

Uncle Walt

THE SOD is o'er the dauntless head,
the fierce old eyes are dim and dead,
the martial heart is dust; they say he
died in sanctity, and his wild soul, of fet-
ters free, went forth to join the just. But
will the joys of Paradise, as we imagine
them, suffice to hold Geronimo? Will joy-
ous song and endless calm to that bold
spirit be a balm, while silent eons flow?
But Heaven is a region fair, and there may
be long reaches there, to give the savage
space to ride his steed o'er field and fell
and raise his fierce, defiant yell, in foray
and in race. The Judge who knows the
hearts of men may find a desert or a glen
for souls that love the wild; and through
the gates perchance may jog the hunter's
pinto and his dog, his painted squaw and
child.

*Geronimo
Aloft*