

# THE HOME

BY JANEY CANUCK

LOOSE LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A TYPHOID PATIENT.\*

WHAT do you think about shut up here alone?" queried the Doctor.

"I have never been ill and often wonder what are my patient's thoughts."

What do I think of? I lie and pray *Eugene Aram's* prayer as he watched the school-boy close his book:

"Oh God, could I so close my mind  
And clasp it with a clasp!"

What do I think of? In a broader sense of the word I am a "free-thinker." Like Macaulay, I find I have forgotten nothing that I have ever heard, seen or thought. What a medley of mind-and-heart experiences in one day! The children of the brain are wild and foolish, crooked and volatile, great and noble, morbid and lawless. They scheme, invent, combine and contradict. There is no estoppel to their flights of imagination.

The head is like a mill ever grinding and still grinding. Sometimes a bit of gravel is mixed with the grain and the mill clogs. Who can tell the pain when our tempest-tossed thought-craft floats at the mercy of wind and tide, and the sufferer has no strength to grasp the helm, man the oars and direct its course? An old writer says that Queen Catherine Parr died of thought.

Yet so it must be. The head gives artillery, the heart powder. Ideas are the arrows and the body is the bow that sends them home, but when health goes the gun is spiked and the bow-string is on the slack.

One tries like Milton in his blindness to open the eyes to the luminous vision of God, or like Bunyan shut up in prison, to

cross the portals of the Palace Beautiful so to cool the hot temples in the breezes of Paradise that blow from the River of the Water of Life.

But alas! the flying is dull and low till at length we are snared in the thickets.

September 16th—

"Be the day weary,  
Or be the day long,  
It ringeth at length  
To Evensong."

September 20th—

The world may be divided into two classes—the people who lift and the people who lean.

'Tis harder to lean.

September 21st—

Words of sympathy are short armed to relieve the pressure of agony in the sordid hours when pain drags you through its slime!

September 23rd—

I got a note to-day. It was only six words: "*No suffering need be only suffering.*"

September 25th—

Who has ever told the rage of thirst? The first cry of the new-born babe, and the wail of the shipwrecked mariner are of thirst and in the lingering agonies of Calvary, His life-blood ebbing away, it was thirst that wrung from the Nazarene the gasping cry that has curdled the blood of the ages with horror.

September 28th—

Sometimes in my fever dreams I am *Annabel Lee* shut up in her sepulchre.

\* These unique confessions were dictated from a bed of pain for THE NATIONAL MONTHLY.—*Editor.*