

This friend, who would praise one page and criticize another who would say this was wise and this was foolish.

But this friend had not come and I sat long and long, and only saw the shadows grow deeper and blacker and wondered.

Had I followed a will-o-the-wisp? Had I pinned my faith on friendship and friendship was not?

To break the spell of utter loneliness that each moment deepened, to forget the ONE who had failed me in success or failure (Who can say what is success and what is failure?)—I pushed a button and flooded the room with light.

The much marked and worn copy of "Leaves of Grass" was on my desk. I picked it up and superstitiously let it fall open and mentally wondered what message the opened pages would have for me.

I first read:—

"I announce a life that shall be copious, vehement, spiritual, bold,

And I announce an old age that shall lightly and joyfully meet its translation."

Copious, vehement, spiritual, bold—at once the words filled me with strength, and the lonely feeling was replaced by an urge to do.

A scored line on the opposite page read:—

"Once more I enforce you to give play to yourself—and not depend on me—or on anyone but yourself."

An urge to be—at all hazards to be—caused an exultant buoyancy to creep over me.

Again my eye caught the printed page:

"I announce natural persons to arise,

I announce justice triumphant,

I announce uncompromising liberty and equality."

I was back at Bon Echo, I was building stone fences with the boys? I was carving mottoes on pieces of birch bark—I was designing a gateway of granite and on the splendid sweeping arch was carved the words:—

"The Institution of the Dear Love of Comrades."

Again my eyes looked at the open book:—

"I announce adhesiveness—I say it shall be limitless; unloosened.

I say you shall yet find the friend you were looking for."