

**THE INFLAMED DISCIPLE.**

*On seeing an eminent Judge in the Bar Association's library on a warm Saturday afternoon.*

Whoso the path of law would tread  
 With glory and with high renown,  
 Must, while his fellows lie abed,  
 Over his mound of cases frown.

While others lounge he may not rest;  
 He may not frolic while they play;  
 The vestal flame within his breast  
 Must blaze at night, and blaze at day.

Jagged and sheer his course, and long;  
 And he were faithless to his goal  
 To pause to join a wayside song,  
 Or nap upon a shady knoll.

Pondering thus I saw him trudge  
 From shelf to shelf, a pad in hand,  
 Learning, that he might better judge,  
 That he might better understand.

And I was glad that one should guide  
 Our courts by whom the beckoning June  
 So resolutely was denied  
 Throughout that fulgent afternoon.

And I was proud to march among  
 An army whose inspiring chief  
 To his appointed duty clung,  
 Nor respite asking, nor relief.

And you, I thought, you, too, might climb  
 To equal heights if you would stop  
 Squandering days of precious time  
 Watching a silly golf ball hop.

Give up your nights of aimless ease!  
 With cocktail-drinking friends dispense!  
 Who stares too long at show girls' knees  
 Will write no famous precedents.

For, with those golden hours regained,  
 Great gaps of knowledge can be filled;  
 That mind enlightened, strengthened, trained,  
 Which is now barren and untilled.

Indeed, the thought enthralled me so,  
 That minutes went with leaps and bounds—  
 I almost missed the opening throw  
 (A perfect strike) at th' Polo Grounds.