

O Queen Of Peace

O Queen of Peace, I seem to see thee weeping.
When night's black pall droops o'er the battle-sod,
Where thousands lie in that last solemn sleeping,
Which wakens only at the Voice of God.
I seem to see thy Mother-Heart all bleeding,
For Earth's poor mothers who have borne thee sons,
To hear thy tender pleading interceding,
Above the thundering menace of the guns.
O Queen of Peace—first, Queen of bitter sorrow—
Thy holy tears are o'er our dear ones shed,
And are as stars that promise brighter morning.
When we shall know again, and meet, our dead.
They left us in the pride of youth and beauty,
Our fond eyes watched them go, with hope and pride;
We trod with humble feet our path of duty—
The Cross our Rook to cling to, if they died.
Mother, who knows beyond all earthly telling,
What depths hath anguish, and what heights hath pain,
Plead for us, then, that in thy Heavenly dwelling,
May rest the souls of those untimely slain!
Not so long since within our arms we held them,
As happy children, knowing naught of strife,
And, as in Galile, to Him uphold them,
Whose gift to man is everlasting life!
O Queen of Peace, bring peace by thy pure praying,
Thy son will grant thee measure-running o'er;
Ask him to stretch His holy Right Arm, staying
War's hideous holocaust from shore to shore!
Sweet Queen of peace, and Queen of deepest sorrow,
The mothers of the nations cling to thee;
Thou art our hope, from thee our strength we borrow;
The dove of Peace shall come from Calvary!
—Marion Miller Knowles.

An Obstinate Man

(George Barton, in Extension Magazine.)

(Continued)

But at the critical stage of my career my obstinacy came to the surface again.

When I was a boy I read a biography of General Grant that impressed me greatly. There was one incident in it that fastened itself upon my memory and has remained there ever since. It told how Grant, as a youth, once went to the circus. It was the old-fashioned, one-ring-kind of a circus, and among the attractions was a trick mule. The ring-master offered a dollar to anyone that could stay on that mule's back for one minute. Various persons tried it and all were promptly sent tumbling into the sawdust.

Then the future President of the United States endeavored to earn that dollar.

He watched the other contestants closely and he studied the antics of the mule. Most of them had been upset before they got off the mule's back. He wasn't fooled by that sort of thing. He stood in a certain position and as the animal came near him he grabbed it by the mane and lightly vaulted on its back. There was a burst of applause, but the next moment young Grant was hurled against the side of the ring. He was covered with dirt and sawdust from head to foot, and his nose was bleeding. But did he quit? Not on your precious life. He tried it a second time, and once again he failed. Six times he failed, and seventh time he won the dollar.

Grant won by keeping everlastingly at it. That was the secret of his success, that was how he became the one general with sufficient stamina to win the Civil War. Secretly I took Grant as my model. Twenty-four hours after my failure to pass the preliminary law examination, I buckled down to my studies again. I knew I should have to concentrate upon certain

An Ancient Foe

to health and happiness is Scrofula—so ugly as ever since time immemorial. It causes blemishes in the neck, disfigures the skin, inflames the mucous membrane, wastes the muscles, weakens the bones, reduces the power of resistance to disease and the capacity for recovery, and develops into consumption.

"Two of my children had scrofula sores which kept growing deeper and kept them from going to school for three months. Remedies and medicines did no good until I began giving them Hood's Sarsaparilla. The medicine caused the sores to heal, and the children have shown no signs of scrofula since." J. W. McGraw, Woodstock, Ont.

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subjects, and I concentrated. A lot of good-natured ridicule was heaped upon me, but I paid no attention to it. I worked harder than ever and took the examination again. When the figures were announced, I got a severe jolt.

I had failed a second time! This time I experienced a sense of extreme depression. I was so confident that I should pass that the announcement of my failure came like a shock. I had a real case of the "blues," and for twenty-four hours I didn't care whether school kept or not. But at the end of that time I rallied, and before the morning of the second day I was more determined to succeed than ever. I thought of Grant and the mule, and my old sense of obstinacy began to revive. Almost unconsciously I adopted some of the words of the great soldier. I had mapped out my plan of campaign. I would not quit nor change my ambitions.

I determined to fight it out on that line if it took all summer!

So once more I plunged into my studies. Latin had been my weak spot, and I was fortunate enough to get into touch with a young fellow who was making a battle somewhat similar to my own. He had failed twice, too, and his great difficulty was with his mathematics. Now that was a branch in which I was particularly strong, so we agreed to meet three times a week and tutor each other in those two branches. As will be easily understood, complemented each other. I was amazed at his knowledge of Latin, and he could never cease admiring the ease with which I mastered the most difficult mathematical problems. I did not spend many nights at home, but Clara accepted it all with a patience which is beyond praise. She was my inspiration at every stage of the conflict. When I failed, she treated me as a mother might treat a child. She never complained, but on the other hand, she never spoiled me with senseless sympathy. That is the one thing I could not have stood. Finally I essayed the preliminary examination for the third time, and on this occasion I passed, and passed with flying colours.

It was a proud moment for me. I cannot tell in mere words the sense of exaltation I felt. It was not merely the fact of passing the examination. It was the knowledge that I had triumphed over what had appeared to be insurmountable difficulties. Clara felt this, too, and there were tears in her eyes when she kissed me and congratulated me on my success.

That was the first stage of the business. After that I was duly registered as a student-at-law in the office of a well-known attorney, and settled down to the study of Blackstone and all the other legal classics. I am not going into details of these four fruitful years. But I will say that I worked all day in the post-office and studied at home at night. Many a night I went to bed with burning eyes and aching head. It was hard, but I knew it was the price that had to be paid for success.

Eventually the day came when I took the final examination. I passed without difficulty, and that fact is the best proof I can offer regarding my industry during those four years. A few weeks later I was duly admitted to practice at the bar of my native city.

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That sounds like the end, but in reality it was only the beginning. The question now was when I should start the practice of the law. My position in the postal service did not pay a princely salary, but it was a certainty. To hang out my shingle as a lawyer was a hazardous undertaking. I talked it over with Clara and she was for my resigning my postal job at once. By selling my shares in a building and loan association, I came into possession of \$450. I gave Clara \$400 of this and with the remainder I rented a modest office and prepared to meet clients.

I had made the great plunge. It was like a man learning to swim. I was in the water. Would I sink or swim?

In the beginning I resolved to be very particular about my clients, but I soon discovered that clients are not very particular about themselves. Yet, in my case, they kept away from me as though I had the plague. One, two and then three weeks went by without one of the pestiferous tribe crossing the threshold of my den. It may be true that the profession of the law is crowded, but I know that my office was not. I kept up a bold front. Each morning I went to my office carrying my green bag and pretending to be terribly busy. But, in reality, I was in desperate straits. Another month's rent would soon be due, and I could not, in conscience, touch on the money I had given Clara for household expenses.

Just before the close of the month I managed to make a connection with a building association, and some small legal work I performed brought me in my first fee of twenty-five dollars. The rent was thirty-five dollars, so I was still ten dollars shy of the needed amount. At that critical moment the door of my office opened and an angel entered in the person of a coloured client. This gentleman said he had been unjustly accused of stealing a gold watch and a pair of trousers, and he wanted me to defend him.

I did not want to show any undue anxiety, and yet at the same time I was fearful that he might slip through my hands. My impulse was to shut and lock the door to prevent him from escaping. My fears were groundless. He wanted me more than I wanted him, and that was saying a great deal. He laid two greasy five dollar bills on my desk.

"Dat's all I got, boss," he said, "but I'll give it gladly if you'll only defend my honour."

I picked up the money and carefully placed it in my wallet—and agreed to defend his honour. The case came up an hour later in a magistrate's office. The time and the place gave me a great opportunity. I was not handicapped by court rules of any kind. I let all my pent-up eloquence loose on that poor magistrate, I pictured the mother of the prisoner. "Don't break the heart of this poor wife by branding him as a thief. Don't have his children jeered at by their companions!" It must have been an effective plea, for it brought the tears to the eyes of my client.

He was discharged—no blot was declared on his escutcheon. As we left the magistrate's office he told me it was the best speech he had ever heard, even if his mother was dead, and he had no wife and children.

"But, boss," he said, "you sure did have me shakin' when you pointed to me an' asked the judge if he thought I looked like a man what would steal a pair of pants."

"Why?" I asked.

"Cause," he ejaculated, hurrying away, "I was wearin' dem pants."

I had bridged the difficulty of the rent only to face many more lean weeks. I picked up a little work with the building association, but it was mighty insignificant when compared with my needs. I felt sorry—not for myself, but for Clara. I could not help thinking of Watkins with his limousine. She had foregone that—for me. I ventured to hint at this one day and to wonder if she had been reduced. Her reply was characteristic. "Frank, keep your shoes shined, your trousers pressed, and your chin up in the air, and you'll win out."

Her cheerfulness was a ray of

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sunshine to me. At the end of the third month a woman came in with a damage suit against the city. She had stumbled in a hole in the street and injured her hip. I thought it was a good case and expended my best energies on its preparation. I asked two thousand dollars damages. Four weeks' dragged by and the case was not even in sight of court. One morning I received a letter from my client saying that she was sick of the whole business and wished to formally abandon the suit. Nay, more she positively directed me to discontinue the suit.

That was cheering news for a poor lawyer who thought he had a chance to make a few honest dollars. I sat there staring at that letter and wondering what I should do when the assistant district attorney was announced.

(To be continued)

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