

I was assured, my faith was restored—I pushed the button and the room seemed dark.

I sat down and closed my eyes—I saw nothing—I was content. I opened my eyes—I looked for the deep shadows on the ceiling, but I saw only streaks of light.

A picture of Walt Whitman hung by my dresser. A ray of light played on the bearded face of rugged strength—the slouched hat blended with and was a part of the wondrous head.

The eyes looked into mine and smiled. A soft yellow halo, with scintillating colors played about the frame.

I was awed by a delicious feeling of rest and peace.

A friendly spirit showed me her purple light—comrades were with me.

I was no longer lonely, I was filled with hope and certainty.

And “The Friend I Was Looking For?” I may meet again at the next bend in the Road.



Others shall sing the song,
Others shall right the wrong;
Finish what I begin,
And all I fail to win,
What matter I or they,
Mine or another's day;
So the right word be said,
And life the sweeter made.

Learn every possible lesson from this war;—Learn to say “The World is my Country.”

“Rule Britania” and “Deuchland Uber Alles” has made a sad mix up.