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## AT FRIENDS WITH LIFE

A SUMMER REVERIE

BY EDWIN MARKHAM

GIVE me green rafters and the quiet hills  
Where peace will mix a philter for my ills—  
Rafters of cedar and of sycamore,  
Where I can stretch out on the fragrant floor,  
And see them peer—the softly stepping shapes—  
By the still pool where hang the tart wild grapes.

There on the hills of summer let me lie  
On the cool grass in friendship with the sky.  
Let me lie there in love with earth and sun,  
And wonder up at the light-foot winds that run,  
Stirring the delicate edges of the trees,  
And shaking down a music of the seas.

Bring some old book—"The Romaunt of the Rose,"  
That song through which the wind of morning blows.  
Let me stretch out at friends with life at last,  
Forgetting all the clamors of the past—  
The broken dream, the flying word unjust,  
The failure, and the friendship gone to dust.



IT was the unanimous verdict of the mess-room that young Malden was taking his life in his hands. They voted that all his babble about original manuscripts and buried historical treasures was simply a fad which had incubated into a monomania under the wing of a fierce Indian June. They said the place for him was in the belly of a hammock, with a bag of ice on his head, rather than stumbling about among the foot-hills of the Himalayas in search of literary treasure-trove.

The opportunity of a lifetime had come to James Malden, subaltern in the Ninth Yorkshire Lancers—nicknamed the "Fiends" ever since that day, three years before, when they had joined in the terrible charge which broke the siege of Lucknow. His university course had led him to a rather close study of Oriental literature and had developed in him the passion for literary discovery. He had obtained his position in