

quoting a few lines to show its beauty and also the interesting bit of information that in those days when the trees were burned down to clear the land, the ashes were used as a fertilizer:

"On the mountains grew the berries,  
Golden flowers in the meadows,  
And the herbs of many colours,  
Many kinds of vegetation;  
But the barley is not growing.

"Osma's barley will not flourish,  
Not the barley of Wainola,  
If the soil be not made ready,  
If the forest be not levelled,  
And the branches burned to ashes.

"Only left the birch-tree standing,  
For the birds a place of resting,  
Where might sing the sweet-voiced cuckoo,  
Sacred bird in sacred branches."

I read many books about Finland, some sent to me by Erick Korte, the Finnish consul at Port Arthur, and I began to get the feeling of the country, their intense nationalism, their delight in communal singing. Music and verse filled their very souls and kept their spirits alive during the long dreary winter nights as they sat in their small houses, prisoners of darkness.

No wonder the coming of the spring intoxicates them with happiness and sends them singing with delight, dancing through the woods, released at last from the spell of the ghosts and goblins that dominated their souls in the long black hours.

I tried to put myself into the character of Helmi, who came from Finland to her Aunt in St. Paul, Minnesota, only to find that her Aunt had been stricken with a fatal