

OLAF JANSEN'S REQUITAL.

By Francis Lynde.

WE had been discussing the question of hiring another hand on the ranch that morning at the breakfast table. Father suggested it, and brother Will, who is the thrifty member of the firm, objected on the score of economy. He had not said in so many words that the youngest partner was having it easier than he should; but that was the inference, and it helped his side of the argument by keeping me silent. In the end, however, father prevailed, as he usually does. When we went about our several tasks for the forenoon, it was pretty well settled that we were to have a hired man.

I remember that morning very distinctly, because it fell to my lot to irrigate the orchard; and of all the soul destroying tasks in the monotonous round of ranch life, this was to me the least irksome. The orchard—we called it so by courtesy, though it was but a thin ranked regiment of yearling cuttings—was watered from the main ditch flowing along the head of the ten acre field devoted to horticulture. As the laterals were merely plowed furrows running between the rows of trees, the labor of irrigating resolved itself into one part of turning the water into the furrows, and nine parts of watching it slowly saturate its way down the irregular channels in the length of the dusty field.

The idle intervals were exceedingly precious. There was soft bunch grass for a couch; there were the bright sunshine and the luminous atmosphere of a Colorado day; there was the soothing murmur of the water in the main ditch, repeating in whispered gurglings the story of its swift rush of yesterday through the gorges of the canyon. Better than all these, there was the magnificent sweep of the immutable mountains themselves, rising abruptly from the wind swept plain in successive waves of barren grandeur, and lifting skyward the western horizon to its vanishing line of glittering snow. To an idle dreamer, whose ill health had been one of the many motives at the bottom of the family's migration to Colorado, the environment was at once inspiring and

seductive; but its harmonies kept better step with dreaming than with digging.

That morning, I remember, I had the gift of telescopic vision. To my eyes the bare mountain sides appeared no longer as vast reaches of color, shading up from bases of forest blue to summits of white. That was only the mask they wore for those who saw not. For me they were clad in the nearer majesty of gaunt and frowning cliffs, looking down upon wooded slopes and into rifted canyons. Our neighbor Giles, plowing in his field a mile away, ceased to be a mere speck of humanity directing the movements of two equally inconsequent atoms of horseflesh. I could see him quite well, from the rough cowhide boots stumbling over the clods in the furrow, to the battered hat pulled down over his keen little gray eyes. Looking steadily at him, the microscopic mental vision began presently to involve the other senses; I could hear the muffled *shurr* of the plowshare, and the labored breathing of the off horse, which was wind broken.

Down below the Giles' ranch there was the grove of cottonwoods which, under ordinary circumstances, hid the little village of Arvila, our post office and nearest railway station. On that day the leafy screen seemed to share the transparency of the atmosphere. I could see the commonplace detail of the single street running down past Jarkins' store and the post office to the railway platform where the usual knot of loungers—blessed brothers in idleness—awaited with sturdy patience the coming of the morning train from Denver.

After I had turned the water into the second line of furrows the train came in, crossing the wooden bridge over Riston Creek with a subdued roar; and when I looked again in the direction of the village, there was a moving figure in the road leading toward the ranch. It grew steadily as I watched it, materializing definitely, at last, in the form of an oddly dressed man letting himself through the bars at the lower end of the orchard.

That was Olaf's advent among us. A few

minutes later he stood before me with his hands thrust into the pockets of his leathern jacket, and his queer, foreign looking cap pushed far back from his brow.

"Hae been lookin' fer yob," he said laconically.

"What kind of a job?" I inquired, thinking how exactly the simple statement harmonized with the child-like blankness of his smooth face and the placid stare of his honest blue eyes.

"Hae not care—Hae kann vaerk poorty good on da faarm."

I saw father approaching the house from the wheat field in the rear, and called to him. When he came up I stated the object of the man's visit. He looked at the newcomer critically.

"How long have you been over?" he asked.

"En dis contrae?"

"Yes."

"Hae vill been haer one yare."

"What are you, Swedish or Danish?"

"Svenskt."

"What have you been doing?"

The man scratched his head in a meditative way, and looked puzzled. Father saw his difficulty, and put the question in a different form. "What have you been working at?"

"Hae been vaerkin' on da raalroad—sawntames Hae vill chop da vood."

"What do you know about farming?"

"Hae not kann tael en dis contrae"—he pointed at the irrigating ditch, and looked up in mild interrogation at the cloudless sky—"Hae vill do yust so vael as Hae kann."

"What'll you work for?—how much money do you want?"

"Hae not kann tael dat, too; you'll yust kann pae me da sem like you'll pae oder maens."

"What's your name?"

"Olaf Yansen."

I have spelled it as he pronounced it, and have striven to twist the stubborn English alphabet into some such combinations as would convey a suggestion of his quaint dialect, but the result is rather unsatisfying. No arrangement of the types can give the mellow monotone of his speech, with the long drawn vowels and the musical accent. As to the name, it was weeks before it occurred to any of us that it was our familiar "Johnson" done into Swedish.

That was the manner of Olaf's hiring. With that, he slipped into the small pool of domestic life at the ranch without stirring any of its profounder depths. Brother Will, it is true, found fault with Olaf's lack of ex-

perience in irrigation farming, hinting darkly at the waste of time necessary to his education therein; but the patient willingness of the new hand speedily overcame the prejudice. He won a similar and smaller victory in the estimation of Kate, who, with the dutiful loyalty of a good wife, had reflected somewhat of Will's early dissatisfaction.

It was through the medium of my small namesake and his still smaller sister that the newcomer found his way to Kate's favor. The little ones loved him from the beginning, and it is not in the heart of a mother to harbor unkindly feelings toward any one whom her children have accepted. If, as it is said, the good will of children and animals may be taken as a guaranty of uprightness in a man, Olaf's character was pretty well established by the time he had been with us a fortnight. His transparent honesty impressed us all, and our good opinion of him was shared, with perhaps better reason, by the horses and the cattle, and even the house dog.

To this general outreaching of kindness toward our simple hearted laborer, I must make one exception. One of the horses, a bronco—whose purchase name of "Jack" was speedily changed to "Demon" when we had witnessed an exhibition of his depravity—had promptly included the Swede in his list of things to be destroyed; but in the case of this equine fiend Olaf only shared with the rest of us in the impartial distribution of the bronco's favors.

Father was responsible for the purchase of this unruly beast; and it was due to his conscientious scruples that we had never been able to get rid of it. No one would buy the horse after hearing the faithful and succinct account of his impish accomplishments which father thought necessary to give to every prospective purchaser. We had owned him but a few days when it was clearly demonstrated that no one but Will could manage him. He had driven me out of the stable the first time I attempted to feed him, compelling me to resort to the expedient of carrying the measure of grain to the loft, whence it could be poured into the manger without endangering the life of the pourer. Father had his turn a little later in the day, when he tried to harness the brute to the wagon. I never knew just what occurred, but Kate told me afterward that father came in limping, and that Will went to the stable with an axe handle.

On the day of his arrival, Olaf had been told of Demon's playful peculiarities; but nevertheless, he, too, came limping to the

house after feeding time. Little Tom noticed it, and inquired, with childish gravity, "Say, what makes you go this way?"—illustrating the question by imitating Olaf's halting steps.

The descendant of vikings looked down upon the small interrogation point with a benignant smile. "Hae tank dat hawrse is poorty mean hawrse," he said, and Will, overhearing the remark, added another word of caution:

"Yes, you'll have to be middling careful with Demon; he'll have you for breakfast some fine morning, if you ain't."

For some reason best known to my father and brother, Olaf's induction into the mysteries of the fine art of irrigation was intrusted to me. If the reason were obscure, I am quite sure that my satisfaction must have been evident enough. It was a division of labor peculiarly suited to my temperament, and I very willingly assumed the responsibility of instruction in consideration of the fact that my pupil carried and used the long handled shovel.

By judicious management I was enabled to prolong the period of tutelage indefinitely, and so it happened that I saw much more of Olaf than did the others. It was to me, too, that he unbosomed himself when the necessity for a confidant finally overcame his reticent habit; and I learned in broken sentences, which I will not attempt to reproduce here, the simple story of his early life in the Old World.

He was the son of a small farmer in Svealand, and his youth had been spent in the incessant toil of the Swedish peasant. His neighbors were the Olesons, and as he told how Elsa Oleson and he had grown up side by side, the inevitable result suggested itself long before his halting speech had compassed the uneventful narrative of peasant love. There were difficulties, however. Ole Jansen had other children to provide for, and the farm was small; Elsa's father was also poor, and his land was held upon a life tenure. There seemed to be no room for the young people in the Old World, and so Olaf had come to the New. That was all, except that when he should have saved enough from his wages to pay her passage, Elsa was to join him and they were to be married.

"How much have you got toward it, Olaf?" I asked, when he reached this point in his narrative.

"Hae not kann tael ho you make dat; Hae tank das poorty near 'nough." He thrust the shovel upright into the ground, and took out a dilapidated wallet, wound

about with many wrappings of twine. Opening it and handing me a thin wad of bank notes, he said, "Please you colnt dat."

There were ninety three dollars, and I explained, as best I could, the value of the amount, adding that it would take something more than half of it to prepay an emigrant passage from Stockholm to Denver.

He rewrapped the precious savings with careful deliberation, a broad smile brightening his honest face. "Hae tank das poorty near 'nough," he repeated; "Hae not kann wait more dan vone mohnt—den Hae vill sent da *biljet*."

I had a sudden accession of respect for Olaf after this conversation. Here was a man adrift, one might say, in a country where he knew little of the language and still less of the people—whose accomplishments were of the lowest order, and yet whose faith was of the kind that moves mountains. With only a day's labor and a few paltry dollars between himself and destitution, he was ready to assume the responsibilities of matrimony, and all of its attendant hazards. Verily, such a one is not to be lightly spoken of; and I think I honored him rather more than I pitied him.

As a faithful and intelligent laborer on the ranch, Olaf had established himself quite firmly with father and Will before the occurrence of an incident which broke down, once for all, the barrier between master and servant existing in some sort even in the attenuated social atmosphere of Colorado ranch life. Demon was responsible for the incident, as he was for most of the untoward happenings on the ranch. The mare had gone lame the day before, and although we had never been able to work Demon in anything but the wagon, Will determined to harness him, with the other bronco, to the reaper. Thereupon ensued a furious battle, in which the vicious animal finally succumbed to the united efforts of Will, Olaf, and the axe handle.

We were all watching the struggle at a safe distance; father, Kate, and myself from the back porch of the house, and little Tom and his sister standing at the edge of the wheat field, which was separated from the dooryard only by the line of a shallow ditch. After his subjugation, the bronco stood quietly for a moment. Olaf started toward the barn, while Will prepared to mount to the driver's seat on the reaper.

In the twinkling of an eye the devil entered into the horse again. Before we could cry out, Will was rolling in the dust, and the horses, with the cumbrous machine at their heels, were describing a wide circle

through the standing grain. In their mad flight, the cutter bar dropped down; and as the horses swung around and headed toward the house again, they left a broad swath of stubble behind them.

It was all done very quickly. I do not think that any of us on the porch had thought of the children's danger until the plunging animals were almost upon them; and it was to Olaf, whose methodical slowness had pointed many a jibe, that we owed the lives of the little ones. He dashed across the yard with the speed of an arrow, snatched the babies from under the very hoofs of the broncos, and threw them to the right and left far out into the wheat. He had no time to save himself, however; and how he managed to escape alive from the horrible tangle of frantic animals and whirring machinery was little short of miraculous.

When the horses had come to grief against the well curb, and the excitement had subsided sufficiently to allow us to tabulate the casualties, our viking was found to be badly bruised, but not seriously injured. We were all so thankful for the safety of the children, and the escape of their rescuer, that Demon was not immediately ordered out for execution, as he should have been.

This affair gave Olaf a new standing with all of us, and the hired man was the subject of a family council when we were gathered in the dining room that evening after supper.

"It was certainly a very cool bit of work," said father, referring to the rescue.

"Cool?" exclaimed Kate. "It was heroic! It was simply grand! I could have put my arms around his neck and hugged him!"

"Why didn't you?" asked Will, with a shade more of sarcasm than I thought the occasion demanded.

"Because—well, because—"

"Because you knew better," I suggested; "any way, I'm not sure Olaf would have appreciated it if you had. He's pretty badly tangled up in a pair of arms which are at present in Sweden," and here I told the story of the Svealand idyl.

"That simplifies matters somewhat," said father, rising and standing absently before the chimney, opposite the place where the grate should have been. "I've been kind o' puzzling all day to think what we could do for him, and I guess that points out the way. There's Giles' north forty that he can't sell without a water right, and that's got to come from our ditch. I s'pose we can spare the water if we have to, and I'll

see what kind of a dicker I can make with Giles. The land ain't worth anything as it stands now, and he ought to be willing to let it go pretty cheap."

It was just at this juncture that my economical brother surprised me.

"If you'll do that, father," he said, "I'll undertake to get the lumber for a shanty, and we'll all turn in and help put it up. When's he going to send for his girl, Tom?"—turning to me.

"Next month, he said; but under the circumstances, I shouldn't wonder if he'd like to do it sooner. He has more than enough money."

"All right," rejoined Will. "We'll consider that settled. You can tell him in the morning, Tom, and if he feels able, he can take the mare and the buggy, and go to town. I expect you'd better go with him, though; like as not he will fall into the hands of some scalper and lose his money, if you don't."

When I told Olaf the following morning of the good fortune which was to befall him, he looked the gratitude which his scanty English vocabulary refused to compass for him.

"Das poorty good, das what Hae tank—das poorty good!" he said over and over again, as we were hitching up the mare; and beyond an occasional repetition of this remark, he spoke little during the ten mile drive to Denver. Our business at the ticket office was soon despatched, and we returned to the ranch in time for dinner, with the comforting assurance that Mistress Elsa Oleson, of Leksand, Svealand, Sweden, would shortly be notified that her *biljet* to Denver awaited her at the office of the Thingvalla line, in Stockholm.

It is not to be supposed, however, that Olaf permitted the good news to reach Leksand only through the official channel. He presented himself at the door of my room that evening, cap in hand.

"Off you please, Mester Tohm, Hae vood laik to raight some latter," he said, beaming upon me with a smile that illuminated his plain features with the glad light one sees oftenest on the faces of children.

I established him at my table with the necessary materials, and he labored patiently with the stubborn pen for something more than an hour. When the short missive was finished and addressed, he said:

"Hae taenk you, Mester Tohm; das poorty good—das poorty good;" and I have reason to believe that the precious epistle was mailed that same night at the cost of a tramp in the dark to Arvila.

Neighbor Giles was amenable to reason, though I have always believed that father used the water argument for what it was worth. The forty acres in question were all under our ditch, and unless we chose to sell the water, there was no possible way of irrigating them. Better than this—or rather worse, for our neighbor—the lateral supplying the Giles ranch from the main ditch ran short nearly every year, and Giles was compelled to buy water of us to make up the deficiency. As he had no contract for this extra supply, he probably found it to his interest not to haggle overmuch about the price of the barren forty acres.

The setting up of the two room shanty was a matter of a day's work for the four of us. The finishing was left for Olaf's spare hours, and the sound of his incessant hammer beat our tattoo at bed time and our reveille in the morning. Supposing that the phlegmatic current of his Scandinavian blood was ever disturbed by an occasional ripple of the impatience that would have made the interval of waiting a sore trial for other men, the provision which gave him constant employment was a wise one. He had little time for impatient repining, and I presume, from his point of view, there was still less cause for such a feeling.

After the proper interval there came a letter from Elsa, saying that she would leave Stockholm in the Thuringia; and as that ship had sailed four days after the date of her letter, we were warranted in looking from day to day for the telegram from the New York agent, which was to inform us that our emigrant had started westward.

By the time it came, the small homestead was ready for its occupants. Kate and I had undertaken the simple furnishing. Not to be outdone in gratitude by her thrifty husband, Kate had used her butter money unstintingly, and had contributed liberally from her own stock of household appurtenances. For one who was at best little more than an idle pensioner upon the bounty of others, there was left no greater service than the fashioning of such homely utensils as could be made in the ranch workshop; but I am sure that Olaf did not measure the motive by the intrinsic value of the results. He was a willing servant to all of us, but his manner towards me seemed to have in it something of the tenderness which had so early won the hearts of little Tom and his sister.

At last the day for which all other days had waited dawned bright and cloudless. The overland train was due in Denver at three o'clock in the afternoon. At his own

request, I accompanied Olaf to town in the buggy; but it was arranged that he was to drive back with Elsa, leaving me to follow on the evening train to Arvilla.

When we reached the city we found that the overland was half an hour late; and it was during this last instalment of delay that Olaf showed the first signs of impatience. He marched gravely up and down the long platform at the station with his hands in the pockets of his leathern jacket—worn, I fancied, for the purpose of greeting the eyes of the girl with a familiar reminder of the Swedish fatherland—and I noticed that when he faced eastward, his gaze swept the brown stretch of the prairies with an unwonted eagerness.

At length the line of black smoke could be seen rising across the dun hills, and a few minutes later the incoming train rolled slowly into the station. I pointed out the second class car, and sauntered leisurely after Olaf as he went toward the stream or debarking passengers. Elsa was among the last, and I had time to observe that she was of the blanched type, pretty of face, and of shapely proportions. A small dark man, with beetle brows and the beard of a pirate helped her down from the high step of the car; I saw her roving glance single out Olaf in the crowd, and then her eyes dropped and she stood passively, waiting for him to approach.

Since I had not the privileged indelicacy of an entire stranger, I turned my back upon their meeting. When I looked again, Olaf was stumbling toward me with a wan pallor in his face, and a look in his eyes like that of an animal wounded to death. Elsa had taken the arm of the pirate, and they were moving leisurely with the crowd toward the baggage room.

"What is it, Olaf?" I asked as he came up to me.

"She not kann cohm; she yust tank she go vid da oder maens." There was no anger in his voice, no resentment; it was simple suffering.

"Who *is* the other man?"

"Hae not kann tael dat—dey vill cohm togedder from da old contrae."

There seemed to be nothing helpful to be said, and I led Olaf through the arched passageway in the station building to where the mare was hitched. Then the cruel heartlessness of it all came over me like the shock of a personal loss. Bidding Olaf stay with the mare, I hurried back to the platform, and looked anxiously up and down for the familiar uniform of the station police. I knew there was one man on the

force who could speak Swedish; and I determined, if I could find him, to make an effort to bring the girl to her senses.

Fortunately, the officer was on duty, and I briefly outlined the pitiful story to him as we hastened to the baggage room. "Take the girl out of the man's hearing, and try to make her understand what a pitiless thing she is doing," I said, as we entered the vestibule and caught sight of the pair standing at the baggage counter.

It was evident enough, even to one who understood no word of the appeal, that officer Nelson did his whole duty. The girl stood with downcast eyes while he was speaking, the color coming and going in her cheeks. The pirate made no effort to interfere, being doubtless deterred by a wholesome respect for the uniform; but when the officer made an end of his plea, the man drew a handful of coin from his pocket and stood idly chinking it on the counter. Elsa looked up quickly at the sound, shook her head at Nelson, and went slowly back to her companion.

"It's no good, I guess," said the officer. "She most likely thinks that fellow's got more money than t'other one."

"I'm afraid that's about the size of it," I replied sadly, "but it's a miserable shame, Nelson—the more so, as I believe that man's a scoundrel. If he isn't, he's got a good case for a suit for damages against his face. I think he'll bear watching."

"I don't know but what you're right," said the officer, scrutinizing the pirate suspiciously. "I'll report the whole business to Captain John, and if that there fellow so much as bats his eye on the wrong side, he'll land in the cooler—that's about what'll happen to him."

This was a grain of comfort, but it was not of the kind that I could offer to Olaf. I found our poor viking sitting in the buggy with his face buried in his hands; and I climbed in beside him, and drove away without speaking to him. When we were on the long bridge crossing the Platte, I caught a faint whiff of alcohol, and knew that Olaf had taken advantage of my absence to procure a supply of the fool's nepenthe. That had to be stopped at once, and dropping the reins, I made an unceremonious search in the pockets of the leathern jacket. I found a pint flask of the fiery liquid in one of the inside pockets, and Olaf made no objection when I drew the cork and tossed the bottle into the river. He spoke but once during the long drive, and that was just as we were approaching the ranch.

"Ho kann Hae tael your fadder un Mester Vill?" he asked.

"Don't tell them," I replied. "I'll manage that. You just go about your work as if nothing had happened."

I made the offer on the spur of the moment, and Kate unconsciously gave me time to wait for a favorable opportunity. They were all assembled in the yard to meet us as we drove up, and Kate clapped her hands gleefully.

"Then she *didn't* come, after all!" she said. "I just knew your impatience had made you gain a day; I told you she couldn't possibly reach Denver till tomorrow afternoon."

That pushed the miserable recital a little way into the future, and I watched my chances anxiously at the supper table while Olaf was at the barn feeding the stock. Once I thought I had an opening, when the evening train from Denver whistled for Arvila, and Kate said:

"There's the train that you were to come out on, Tom. Wouldn't it be a joke if you two missed her in the crowd, and she had to come out alone?"

"We couldn't have missed her very well. It might have been better——"

A confused din of crashing timbers and spiteful hoof blows floated in through the open windows, and I hesitated while we listened.

"That fool of a horse is at it again!" exclaimed father, rising hastily. "He'll be the death of some of us yet, if we don't get rid of him pretty soon."

Everything was quiet when we reached the barn, and the dim sheen of Olaf's lantern hanging on the wall lighted a ghastly sight. Demon was half buried in the wreck of his stall, with his head thrust under the manger and his neck broken by the heavy hitching rope. Olaf was lying on his back, partly under the horse, the blood oozing slowly from a gash in his forehead. When we got him out he was quite unconscious. There was but the faintest fluttering of the heart to tell us that he was not killed outright. Father knelt beside him, and made a hasty examination of the wound.

"It's pretty deep, but I hope the skull isn't broken. Let's take him over to the shanty, and then you go for the doctor, Will, just as quick as you can."

We lifted him gently, and carried him to the little cabin where he had spent his strength so freely in the labor of love; and when we had put him upon the bed, Will ran over to tell Kate. She came at once, and while we were doing the little that un-

skilled hands might venture, I heard the rapid gallop of the mare, and knew that Will was on his way to Arvila.

When everything had been done that pity could suggest, father and Kate left me to watch by the bedside until Will should return with the physician. Presently it became unbearable to sit there in the silence of the dimly lighted room, where the atmosphere seemed close and heavy with the presence of death; and I went to the door, and stood looking out into the starlit night.

The contrast between the stately calm of nature and the tragic episode of human life forced itself upon me with sharp distinctness. Out of doors, the serene arch of the heavens bending in solemn majesty over the dusky landscape, lying still and colorless in the starlight; the huge bulk of the range rising like the folds of a somber curtain drawn across the western horizon; the immensity of space and of night stretching a pall of invisibility over the trivial works of man. And within, the homely setting of the laborer's cabin, to the gathering of which had gone the best impulses in the life of the poor peasant there on the bed.

And this was his home coming on the day which was to have brought him to the joyful ending of his long probation! Thinking of his bitter disappointment, I wondered if, after all, the tragic conclusion were not the most fitting. What could the man find worth living for when all the plans and ambitions in his life were involved in this pitiful shipwreck?

I stepped out into the night, and walked down to the gate, to see if Will were coming. There were no horsemen within sight

or hearing, and I was about to turn back to the cabin when I saw the shadowy outline of some one coming on foot from the direction of the village. It was a woman, and she crossed the road and looked past me at the open door of the cabin.

"Were you looking for somebody?" I inquired, holding the gate open.

She came inside and stood close to me, peering intently into my face. The movement was so unexpected that it disconcerted me, and I did not recognize her until she took my hand in both of hers and said, "Olaf." Then I knew it was Elsa, and that she had repented. "Olaf! Olaf!" she repeated, and the poverty of speech was richly compensated by the beseechingness of her voice.

"Ja," I replied, expending my entire store of Swedish in the simple affirmative, as I led her to the door of the shanty.

She stood for a moment in pitiful bewilderment, and then dropped upon her knees at the bedside. For the second time that day, I felt that I had not the right of a disinterested onlooker, and I made another journey to the gate to look for Will. He rode up with the doctor a few minutes later, and then I hastened back to the cabin, to be ready to explain Elsa's presence.

When I looked in at the open door, she was still kneeling beside him, with her face buried in the bedclothes; and our viking was stroking her hair and talking to her as he would soothe a weeping child. He looked up with a radiant face as I entered.

"Da leetle Elsa's cohm back to Olaf—Hae tank das poorty good gaerl, aand it, Mester Tohm?"

AD CAELUM. .

At the muezzin's call for prayer,
The kneeling Faithful thronged the square;

And on Pushkara's lofty height,
The dark priests chanted Brahma's might;

Amid a monastery's weeds,
An old Franciscan told his beads;

While to the synagogue there came
A Jew, to praise Jehovah's name.

The One Great God looked down and smiled,
And counted each his loving child;
For Turk and Brahmin, monk and Jew,
Had reached Him through the gods they knew.

Harry Romaine.