

flowers for mother on my way to the house, and she took my head in her lap with the flowers and we kissed and made up. I was never—as I remember it now—I have never been so happy as I was that day when I rolled a big stone down from that stump on the head of my first love. I wanted to tell mother all about the Indian girl, but I was afraid she would tell Harriet, and that she might be jealous and miserable, and also try to drown herself.

I was often and often in the water with the Indian children, and so became a famous swimmer and lover of streams. Some days I went in quite another direction and got wild flowers and fruit for mother, fearing she might follow me and find out about my sweetheart, with whom I was determined to elope and marry and die. And this it was that got me to loving the woods, wild flowers, birds, solitude, song. But the Indians folded their tents at last and suddenly went, I never knew where.

Would it seem silly if I should write it down here on the Klondike banks as a cold, frozen truth, that the unkind and thoughtless rolling of that stone made me to love the wilderness, solitude, savages and savage life—made me, good or bad, what I am? Why, but for that, I should have gone to town, as other boys, stood on street corners, talked politics, attended conventions, kept with the crowd, made speeches, kept on and on in my low ways, getting lower and lower, till at last, possibly, I should have found myself in the lower House of Congress.

THE VOYAGE.

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON HAYNE.

THERE is a voyage that all men make,
 Rounding the capes of Time—
 But never a chart can seaman take,
 Bound to an unknown clime.
 Whether the heaven is dark or blue,
 Ships of the world must float,
 But every man as a single crew
 Sails in his own lifeboat.

And some go down when the waves are high,
 Some when the tide is low,
 And some o'er the heaving billows fly,
 Heedless of winds that blow.
 And some are wrecked on the shoals of Time,
 Near to a mist-bound lee,
 And some with a faith we call sublime
 Sink in an oarless sea.

All of the ships as they come and go,
 Ships of the changeful deep—
 Whether their voyage be swift or slow,
 Enter the straits of Sleep.
 All of the seamen shall drown at last—
 Lusty, or scant of breath—
 For never a beacon light is cast
 Over the reefs of Death.