much shorter and Fr. Gagnieur had left St. Ignace on the trail three days before. Antwine reasoned slowly. Intuition was not his strongest characteristic, and his "think box" was all wood and dense at that. But instinct helped where reason failed.

Of what happened on the trail during the next two days neither Fr. Gagnieur nor Antwine have much to say, but early on the third morning a very tired Indian with torn clothing and arms and shoulders scratched and bitten, was seen carrying an almost insensible form into his hut in the village. Antwine answered all questions by saying: "Little priest most lost, and wolves find him. He here now." It was noticed, however, that afterwards when Antwine offered a libation or tobacco tribute to Getche Manitou, Fr. Gagnieur looked severely in the opposite direction.

Once during the following Summer, Antwine was very sick and sent for Fr. Gagnieur to "baptize him like his Mother." Before Fr. Gagnieur reached him Antwine was better and had made some small promises to the faithful Getche Manitou, but Fr. Gagnieur says he will get him yet.

MY FATHER.

I LAY beneath the star-lit sky,
All bruised and spent; no one was nigh
To cheer the lonely hour;
No voice to break the silent spell
That held in thrall both hill and dell
With unrelenting power.

The night wind crossed the barren lea
That bound the woodland to the sea,
And touched the sandy shore;
The waves received the mute caress.
Yet moved not to the faint impress,
But seemed to sleep the more.

The strife was o'er, and now the ear
That lay on Nature's breast could hear
Her heart's calm, loving beat;
While folded safe within her arms,
She hid her child from all alarms,
Within that safe retreat.

'Twas then, from out the troubled past,
From catacombs, both dark and vast,
Of years that lived and died,
I called for one whose very name
Begot new courage as he came
In answer, to my side.

* * * * *
Had he been borne in other days,
I had no need to sing his praise,
For minstrels of the olden time
Would, long ago, in every clime,
Have sung his worth in joyous strains;

For not in Cœur de Lion's reign,
Nor in the days of Charlemagne,
Nor 'mong King Arthur's men of might,
Was one more knightly than this knight;
In every word and act a man,
And generous in every plan.

Courageous, too, as though inspired,
And strong where strength was most required.
Upon his brow both time and thought
Full many a line of care had wrought,
And on his face at times was seen
A look of grandeur, high, serene,
Which seemed to stamp him as a king;
And such was he of whom I sing.
He lived not on the tented plain,
'Mild clash of arms and martial strain;
He wore no plume nor warrior's crest,
Nor did he carry lance in rest;
But, yet, among his fellowmen,
His shield was truth; his sword, a pen.

He seemed to come to me that hour,
When Fate had, with o'erwhelming power,
Thrust backward all my struggling might,
And made me doubt that right was right.
What matter how the fight was lost,
Or what the cause or what the cost!
I only know I helpless lay,
While friend and foe had gone their way.
'Twas then the heart made sudden cry,
Unchecked by Nature's lullaby.
And did he come? And did he bring
The words that some how seemed to ring
Like trusty steel on warrior's shield,
When fiercest foe is forced to yield?

"Be strong and patient." Was this all?
Was that his answer to my call?
No other balm to ease my pain!
"Be strong and patient. Try again!"
I raised my head; alone I lay,
As I had lain since yesterday.

I thought I saw, far down the shore,
My father's form, as oft before
I watched his step upon the sand.
I knew the gesture of his hand;
It meant that, whatsoe'r betide,
My place no more was by his side.
I might not bring my doubts and fears
To him as in the bygone years.
Too soon he mingled with the shades
That night had strewn upon the glades,
And yet I heard, distinct and plain,
"Be strong and patient; try again."

* * * * *

Although his face I could not see,
His words were sword and shield to me;
The gift of peace came with the morn,
And sleep fell ere the day was born.

WAUPACCA.

WHO called Waupacca? Koue. Here I am. I follow you long way Lilly. Oh, forgive me, sweet paleface sister. I love you Lilly. I love no one like love you, but I do not forget. My heart is there. Waupacca seem like she live, but all is gone now 'cept you, Blossom, and you soon go, too.

Tell you? Why I tell you? Why? 'Cause you love me? Ah, he used to say that, he, Sunlight, he that make all my life bright one time. No more now. Sunlight gone and dark come.

Tell you, sister? Well one time, oh so long, Waupacca come from Ottawa school where have been three years. Father Gagnieur he say, "Learn no more English and French and no more work with needle, but come teach Injuns at "Soo" to love God and be good all the time," just like he teach them.

I hear and go. My father and mother they go, too. All come to that place, find nice home. Father, they call him John, he make Injun canoe go down swift water. Take white people. They pay him good. Mother, she cook and fix clothes. Waupacca talk to Injuns just like Father Gagnieur say.

One time when flowers come and woods green, down where poor Injun baby sick and most die, look up and see stranger in door. Straight and still he stand like young pine tree. See him now. Bim by he say, "You are Waupacca," and then he say, "I know about you. You help poor people much."

I say, "What you do?" He say "Nothing." But I see in his hand some things and know he help poor Injun, too. Then he go and Doctor from Fort he come and say Captain send him. That was Spring time. I see sick baby much and Captain he come sometime. One day fine lady come. She very proud. She laugh at Captain and call Injun baby "brat," but he just look sad,—make my heart sore—but he say nothing.

I ask Father Gagnieur and he say her father big General and she love Captain. I think sometime and say, "My father he big chief—too—once." Father Gagnieur he look long time and say "My poor child." I don't know what for but make me feel bad.

Soon I go to river and watch swift water go over rocks. Sit there long time. Look up and see Captain. He say "Waupacca." I say nothing—just look where water go fast. He sit down and say once more "Waupacca," and I listen. He say much and much he don't say. I understand and tell him stop. He smile and say he stop when river stop, or when he die—maybe not then.

He call me "Southwind" and "Starlight." Say his heart is full and touch my hand. Then I feel like everything go round; look at him and his eyes jest like light of sun. I try to go but how can?

Then I say, "How 'bout fine lady?" He say, "No—she not understand, her heart hard. I want you, jest you—Waupacca." Then he tell me 'bout his mother's mother way back. She had mother that was Injun. Her father, Minnesota chief. French soldier he come from Canada and one officer he love Injun girl and marry her. That big Minnesota family now and Captain like always to talk 'bout how he part Injun, too. He say "Waupacca, that time come again."

All time my heart beat hard but words they come not and he look far away. Then he say, "I wait for you till you know, Southwind," and he go. Next day I stay home and next day. Then go tell Father Gagnieur. He look long time out of window and say like other time "My poor child."

One day jest in same place I sit down and watch water. Captain he come. My heart go into my face and he know. I look other way but he say "Thank God, I know."

Summer time come and go too quick, then Winter come. Captain good and read books and say he happy—that gentle Southwind keep cold Northwind out of his heart. I know he

mean handsome lady that is so hard. I say, "Sunlight, why you not change Northwind?" He laugh and say, "I change Southwind soon—next Spring, may be." and we both laugh, that time—jest low.

One day Father Gagnieur, he come and say, "Courage, Waupacca." I say, "Waupacca daughter of chief." Once more he say "Poor child," and tell me big war come and Fort Brady soldiers all go. I hear, then go to river. Snow make ground all white, now; Captain there first. We talk not much but jest walk and watch river. Then bugle blow. He stop, put his hand on my shoulder—look in my face long time, then say "Waupacca, you love me?" I look at him and he jest like sunlight—my Sunlight. I feel glad, but light too strong for my eyes. I say "Yes—yes." Plenty words come now but I not need them. He put his strong arm 'round me and say, "I will come back for you." Then bugle blow more and I all alone. But still hear him say "I will come back for you," and I wait and wait.

Sometime they try tell me 'bout the war but I say "No, wait till Sunlight come." Once more Spring time come—then Summer. I jest wait. Some day see poor people and some day walk by the river, but don't see swift water now but see big ships and smoke and all get dark,—then hear somebody call me, way off but can't answer. One day look at Fort and see flag again. See it more, but it stay jest 'bout half time to top. Father Gagnieur he come and sit down. Bim by he put head on table and cry "Mon Dieu—Mon Dieu." I feel cold but say nothing.

Then hear big gun, then more. Then music come but it all sad. They all go to side of river. I see fine lady. She cry some. Bim by all come back. Music not like it was—sound like try to forget.

Then Father Gagnieur he say, "Come, Waupacca," and we go most to river. He stop and I come. See trees all 'round and everything just same. Look more and see this, under

big tree, just where used to lie, see this. Grass all put back again and all through grass I see sunlight and know my Sunlight come back again.

Somebody put flowers, but them I take away Then sit down, put head on grass and wait and wait. Every day I come. Fine lady she come one day and look at me. Look long time. I say nothing,—then she say "Fool." I hold grass tight so Sunlight not hear. Then she go away and come not back.

But Waupacca she still wait and go out and sit with Sunlight on grass. Sometime, when wind blow soft, he whisper Injun girl, "I love you, Southwind." and feel his arms 'round me again and heart grow warm.

Bim by Winter come and Sunlight will say "Come, Waupacca; come, Southwind. I take you where birds sing all time for you and flowers look long for sweet Southwind, where Injun girl's heart not get sick," and I want to go. But Sunlight say, jest like old time, "I will come back for you, Waupacca," and I wait and wait.

IF YOU KNEW.

IF you knew the true worth of a word or a look
In the current exchange of love's mart,
If you knew of the value of only a smile
In the market reports of the heart,
You would venture a word or a look now and then,
And invest a small part of your treasure
In the purchase of bonds held in trust by a life,
And you'd throw in a smile for good measure.

THE MASTER BUILDERS.

I WOULD my words were equal to my theme—
But then, if things were other than they seem,
An abler tongue should voice your thought to-night,
Another pen the praises should indite
Of that which claims your fealty; and yet
You will it, I obey; it is "kismet."

We're told, in Bonnie England, when they say
"God bless the King," as well we know they may,
Each truly British bosom swells with pride;
For whatsoever else they do beside,
They're loyal always to the powers that be.
For English bow and stubborn English knee
Have oftentimes been bent to have it shown
How firmly fixed is England's royal throne.
In this fair land 'tis true we have no king
Nor queen, nor ancient throne. No anthems ring
For high-born princeling or presumptive heir;
And yet, somehow, we all allegiance bear
To what is right and royal. So we say,
God bless you all, God bless America.

I've watched the masons toiling day by day
To build a massive structure by the way;
Rough-shapen stones and mortar lie around,
While chaos reigns and fragments strew the ground.
The plans are drawn, the firm foundation made,
Yet all is incomplete until we trace
The outline of the key-stone in its place;
Each part by it united, great and small;
They carry it, and yet it binds them all.

Let history point with words none can erase,
What hour was thine and where the eventful place
That saw thy coming, Spirit of the Free,

And gave thee home and built for liberty,
From stones that once paid tribute to a king,
A fortress whose deep arches ever ring
With shouts of mighty import to the world.
By what broad river was the flag unfurled
That made our country free? Where first began
The building of this wall of mighty plan?

* * * * *

We love the stately Hudson; who does not?
And could we have its history enwrought
With tale and legend, not the far-famed Rhine,
Whose ancient castles still o'erlook the vine,
Could better sing to more attentive ears
Heroic measures from the vanished years.
But we whose lot is cast 'neath western skies,
Yield not to eastern tales of high emprise.
We, too, have felt the forceful hand of right,
That "vis a tergo" of unyielding might.
We hear the drum-beat of the march of mind,
Stronger and stronger, borne on every wind.
All through the clanging noise of daily strife
We hear some fragments of "the song of life;"
Of these we make with many a changing score,
Life's anthem on the Mississippi's shore.

And yet, O Delaware, 'twas on thy shore,
Six score of fleeting years ago or more,
That builders, building better than they knew,
Laid a foundation firm, compact and true,
On which to rear a mighty arch; and then,
They traced their plan upon the hearts of men.
Of men the workers—men who gave their all,
Who gave themselves—material for the wall.
And so from where the Alleghenies rise,
With oak and chestnut crowned, toward the skies,
From where Potomac's waters seek the bay,

Or Chattahoochee chatters all the day;
From western prairies, toward the setting sun,
On whose broad bosom soon to be begun
A life gigantic—from New England's coast,
The home of those of whom we make this boast—
Their fame is more enduring than the shaft
Cut from their granite hills by master craft—
From North and South, from East and West, they came,
Each one a knight as worthy of the name
As those who followed Cœur de Lion's plume.
What time he sought to seize the sacred tomb.
But change we not the figure, for these men
While knights of high renown, loved more the pen,
Which in their hands was "mightier than the sword."
With heart and brain they wrought with deed and word;
They built an "Arc de Triumph" that might tell
Of principles and truths revered so well.
Not theirs to vaunt success by might and main,
Or drag the car of vict'ry o'er the slain;
For they were pledged to nobler, deadlier strife—
Oppression was their foe; their guerdon, life.

You know the record, how, as years have gone,
The work has prospered. Stone on stone,
Laid in the cement of united will,
And carved and fashioned with the utmost skill.
Some are memorial tablets; some o'er grown
With ivy, and on each of these a crown.
Their work is done. *Aere perennius*,
And now their sacred message comes to us:
"Build ye and build ye while ye may;
Our work is yours, the burden yours to-day.
So shall we rest. In you we live again.
If you are faithless, we have lived in vain."

To you, young men, our State and City call.
A few short years and on your heads will fall
The oil of consecration and the choice

Of leadership. Your words must voice
The thought unuttered and the deep heart cry
Of those whose hands will shape your destiny.
Be not content to fill some little niche
Except as stepping stone o'er bog and ditch.
You have a larger place within the gates,
A place where sacred trust with honor waits.
And you to whom so much is freely given,
Your gift becomes a debt in sight of Heaven.
Should you not use it as a sacred thing?
A trust to aid the business of the King?
You've asked for home, for friends, for higher place;
For health and strength to run and win life's race.
All these are yours to have and hold, and yet
Should you, through pride of name or place, forget
That these are also trusts, too late the gift
Becomes a burden which no power can lift.
Too late the man encased with sordid gold
Becomes a mummy—soulless—bought and sold
Within the market places; for have not
The bonds and stocks replaced the man whose lot
Has narrowed down, his very soul compressed,
By gains that only add to life's unrest?
Be Heaven's gifts as wings, not clogs to you.
May they invite you to a wider view
Of man and noble manhood. Let "Ich dein,"
The royal motto, on each crest be seen.

Oh, men! Oh, men, my brothers, be ye strong
In purpose and in hatred of the wrong;
Strong both to will the right and strong to do.
Do you not know the world has need of you?
More need of you than you of it? I hear
On every side the call, from far and near,
For better manhood, higher aim in life,
Something beyond the sordid, selfish strife

That warps the soul. The wall on which we **build**
 Is higher now than when the master guild
 Was young. Lift, then, unto its very top,
 Yourselves and all you have, nor stop
 To barter for the rubbish at your feet.
 Seek not for gold to make your work complete—
 The world is cursed with gold the few
 Have molded into fetters. It is you
 Men ask for. What to them is your reply—
 Your answer to the sad and hopeless cry?
 The world demands the best of all there is;
 You are the product of the centuries.
 The past has laid its treasure at your door;
 The present calls you "Lord." What more
 Do you require? Think you, is not this much?
 Not much but little, save you are in touch
 With human needs and human wrongs and woe.
 Your hands are empty hands unless you go—
 As only you can go—upon the field,
 Where life's fierce battle rages under shield,
 And man to man, to aid the sore distressed—
 To raise the fallen, succor the oppressed,
 And all the while to work toward the light.
This is your mission and your vested right.
 It is from labor such as this you bring
 Material for the arch of which we sing.
 With consecrated heart and brain and life,
 Be "lifters" always, victors in the strife.
 Be sure "'tis good for strength"—so runs the song.
 "To know that some one needs you to be strong."
 The banquet lights have burned almost too long;
 The hours, with happy repartee and song,
 Have passed unchallenged. On the goblet's rim
 The ice no longer tinkles, and the hymn
 The night wind sings is hushed. The morning light
 Will show to-morrow's duties soon. Good night!

FLOWER OF THE NORTHERN WOODS.

I FOUND a flower in the northern wood
Under a giant tamerack tree,
Right in the midst of my path it stood,
Graceful and sweet and fair to see.

I stopped to inhale its rare perfume,
And my soul with its fragrant breath was filled;
I longed to shelter its peerless bloom,
Ere the winds of winter its life had chilled;

But my touch was rude and it shrank from me,
Folded its petals and bent its head;
It was safer, far, 'neath the tamerack tree—
It needed no shield but its mossy bed.

So I left it there in the northern wood,
With its friends the mosses and guardian tree;
And it seemed to me to have understood
That I loved it best where it loved to be.

O flower of the woods, you are sacred now,
In your leafy shrine where the evergreens grow;
But your beauty has entered my soul, somehow,
And I cannot and will not let it go.

HOW SLEEP CAME TO JIMMY STEPTOE.

NEW YEAR'S night was an anxious night in John Steptoe's cabin. Jimmy was sick—he was very sick. Never a strong boy, he caught a bad cold Christmas day, then a fever came and with it a headache. Jimmy couldn't sleep with this fever and headache and during the long night hours when the snow was softly falling outside and the lamp flickering on the mantle he would see strange sights and queer people. Sometimes he would talk to a funny little old man who kept making faces at him from the log fire while he smoked a curious old gnarled pipe. His mother tried to get him to go to sleep but it was no use. The fire man and the strange people would come hack and the tired, feverish eyes could not close.

Two days and nights passed this way, then the mother told John that they must have the doctor. He might not come, for it was a long hard journey, but they must try. At daylight—New Year's morning—John started and it was late in the day when he reached Dr. Craig's. He told his story as best he could. The doctor had just come back from a long ride in the other direction. It was far to where Jimmy was and it was getting dark, but John could not be denied. He thought of the sleepless boy and the lonely mother and his slow speech was eloquent.

John's horse was jaded and the doctor rode alone. Many times had he been over that forest trail but never on a night so dark and cold. The white snow fell so fast that it seemed to make the way darker. The patient horse stumbled along slowly over hidden branch and rut. The doctor was cold and tired for he had been up all the night before with Hans Grayson, a typhoid fever victim, but he dared not take even a cat-nap in the saddle on such a night.

Just before midnight Jerry picked up his ears and in horse-talk, which the doctor understood, said that yonder was the

Steptoe cabin. Soon Jerry was in the shed and the Doctor at the door. A big man was Doctor Craig and as he entered covered with snow and looking so fierce from under his heavy black eyebrows, Jimmy thought he had never seen such a monster. He was so different from the little fire man who would sit and grin and wink at Jimmy all night.

The doctor had a way of his own. He made Jimmy's mother go to bed. He sat down beside Jimmy and felt his hand. He wasn't as rough as he looked, Jimmy thought, and he sat there a long time. Soon the little fire man began smoking and winking at Jimmy. The doctor took the tongs and put him out of business, then he sat down again and looked at Jimmy. It was a long, searching look, and Jimmy was almost afraid, so he partly closed his eyes and waited. Soon the doctor got his medicine case and poured a few drops from a bottle into a cup of water. Jimmy seemed quiet. The doctor sat down again and watched him. The clock over the door struck one and went on ticking. Jerry was crunching some corn in the shed. The lamps burned a little lower. The doctor held the cup in his hand and the hand gradually rested on the arm of the chair. His head dropped lower and lower. He thought of Hans Grayson, of John Steptoe whom he had left behind, of the long cold ride, of Jimmy—and—and—

It was strange to Jimmy to see this big man who had just killed his fire friend, go to sleep with the medicine cup in his hand. Sleep! Why it seemed so easy. Great deep breaths! Why couldn't he do it? One—two—three—he missed one, he thought, and had to go back. One—two—four—seven—why, he used to count better than that. Such deep breaths, too. May be if the doctor wakened and saw him he would be angry. Jimmy closed his eyes to pretend he slept, and the count went on—one—two—four—eight—and then—he was so tired and the fire man had gone. One—three—four—seven—

How the cup came to fall, the doctor never knew. Certainly he had not been asleep—but strange to say Jimmy was sleeping. Long, deep breaths, too, and so regular; more like a man's breathing than that of a sick boy. He must have had a large dose, but it was doing its work. The falling cup awakened Jimmy's mother. "Go to bed again, Mrs. Steptoe. It was an accident. If Jimmy wakes, I will repeat the medicine," said Dr. Craig. But Jimmy slept on.

On the way home the doctor met John slowly following the almost obliterated trail up the mountain. "Jimmy will get well, John," said he; "all he needed was a good sleep, and fortunately I had the right medicine with me." Soon after a learned article on "Hypnotics" appeared in the Toronto Journal of Medicine, but for the life of him the honest old doctor could not state positively which of the several sleep producers he used in Jimmy Steptoe's case. Unconsciously he had employed a remedy not found in his *materia medica*, whose potency can only be measured by the receptivity of the patient and suggestion which may or may not be, dependent upon skill and purpose.

FEBRUARY FOURTEENTH.

WERE there an island, bright and fair,
And we could live forever there,
Where waves in ceaseless music flow,
Where lobsters live and oysters grow—
Where palms and dates and bread-fruit trees
And oranges wave in the breeze;
If turtles here had their retreat,
And we could have enough to eat,—
If you'll be kind and good to me,
And get my breakfast, dinner, tea,
If you'll do this,—then I am thine,
That is—I am your

Valentine!

MY LOVE, COME BACK AGAIN, I PRAY.

MY love, come back again, I pray;
Come back and make my darkness, light;
Would I might see thee ere the day
Is folded in the arms of night.

I wander down the crowded street,
And yet I seem to be alone;
I note the rush of busy feet,
Yet walk as though to all unknown.

I look in vain for one sweet face
Amidst the surging, human throng,
Yet fail to find it any place,
Though search I far and near and long.

Then home again. I come once more,
Obedient to my fireside's call,
Where light is wavering o'er the floor,
And casting shadows on the wall.

I wheel my chair, with easy turn,
Into its long accustomed site;
Then sit and watch the embers burn,
And note the cheery, changing light.

December's wind is at the door,
Its frost upon the window pane;
The snow king's legions sweep once more
Across the frozen, wintry plain.

But o'er my soul these have no power,
Without is where their empire ends;
And in this quiet evening hour,
My fire and I are best of friends.

Yet all the while I've sought the face
Of one I love so fond and well,
And longed her lineaments to trace
Where lights and shadows rose and fell.

But, see! My gentle fire grows bright,
A spell is on the trembling flame;
A fair, sweet face, all touched with light,
Smiles at me as I breathe her name.

The love-light glistens in her eyes,
The lips, half parted, seem to tell,
As round her, lambent glories rise,
"I love you, dear; I love you well."

The words go singing to my heart,
All glowing with the fire of love;
And peace with gentle, kindly art,
Comes stealing o'er me from above.

But now the fire is burning low,
And sleep has cast its heavenly spell;
Yet still I see the fire-light's glow,
I see the face I love so well.

And thus, awake, I see thee still;
Or sleeping, hold thee in my heart;
Waking or sleeping, keep thee till
The fire of love from life shall part.

THE SANCTUARY.

THE light, with ray subdued, falls gently o'er
Chancel and aisle;
And in Thy courts my soul, O Lord, once more
Would rest awhile.

I've borne the load through all the busy week
Of life's demand;
Now, tired and longing, Thine own altars seek
At Thy command.

I crave, this day, Thy peace, pure and serene;
May it be mine.
Show me Thyself; show me the world unseen,
Father divine.

The still, small voice is in the organ's peal
And in the psalm,
Yet I am wave-tossed; Lord, Thy power reveal;
Change storm to calm.

On wings of prayer let me ascend to Thee,
There let me stay;
Make me to be what Thou wouldst have me be
This holy day.

And when Thy touch shall fold my eyelids down,
O Lord of Life,
And heaven-sent slumber all my vigils crown,
After the strife,

I ask Thy parting benediction, Lord,
And grant me then
To hear, ere heart-strings break, that grand, sweet chord,
"The last Amen."

WHEN THE LIGHTS WENT OUT AT MOUNT ST. ROSE.

MOUNT ST. ROSE was something more to Barbara than a hospital. For two years it had been her home, and a better home than she had known before. The great building added to the height of what by courtesy was called a "Mount," and surely the smile of the patron saint touched the lawn and the rose beds lavishly. Barbara's bed was one of five in the large corner room. Only consumptives were cared for at this hospital, and though the doctors said all of these five girls had consumption, they were not very bad and so were permitted to occupy together this great room or ward as it was called.

Each had a window, and Barbara could look from her window eastward down the valley, over Horn's Grove, across the great river and the lowlands to the far-off bluffs, beyond which lay the "Grand Prairie." Her home was over there, and on clear days she could see a little speck on the horizon which she said was their house. The sister in charge of the ward looked through the telescope belonging to the hospital and saw that what Barbara thought was her home was only a small clump of trees. She did not tell Barbara, and the little girl kept on pointing out to her friends her home and telling them of father and mother and little baby brother.

The great sanatorium had many patients, but none more cheerful and brave than Barbara. The doctors said one lung was infected and being such a little thing with poor powers of resistance and faulty assimilation (whatever that meant), she was not likely to win in her fight for life. For a while she did exceedingly well. Not a murmur or complaint escaped her. She looked across the river to the little home spot and counted the weeks until she could go back. The doctors said she could go when the cough stopped, but the cough wouldn't stop, and sometimes at night the home-going seemed so far off.

One day—such a nice, bright sunny day it was—Barbara had a chill. There was no cause for it that she knew, and after the chill came a fever. The doctors examined her and said something about “mixed infection” and “micro-organisms,” but she forgot about that when the fever came and left her weak and discouraged. Barbara had been sleeping out on the veranda so as to get all the help she could from what was called the “fresh air treatment,” but now the sister said she had better have a room to herself. The new room was on the opposite side of the building and she could not see her home, but the other girls would look every day at the spot where she thought it was and tell her they saw it. The new room was not as large as the ward room, but she had it all to herself and soon became used to the stillness. She did not sleep out on the veranda any more, for the doctors said her new room was so well ventilated that it was quite the same as out of doors, and she was so tired and feverish in the evening that it was best to let her stay in her room.

Barbara was a little Catholic girl, and when she was well enough she loved to go to mass and benediction, and when the good priest blessed the people, she felt a new strength; but now she could only lie in bed and listen to the sisters singing in the chapel, which was on the same floor, or now and then catch a word from Fr. Sebastian at the altar. She had her rosary, however, and that was a comfort; and the priest would come in sometimes, and the sisters often, and talk to her so gently and earnestly about the better home that she almost forgot about Mount St. Rose and the home on the bluffs.

During the summer in which she had hoped to go home—that is, the old home—she grew weaker and weaker. The cough was worse, the days long and the nights restless and feverish. But the change so apparent was not all for the worse. As the color faded from her cheeks, a new beauty came into her face. The eyes shone with a clear, steady

light that seemed almost a promise of getting well. The lips were losing their redness and fullness, but they took on a smile not pathetic or pitiful, but a smile of exquisite sweetness which seemed to be born of something far beneath the surface. To the nurses and doctors she was always "better," and in a truer and higher sense she certainly was.

There was no scarcity of light at the hospital. During the day, every room was flooded with sunlight, for each room and hall and vestibule had two or more large windows through which both air and sunshine passed unchallenged by curtains or tapestry. When night came, hundreds of lamps fed by the powerful dynamo, made the building look like a great lantern or light house of hope, sending its message far away through the darkness. Barbara loved the light, but now sometimes, when the fever was high and her head ached, she would ask the sister to "make the room all dark" so she could sleep.

It was not all dark, however, for sometimes the door would stand a little open and the ray of light from the corridor would seem to her like the golden ladder that the sisters told her of, which came down from heaven to a good man once, and she wondered if it could come for her. She was not sure about the angels, but when she would fall asleep she would hear them, and when she did the sister knew it because the smile was there even as she slept. It didn't worry her that she was not getting better. Some of the other girls had gone home cured and now would send her flowers, or better still bring them and try to say cheery things to her, but these evidences of affection did not seem to impress her much. The old longing, home-seeking look grew more fixed and one day when the sister read to her what St. Bernard had written of "Jerusalem the Golden with milk and honey blest," tears came into her eyes, but the smile that drove them away, remained.

The summer days had gone and October was painting her

Autumn colors on maple and sumac. A tender light rested on the distant hills, a gossamer veil of purple fringed with gray. The mist that rose from the river often shut out the distant landscape so that Barbara could not always have seen her Illinois home even had she been back in her cot in the ward. Only a few belated roses looked up at the windows, and many of the birds had gone. The days were still bright, but not so long, and Paul turned on the electric lamps a little earlier each evening. The nights were longer, so long that Barbara thought sometimes that morning would never come. Not that it made much difference, she knew, for the days even now were long to her, but she wanted to hear the sisters singing in the chapel and to join with them as best she could in their morning prayers.

One night she lay looking out of the window. It was a north window, not like the one in the ward which had for so long been such an open book, with the brightest of pictures. She could see the outline of the distant city, which seemed a great ghost land where mystic lights and shadows, like spirits of good and evil, strove for the mastery. Sometimes she was afraid that the good spirits would be driven away by the great swarms of wicked ones that would come in heavy dark clouds; but the good spirits kept their place till the coming of the day and the morning sun. It was just the same way with the stars. She could see the "Great Dipper" and its pointers that were always holding true to the North Star. At times banks of black clouds would hide the stars and the night would be so dark that Barbara would turn away from the window to watch the ladder of light coming in from over the door, but the next night the stars would be as bright as though there never had been a cloud in the sky.

It happened one night that something was wrong with the dynamo. Paul tried his best, but the current would break or find a short circuit and the lamps would now and then go out.

Finally they ceased to burn altogether. It was very dark in the great hospital, and Barbara thought it was getting cold as well. She tried to ring for the night sister, but the bell cord had slipped away. The lights of the great city were hidden in dark shadows. It was dark everywhere, and cold. Even the stars did not shine. Barbara tried to lift her head, but she could not. She had never felt quite this way before. She could no longer hear the sister in the corridor and when she tried to call, her voice failed.

Suddenly she saw, as did one of old, a great light; not the little ladder that had struggled in from the corridor, but a great broad stairway, white and luminous, and angels coming toward her. Surely she was not mistaken. Far above the topmost step was a star brighter than the North Star, so bright and radiant that the whole room was flooded with the glorious light. Was it the sisters singing again, "Jerusalem the Golden," that Barbara heard? Nearer and clearer came the strain. "My Happy Home," "Name Ever Dear." Her feet were already on the lower step, "When Shall I See" sang the voices, and she went on and up.

When Paul got the dynamo adjusted and the lights burning it was after midnight, but Barbara had been gone quite a while.

NIGHT.

THE day is dead—yet with the changing hour
Another day is born to Mother Night.
O Matron radiant, thy hair begemmed
With stars, thy face touched with the light
That falls alike on ocean and on stream
Whose fountain-head is in thy very heart,
Thy form is ever clothed with sombre shades
Caught from the forest and earth's deepest caves.
How wonderful thou art! How truly loved
By those who long to know the mystery
Of silence and the power of hidden things!
Art thou not weary giving birth to sons
That die? To days, that ever droop and fade?
Thy children leave thee, love the garish light
And vex thy quiet spirit with the clang
Of fretful life with all its noisome ills,
And with their strength all spent, at evening come
To thy fond mother arms, to sink and die.
Take me, O Mother, let me be a son
To thee, for I am stronger and more true
Than many days. I will not go from thee
And fill my span of life with heated strife
And vanity. Let me but lay my head
Upon thy heart and in thy loving fold
Make me to know the sweetness of thy kiss
Upon my cheek—the restfulness thy love
Can give, and in return I'll swear to thee
To be thy child, O Mother Night divine.
Inspired by thee, I'll work and find success,
And then from thy deep, cooling founts of life
And wisdom, I will drink again until
My soul ecstatic, claims thy deathless stars
As brothers, and thy boundless heavens
Its camping ground for all eternity.

SAILING ON THE STRAITS OF MACKINAC.

THE Channel Islands (Les Cheneaux) are almost due north of the Island of Mackinac. In fair weather it is a pleasant sail—in a light wind a bit tedious—but when it blows fresh from the southwest, or strong and constant from the Georgian Bay, then ho, for a snug reefed canvas and plenty of ballast to the windward side.

The favorite boat for all kinds of weather in the Northern Huron country is "the Mackinaw," used mostly by the Indians, but modified somewhat by white sailors. The Indian Mackinaw is a gigantic canoe with two masts, jib, fore and mainsail, though many have the fore-mast stepped well forward and lack the jib. All have a centerboard and the largest are quarter or half-decked.

The *Aida* is a model of this class, thirty feet keel, nine feet beam, carrying a large spread of canvas for her size, including fore and main top-sails. Under the skillful sailing of her former owners, Joe Osmuck and Willie Wing with a crew of six, she won the '99 St. Ignace races. She was afterward "captured" by her present crew and one fine day in September lay at anchor behind the islands, scarcely moving in the light south wind.

"Who says 'Mackinac Island' this afternoon?" Nobody answers. Some of the party had experienced the full force of an "ash breeze" in other days, and at the first glance the indications were rather for oars than sails. But all the same the clouds in the east were beginning to move, the smoke of a steamer on the horizon showed a long, dark horizontal line, and the distant forests of Boise Blanc stood up clear and distinct. "We will have wind and a plenty before night."

A hasty dinner, a rapid overhauling of oilcloths and "sou'-westers" and a putting to rights of spare ropes and sails

and we were ready. The canvas was set, the dory lashed amidships and the anchor weighed. Slow enough it was to Point Brulee at the entrance of Les Cheneaux, four miles to windward in the lightest of winds. Incoming boats pitied us and the inward bound steamer signaled us that she would tow us on her return trip. A safe proposition, Captain McCarthy, but the *Aida* was never built to be towed.

Meanwhile a thin green line is seen on the water to eastward, the clouds scurry faster and the gulls are noisy on Goose Island. It is almost a calm with us and the big fore-sail is beginning to flap, but the barometer is falling a bit and as the long line of green comes nearer and nearer it is seen to be touched with white. "Hurrah for the southeaster!" Mackinac sailors know what that means and woe to the skipper who is "at sleep in the ship" at such a time. With the first puffs the *Aida* was headed up into the wind. The jib was lowered and stowed away with the top sails, for one does not want even a well furled head sail on a Mackinac when the wind blows full and strong from the Georgian Bay.

Did we reef? Possibly we should have done so, but the fore sheet was eased off and held by two of the crew—a safe proceeding at times—and if the wind blew too hard we could lower the peak of the big fore-sail. Soon it was upon us. Away we went, everybody on the gunwale and the waves breaking merrily over the quarter. How they did roll up! How the water boiled astern!

A well built Mackinaw will run almost as fast, far over, as on an even keel. Indeed, even with shifting ballast it is hard to keep such a boat on an even keel in much of a wind. So over we went, a little water over the washboard doesn't hurt, and one of the crew was an expert at baling.

Stronger and more steady comes the wind and the waves chase each other like galloping squadrons of cavalry. Faster and faster flies the *Aida*. Farther over, if possible, she goes

under the heavy pressure, while a big roller washes her fore-deck and drops a barrel of water on the "larboard watch."

"Ease off the fore-sheet." "The main-sheet a little," then a point or two off the wind, which is almost abeam now, and the *Aida* is steadler and less wet. A sloop making for the island is not far off, but she is under reefs and we are to the windward. We pass her. The little St. Ignace mail-boat is a mile to the west heading up into the heavy sea, but she is slow and we are flying. Who wants a tow! Not we—not the *Aida*.

The gale increases as we sweep around Mission Point, under the guns of the S. S. Michigan, and drop anchor behind the great dock. The sails are lowered and lashed, the lights are swung, and we exchange our wet clothes for dry ones under the foredeck. The dory puts us ashore and, as we accept the Captain's invitation for "dinner at the Grand," we turn again to watch the *Aida* tugging at her anchor rope, as though she wanted another dash in the "south-easter" in the Straits of Mackinac.

TAKEN.

THE hour of my triumph is over,
My guests have left me to weep;
My heart beats wildly with passion,
My eyes, oh, would they might sleep!
Oh, Stranger, why didst thou mock me?
I thought thou wert gallant and true;
My mansion was open to greet thee,
My heart,—perhaps it was, too.
Without it is steadily raining,
And it pains me to think of the dawn,
For thou whom I trusted hast left me—
And my best umbrella has gone!

REVERIE.

Yesterday.

THE shadows lie along the hill,
The warbling songsters homeward fly,
The katydid's low, plaintive trill,
Does to the whippoorwill reply.

Far down the west the sun-lit clouds
Fast deepen to more sombre hues,
The gathering shade the landscape shrouds,
And sable night her claim renews.

Strange thoughts come up at close of day,
Not every one a welcome guest;
Yet out of all that throng my way,
I choose the good and leave the rest.

Those please me most that tell of home,
And boyhood's early fancies bring,
Ere ever I had learned to roam
And found the world a hollow thing.

Around the evening lamp I greet
Loved ones remembered long and well,
While all me meet with welcome sweet
And own Love's silent, mystic spell.

That day has long, long since passed by,
And yet it visits me once more;
I hear my mother's lullaby
Through memory's half-unclosed door.

Brothers and sisters crowd around,
My father, too, with kind advice;
Could these forever us surround,
How few would learn the ways of vice.

But more than these, yes, more than all,
A fair, sweet face I think I see;
And oft when memory sounds recall,
In evening's hour, she comes to me.

Comes like a bird upon the wing,
Comes in the calm and twilight hour,
And sings me as she used to sing,
In low, sweet tones of Love's great power.

Our ways have been through waters deep,
Yet boyhood's day dream pictures you
Ere ever you had learned to weep,
Or tears had dimmed your eyes of blue.

Ah, once for me life's cup o'erflowed
With life and hope too full to last;
Now, like the clouds that latest glowed
In evening's lingering light—'tis past.

Who, then, could tell a few short years
Could so much change the heart and head,
That boyhood's hopes and boyhood's fears
Should, like a vision, all have fled.

To-day.

Yet in the later, better day,
The dream has gone except in dreams;
The larger love has come to stay,
And life is better than it seems.

The little brook by which we stood,
Is now a river deep and wide;
The apple blossoms in the wood
Have changed to fruit on every side.

Remembrance is not all a tomb,
From it we have the harvest's gain;
Without the springtime orchard bloom,
We now would seek for fruit in vain.

Without the brooklet running free,
Through vale and plain, o'er rocks and sands,
The river would not seek the sea,
Nor bear our bark to better lands.

So I would turn not if I might.
To-day is more than yesterday;
And time with onward, endless flight,
Forbids returning o'er the way.

MY WIFE.

THE Winter winds are at the door.
The rustling leaves have left the bough,
The robin's song is heard no more,
The saddest time of year is now.

But hearts are warm and warm we'll be,
In spite of wintry wind and weather;
For I love you and you love me,
And thus we'll both keep warm together.

SIR MORRELL MACKENZIE.

(WRITTEN BY REQUEST.)

(A little tribute as a small return to a life that has made, to me, all lives more lovable and life itself better worth the living.)

TO write of a great man is a great responsibility; to write truly of such a one to whom we owe much, is a great trust. I cannot even at this time, years since I knew him, speak of Sir Morrell MacKenzie without emotion. Why should that be thought strange! He was all that a preceptor and counselor could be; but more than all that, I learned to know him and to love him. Even then he had his trials, unknown to many, and I understood better than most could, what he meant when in my house in St. Louis he said: "I wish you had remained in London, but you are happier here."

It is not my intention to make any apology for him or his acts; none are needed. Those who knew the man understood his work. Those who did not know him could never fully understand. In the first place, from a full knowledge of Sir Morrell extending, by personal acquaintance and afterward by correspondence, for over a decade, I unhesitatingly say that he was singularly honest. His proud Highland blood forbade explanation, and though he chafed under unjust criticism and jealousy, he gave no sign.

His uncompromising determination made him appear severe and dogmatic, yet he was ever just and always kind. He felt that the hands of the leaders of the old routine were against him. He was a specialist in a new department. It is true he had taken the degrees of the College of Physicians, and of the London University, had written the prize essay of the former, and held many positions demanding skill and hard work, but was he not fast becoming a public favorite in an

untraveled road in which he was a pioneer? Had he not moved somewhat out of the rut of the average medical man, and with independent thought and decisive action was proving a power among the powerful—a force where forcible lives were making of the Victorian age, a new era?

It was this man, honest, active, thoughtful, aggressive, and self-poised who carried deep beneath the surface, but none the less warm for all that, a heart. I have seen the tears in his eyes after a recital of suffering—some one else's suffering—and a minute after the lines of the clear cut mouth and determined chin would grow more distinct and positive, as he encountered some new obstacle or opposition.

His was not a gentle nature except among those whom he loved. The chieftain's blood in his veins flowed hot and strong. He had no use for the rapier, but his words fell heavy and fast, like the broadsword of his fathers, when he led the charge on those who thought through him to arraign the truth. Yet this same ardor and intensity, under the most perfect control, made him the great authority in his department, and stamped him as one of the advanced thinkers and best logicians of his profession.

I need not speak of his scientific work. Few, even of those who hated him—I use the word advisedly, for such there were—denied his ability or the value of his writings. His great work on the upper air passages is yet a court of last resort. He had the faculty of being eminently practical. His deductions were ever tending to the exact, and he was always reaching out for more "light." Such, to my mind, biased it may be, but ever loyal and true to him, was the man who was called by royal command to leave his well-won place in the heart of London, and of England, and of Englishmen, and join his fate to that of the unfortunate Frederick.

Were I to be asked which of these two leaders was the greater sufferer, I should hesitate to answer. I believe it was MacKenzie. Placed in a wrong position, his hands tied,

his words misquoted, his actions criticised, he saw himself drifting by force of circumstances toward a whirlpool of censure and reproach, the like of which is not found in the annals of our guild. All this time he was the kind, attentive, efficient physician and friend of the dying emperor. His position was peculiar. The German specialists had said that Frederick had incipient laryngeal cancer. MacKenzie at his first examination, said the case was not proven and removed a small piece for examination. In his protocol of November 9th he gave as his opinion that "the disease was cancer, pointing out, however, that in the absence of microscopic evidence, such a diagnosis could not be made with certainty." Professor Virchow reported that there was no such evidence. Even then MacKenzie wrote me that "the larynx presented all the clinical appearance of malignant disease."

After the condition was sufficiently determined to found a positive diagnosis, the question of extirpation was discussed. Gerhardt had attempted removal of the growth by the cautery, and it was now a question between palliative and radical measures. The records showed that extirpation lessened rather than prolonged life. The average duration of life in cases of laryngeal cancer is two years where palliative treatment is followed, but far less where radical measures are adopted. Besides, the emperor, after hearing the unvarnished statements in the case, chose for himself.

MacKenzie proved himself either a knave or a martyr. To admit the former is an insult to human judgment. I have just finished reading again, "Frederick the Noble." The book may not appeal to all, for it is the protest of a strong man, wounded unto death in the house of his friends, and it has in it much of bitterness and just resentment—yet it has the ring of truth and honesty.

It was claimed by the College of Physicians and Surgeons that MacKenzie disregarded the demands of professional courtesy towards his German colleagues. Not so. What

could be more generous than his praise of Hahn, Krause and others, and was he not to say a word when denounced by Bergmann and Gerhardt and villified by the press? Was there to be no answer when requested by members of the royal household to set the matter right before the public? More than this, is not a man's honor and his very life dearer than professional etiquette, or unwritten codes?

Censure from a recognized authority means much in England. Patients still crowded to see him; he was honored, knighted, and more than ever the idol of the populace, but MacKenzie was proud. The interdiction of his book in Germany and the action of rivals at home, galled him. He had been under a great strain during his long attendance upon the royal Frederick, and now the public and private demands upon him and the grind of criticism and opposition left him little rest. He wrote me just before the end came, in his Christmas letter of '91: "I am so tired." I could hardly imagine MacKenzie saying that.

In the quiet churchyard at Wargrave-on-the-Thames lies the form of one who, more than any other man, was my model and inspiration, not only in professional excellence, but in nobleness and goodness and beauty of character. It matters not to me what others have thought—I knew him.

May I be permitted to place "this spray of Western pine" among the ivy leaves and laurel that cover his tablet:

The Master rests. After the day of toil
An urgent message came to him, and he
Well used to sudden calls, in quiet haste,
With kind "good night," went out and all was still.
And now his work is done; to him no more
Will come the suffering ones and those who need
The helping hand and words of goodly cheer.
His last response completed all his work.
O, strong and gentle heart, ours is the loss
Who knew thee well and, knowing, loved thee more,
Ours is the loss and thine the great reward,
We crown thee victor, O, thou kingly dead!

OUT OF THE NIGHT.

OUT of the night I have come to you,
The way was long but my heart beat true,
And it led me back by a power unseen,
By the power of my love for my fairy queen.
But you say you are neither queen nor fay;
Why, dear, if I only had my way,
You should be queen of all the land,
With a fairy's wand in your sweet right hand.
But queen you are by my love for you,
And empress and royal princess, too.
I bring you a kingdom, rich and wide;
'Tis a heart which will not be denied.
At thy feet I lay this kingdom down,
On thy head I place a golden crown,
Which the stars begemmed and the night wind kissed,
Entwined with blue and the silver mist.
Now rest thee, princess, in thy bower;
Rest thee secure till the morning hour;
Then wake to greet another day,
And rule thy court with magic sway.
This, dear, is the song the night wind sings,
And this is the gift my fond heart brings.

FORGIVE ME, DEAR.

FORGIVE me, dear;
I did not mean to hurt your gentle heart.
From your sad eyes how could I cause to start
The tears that fell like sudden April rain!
I was so blind, so cruel, so insane;
Forgive me, dear.

Forgive me, dear;
God knows what penance I would do
Could I undo the wrong I did to you.
Your look of anguish haunts me as I write,
And I will whisper, long into the night,
Forgive me, dear.

Forgive me, dear;
We surely need each other's tenderness,
Each other's love and loving helpfulness.
The way is hard—our days are overwrought;
The rest yet lingers which we long have sought.
Forgive me, dear.

Forgive me, dear;
Take once again my lonely hand in thine;
I'll try so hard to right that wrong of mine.
I'll dry the tear and bring again the smile
I love so well—yet praying all the while,
Forgive me, dear.

Forgive me, dear;
Your heart is warm and ever true to me,
And mine for aye beats strong and true for thee.
So be it, love, and far away the day
When I again with bitter cry need say,
Forgive me, dear.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

(Opening of the discussion which followed an address of Hon. Denton Synder on the evening of January 8th, 1909.)

I HAVE much hesitation in following one so distinguished who has spoken upon a theme which echoes in the heart of every true American.

Not many months ago a French sculptor was looking at a portrait of a tall man resting easily in his chair, his face care-worn; to the ordinary observer, homely, and the form gaunt but vigorous. The artist, after studying the picture carefully, said to his friends, "I have here a new type of manly beauty. Notice the complete relaxation and yet graceful position of each limb, the poise of the head, the thoughtful expression, the massive brow overhanging the kindly eye, the profile, strong and virile. It is not European, not Oriental,—it must be American. It is the best type I have yet seen." The artist was looking at the picture of Abraham Lincoln.

Years ago, representatives of the Nation had gathered upon a commanding site on a great battlefield, to dedicate a portion of it as a National Cemetery. The orator of the day, with all of his brilliancy and thoroughness, spoke for two hours. Those who heard him remembered the eloquent tribute as one of intense and accurate presentation. It was a masterpiece of oratory. When he sat down, one arose to perform the duty in a "few words," as the committee had it, of dedicating the grounds. An observer said, "It seemed to me I had never seen any other human being so stately, majestic, and yet benignant." He spoke less than five minutes. What he said was in nine sentences. One of these was, "The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here." When

he sat down a feeling of disappointment passed over the audience. It seemed such a feeble effort, compared with the magnificent oration of Everett. Two days later the press of the country had noticed that the few sentences of dedication formed a gem of utterance unexcelled, if at all equalled, by any that ever fell from the human lips. What he said there has become a criterion of beauty of thought, fullness of oratory, and completeness of statement in every written language. So, that now, when we speak of the Gettysburg oration, we do not have in mind the great speech of Everett but the classic, full matured, pathetic and yet heroic utterances of Abraham Lincoln.

Antidating this by a decade, I have in mind the record of a meeting between two of America's champions. The one, a giant in intellect, graceful in oratory, a master in debate. The other a man of the people, carrying a sense of responsibility which few understood and none could share; a weak, inexperienced, unattractive opponent, men thought, for the great and brilliant Douglas. Casting into the future, the man of the people formulated a question. It did not seem to be a difficult question. The answer, as expected, would weaken his present position and deeply fortify his brilliant opponent. He was told that its presentation would deprive him of whatever chance he had for election to the Senate. His answer was, "For me it may be so, but the country two years hence will recognize this question as its most important issue." The question was asked, the answer given. Immediate defeat followed, but when the next President was inaugurated, it was his old antagonist, Judge Douglass, who asked to hold the hat of his successful opponent, Abraham Lincoln.

Students have fallen into the habit of instinctively classifying the men of history, not only by their deeds, but by the character of their teachings, and to some extent by their methods. There are three whom I have now in mind, and I am not sure that I can be pardoned for placing together

the names of the Greek slave, the great President, and that of Him who spake as never man spake. But I have thought that one reason why Aesop so taught the Greeks and through the Greeks all nations, and Lincoln, who by his apt and quick replies in anecdote and story to those who attempted to secure from him a definite answer, touched humanity with such vividness and tenderness of thought, was because they were endowed with something of the same insight into the receptive possibilities of the mind as the Divine Master of illustration, of whom it was said "Without a parable spake He not unto them." Each had a truth to tell, and it was not always the logical deduction or the keen rhetoric that met to the full the inquiry, but the pictured answer, the citation of which can be drawn from every day life in the home, in the field, in the assembly—from the very depths of the human heart itself. Harold Bolce has well said, "It requires no scholarship to feel the divinity in the Sermon on the Mount, or in the speech at Gettysburg."

The traveler may not note the grandeur and majesty of the mountains towering above him, but as he passes onward he may turn and see across the desert the same mountain reaching far above its fellows into heaven, seemingly softened and refined and yet more majestic because of the leagues that intervene.

CONSTANCY.

MY love, for such thou art to me—
For love is all of life's deep yearning—
The waves that ride the sun-lit sea,
Fall at thy feet with each returning.

The light that gilds the summer's morn,
Rests on thy head a golden blessing,
And adds to brow and cheek and form,
New beauty by its fond caressing.

And yet the waves with countless flow,
That answer to the west wind's calling,
And summer's light, whose gentle glow
On thee, a benediction falling,

Are not so constant as my love.

The waves may die when winds are sleeping,
The light may fade from heaven above,
When night enfolds us in its keeping.

Though these may fail yet love shall last,
And life be full of gain and giving.
The years of trial in the past
Forgotten in the joy of living.

THE WISDOM OF FRANCOIS SANTERRE.

IN the autumn of '98 I was hunting in the Huron country, north of Search Bay and east of Point St. Ignace. I had been three days alone in the woods, and had met with indifferent success, so it was with a feeling of relief that, just at dusk, I saw a light glimmer from the edge of a tamarack forest, far down the valley to the west.

"Any port in a storm" and any kind of a cabin rather than another night under a rubber blanket at the foot of a tree, for these nights in the northern woods are none too warm. The amenities of the wild-wood are different from those of city life, so I did not go up to the front door, ring the bell and send in my card. It was in just as good form to creep as near to the cabin as was possible without discovery, stand behind a bush and wait.

It must be remembered that these forests are by no means overcrowded, and that one may meet at times, strange characters. Now and then a band of straggling Chippewas (Ojibwas), part of the tribe that a few years ago had so much trouble in the Superior country, or at times a Swede or a Norwegian, but not often, and least desirable of all, an occasional outlaw, who feels comparatively safe in his wilderness and who always looks on the approach of a stranger with suspicion.

So it was that I waited. If it were an Indian hut, I was all right; if a Swede cabin, I would be welcome, but if it were the other fellows—that was different. It was very quiet inside the den, for I soon discovered that it was little more, but through the chinks between the logs I could see the fire blazing merrily, mocking me, I thought, as I stood outside, hungry and tired and cold, while a rising northeaster was beginning to make the tamaracks bend and sing like the masts and rigging of a close-reefed ship.

Just as I had concluded to take my chances in a nearer investigation, I heard the not unmusical strain of "Vive le Roi" and soon after, a dog. I knew the voice and bark, and in less time than is usually consumed in entering a private residence, there were three of us around the fire, Francois Santerre, Jean and myself.

Francois Santerre or Frank Sanford, as the white hunters called him, or "Shoot-em-sum" as the Indians named him, was a Canadian half-breed from the upper lake country. I knew that he was in camp somewhere on the northern peninsula but my finding him was a happy accident. Jean was his dog.

Frank was a good host. "Bad night," he said, "good time to eat." So it proved and we employed the time to good advantage, too. Venison steak, toasted on a forked stick and lightly touched with wild onion; brook trout, well browned, with bacon; hot ash cake, or rather pancake, from the pan in which the bacon was cooked, and a hunter's tin cup of strong coffee,—that was Frank's way of telling me that I was welcome. I understood it and he understood that I understood it.

Jean had cared for the relics while Frank and I sat before the fire, listening to the sighing of the wind among the trees and reckoning the probability of a long rain following the wind which was now more directly from the east. It was not a pleasant prospect for two hunters, but Frank didn't mind it, and as long as his venison held out, I wouldn't mind it either.

The half-breeds, like their Indian comrades, are often taciturn, but the inherited French traits will crop out and I knew that Frank's long silence was but the prelude to a story, especially as he said he had "talked not much before time come here," but I knew that that was because he had no one to talk to.

Soon he said, "You know White-Loon?" I said "Yes."

Then a long silence; time was no object that stormy night and we did not have to catch a train. Then again, "He blank-blank fool." (Only Frank didn't say blank.) Once more I said "Yes." "Know 'bout that time he come down from Sugar Island?" "When?" I asked. "Dat time after Injun boat race." Then I knew that it was after the Indian regatta at Les Cheneaux on the Fourth of July and that the story was "a fresh trail."

"Wait, Frank, till I get ready." I dragged an old bearskin out of a corner, pulled off my heavy shoes and lay down before the fire while the hard wood crackled in the blaze and the wind outside howled and rain began to fall on the bark roof. I watched the face of the half-breed with as much interest as I listened to his story. In fact, to me the rapidly changing expression, the mobile features and the glance of his keen, bright eyes, were more than any story. What he said, I may try to repeat—the picture I cannot portray.

"You know White-Loon. Well den dey make him chief up dere and he get head swell, bad. Bim by he come down long side Moschow, Antone and all dem Sugar Island Injuns and dey say dey big Injuns and make ev'body hear dem. Dey 'bout ten, den five (meaning fifteen). Dey build fire back long old camp den dey go see Bullard. Bullard, he say "whicksey?" and dey all say "whicksey" den "more whicksey," den dey break tings good and have sure nuff all time round all right. Den Antone he see Joe Saugin, one time; den Nor-west, she come along maybe, den, bof fight. See?"

I knew all about this. North-west was a good looking Indian girl, nicknamed after the stately ship which could sometimes be seen far off on the horizon and also because she came from northwest of Les Cheneaux. She and my friend Joe, a Pine River Indian, had been "counting stars" for some months when Antone of the Sugar Island band, came along. His eyes, too, "were turned Nor'-west way," as

Frank said. It was but natural, therefore that when Joe and Antone and Bullard's whiskey got together, there should be trouble. Joe got the worst of it and vowed revenge.

The Pine River Indians were only about ten in number but they were pretty good men and were camped some four miles to the south of the others, near the Lake. The fifteen Sugar Island Indians were at old Mackinac camp, back in the woods. This much I knew for I had been at both camp-fires. "So," said Frank, "it was dis way," but I will tell the story as I understood it.

Frank, or "Shoot-em-sum," had been watching a deer trail till midnight and saw on a cross-trail just ahead of him, a man stealing along in the deep shadows, for it was nearly full moon. Then another passed and then another and still others. Running across a narrow bit of woods he fell in at the rear of a band of Indians that he recognized as the Pine River band, with the well known Blackbird at their head. Pretty soon one of the Indians turned, and seeing him, said "Qui vive?" Now if there are two things that are marked about my friend Frank, one is that he holds himself much better than any Indian and the other is that he will never speak in French to an Indian. "Dog tongue" (Chippewa) or "White talk" (English) good nuff for dem"—this with a wink at me. So he disdained to answer the challenge.

Blackbird came back and seeing him, said "Shoot-em-sum take 'tother end of trail, quick." "Waugh," said Frank, "when you buy dese woods?"

"Go back—tell you." "Go (some place else)" said Frank. He noticed that they all had guns and suspected their errand, so he said, "Blackbird, you big fool. Got ten men; dem Sugar Injuns got ten, den five. Me go long, make you ten, den five, too" (modestly counting himself as equal to five Indians, which was a dozen or two less than his usual estimate). After a short "smoke-talk," they concluded to let

him go, for they all had regard for his prowess and then as he said, they couldn't very well help it.

A mile from Mackinac camp they halted and Frank made them another talk. One can easily imagine the eager group, Frank in the center, as he always was, keen, disdainful and dictatorial; the others led by Blackbird and the vanquished Joe, urging on the night attack and impatient of delay.

"Blackbird," said Frank, "stay dere. Me go find dem pretty quick, den come tell you." They must have had confidence in the half-breed or they would not have let him go, unwatched to the enemy. But Frank had long ago earned their confidence by never betraying it. So he went.

As he entered the clearing an Indian, lying in the bushes, sprang to his feet with "Qui vive?" "Man must be pretty scarce here you don't know man when see um," said the haughty Frank as he stalked with his utmost dignity to the smouldering fire. Soon old White-Loon came out from his wigwam and looked at Frank. Neither spoke for several minutes. At last White-Loon said, "What you want, Shoot-em-sum?" "Better keep head low," said Frank; "get 'em shoot off, maybe." "Waugh," said the old Indian, looking over at the dark line of the forest.

I wish I could give the conversation that ensued as Frank told it and as I afterwards had it from one of the Sugar Island Indians. Frank was a diplomat. He wanted to prevent trouble among the Indians, knowing that the soldiers at Fort Brady would only be too willing to take a hand. Not that he cared much for the Indians, but as he said, "When dem soldiers come long side woods dey scare all de deer, some time." Besides I think that Shoot-em-sum liked to arbitrate where he couldn't dictate.

Never did Frank's statesmanship shine forth more brilliantly. At first White-Loon wanted to fight, and called his young men. Frank urged the nearness of Fort Brady and finally offered to fight White-Loon himself, but the wiley

chief declined and as Frank said, "dat time guess he knew his business bes."

Finally, by taunting Antone a little and now and then hinting that the Pine River Indians were in ambush and that he would join them, they made him the bearer of this proposition: The Pine River Indians were to come mid-way into the clearing, leaving two of their number with all of their knives and guns. The knives and guns of the Island Indians were to be carried to the same spot and two of their number would join the other two and each pair watch the other. All the other Indians would meet on a little spot of meadow-land where the squaws would build a new fire. Frank would keep his knife and gun and prevent interference from either side. Antone and Joe would meet, shake hands and then as Frank said, "fight some more." The squaws would stay in the wigwams until the combat was decided. "Den all have smoke talk."

The Pine River Indians wanted to bring on a fight with guns for they had the advantage in position, but again the genius of Frank triumphed. In half an hour all the Indians met and as Frank said "dey look like dey going to die. Just like in church," though whatever he knew about church must have been told him. It is probable, however, that they did look very solemn.

It was not a struggle after the rules of the modern prize ring. There was no purse hung up and no public to fleece, but the personal honor of those wild men was at stake and that of their villages. Moreover, North-west would know and everybody else would know. It was a final battle for love, for honor, for supremacy, for Frank told them it must be the last time.

Joe was the younger, tall and lithe with lots of reserve power in his well rounded limbs and chest. Antone was shorter and heavier and possibly stronger, for he had been a portage Indian for several years.

It was worth days in the wood to see and hear Frank describe the combat. His actions were even more eloquent than his words. He would writhe and twist and now and then he would suddenly reach out his long, sinewy arms as though to grasp an invisible foe, while he seemed to be rehearsing the whole scene, with himself in one of the principal roles. His language was plain to me, but there were interjections that were frequent and would be painful to ears polite, yet it all went to make the wondrous word-painting which the half-breed was holding up, showing its most brilliant coloring in his picturesque patois.

"See dem," he said, "like two pine trees when wind blow. Dis way, dat way, now one most fall, den he come back again like bow. De moon shine, de fire blaze, den de dog howl sum, but Injuns say noting and Joe and Antone, dey jest fight. Bim by Joe, he seem get tired, den brief fast, jest like deer when he go all day. Antone he laugh; he tink 'bout Nor-west and he try hit Joe jes where ear come out. He tink dat one good strike make tall tree fall."

"But Joe he not ready to fall, he jes foolin. When Antone he strike, Joe he jump one side like lynx when trap go off, and den he strike sum. Maybe he tink 'bout Nor-west, too. Den he eyes go jes like flash when storm come, and he teef, dey like big houn teef when he go take hol. Den I know who make wigwam for Nor-west."

"All once dey stop, den jes like lightning Joe he strike, den more, den dat Sugar Island fella he walk back sometimes but he head go too fas and he fall. Joe he laf. Den all come, but me say 'stan back or me shoot."

"Antone he stay there and the moon look at him. Bim by he turn he head and he feel pretty sick, maybe. Joe he watch him, but all over. Den me say, 'White-Loon you help him, Antone.' White-Loon say 'No, him big chump.' Me say, 'How come dat?' He say, 'He big chump, an mudder big chump, no likkee Joe.' Me say, 'How can?'"

"'Bout dat time de squaws dey come an White-Loon he say, 'get venison pretty quick.' Den we eat and smoke sum and Joe and Antone dey smoke. Den de sun come. Dat's all."

As I lay there watching the fire, now fast burning to a bed of glowing coals, I saw again in the embers, the deadly struggle in the moonlight, of those fierce, untrained gladiators of the wilderness and I got to thinking of other struggles and other prizes in life's arena, better, perhaps but not more potent than the charms of the dusky mald.

And then the question came which ever and anon recurs, what is it all about and what is it all worth? Meanwhile, Frank had lapsed into his realm of silence. Probably he, too, was reminiscent.

"Frank," said I. "what has all this to do with your opinion of White-Loon? Why is he such a big fool?"

"Waugh," said the autocrat of the woods, "he jes natch-erly dat way. We all dat way sometimes." Then seeing that his pipe had gone out, I knew that it was time to sleep.

DEAR PEARL:—

This "Booklet of Blarney,"

From far-famed Killarney,

And other odd places across the deep ocean,

Accept, yet believe,

If you but receive,

And *seem* to enjoy it, I'll be of the notion

That you, my dear wife,

The joy of my life,

Only laugh for to please me and show your devotion.

For the book is a fraud,

And from Erin's green sod

Nothing else is so lacking in sense and emotion.

REFLECTIONS ON THE CULPRIT FAY, THE DAY AFTER.

WE were reading last night after dinner
Of the "Culprit Fay" and his quest;
Of the woes of the poor little sinner,
Who followed his monarch's behest.

The Fay had a whole lot of trouble,
But he came out all right at the last;
His penance, you know, was made double,
But his trials soon happily passed.

I know of a quest that is greater,
Of a prize that is richer by far
Than found twixt the pole and equator,
On the sea or the trail of a star.

'Tis the quest for a heart that is royal,
For lips that are only for me;
For a woman both loving and loyal,
For—you, dear, I think it must be.

Shall I win as the Fay won, I wonder;
Shall I gather my love to my heart?
So closely that nothing may sunder,
So strongly that nothing may part?

(How It Strikes a Prosaic Mind.)

The poor little beggar searched sea and sky for what was worth less than what he had on earth. He should have stuck to his girl and let his broken wing and burned out lantern go to—the junk shop. If I had been in his place I would have swamped the mussel shell—waded back to shore and have gone up to her house for dry clothes. Some other fellow could have looked after the "falling star" for all I cared.

LOVE'S CHAMPION.

WHO measures not man's strength by woman's love,
Knows not what power may nerve a single arm;
Most changeful is the mind of man when fixed
Upon the varying, fleeting scenes without.
At first a child, he trusts in those whose care
Directs his tottering steps, but time steals on
His youth, and manhood's knightly tournament
The trumpet calls of wealth and fame to win,
The new-born courage that he feels within,
The self-reliance gained in mortal strife
Assayed with man and time and place;
All these conspire to bring to him unrest.
And though he fly from pole to pole, or scan
The thoughts of men who were in other days,
Or live among the stars, or in the vast
And trackless region of creative mind,
Is he not oft aweary and doth not
His tired brain reel, his manly courage fail,
Ambition's voice grow heavy on his ear?
Doth not his very manhood long to rest,
To rest in trust, to be a child again?
What, then, if love be found—a blossom fair
Growing at first upon the vine of truth,
But now transferred to earth from heavenly plains
And given to man to nourish and to keep.
He lives anew. Its fragrance fills his soul;
He raises it to touch his lips and feels
That still, intensest flame through every vein,
In every heart-beat, glowing in his breast.
And if his heart be true, love blooms for him.
Its tendrils run through all his purposes,
Are seen in all he does and o'er him weaves

A covering of beauty and of grace.
Oft in the strife love shelters him, hides him
From calumny, throws down the poisoned cup
Of false ambition, makes him strong again.
And he, his armor braced by love's fair hands,
Seeks out a better strife with braver heart.
What though the calls he once obeyed be loud
And clamorous as in the reckless past,
A sweeter, grander melody is played
Upon his heart strings now than erst he knew.
This cheers him weary wrestling with the world
For her whose favor in the lists he wears.
What though the combat last from morn till night,
He falters not but with his lance in rest,
With purpose high, with courage undismayed,
He conquers all, because his heart is strong.
But when the king of day from western throne
At last commands surcease of toll and strife,
Love's brave, true champion loves to go home,
Goes home to love, for where love is, is home.

SONNET.

WORDS are not needed in the soul's exchange
Of thought. Sometimes a higher, wider range
Of view transcendent from the purple hills
That crown our lives with radiant beauty, fills
The senses. All the while no word is spoken,
And as we sit, the silence all unbroken,
We each may read, or feel, or somehow know
The other's mind. The thoughts that come and go,
Like sun-flashed signals from some friendly station,
Are caught and answered, if in true relation
Our mirrored hearts receive, reflect the glow
Of focused rays that warm life's deepest flow;
No cloud, nor sound discordant to estrange,
Words are not needed in the soul's exchange.

MUSIC.

FOR THE PAPYRUS CLUB.

(June 1st, 1909.)

THIS, I believe, is "a musical evening." A newspaper said the other day that at the next meeting of the Papyrus Club there would be a departure from everything literary and the hours be given entirely to music. I am sorry for the speakers.

What is music? I looked it up in the dictionary. The unabridged offered nothing satisfactory. We live in a century of music with all kinds of time, but there was no music in the Century—just words. The Cyclopedia Britannica failed to encompass music in set phrases. It suggested Cyclops and Brittanla—harsh and metallic. Why? Possibly because words alone are not music and music is its own interpreter.

In accord with this thought I sought the opera where the Wagnerian pilgrims were pounding the Wagnerian sinners into submission. It was great. It was grand. I held on to my chair till it was over, when a friend said, "That was music." "Yes," I said, "but why?"

I listened to the bride of the "up countrie" going mad in musical cadences and in perfect time, and to the death song of the troubadore with the harmony of bells and the chorus of peasants. I felt I was listening to music—but why?

The beautiful Calve carried me to dreamland with her lullaby and when I got back I was told that that was music—the sweetest in the world. I knew it—but why?

I saw Sir Michael Costa on the opening night of the Alexandria Palace, bow his head over the score as Titiens sang "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth." The Palace burned that night and Titiens never sang again. The echo

of that holy hour is with me still. The angels stooped to listen ere they carried her away. Was that music? Why?

In old Vienna days I wandered out to a Tyrolean village. The immortal Liszt was there with some of his pupils. In the evening a "Hungarian Rhapsody" held us breathless until he, seeing in our faces that we were strangers from different lands, made us forget and remember, as we each in turn heard the songs of our home land in the dreamy rendition of the great Maestro.

I heard in St. Surplice a prayer breathed by the organ rising from the wings of incense to the throne of the Infinite. It was Batiste whose "Communion in G" carried us back to the upper room in old Jerusalem and filled us with visions of the Holy Grail and that sacred night. It needed no trumpet to tell us that God was in His holy temple. There was prayer and benediction in the tremulous air and a psalm tone in the subdued heart of each worshipper. It was music's mastery revealed,—but why?

I sat in a quiet corner of the church and heard the classic Galloway interpret Bach, and Brahms and Guilmant, as only a son of song can do. The sprite of the cloister whispered "that is music." With bowed head and reverent mien I asked as I ascended, "Why?"

I heard Kroeger mingle the silvery ripple of the brook with the song of birds and the sighing of the south wind till it was sweeter than the pipes of Pan, and I said that surely is music,—but why?

Going home I got caught in a thunder shower. A Hibernian on the force, who shared the shelter of an awning with me, said, as he listened to the diapason of heaven, "That's music, sorr." Yes, but again,—why?

I wanted to ask the guest of the evening for a definition of music. Versatile, accomplished, inimitable as our Robyne ever is, I fancy he would illustrate rather than define. Could he tell us in words that "Melody is the golden thread by

which the heart is reached?" When he uses that avenue, to human heart, we cease to wonder that he is irresistible yet I heard a maiden of twelve attempt a song of his, and when she had done both the song and us, I thought "My dear, if I were your mother and 'had you' I would put you in bed till you grew up and your poor cracked voice was rested and matured," but her mother sitting near and drawing her breath in short gasps, answered the question of a friend, "Yes, indeed, I am proud that Eleanor is such a musician." Why?

At Kilbeggie the other morning (I wonder how many of you know where that most delightful place is?) my host called to me, listening to the clear whistle of the Virginia cardinal, "How is that for music?" It was good,—but why?

As I left home this evening, Alfred, whose age and years of loyal service entitle him to freedom of speech, said, "Doctor, are you going out to-night?" "Yes, I am going to the Papyrus Club." "I'm sorry, sorr," said he, "there is to be a contest for manly beauty at the nickelodeon to-night and I am on the list. You'll hear good music, too, sorr, better than down widd them Papyrisites." I wonder.

Some scientific friends were quoting the other evening a French chemist who recently said that there was a distinct harmony in odors. To harmonize different odors by any synthetic process in any new preparation was as difficult as to work out the harmony of a cantata or overture.

Is there not music in the etching—on the canvas—in the cloud—the landscape—and in no vague sense, the very sand of the desert? I may not be able to tell you what music is, but I can tell you where it is. It is in you. It is not external—it is internal—an intrinsic perception, unchallenged, irresistible and individual. What is music to one is discord to another, for what is not musical, harmonious and melodious, is prosiac, and to many of us, that is but a step from discord.

Moreover, the environment and physical condition determine to a great extent the musical receptivity. The music of the red bird would be discordant during my hours of work, when I am trying to arrive at a diagnosis, and Miss Heinrich's beautiful numbers would greatly handicap me if I were hastening to catch a train. Even your pleasant voices and charming presence would affect the personal equation a little if the sand man came.

One great mission of music, aside from the educational, is to direct and mold the human emotions. When we remember their tremendous, dominating power and how they may be awakened and changed and led, how great is that mission! The emotions give character and energy to human activities. They who get the most of good or evil out of life, are full of emotion. In many, I think, this is the highest point—the hill top of existence—from which the streams of life or death descend to the one side or the other.

The emotions are often the motors of human will and action. They may impel in any direction—sometimes in an opposite direction in the same individual. Hence the constant warfare. We physicians know that if we can control a man's impulses, we often have success within easy reach in caring for his malady. Music should be in the list of our remedies. Its power to rouse is better than a stimulant; its place in soothing and controlling is above the anodynes. He knew his ground who would rather write the songs of a nation than its laws.

It is an interesting phenomenon in psychiatry that over stimulation of a nerve center may ultimately lead to its paralysis and loss of function. I am sure that it is also true that over-stimulation of the emotional in man from any cause may lead to an emotional apathy or paralysis or worse. It is not far from the highly emotional to the intensely sensual. On the "great divide" the rain drop needs but a little

impulse to decide all its future course. The most subtle influences sway us on the mountain heights of our emotions.

I believe that music is responsible for much of good or evil. The wild shouts that answered the Marseillaise have their counter example in the peace that came to Saul over the strings of the shepherd's harp.

Originally I believe that music was an agency for good, only. "The morning stars sang together" and God's true singers try to "be holy as He is holy." Even life itself may be made "one long sweet song." The devil and his angels lost their harps when they fell from their high estate, but, alas, their children have too often stolen the ten-stringed instruments of the human emotions, keyed them to the highest tension and played on them the music of unholy thoughts and deeds. Give me good music, emotional music if you will, that shall rouse in me the divine passion of love to God and love to man. I may not understand it but I will feel it, and maybe, to some extent, I may live it.

Let me leave this thought with you: Music and all that is musical is not in the instrument or singer, or in any sound or scene, but it is by these, played upon the heart-strings of one in a receptive mood whose spirit is responsive to the best and sweetest, to the gentlest and yet the strongest bond that links Earth and Heaven, and mortals to unseen immortality.

Winifred—Peace.

Hladia—Happiness.

HOW PEACE AND HAPPINESS CAME TO INDIA.

(A Birthday Song.)

O 'ER India's palms the sun hangs low,
And India's plains are parched and dry;
No cool Himalaya breezes blow,
No clouds are in the Autumn sky.

Along the hot horizon's bar,
The light is glimmering o'er the land,
Like silken curtains seen from far,
Let down to touch the sun-scorched sand.

What wonder India's blood runs hot
Through veins responsive to the sun!
What wonder that her heart is not,
With perfect love, in unison!

I saw an angel in the night,
Where Cashmere's roses have their birth,
Stoop from a star of wondrous light,
And pluck a floweret from the earth.

And then with pinions white and wide,
He sought the south-land far away,
And dropped it gently by the side
Of one who waited night and day;

Who watched and prayed that she might claim
A gift from God her life to crown;
To her the bright winged angel came
And laid the little rosebud down.

And so from o'er Himalaya's snow,
From where the winding waters turn,
From where the perfumed zephers blow,
A gift to India was born.

And thus a blessing had its birth,
Where love itself the way had led;
For peace and happiness to earth
Came with Hladia Winifred.

WE WOULD SEE JESUS.

WHOM would ye see, poor weary ones,
As through the world at eve ye go?
The path is rough with briars and stones,
Your steps are faltering and slow.

Whom would ye see, as night draws near,
As day departs and life runs low?
Why follow hard the journey drear,
With feeble footsteps growing slow?

"We would see Jesus ere the night
Enwraps us with its sable fold;
We would see Jesus ere the light
Fades into darkness, chilling, cold."

Would ye see Jesus? Raise your eyes,
He stands beside you as ye seek;
Look up and learn with glad surprise,
He only waits for you to speak.

THE REQUEST.

YOU have asked me, dearest, to write you a verse
As I've done so oft before;
For you say you fear love's fire burns low,
And I love you less than years ago,
Though I ought to love you more.

My dear, there isn't an hour of the day
That I do not write you a line;
My good right hand carves words for you,
And the ink is all of a crimson hue
From a heart that is wholly thine.

Don't you know that loving is living, dear?
And I love so true and strong,
That my very life is bent to your will,
And I'll work and struggle and conquer until
I place you where you belong.

I have given you freely all I have,
It is yours till death us part;
'Tis a royal gift I give my queen,
A jeweled crown with a golden sheen,
And the kingdom of my heart.

A REVISED AND CORRECTED HISTORY OF GEORGE
WASHINGTON.

(FOR THE "TOLERS." FEBRUARY 22ND, 1898.)

WHEN your committee asked me to present something appropriate for this evening, I readily consented, for I had that to say which is new, even to such an erudite audience as this, certainly new to me until the last few days.

While looking for some authentic and unvarnished narrative relating to the life of this great and good man, I came upon some ancient manuscript. They recalled an old negro, once a servitor in my father's family, who had been the slave of a Virginian planter. This proud old Virginian was the grandson of a celebrated physician who practiced in Westmoreland County, Va., as early as 1725. When old Rube came to our house, his sole possession was a little ancient hair trunk, such as was in vogue in those days. It was much like Rube, in that the hair was almost all off the top and it needed to be strapped. It was one of my hoyish ambitions to get into that trunk. After several years of patient waiting, I was made happy—Rube died.

Nothing was found in the trunk but an old 'possum skin, a can of clay—from the sacred soil, doubtless—and a roll of yellow manuscript. I looked into the latter with some curiosity and found that it was the diary of Dr. Strong, of Bridges Creek, Va., but it was prolix and written in a cramped hand, so I threw it into a box with some old books that I had collected and forgot it for the time. In my desire to find something new and truthful for this evening, I resurrected this manuscript and now am able to present to you some facts new to the historian and interesting, at least, to the curious. I will not quote in full, but will give an abstract of what has cost me much time and trouble to decipher.

Early on the morning of February 22nd, 1732, Dr. Strong was riding slowly homeward after a professional visit to the house of Augustus Washington of Pope's Creek. He was hailed by an old darkey who said "Please, Mass'r Docta, jest light an see our Betsy; she's took powerful bad." So for the second time on that eventful day Dr. Strong proved himself the good physician.

"What's dey gwln ter call the new baby up ter de big house?" The doctor said "Laurence, after his grandfather." "Den," said the old man, "we'll call this un George, coz maybe dat was hee's grandfather's name," whereupon there was some kind of an outbreak in the cabin, but the manuscript did not explain. Soon after Betsy and her son were installed at the big house, and Betsy was made commissary to Laurence, to the great satisfaction of all concerned. Both the habies grew and waxed fat.

The day of the christening arrived. Laurence was to be christened first and by special consent George was to be legally labeled afterwards. Parson Davis, from whom came the Jefferson D. family of later years, was a little blind and somewhat deaf. He had been informed that there were two habies, but somehow the last name came first and Laurence was christened George. As the black baby was brought forward, Parson Davis, being informed of his mistake, said: "I am sorry, but we will christen this one George, too."

From the very beginning the influence of the negro boy was beneficent, for had it not been for him, George Washington would never have been "first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen." It would have been Laurence. The boys grew up much alike. George was the stronger and more active, and George Washington Too more quiet and subdued. There was something about the latter that colored all his future life.

The manuscript goes on to say that these boys were the first examples of the doctrine of reciprocity, afterward at-

tributed to the late Mr. Blain, by his admirers. If George Washington Too got a watermelon, he always divided with George Washington; and when George Washington got the measles, he promptly gave them to George Washington Too. Even the slaves noticed the growing likeness. "Bress dem," said the old mammy, "if George Washington Too got a brack skin, George Washington he got a brack heart."

So closely did the boys resemble each other that it was difficult to tell them apart, hence it was very natural that George Washington, who was in training for the important part that he afterward played, should take to himself the good deeds of both and leave what was not to be needed by the future historian, to George Washington Too.

As an instance, the manuscript tells how, when the boys were about ten years of age, old Mr. Washington asked George to chop down an ancient cherry tree that was disfiguring the front yard. George made George Washington Too do it, and he went off fishing. Long into the night the sturdy little black worked with an old broken ax till the work was done.

The next morning George was on the lawn with a bright, new hatchet. His father, coming out of the smoking room where he had been playing cards all night with Dr. Strong and Parson Davis, seeing the tree nicely cut down and the wood all piled in order, said: "George, my son, who did this?" George looked up with that frank, honest expression which he afterward used when sitting for his portrait by Trumbull, and said: "Father, I cannot tell a lie; I did it with my hatchet." His father caught him in his arms and kissed him and then walluped the other George for going fishing. You will notice that historians, in their account of this incident, differ from the manuscript; but Dr. Strong was there, and he ought to have known.

After a while it came to pass, says the manuscript, that George Washington gradually absorbed all that was good from

George Washington Too, and the latter, all that was bad from George Washington. This may in part explain the faultless character of the great leader that has received so much attention from numberless biographers.

From this time the history of George Washington Too is a sad one. Little by little he became characterless. Not being originally intended for a bad man, the badness from the other oozed out and he had given up his goodness. He was the exact image of his great foster brother, yet soulless. Following the immortal George and looking like him he was often addressed as "General." It is said that he even received much attention that was intended for the great commander—such as chickens, pies and things; but for all this he was doomed. Finally they noticed that he moved slowly, had a stony stare, and gave evidence of the marble heart. He became petrified. They whitewashed him and placed him on a pedestal in the Capitol, and wrote under him, GEORGE WASHINGTON. Standing one day near this marvelously preserved relic, I thought I saw a smile creep across the placid features, and I heard a voice saying: "All things come round to him who will but wait." The incident of the cherry tree was closed, and George Washington Too was even.

In the quiet tomb at Mount Vernon sleeps all that was mortal of the great "First President." His form has long ago turned to dust, but the form of George Washington Too is dusted every morning.

A REQUIEM.

(May 31st.)

THE morn is breaking. All the Spring-time days
Have gently dropped from off the parent stem.
Till now but one remains, so sad, so sweet.
So full of tender mem'ries welling up;
Sunshine at times, at other times a tear
That will not be denied; so like the Spring
In showers, in fragrance and in golden light.

The morn is breaking. While the rosy east
Bids hope eternal stoop to human life,
Yet on the soft south wind is borne a sigh,
So low, so tremulous, in minor key,
And scarcely heard, but rather felt, till all
The louder, joyous notes of early day
Are hushed and in the heart a prayer
For peace prevails: not all a sigh and yet
Not all a prayer.

Softer the south wind blows.
While at its magic touch the heart-strings thrill
And vibrate like some sweet Aeolian harp.
Nor is this all a dream. Dear hands, long stilled,
Are wandering o'er the keys. From other worlds
They come. With tender, loving touch they play
The old and well-remembered melodies—
Those way-side songs from out the distant past,
To which our feet kept time, the while we trod
The flowery paths of youth to broader plains,
Through miles of years to leagues of fuller life.

And now on this last morn of Spring we rest
A little by the way. With half-closed eyes
And ears attuned to catch the heavenly strains—
So much of Heaven yet so dear to Earth.
And as we listen with abated breath,
We hear beyond, above, the minor key
That tells of sorrow and of sacred grief.
A strong, commanding theme. From out the past,

With all it's seeming discords and defeats,
Is wrought, by these same hands, a victor's song
And notes triumphant peal through every sense.

The day is breaking. Still the south wind blows,
But tears no longer dim the upturned eye.
The lip no longer trembles, hushed the cry
That comes from heart depths in the lonely hour.
"He leadeth me." The showers of Spring are gone,
And Summer's grain and fruitage are at hand.
Yet still we hear the unseen fingers play
The song unheard by other ears than ours,
And still our ears are vibrant with the thrill
That wakes the harmony of higher life.

O human heart, all music is thine own;
O human life, less human than divine;
We catch a fragment of the "Psalm of Life,"
And set it to heart music. Yet the score
Is in the Master's hand. With human hearts
And lives, the great orchestral symphony
Is formed. To each of us He gives a part;
How much, how little, need concern us not,
So that our part is played.

But now the day
With all its glorious promise is at hand.
The south wind sinks to rest. Let us arise
With courage born from all the hidden thoughts
That come with Spring's farewell and Summer's call.

* * * * *

And yet it may be e'er the night shall fall,
That we shall long to feel the south wind's kiss,
And listen, in the quiet evening hour,
For that low, plaintive song in minor key;
For it is sweet, O God, how passing sweet
Is memory's requiem at close of day.

THE MISSION OF MAMIE.

NOWHERE is the panorama of life more vivid than in a great hospital. No age, sect, or previous condition, retards the procession of scene or result. Those who know little of the beneficence of these cities of refuge, may hold in light esteem all other things than cure; but those who are in touch with the more urgent needs of sick humanity, accept the fact that relief and comfort for those whose span of life is almost crossed are worthy of the best effort. There is always much to do for the incurable. It is not alone combatting aggressive symptoms, but the transition from homes often times none too good, to comfort and restfulness unknown before.

Mamie was an incurable. Her home was among the honest poor, and she had known little of luxury. In other surroundings she might have escaped the "great white plague," but overcrowding, poor ventilation, insufficient food and scanty clothing, had provided little defense against infection. Insidious at first, it was not long till the disease was apparent to all, and she became a part of the ever-changing, always attractive and appealing picture at St. Xavier's. Very soon she became a favorite. There were other girls in the hospital who could boast of better looks and newer clothes. Mamie was not at first sight pretty. Her hair was red, her face freckled and her career at the grammar school had evidently been limited; but for all that she made herself a place which has never been filled since she left it.

One morning the physician noticed a flush of quiet expectancy on her face, and Mamie told him that she was looking for a friend, one who had proven her friendship, whose strong, womanly sympathy and personal interest in the little girl had been a thread of gold in the warp and woof of Mamie's darkened life. "You must see her, doctor; I want you to see her, please."

An hour later the doctor, passing the ward, saw a woman's

head bending low over Mamie's cot. The graceful poise, the attitude of attention, the well-fitting simple dress, and more than all, the earnest, sweetly modulated voice held him a silent observer. No wonder that the sick girl, her face turned from him to her friend, had not heard him. The wonder was that he, with so much to do and so many waiting for him and the morning almost gone, that he should stop, turn slowly away only to come back again and at last stand at the foot of Mamie's bed. "Oh, doctor, I am so glad. This is my friend, Miss Carton." Mamie said more, but neither Miss Carton nor the doctor heard. All that he remembered was that he was looking once more down into those deep, gray eyes, from whose vision he had long been barred, and drinking in once more the music of a voice for years heard only in dreams. She saw, standing before her, a man whom she instinctively felt had enthroned her in his heart, a man who for years had fought the battle of life alone and hungry for the love that he would have at her hands only.

Neither cared for the surroundings. Once more their paths had met. Both lived again the all too brief hours when Fate had almost clasped their hands and then had thrust them widely apart. Each had taken up the line of duty, and the last few years had at times a promise that the daily grind could somehow satisfy the heart-hunger which would not wholly cease. The years had gone. Their vision swept down the corridor of a long decade; but the frescos—the veneer—the tapestry and bric-a-brac had vanished. The pathway of duty seemed hard and unadorned. They only were left to each other, but each filled for the other the vista of the future. Their souls had once more met and claimed each other. Silently and unresistingly he led her out of the ward, down the great hallway to a window where they could see the morning sun giving its benediction to the fields of the valley and the green hills far beyond. Nature was at her best that day, but her wiles tempted them not. They saw nothing; they said nothing. Words were not needed there. They un-

derstood. Almost unconsciously his arm stole around her. There was, at last, one whispered word; a word soon to be engraven on both heart and ring; a word from the land they both loved, which neither could ever for a moment forget.

When they went back to Mamie's bed she said, "Why did you go away? What did you leave me for?" "Just to find a word that we had been looking for, for years, dear." "Oh!" And then as she scanned their faces more closely, she said, "I guess you must have found it, but it took a long time." "Yes, a long time," said the doctor slowly.

Two weeks later they stood again by Mamie's bed. The little freckled face was white and colorless now and the setting sun glorified the crown of red gold hair. She knew she was dying, but the angel within her was not quite ready for flight. "Dear heart," she said, "I am so glad it came through your love for me and that you should find each other here; but, dear, what was the word you went to find?" "Mavourneen, Mamie." "Oh, I know; May I say it? Ma-vourneen," and with the word Mamie's mission was ended.

Just beyond the city limits, away from the whirl of turning wheels and crowded streets, is a spot where the birds love to nest and the squirrels to gather their acorn hoards from generous oaks. Here, where a clump of cedars bend and seem to "listen in every spray," is Mamie's grave. One morning in October, when the leaves were falling and the grass turning from green to brown, the birds and squirrels saw two people coming under the trees, and had they been less busy they would have heard a woman saying, "Dear, I have been so anxious for you to see it and to see it first with me." It was just a little bit of pure white marble with Mamie's name and age engraven on it and underneath the word "Mavourneen." "It was her last word, dear, and it was through her it all came to us. You have placed it inside my ring to be worn always. It is our word, dear; but tomorrow we are going away together and I did not want Mamie to be lonesome while we have each other. Do you care, dear?" Did he care?

TO MY WIFE.

GIVE me thy hand, my wife,
That I may hold it tightly grasped in mine;
With pulse beat ever in accord with thine,
That I may help thee in the daily strife.

Give me thine eyes, my dear,
That I may see love's wondrous light so fair;
That I may see myself reflected there,
And bold thy look in answer true and clear.

Give me thine ears, my own,
That I may whisper words of love to thee;
That I may tell thee oft and tenderly,
How much my heart goes out to thee alone.

Give me thy heart, sweet wife,
That I may ever feel it throb for me;
That I may write, where no one else can see,
My name—and seal it with my love and life.

HOW McCULLOM WON OUT.

HE was certainly in hard luck. All his life, he told me, that is, ever since he came from Glasgow, he had been pretty active on the Board of Trade. Sometimes he was almost a rich man and about ready to stop, but each time he would lose the combination, or a corner in wheat or corn would be formed, and in trying to get in he was generally out.

The day we had our talk he was sixty-two years old and penniless. He didn't have one cent. The boys had "cornered him and downed him for keeps." He wore a broad smile, but there was despair in the tones of his voice. Years ago he had given his wife the home and its furniture. She had that and he had an untarnished name. The home was worth about \$15,000, but he would not touch that. Its loss would mean the poor house. Besides, it was not his. I suggested that a man with a wife who had that much money was in no danger of starvation. "Certainly not," he said; "but what can we do with it? At six per cent it will barely keep us. I cannot add to it by working for a salary, for I know nothing about bookkeeping, merchandise or agencies. If I speculate with it, my bad luck will follow me. We cannot keep the home. Boarders might help us out, but we are not wise, nor young enough, to run a boarding house. Besides, we cannot stay where we cannot in some measure keep up with our friends—we always have done it, and its hard now." So he went away and I fell to musing on some of the strange contradictions of life and why a man with good health and some sense should be poor with \$15,000. I didn't come to any conclusion in the matter and I never saw McCullom again. A year passed and then came this letter from a little town on the Gulf coast:

Dear Friend:

The last time I saw you I was feeling mighty poor. The bulls and bears had hustled me around the pit till I had to

"holler and climb out." Then I did some tall thinking. It had always been my ambition to quit work when I had enough of money, get a nice place and live on coupons, chickens and "garden sass." I have accomplished that and am a rich man. My object in writing this letter is to give you an account of my prosperity and have you come to us for a month or two. We are distinctly on the upper rim, and don't need to fear any bull baiting or bear traps as once upon a time.

Now for the "heads and particulars." (Mac's father had been a Scotch preacher and Mac retained some memories of the auld kirk.) Wife sold the house and the furniture for nearly \$14,000. A few bonds she had put away gave us \$1,500 more. We kept some books and pictures and a little serviceable furniture. We spent a few hundreds in looking around, and within three months settled here. I put \$12,000 at interest, well secured, at 8%. Might have gotten more, but it is better than less, and every six months we have nearly \$500 coming in.

With the other \$3,000 we bought a small subdivision of Utopia. We don't call it that, but it about realizes the long-felt want. Six acres, a roomy, comfortable cottage with verandas, and nooks and things everywhere. A garden with real vegetables—not like the cold storage stuff you eat—and pears and figs and oranges all over the place. A flock of white Plymouth rocks look after the "egg and broiler business," and if squabs agree with you, we have a dove cote of homers hard to beat. Two Jersey cows give us more than enough of "dalry products," but the surplussage goes to our account at the store. Oh, yes; the boat is part of the scenery. We are at the head of a little bay which opens directly to the great reach of water—lagoon, they call it here—which forms the "water front" for over fifty miles. A chain of islands and reefs six miles from the mainland and parallel to it gives us the ideal place for sailing, fishing and shooting.

Our boat is strong, large enough, sufficiently fast, half-decked and easily sailed. We keep her provisioned for emergencies, and she is always in commission. It is all the same to us whether we go out for one day or ten; whether the wind blows fair or makes us run for shelter in the lea of one of the islands. Caught in the last equinoctial for four days, we anchored in the lea of Turtle Island and lived on fish, oysters and ducks, while two miles across the island old Boreas was making a mess of it on the outside.

My day's work is, on the average, as follows: About six o'clock old Ben comes pegging along from his cabin down on the shore. By the time he feeds the cows and gets the kitchen stove going, Betsy is on hand. Ben and Betsy are aristocrats. Their color and general configuration confirm their claim to a direct descent from the second son of Noah without break or admixture. Ben is lazy, scheming and boastful. Betsy is strong, energetic and jolly. Both are honest—except in the matter of something to eat—and who cares for that!

Breakfast, and one worth getting up for, at eight. First, eggs, or chicken, or squab, coffee (like mother used to make), corn bread or rolls, and Jersey milk and butter. Ben suggests "wind about right for ducks, Kunnel, and maybe fish." Leaving Betsy in charge, wife and I follow Ben to where the "Pretty Polly" is beginning to spread her sails under the influence of Ben's skillful "pull." Down the bay to a reed cover, and even though it is a bit late in the morning a dozen ducks is no unheard-of result. The kind of fishing is determined by the day and the season, but seldom is it that something is not picked up. Generally the fishing is better than I have ever known elsewhere, and you remember I have been a piscatorial prospector all my life. On the return we gather in a few oysters or crabs and reach anchorage before Betsy's flag announces dinner. Not so wonderful, for we still like our six o'clock dinner, and Betsy needs most all day

for getting her best culinary results. "Yer staid a leetle too long, Kunnel, for de chowder; but y'll find de ister pie and de duck 'bout right," and that is no mistake. By the way, our extra game and fish, subject to Ben's levy, goes to the butcher, so that we always have a steak or roast to our credit. Clothes don't cost much down here, and fuel very little.

So we live and let live. We have our papers and magazines, a few friends for a game of whist, or run downtown occasionally for a "wlld night" at a lecture or a concert. There is but one thing to bother me. Our six acres, cows, chickens and sea food give us enough to live on and to spare; but on top of this all, those five hundred dollars keep coming in every six months and we don't need them. I am the heavliest depositor at our bank, and seldom draw anything out except to reinvest. I suppose if I could invest in a few margins up in St. Louis I could relieve the tension, but I've reformed. Come down and help us spend it, for after all the ups and downs, I'm more than even.

Yours,

J. B. McCULLOM.

(Ever since getting that letter I have been a bit homesick for the McCullom cottage. Among the attractions there is one that is paramount to me—a warm welcome; for Mac didn't get all the soft places rubbed off his anatomy when fighting wild animals at the Board of Trade menagerie. If there is another place like his down there and I can buy a partnership in the "Pretty Polly." I may stay.)

OUR ISLAND.

(OFF PASS CHRISTIAN.)

COME, sit with me by this southern sea,
On the silvery, wave-washed sand,
While thought may go with the ebb and flow
Of the tide on the shimmering strand.
For I am weary and fain would stay
And rest and dream through the passing day,
Of a vision fair beyond compare,
Of an island far away.

We need no word, for the thought unheard
Is the thought of us both, the while
We send it far o'er the harbor bar,
O'er the sea to that distant isle,
Which looks like cloudland in fairest May;
It beckons to us as though to say,
"Here's a home for you if you but knew
Of this island far away."

We can almost see what seems to be
A palace, large and fair;
A crystal wall surrounding all,
On every side four-square.
We can almost hear, on this dreamy day,
The shouts of a throng in bright array,
While high above is a banner of love,
O'er this island far away.

Thus hand in hand we sit on the strand,
While we silently dream, and long
To cross the tide whose waves divide
Our souls from that land of song.
But the waters are cold and deep between
And 'tis dark this side the golden sheen;
This side the bright and summer light
Of our island far away.

Fast sinks the sun and the day is done,
The vision is ours no more;
We breathe the prayer that the island fair
Be our home when this life is o'er.
Then turn we back to the toil and fray
That ever shadow the earth-born day,
The happier we, for what we could see,
Of our island far away.

SIDNEY LANIER.

A sweet voiced singer of the southern clime,
Breathed soft his flute notes 'neath the jessamine
Then joined the angel's song at even tide,
Led by the harp of Israfeel—and died.

THE MAN WHO WOULDN'T WAKE UP.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON MCBETH was his full name, but he had written it out only a few times. It was easier to write only the initials, and was not the easiest way the best? A. H. McBeth was not bad, but it led to a new word in the list of proper names. Some called him "Mac," but as it was a Scottish community there was need for an individual designation among the "Macks." The initials gave the clue to a rather attractive appellation and the most of the neighbors called him Ahmac, which was generally shortened to Amac. Whether McBeth liked this or not was never known. He accepted it quietly and bore it patiently as he did most everything.

Amac was a good enough sort of a fellow, but he was afflicted. He was most aggravatingly slow. A long time ago he had rheumatism and he said it left his heart weak. The doctor said it was not organic but simply a neurasthenic excitation with interrupted rhythm. The village lawyer said the evidence of cardiac incompetency was circumstantial and that the case would be continued indefinitely. The minister, who taught a small academy on week days and preached a weak sermon on Sundays, said it was a plain example of inherited inertia descending from father to son, but as Amac's father died before he had symptoms and Amac himself had no son, the minister's hypothesis was hard to prove. His wife said it was laziness. She generally hit things straight and hard and made no exception of Amac. So with a woman's patience and continuance, for she was continually at it, the opinion prevailed that Alexander Hamilton McBeth, in spite of his aristocratic name, Scotch descent and energetic wife, was hopelessly, incurably lazy. It was wonderful how that, as soon as his neighbors knew the worst, they settled down to accept it not only as one of Amac's characteristics (he had only a few) but as a trade mark of the vil-

lage. None of the other towns so far as they knew, had just such a feature or prolific topic for question and answer. Every morning Tom Wiggins, on his way to the grocery, would ask, "How's Amac, Mrs. McBeth?" "He's not up yet, thank you kindly," would be the answer, a little snappishly, perhaps. "How's Amac, Wiggins?" would be questioned in town a few minutes later. "He's not up yet," this time with a wink. It was a clear case.

One Sunday morning in October Mrs. McBeth concluded things had gone far enough. He might stay in bed for all she cared but he would get nothing to eat. When breakfast was over, the household chores done and the girls made ready for Sunday School, Mrs. McBeth went up stairs to get ready for church. Her husband was lying on his little cot facing the window. He was not sleeping for his eyes were open. "Amac," she called as she was going down stairs, "There is something in the cupboard if you get hungry. I'm going to church." No answer, for Amac generally let silence give consent. At least he did not seem to object to this arrangement.

The old interrogation and answer were repeated a dozen times before Mrs. McBeth got into the church and even there, Mrs. Cobb, in the pew in front of her, turned partly around and from behind her hymn book whispered the time-worn question. During the singing Mrs. McBeth joined in as best she could, but the new organist was a little too fast even for her, so she stopped; but the prayer was easy and restful. She thought of the hard week, the bright morning, the quiet Sunday and of Amac lying there all alone in sheer laziness waiting for some one to come and make him get up. She wouldn't do it, and following this line of thought she lost the theme of the prayer. The sermon was to the point. She enjoyed that. The text was, "Awake thou that sleepest and come to judgment." The minister said that he would only speak of the first part of the text at that time and would leave the last phrase for the following Sunday. It was a

sermon that Amac should have heard. With voice and gesture and with as much intellectuality as he could command, the minister argued and reasoned and exhorted that men should arise, "Arise—arise and work—awake thou that sleepest." What a sermon! It made no difference to Mrs. McBeth that the minister classified the kind of sleepers, differentiated the modes of awakening and described the different fields for work. It was the ever recurring challenge she wanted to hear, "Awake—awake."

Slowly the congregation filed out of the church yard. "How we wish Amac could have heard that sermon, Mrs. McBeth." "Thank you, kindly," this time without the snap. The neighbors passing the McBeth home saw Amac still lying at the upstairs window gazing up at the sky. "Looks a little pale," said Tom Wiggins to his wife, "but guess he didn't have no breakfast."

Inside the house Mrs. McBeth slowly climbed the stairs to her own room, took off her wraps and sat down on the bed. It was too bad. She had worked for over a score of years and little help had she. The girls did all they could and the hired help was only fairly good. She could get along if Amac would only awake, would only show some interest, make some effort to help in some way. The panorama of the last decade passed before her and on her side it seemed that every turn had been full of work and worry and on his the long vistas of indolence and apathy—the very thought made her tired. The whole business was wrong somehow. She determined she would make one more effort. She started for Amac's room. He lay there very quietly and the afternoon sun touched the window sill and sent a beam across the bed. She would like to lie down on a nice clean cot herself, but she knew her duty, Amac must wake up. The voice of the minister rang in her ears. The command could not be ignored. "Amac, awake"—she seized him by the shoulder and turned him about. "Awake, man," she said, but Amac had gone on to the second phrase of the text. Amac was dead.

ACROSTIC.

I would not ask my muse to sing
To other theme than thee, my wife,
Whose tender accents ever ring,
A stirring call to nobler life.
Sometimes it happens in the day,
Joy seems to flee, the shadows lie
Upon the journey all the way,
So chill is earth, so dark the sky;
'Tis then the lights at home for me
Flash through the window, bright and clear;
It needs no prophet's eye to see
Vast realms of bliss as I draw near.
Each hour with thee, sweet wife of mine,
Yields large returns of love untold;
Each day is full of hope divine,
And years a wealth of joy unfold.
Round me and over me a spell
Strong, sweet and lasting, thou hast cast;
A golden cord entwined so well,
God meant its strands through life should last.
O wife, a blessed half decade
Thus closes with this happy hour;
O'er all the lustrum God hath made,
No sorrow rise—no storm to lower.
If such the past the future, dear,
Glows with a promise wondrous bright;
Home peace and joy, and every year
To walk with thee in love and light!

ADVICE TO THE EDITOR OF THE OTHER JOURNAL.

St. Louis, June 5th, 1909.

To the Medical Editor's Association,

Atlantic City, N. J.

Gentlemen: The following letter has been handed me by Dr. Newlight, a worthy gentleman of our cloth, who is making his maiden effort as a medical editor. He intends to apply for membership in our Association, but is somewhat disturbed by this communication. Dr. Yellow, the author of the letter, is a member of our guild and I believe has quite a following—of a certain kind. I advised Dr. Newlight to put the letter in his pipe, but he doesn't smoke—yet, and seems somewhat impressed by the contents. Can anything be done? My own impression is that Dr. Yellow is a little off color and is trying to use our Association's broad cloak of respectability.

Yours very truly,

WILLIAM PORTER.

* * * * *

711 Honesty Ave.

Butin.

P. D. Q.

June 1, 1908.

Dr. Hunter James Newlight,

Ed. Medical Rocket

Newfield,

State of Uncertainty,

U. S. P.

Dear Doctor: With much pleasure I notice in the columns of a medical journal, which came to me by mistake, that you have joined the great army of pencil pushers, and having placed your baby in the ark of intellectual bullrushes, you have launched it on the journalistic Nile. Please notice that I use these ancient terms advisedly. Ark is especially appli-

cable to certain classes of journals; bullrush indicates one kind of editorial policy, and the Nile should appeal to many medical periodicals as illustrating some descriptive ideas. It originates in somewhat of mystery—is a bit turbulent in its early career, becomes sluggish further along, and having proven its chief value as a fertilizer, as it inundates fields long ago the graveyard of vigorous thought and action, it finally discharges its current (numbers) through several (department) mouths into a great gulf where it receives its just reward of forgetfulness. May I commend this picture to you for an illustrated page, with a few crocodiles here and there representing "inserts" and shady stories?

You have ere this stated that the "Rocket" is to fill "a long-felt want." You were wise not to state the character of the want. We all have felt it, and the secret of journalistic success—one kind, at least—is to exchange the "long felt" for the "long green." Consult an expert on this. You can easily learn how not to do it, if you are an editor long enough, and then you can reverse—may be.

May I, from motives of the purest and most disinterested friendship, offer you some suggestions? You know I have considerable journalistic experience, and in the Medical Editors' Association I have had the best of coaching. 'Tis soul-inspiring to see the members—once a year—meet on the sacred ground of medical brotherhood and exchange "trade lasts"—only they never print the nice things they say of each other. 'Tis better, perhaps. I shall speak of this from your standpoint further along.

See to it that your contributors send copy of good length. Well digested, boiled down articles are out of date. Cater to the advertiser rather than to the accidental reader. The former pays you. Don't get the tone of your journal too high. It is for members of the profession as they are—not as they ought to be.

Have each original or plagiarized article festooned with the

writers' titles, societies and appointments—a good portrait—
young looking—on extra paper, will add to the commercial
value of the "Rocket."

I would suggest, also, a large number of collaborators from
among the "eminent," etc. They don't come high, and you
might as well have them. They will save typesetting after
the first issue, which is something. If you get up a list, you
may use my name, and I would suggest that you place the
names in the order of acceptance.

Be particular about your "ads," to get enough of them.
Your publisher's column will help out, and sometimes a poor
but worthy promotor can lessen his advertising indebtedness
by giving you his goods at a discount. These you can again
advertise or sell to an enterprising druggist. There are lots
of ways to make money out of an advertiser, and a real cute
advertiser will pretend not to see them.

Be sure not to let the advertiser give his working formula.
This would be information to the subscriber who only pays a
dollar—if that—while the advertiser pays you from \$250 to
\$1,500 a page, depending upon how great a liar you are.

Disclaim responsibility for contributions. You cannot be
expected to read copy, and if there is a mistake, blame it on
the printer or the devil. If you hesitate to mention the
devil, be sure not to substitute your own name. The truth
should not be told at all times—even in a medical journal.

Do not forget to mention the many good things your journal
has done—is doing—or may or will do. If you cannot think
of any, use an hypothesis.

Treat the unhappy reader as though he were a japped
fool and didn't know lobulus spigelia from loblolly bay. It
will increase his respect for you—may be; and he may write
you a letter which you can publish to show that you don't
care.

Be careful to have kind words and long obituaries for doc-
tors at a distance, but do not make the mistake of eulogistic

mention of any near at home. Of course, if there should be any scandal or misfortune touching your neighbor, the profession should know it. As for meritorious mention, it is too much in the line of advertising and your advertising space is worth money. It is one thing to mention the work of a doctor who is only doing his everyday duty in practice and research as the good Lord gives him wisdom, and quite another to sell reading space to Crabtree's Little Liver Lobules, or the Anti-septic Pledget Co., Limited. You would not get a dollar from the doctor,—possibly he would never see the mention; but the other fellow will pay you a whole lot, which, however, you may have to divide with the advertising agent; but they will furnish cuts and reading notices—relieving you of much responsibility.

Mail a good many specimen copies each month. It helps with the advertiser and the postage is little—provided you can swear to a certain subscription list. There are many ways of managing the circulation business, but I had rather not divulge them. You will learn by experience, and once the thing gets agoing, it won't be so hard. Possibly you had better read up the law relating to perjury a little, to avoid mistakes.

Try to become the organ of some society. Be careful as to what kind of an organ you become. Some are only sewers and occasionally get dammed up—or down. You can get a lot of stuff this way and use it as "original." If there is philologic diarrhoea and intellectual constipation, it is the fault of the society's censor—not yours. Sometimes an irate member may threaten to kick the "organ" or its pusher, and he may do it; but by that time you will have learned the value of meekness and patience. As a last resort, you can apologize and apply a soothing lotion.

Avoid the mistakes of other journals and do not hesitate to call attention to them. Take two notable instances. The Journal of the Amalgamated Medical Aggregation is found on

every table. It has become so common that every country doctor reads it and his city brother quotes it as a matter of course. You can't get away from it. You have to read it, for otherwise you may miss something, and it takes too much time. A great many physicians even read the advertising pages, which is a new departure to say the least. The many "ads" are certainly objectionable; they smack of commercialism.

Then turn to the Epitome of Ultimate Deduction. This is a deal too scientific. I sometimes find things in it that I have never thought of. Unlike the Journal of the American Medical Aggregation, it doesn't have "ads" enough. Absence of "ads" shows lack of enterprise and business enthusiasm. Besides, both journals give too much for the money. This cheapens the value of the literary out-put.

I would like you to make this the theme of a strong, leading editorial soon. You may use the above if you wish, but over your own name. It will not hurt these journals much and it will show that you have independence of thought and cannot be influenced. It will show that you can criticize up or down and kick in several directions at the same time. If you can weave a few insinuations into the text without making positive statements, it will be just as sensational—and safer.

Do not hesitate to make personal attacks or to indulge in artistic flaying. It proves you are not afraid—at a reasonable distance. Sometimes your victim will wince, which is encouraging. Sometimes he will come back at you, which is bad—if you are at home. Often he will ignore you, which is worst of all. However, the Donnybrook practice is good—"when you see a head, hit it"; but be sure to see ahead. Choose an unprotected head or one that has already had a few knocks. The other kind may give trouble.

Do not forget that your self-assumed perch on the tripod gives you the right to ignore the rights of everybody else. Because you are an editor, your dicta are excathedra, and

because you are a doctor, you do not have to explain. Nothing will hurt you more than trying to explain, except possibly the forcible demand for explanation, if it be not forthcoming.

Your book reviews will trouble you at first, but after a while you will learn to re-use them without much alteration. A review of a work on Obstetrics, for instance can be used further along in mention of one on Pediatrics, and you can append a notice of "Modern Medicine" and make it suit as a review of "Assyrian Archeology." Sometimes the publisher will send you a printed review. The cheap looking books you can turn over to some doctor who will write some kind of a review some day. The publisher may think you did it and send you another book.

Do not join the Medical Editors' Association. Most of the members are not in your class. I have great difficulty in knowing where I stand myself. I know many of the members intimately, and although they have rather a broad platform, there is an unwritten code to which no self-respecting man can subscribe unless he has a super-abundance of self-respect. I hope I make myself plain. Even if you, embarrassed as well you may be, in attempting to make a few timid remarks, happen to get your terms mixed as I did at one meeting, some one who may have passed through Heidelberg on a pony will be sure to accuse you of mal-practice in the use of your mother-tongue. They may take you in under the pretence of trying to teach you something, but they will trim your sails all right when they get you in. You will remember they are on earth every time you try to write anything. I do, and it hampers me considerably.

Now, in conclusion, there are two things you can do for me, though I must not be known in either. A man came to me who was suffering from undue timidity and lack of self-assertion. I made an incision into his gall-bladder and attached it to the chyle-duct. By preventing the loss of the hepatic flow, which can thus be used over and over again

with impunity, he now has a superabundance of gall. He has even refused to pay my bill for the operation. I also removed the upper part of the spinal column from a young woman because the too prominent processes of the cervical vertebra made it impossible for her to wear evening dress. She now wears an evening dress and even a sleeping robe, with vistas as far as the slumber vertebra, with impunity. If you could speak of these cases editorially or otherwise in the "Rocket," I shall be happy to send you memoranda of other work.

The second favor is this: I have formulated a most excellent remedy for ingrowing toe-nails. I have already had several cases with cures in 87 $\frac{3}{4}$ %. If you can push this in your advertising pages and in your publisher's notices, I will be glad to give you 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ % of the capital stock, which is going up rapidly. This is confidential.

If you do not remember all my suggestions, don't worry; you will recall them as you go along. Besides, many of your exchanges will help your memory in this respect. I trust the "Rocket" will be successful. I have not yet seen it, consequently a sample copy now and then will be appreciated. I will place it on the table in my waiting-room and take occasion to speak of the editor as my friend and protege.

Very sincerely yours,

SIRENIUS YELLOW, M. D.

WHEN first I saw thy manly form,
My heart in rapture beat, for then
I thought Apollo had come down
From Mount Olympus unto men;
Those eyes upon me gazed, and I
In wild delight could scarce reply.
You drew me gently to your heart,
I drank at love's ambrosial stream,
And dreamed that life was now complete,—
Alas! that it was but a dream.
You left me ere I scare awoke,
You vanished—in tobacco smoke?

THE IDLER'S PIC-NIC.

*(To W. F. B., who placed the Clan under special obligations on
a memorable trip to Greenfield.)*

WE'VE had a day and we've had it good,
Away from the dust and noise;
We've struck it right, he it understood,
Way over in Illinois.

He took us away from the pent up town,
The smoke and granite and grime,
Then he stopped the train and let us down,
And gave us a real good time.

He took us away from the crowded street,
And the day with its tread-mill hours,
And brought us out to this fair retreat,
where God is tending the flowers.

We've had a "Special" heavenly day,
On the Pennsylvania Van,
And learned the royal right of way
Of a blg-souled railroad man.

THE UNIVERSITY.

RESPONSE AT THE ALUMNI BANQUET OF THE ST. LOUIS UNIVERSITY,
1907, HON. SHEPHERD BARCLAY, PRESIDING.

MR. Toastmaster, Rev. Fathers and Alumni:—It was said by one of old "I think myself happy, O King, because I am permitted to speak"—to speak in so great a cause and in this presence. I thank you most honored President, that lest my pleasure for the evening should be marred, you did not advise me of my present peril until the banquet courses were served. Again, I think myself happy, most worthy Toastmaster, since you have taken upon yourself to explain the smiling features of your great legal ancestor, that we have in you "a Daniel come to judgment" and infer from your own placid countenance that you will shield your confreres, if not from the fiery furnace of debate, at least from the roast and mortal stew of too keen repartee.

The term "University" is a word incentive to all of us. With a rendering euphonious rather than classical it suggests a union in versatility, a oneness of many sides, a centralization of force in the ever-changing world of thought. The title "Medical Department of the University" is not a limitation of the university idea but a concentration, a term which in differentiating, still points to a field so large, a territory so attractive and far-reaching that it in turn is subdivided into many departments of special research and practice.

I congratulate you, Rev. Fathers, who have for so many years fostered this child of your heart and brain, that with the addition of the Law Department the tripod will be complete and the three professions forever distinct yet always agreeing and interdependent, will find a fountain-head, deep and clear and satisfying within the walls of our great Uni-

versity. We are glad you have taken us doctors in and we will help you in trying to "take in" the lawyers—a difficult feat, 'tis true, but one which may be accomplished. At any rate we will all join in the toast of the chronicler of Charles O'Malley and "drink to the graces, Law, Physic and Divinity."

Parenthetically let me say that we of the medical profession are a bit proud of our company. Dignity has ever been accorded to the clergy and honor to the law. Nevertheless, there is due to us somewhat both of honor and dignity, for do we not now and then in the path of duty speak a word of consolation or of warning in the absence of the priest, or assume legal functions in assisting in the making of a hurried will? In the responsibility and (sometimes) reward that comes for the care of the soul, body and estate, may not we with some justice claim a small third?

My theme, not divergent from the university idea but leading up to it, is "Medical Teaching in the West." "Teaching"—a large word. "West"—a great field. Large and great and aggressive has been the trend and momentum of the last two decades. A few years ago and the eastern graduate, after his European tour, looked with surprise and disapproval upon the western medical college, often but the crystallization of lesser strength around one central, dominating mind. But if he had looked deeper he would have seen a pent-up energy, a commanding personality in those leaders which passed on and on through town and county and hamlet. He would have marked the spirit of Hodgen, McDowell, Pope, Johnson and Bolsliniere entering the lives of their students and becoming a benediction in home and hospital and camp.

Evolution cannot be retrogressive. Medical departments in universities were founded. The State's requirements for higher grades were met. Medical societies and medical journals demanded the best, and thanks to the vitality and conscience injected into medical thought by the pioneer

heroes, these demands have been satisfied. I would not be understood as saying that even in the university idea, as we at present understand it, there is completeness or full attainment. We are only on the threshold of a larger work and greater responsibilities.

As we reach higher the world looks to us more and more. What is our answer as university men, as teachers, as exponents of all that ought to be? I confess for my own part, as I sit at the bedside of one fast drifting "over the bar" from a disease that should be curable and I cannot reach out a helping hand, as I gaze into the upturned face of the dead which might yet be among the living had I known more, I cannot but join in the cry for "more light," I cannot but resolve that my teaching must be more earnest, my work more thorough because of the present needs.

I could not speak thus, did I not feel that in this moment of brotherhood, we all have that sense of personal responsibility and of the value of opportunity. It is not so much what we get out of our work, as what we put into it, that tells. The value of medical teaching in the West depends upon the realization of the teacher, that every moment in the classroom is sacred and every student a trust.

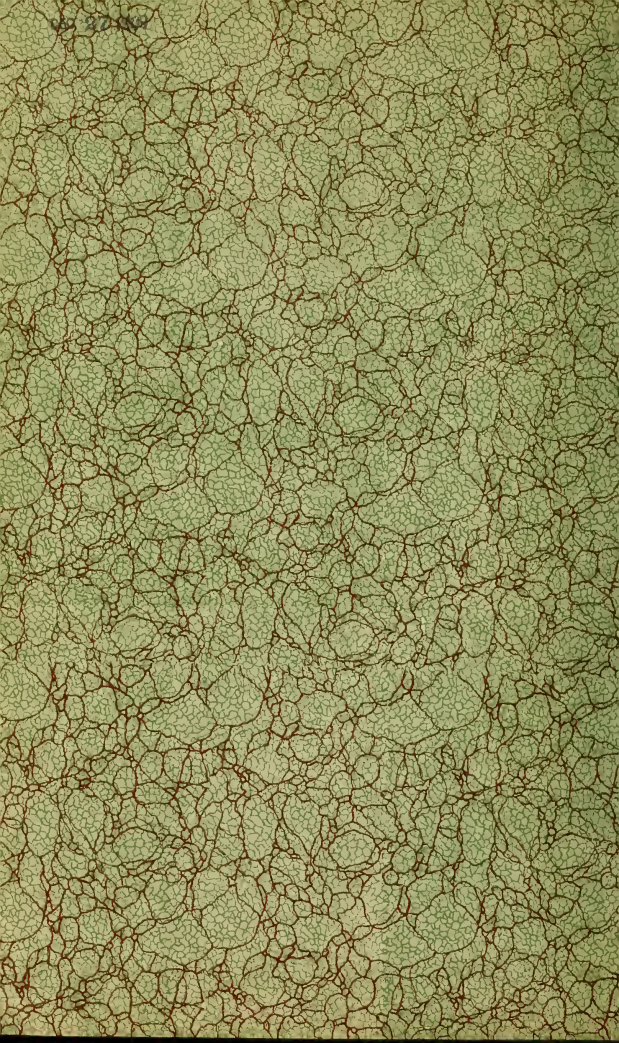
But teaching is not limited to the lecture-room and clinic, nor does the university idea stop with the university course. If I may add another synonym and one which in a large measure defines, university means the whole—the universe—a totality. It may be ours in some measure to guide the advancing columns of searchers and assayers and builders in the domain of science and thought, or to stem, inadequately it may be, but willingly, the currents of ignorance and irrationalism, but we must recognize that in the great total of human effort there are university workers to whom no university degree has ever been given. The patient nurse, the pale-faced, devoted sister, the humble monk and the earnest missionary, are co-workers with us of the medical profession,

and whatever they are to the rest of the world, they are to the sick and tired ones a university gift—a gift from the Father's universe of good, to His children "crying in the night."

One conception of the university is that it is a guild, an association for certain definite purposes. Let us carry this idea to the point where all who have the purpose of helpfulness, of uplifting, of energizing, whether it be as teacher or student, whether it be in law, medicine, or divinity, whether it be outside of professional life in the business and competition and toil of daily bread winning, where all this shall be a part of and all these alumni of, that great University whose foundations are laid in the Brotherhood of Man and whose towers point ever upward to the glorious Fatherhood of God.

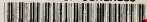
ACROSTIC.

When the evening lamp is burning,
I thy wishes best discerning,
To thy gentle pleading turning,
Hear thy voice so sweet and low.
Much I love the lamplight gleaming,
Yet thine eyes in softer beaming
Lead me on, forever, seeming,
O'er my way to cast a glow.
Very dear to me my wife is,
Ever bright with her my life is.



One copy del. to Cat. Div.

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