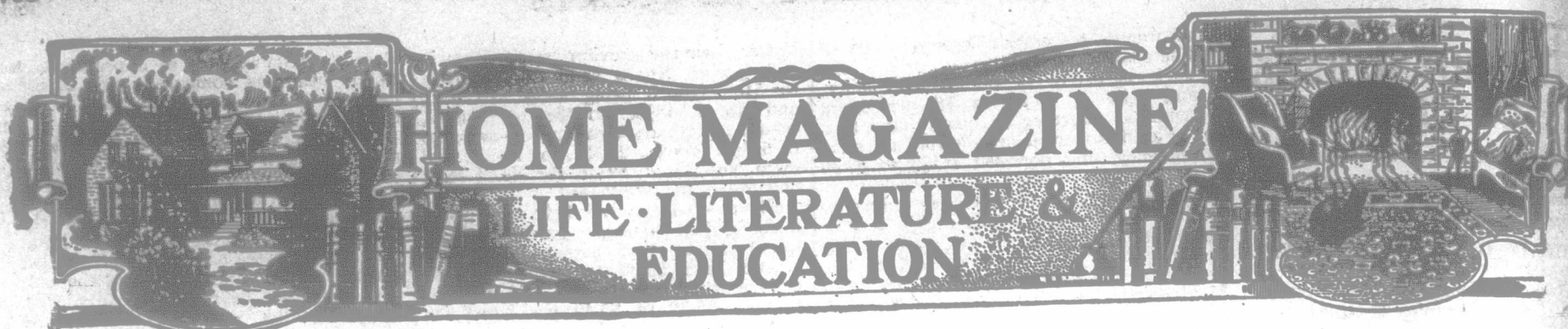




Outlook.

Not to be conquered by these head-long days,
But to stand free: to keep the mind at brood
On Life's deep meaning, Nature's attitude
Of loveliness, and time's mysterious ways;
Of every thought and deed to clear the haze
Out of our eyes, considering only this,
What man, what life, what love, what beauty is,
This is to live and win the final praise.
Tho' strife, ill-fortune and harsh human need
Beat down the soul, at moments blind and dumb
With agony: Yet, patience—there shall come
Many great voices with Life's outer sea,
Hours of strange triumph, and, when few men heed,
Murmurs and glimpses of eternity.
—Archibald Lampman.

Scene in a Field Hospital.

WALT WHITMAN.

A sight in camp in the daybreak gray and dim,
As from my tent I emerge so early sleepless,
As slow I walk in the cool, fresh air the path near by the hospital tent,
Three forms I see on stretchers lying, brought out there untended lying,
Over each the blanket spread, ample, brownish woollen blanket,
Gray and heavy blanket, folding, covering all.
Curious I halt and silent stand,
Then with light fingers I from the face of the nearest the first just lift the blanket;
Who are you elderly man so gaunt and grim, with well-gray'd hair, and flesh all sunken about the eyes?
Who are you my dear comrade?
Then to the second I step—and who are you my child and darling?
Who are you sweet boy with cheeks yet blooming?
Then to the third—a face nor child nor old, very calm, as of beautiful yellow-white ivory;
Young man I think I know you—I think this face is the face of the Christ himself,
Dead and divine and brother of all, and here again he lies.

Among the Books

Whitman as a War Nurse, 1862-64.

[Walt Whitman, the most noted American poet, was born on a farm on Long Island on the 31st May, 1819. After a life of many changes but no great outstanding event, save the writing of some of his unique, challenging, much-discussed, much-derided, much-misunderstood, and much-lauded poems, and after breaking down his health working among the sick and wounded soldiers of the great Civil War, he finally drifted to Camden, Philadelphia,

where, after suffering a paralytic stroke, he lived with a brother until his death in 1892. Whitman once took a trip to Canada, and there are still a few in London, Ontario, who remember seeing him during his visit with the late Dr. Bucke, author of a work on "Cosmic Consciousness." In Camden, as de Selincourt tells us, Whitman gradually became the centre of a coterie of enthusiasts; "a man cannot be a mark for pilgrimage and attract no attention locally." The pilgrims, it is true, came from afar, for Whitman is just coming to his own in America. During his lifetime, and much to his disappointment, he was taken up least of all by the people for whom he wrote, the great commonalty of the Republic, but from the beginning he was appreciated in Europe, where he is ranked to-day as the greatest American literary genius. The following extract about his nursing days has been taken from "Walt Whitman: A Critical Study," by Basil de Selincourt. Published by the Martin Secker Pub. Co., 5 John St., Adelphi, London, England.]

The war was the test of Whitman's character, and the heroism it evoked in him throws a compelling splendor of light backwards and forwards over the whole course of his days. Some have professed surprise that he did not volunteer for service in the ranks, or have thought it necessary to allege the streak of Quakerism in his blood. But a poet, like a general, has conflicting duties in war-time; indeed it is a point of military virtue that he should not needlessly expose his person. Whitman felt it his duty to determine not merely what he could do but what he could do best for his country. And it fell to his lot in the end not so much to risk death once as to die daily. He surrendered his life drop by drop, and the survivor of the war, though he survived it by nearly thirty years, was a mutilated veteran.

Instinct, which time has proved to have been inspiration, told him that he, of all men, could provide for the great struggle its imaginative theatre. So late as November 1863, when he had been already over a twelvemonth in the wards, he wrote to his friend, Charles Eldridge, "I feel to devote myself more and more to the work of my life, which is making poems, I must bring out 'Drum Taps.' I must be continually bringing out poems." His brother George had volunteered for service with the Union troops; down South, linked, we may suppose, if not identified with the Secessionist cause, were other hearts with which his own could not but beat. (He had lived in the South for some time.) He remained at home during the first eighteen months of the struggle, and it was there that a large part of "Drum Taps" was composed. At last, hearing that George had been wounded, he set out for the front, and, once among the scenes of the war, found his high and rarefied poet's consciousness engulfed and obliterated before daily and hourly calls upon his common human sympathies. "During my two years in the hospitals and upon the field," he wrote from Washington to the New York Times in December, 1864, "I have made over six hundred visits and have been, as I estimate, among from eighteen to twenty thousand of the wounded and sick, as sustainer of spirit and body in some slight degree, in their hour of need." Supporting himself by ill-paid secretarial work in a Government office, he devoted all his energies to nursing, not giving up, though his health was repeatedly threatened, so long as a single wounded man was left in Washington.

Any cash he could put by (his own wants were confined now and always to the bare necessities of life), and any he could collect from friends, always

went to provide for the soldiers those small luxuries and comforts which he knew did more than anything to suggest the atmosphere of recovery. Sometimes after consultation with the doctor, there would be an ice-cream treat for the whole ward; but as a rule he would bring a variety of small trifles, chosen to meet the whims of various patients and make them feel that they were remembered—for this man an apple, for that a stick of candy, and so on; and never, while funds lasted, were his capacious pockets without their supplies of stamps, writing paper, and above all, though he was not himself a smoker, of tobacco.

This was action on an heroic scale; but perhaps no one but Whitman could have supplemented it with the last and most endearing touch. It is beautiful that the poet should become a nurse; it is still more beautiful that the nurse should not forget he is a son. All through the strain and preoccupation of his work, Whitman never failed to find time for a weekly letter to his mother. These letters, long afterwards published under the title of "The Wound-Dresser," should be read by any who doubt Whitman's claim to a place in the communion of saints. Tenderness and devotion are predominant features in them:—"I believe no men ever loved each other as I and some of these poor wounded, sick and dying men love each other"—but perhaps their most noteworthy quality is the complete self-possession they display. Fully aware of the momentous nature of the events which are passing on every side of him, Whitman is never betrayed into a touch of false fervour; never exaggerates any of his feelings by a hair. He turns quite naturally from tragic narrative to take his part in the small cares of the daily life of the family:—

"Well, mother, I should like to know all the domestic affairs at home, don't you have the usual things eating, etc.? Mother don't you miss Walt loafing around, and carting himself off to New York toward the latter part of every afternoon?"

Among his thoughtfully chosen offices was that of writing letters for the soldiers to friends and sweethearts; and in the case of death he would often write, on his own account, to the parents in the unknown home:—

"Mr. and Mrs. Haskell,—Dear Friends, I thought it would be soothing to you to have a few lines about the last days of your son Erastus Haskell. I used to sit by the side of his bed, generally silent; he was oppressed for breath and with the heat, and I would fan him. Sometimes when I would come in he woke up, and I would lean down and kiss him; he would reach out his hand and pat my hair and beard. I shall never forget those nights, in the dark hospital. It was a curious and solemn scene, the sick and wounded lying all around, and this dear young man close to me, lying on what proved to be his death-bed. I do not know his past life, but in what I saw and know of he behaved like a noble boy."

Looking back on it, Whitman gave the war a significance for his literary development which it had not really possessed. In a farewell essay he writes that "without these three or four years and the experience they gave, 'Leaves of Grass' would not now be existing," and by an arrangement which violates chronology he has made "Drum Taps," which contains some of his most moving and memorable passages, the pivot of his book. He regarded himself and we regard him as peculiarly the poet of the war; yet, as we have seen, the bulk of his most characteristic expression preceded it. He was, indeed, always more sensitive to truth of principle than accidents of fact; and the truth here was that the national feeling

which found its expression in the war had in him been strong enough to anticipate such an expression, so that, when the war came, the poems which it might have evoked were written already, leaving their writer at liberty to enact them, and to exhibit in his own person a supreme poem of comradeship and love. Nothing that left Whitman's hand after the war has quite the old unquenchable and intoxicating bravura of independence and we often feel him striving for the effects he does not reach. But the power on which those old frenzies were stayed has been revealed to us; we recognize in his message a greatness which only devoted action could fitly crown.

Smiles.

They were a very saving old couple, and as a result they had a beautifully furnished house.

One day the old woman missed her husband.

"Joseph, where are you?" she called out.

"I'm resting in the parlor," came the reply.

"What, on the sofa?" cried the old woman, horrified.

"No, on the floor."

"Not on the grand carpet!" came in tones of anguish.

"No; I've rolled it up!"

A certain college president wore side-whiskers. Whenever he suggested removing them, there was a division of opinion in the family. One morning he entered his wife's dressing-room razor in hand, with his right cheek shaved smooth.

"How do you like it, my dear?" he asked. "If you think it looks well, I will shave the other side, too."—Facts and Fancies.

Young Wife: "Oh, Montague, you do believe that I am always thinking of economy, don't you?" Young Husband: "Eleanor, your shilling telegram this afternoon telling me where to go to save sevenpence on a carpet-broom warns me that you are thinking of it too much!"

"How old is your big sister?" asked a caller of a little girl who was entertaining him in a Washington home until said big sister came in.

"Well," replied the little girl, "I don't know just how old she is; but she has got to the age when tea rests her."

April Song.

BY F. L. LITTLE.

Gods garden is this deep still wood,
Filled full of tender healing;
Here, April sings in gladdest mood,
"Each twelvemonth I come stealing."

I kiss the stream that has been a bound,
I brush the supple willow,
I lay my soft cheek on the ground—
Beneath it springs a pillow.

Of moss and grass and wild-flower stalks,
Ah, summer, you are older,
And gayer bloom will deck your walks,
But mine is sweeter, bolder.

God's garden is this deep still wood,
And I the fickle vagrant—
I am the gardener he sends
To make it fair and fragrant.

Hope

A Warning

"Dust thou art
Hear these
Lest Thou regret
In that last

Pray listen to
All those who
For on that day
For those who

"Come unto me
Come unto me
O, listen to the
And lean upon

Hark to the ble
He giveth to yo
And you shall
His angels gu

I know the road
That leadeth
And sometimes
sorrow,
But 'tis the ro

So where He lead
E'en when our h
Then in the Va
He will not le

Then death, th
conquered,
Shall lose its
And when we re
We shall behol

Thank you, 'l
letter and the c
It has gone out
woman who has
year.—HOPE.

The Glory

Is not this the
VI.3.

"God keep us thr
The level strete
When thought is
Their burdens f
In days of slowl
Then most we
prayer."

The Great Teac
as a Carpenter
until He was al
Then the Spirit
mighty power, s
Him, was seen a
world. Great mu
to the wonderfu
love which pour
was surrounded
scarcely allow Hi
His quiet word o
raging sea of Ga
a maniac to rea
child from the
He returned to
His blameless ho
teach in the syn
neighbors were o
not this the Carpe
the brother of Ja
of Jude, and Sim
sisters here with
How could He be
known Him since
been content to st
workmen as one o
Our Lord said
"A prophet is n
in his own countr
kin, and in his
faithlessness hind
so that "He coul
work" except the
folk. Perhaps the
to seek His help,
than the others.

We have a com
ity breeds conte
"Distance lends
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We can see His g
but perhaps if we
when He walked
He might have