

The Project Gutenberg eBook of Beyond the Marshes

This ebook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this ebook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you'll have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

Title: Beyond the Marshes

Author: Ralph Connor

Release date: March 1, 2008 [eBook #24724]

Language: English

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK BEYOND THE MARSHES ***

E-text prepared by Al Haines

BEYOND THE MARSHES

by

RALPH CONNOR

Author of "Black Rock" and "The Sky Pilot"

The Westminster Company Limited
Publishers
Toronto

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight, by The Westminster Company, Limited, at the Department of Agriculture.

Have you ever caught the scent of the clover as you were whirled away by the train beyond the city on a summer's day and sped through the rich pasture lands? And do you remember how you stepped forth at the first halting-place to secure a sprig of the sweet, homely flower that had spoken to you so eloquently in its own language, and how you pressed it in your book? Does not its perfume remain with you till this day? And every now and then a fragrance is wafted to our inner senses as we read some simple story which is to us as a breath of the clover, bringing us a message of sweetness and beauty, and going straight to our hearts with the power that belongs to the secrets which lie hidden at our lifers core.

And this sweet prairie idyll is surely one of those fragrant messages which lays its hold on us as we pause for a moment in the midst of our fevered lives and anxious thoughts, and step across the threshold of that chamber where we must needs put our shoes from off our feet, for the place whereon we stand is holy ground. And as we press on again to life's duties, may we bear with us something of the precious perfume diffused by plants which are divine in their origin and which must be divine in their influence.

ISHBEL ABERDEEN

BEYOND THE MARSHES

The missionary of the Bonjour field found me standing bag in hand upon the railway platform watching my train steam away to the east. He is glad to see me. I am of his own kind, and there are so few of his kind about that his welcome is strong and warm. He is brown and spare and tough-looking. For six months he has driven along the pitching trails and corduroy roads, drenched by rains, scorched by suns, and pursued by the flies. As to the flies there is something to be said. They add much to the missionary's burden, and furnish unequalled opportunity for the exercise of the Christian graces of patience and self-control. In early spring they appear, and throughout the whole summer they continue in varying forms, but in unvarying persistence and ferocity. There are marsh flies, the bulldogs, "which take the piece right out," the gray wings, the blue devils (local name), which doubtless take several pieces right out, the mosquitoes, unsleeping, unmerciful, unspeakable, the sand flies, which go right in and disappear, and the black flies.

"When do *they* go away?" I asked a native.

"Oh, them black fellows go away on snow-shoes."

These each and all have taken a nip and a suck from the missionary as he pushed on by night and by day through their savage territory. I glance at him, and sure enough they seem to have got all the juice out of him, but they have left the sinew and the bone. His nerve, too, is all there, and his heart is sound and "under his ribs," which one of his admiring flock considers the right spot.

It is Saturday afternoon, and we are to drive to the farthest of his three stations to be ready for the Communion Service there, at half-past ten to-morrow morning.

"Where does it lie?" I ask.

"Oh, away beyond the Marshes," was the answer. Every one evidently knows where the Great Marshes are.

But first we must drink a delicious cup of tea from a brave young Scotchwoman, who has learned the trick of making a home for her husband and babies amid the limitations of Canadian wilds, little like the Edinburgh home where she herself was a baby, and which she left not so very long ago.

Then we must take a look at the new manse of which the missionary feels he has the right to be modestly proud, for it is mostly the work of his own hand. He, like his great Master, is a carpenter, and day and night in the pauses of his preaching and visiting and studying, he has wrought at it, getting such help as he can, till there it stands, among the trees, the little cottage manse, announcing to all that the mission has come to stay. The *front room*, with writing-desk, book-shelf, table, all of the missionary's making, does for reception and dining room, study, and parlor. Behind it is the kitchen, with ingenious cupboards; and opening off from this the bedroom, five by seven, with bedstead and washstand, both home-made, and both nailed fast to the wall. Altogether a snug little, tight little house, going a long way to content one with being a bachelor.

And now we hitch up Golddust, and are off through the glorious yellow light and purple haze of this September afternoon. Golddust is the missionary's horse, and evidently the missionary's weakness. His name, and as his owner thinks his speed, his spirit, and other characteristics, he inherits from his sire, Old Golddust of Western racing fame. Old Golddust, if he has transmitted his characteristics, must have been a horse of singular modesty, for his son continues resolutely unwilling throughout this drive to make any display of his nobler qualities. By an extraordinary piece of good fortune, due to an evil but unfair report of Golddust in his young days, "they didn't know how to handle him." the missionary had bought him for twenty-five dollars! One result of the deal has been an unlimited confidence on the part of the missionary in his own horse-dealing instinct. It is quite true that Golddust has not always shown his present mild and trustful disposition. Indeed, the missionary goes on to tell how, being loaned for a day to a brother missionary up west, the horse had returned in the evening much excited, but not much the worse, with a pair of shafts dangling at his heels. The missionary brother did not appear till the day following, and then in a shocking bad temper. "He was a Methodist brother, and didn't understand horses"; and the happy, far-away look in the face of his present owner led me to doubt whether that day's exploit had lowered Golddust in his estimation.

Meantime we are drinking deep of the delights of this mellow afternoon. On either side of our trail lie yellow harvest fields, narrow, like those of eastern Canada, and set in frames of green poplar bluffs that rustle and shimmer under the softly going wind. Then on through *scrub* we go, bumping over roots and pitching through holes, till we suddenly push out from the scrub, and before us lie the Marshes. There they sweep for miles away, with their different grasses waving and whispering under the steady blowing breeze, first the red-top, then as the soil grows wet the blue-joint and the swamp grass, and out of the standing water the dark green reeds, and farthest in the tall, wild cane bowing its stately, tasseled head. These red-top and blue-joint reaches are the hay-lands of the settlers about.

Skirting the edge of the Marshes, we push again through straggling scrub, then past more marshes, and into woods where we follow a winding trail till it leads us into a little clearing. In the center of the clearing stands a cluster of log buildings—stables of different kinds, milk-house, the old shanty, and at a little distance the new house, all looking snug and trim. Through the bars we drive into the yard filled with cattle, for the milking time is on.

A shy lad of ten, with sun-burned, freckled face and good blue eyes, comes forward and is greeted as "Donald" by the missionary.

"Hello, Donald, how are you?" I ask, opening the conversation. Donald looks at me and is inaudible, meanwhile unhitching Golddust with marvelous rapidity.

"How many cattle have you, Donald?" I venture again.

Donald evidently considered this a reasonable question, for he answers in delicious Scotch:

"Abou-e-t the-r-r-h-ty."

What a pity we can find no spelling to reproduce that combination of guttural and aspirate and the inimitable inflection of voice. It is so delightful that I ask him again, and again the answer comes with even more emphasis upon guttural and aspirate, and an added curve to the inflection:

"Abou-e-t the-r-r-h-ty."

My heart goes out to him, and watching his neat, quick work with Golddust, I begin to understand the look of thrift about the yard. It is the mark of the "weel daein" Scot.

We go up to the door of the new log house. Before the door are two broad, flat stones washed clean. "Scotch again," I say to myself. Had I not seen them in many a Scotch village in front of the little stone cottages, thatched and decked with the climbing rose!

The door is opened by Mrs. McPhail. That is not her name, of course. I am not going to outrage the shy modesty of that little woman by putting her name in bold print for all the world to see. A dear little woman she is, bowed somewhat with the burden of her life, but though her sweet face is worn and thin, it is very bright, and now it is aglow with welcome to her friend the missionary. She welcomes me, too, but with a gentle reserve. She is ready enough to give of her heart's wealth, but only to those she has learned to trust. And my friend has gained a full reward for his six months' work in that he has won this woman's willing trust. When the flush called up by the greeting dies, I see how pale she is, and I wonder how the winds and frosts and fierce suns have left so little trace upon the face of a Manitoba farmer's wife. I understand this later, but not now.

When she was a girl, her hair was thick and fair, but now it is white and thin, and is drawn smoothly back and fastened in a decent little knot behind. Her eyes, once bright and blue, are blue still, but faded, for tears, salt and hot, have washed out the color. She wears a flannel dress, simple and neat; and the collar at the neck and the lace-edged kerchief at the breast and the tidy daintiness of all about her make her a picture of one who had been in her youth "a weel brocht-up lass."

Her house is her mirror. The newly plastered, log-built walls are snow-white, the pine floor snow-white, and when the cloth is spread for tea, it, too, is snow-white. Upon the wall hangs a row of graduated pewter platter covers. How pathetically incongruous are they on the walls of this Canadian log house! But they shine. The table and the chairs shine. The spoons and knives and glasses and dishes shine, glitter. The whole kitchen is spotless, from the white window blinds to the white floor, and there is a glitter on every side, from the pathetic pewter covers on the wall to the old silver teaspoons upon the table.

Mr. McPhail comes in, a small man with a quiet, husky voice and a self-respecting manner. His eye is clear and dark blue, and has a look of intellect in it. When he speaks he has a way of looking straight into you with a steady, thoughtful gaze. A man would find it equally difficult to doubt or to deceive him. The pioneer life has bowed his body and subdued his spirit, but the whole mass of his trials and the full

weight of his burdens have not broken his heart's courage, nor soured its sweetness, nor dimmed his hope in God.

We are invited to tea with an air of apologetic cordiality. The food is fit for princes—home-made bread white and flaky, butter yellow and sweet, eggs just from the nest, and cream. There is cream enough for your tea, for fruit, and to drink! Cake there is, too, and other dainties; but not for me. No cake nor dainty can tempt me from this bread and butter. Queen Victoria has not better this night. I much doubt if she has as good! God bless her!

At the head and foot of the table sit the father and mother, and Alexander, Jean, and Donald, with the missionary and myself, make up the company. The children take their tea in silence but for a whispered request now and then, or a reply to some low-toned direction from the mother. They listen interested in their elders' talk, and hugely amused at the jokes. There is no pert interjection of smart sayings, so awful in ill-trained children of ill-bred parents. They have learned that ancient and almost forgotten doctrine that children should be seen. I tell my best stories and make my pet jokes just to see them laugh. They laugh, as they do everything else, with a gentle reserve; and occasionally Jean, a girl of fifteen, shy like the rest, pulls herself up with a blush lest she has been unduly moved to laughter. The mother presides over all with a quiet efficiency, taking keen, intelligent interest in the conversation, now and then putting a revealing question, all the while keeping a watchful eye upon the visitors' plates lest they should come near being empty.

The talk goes back to the old times. But these people talk with difficulty when their theme is themselves. But my interest and questions draw their story from them.

Fifteen years ago the father and mother left the cozy Glasgow home and the busy life of that busy city, and came over sea and land with their little girl and baby boy to Winnipeg. There they lived for two years, till with the land-yearning in their hearts they came out from the town to this far-back spot away beyond the Marshes. Here they cut out of the forest their home, and here they have lived amid the quiet, cool woods ever since, remote from the bustle and heat of the great world.

"Why to this place instead of to any other?" I ask.

"There was the hay from the Marshes to be sold, and the wood, too," answered the little man. "But," he went on, "I could not make much out of the wood, and I was too old to learn, so I gave it up, and went into Winnipeg to work at my trade. And, indeed," he added cheerfully, "I made very good wages of it."

I look at him and think of the day when he gave up the fight with the wood, and came in beaten to tell his wife how he must go to the city. I know she smiled at him, her heart going down the while, and cheered him, though she was like to despair at the thought of the lonely winter. Ah, the pathos of it! Did God help them that day? Ay, and for many a day after. And may He forgive all people whose lives overflow with plenty of everything, and who fret their souls for petty ills.

Through the winter the snow piled up round the shanty where lived the little fair-haired woman and her little girl of nine years and two babies now, thinking, talking, dreaming, weeping, waiting for the spring and the home-coming of the father. One of the horses died, and the other was sold. Their places were taken by oxen. "And the oxen are really very good; I like to work with the oxen," says the little man, with heroic Scotch philosophy and invincible content. He cannot have the best; he will make the best of what he can have. Again, may God forgive us who fling down tools because they are not the best, and refuse to work, and fret instead.

Those days are all gone, but they are not yet passed out of the life of this family. They have left their stamp on heart and character of these steadfast, gentle people, for they are a part of all that they have met.

After tea I am told that I have not yet seen Katie, and the manner of telling makes me feel that there is something in store for me. And so there is. I am taken across a narrow hall and into another room, spotless as the kitchen, the same white walls, white floor, and dainty curtains. This is Katie's room, and there upon a bed lies Katie herself. I have come into the heart of the home.

Katie is the eldest of the family. She is the little girl of nine that stayed through the long winter with the mother, and helped her with the babies inside and the beasts outside, and was the cheer and comfort of the house, while the father was away in Winnipeg, brave little girl that she was. She is now twenty-four, and for the last nine years she has suffered from a mysterious and painful illness, and now for eighteen months she has lain upon her bed and she cannot rise. We all have in us the beast feeling that shrinks from the weak and wounded; but when I look at Katie there is no shrinking in me. Her face has not a sign of fretful weakness. It seems as if it had caught the glitter of the home, of the pewter

covers, and the old silver teaspoons. It is bright. That is its characteristic. The broad brow is smooth, and the mouth, though showing the lines of suffering—what control these lines suggest!—is firm and content. The dark eyes look out from under their straight black brows with a friendly searching. "Come near," they say; "are you to be trusted?" and you know you are being found out. But they are kindly eyes and full of peace, with none of that look in them that shows when the heart is anxious or sore. The face, the mouth, the eyes, tell the same tale of a soul that has left its storms behind and has made the haven, though not without sign of the rough weather without.

There is no sick-room feeling here. The coverlet, the sheets, the night-dress, with frills at the breast and wrists—everything about Katie is sweet and fresh. Every morning of her life she is sponged and dressed and "freshed up a bit" by her mother's loving hands. It takes an hour to do it, and there are many household cares; but what an hour that is! What talk, what gentle, tearful jokes, what tender touches! The hour is one of sacrament to them both, for He is always there in whose presence they are reverent and glad.

We "take the books," and I am asked to be priest. One needs his holy garments in a sanctuary like this. After the evening worship is over I talk with Katie.

"Don't you feel the time long? Don't you grow weary sometimes?"

"No! Oh, no!" with slight surprise. "I am content."

"But surely you get lonely—blue now and then?"

"Lonely?" with the brightest of smiles. "Oh, no! They are all here."

Heaven forgive me! I had thought she perhaps might have wanted some of the world's cheerful distraction.

"But was it always so? Didn't you fret at the first?" I persisted.

"No, not at *the first*."

"That means that bad times came afterwards?"

"Yes," she answers slowly, and a faint red comes up in her cheek as if from shame. "After the first six months I found it pretty hard."

I wait, not sure what thoughts I have brought to her, and then she goes on:

"It was hard to see my mother tired with the work, and Jean could not get to school"; and she could go no further.

"But that all passed away?" I asked, after a pause.

"Oh, yes!" and her smile says much. It was the memory of her triumph that brought her smile, and it illumined her face.

My words came slowly. I could not comfort where comfort was not needed. I could not pity, facing a smile like that; and it seemed hard to rejoice over one whose days were often full of pain. But it came to me to say:

"He has done much for you; and you are doing much for Him."

"Yes: He has done much for me." But she would go no further. Her service seemed small to her, but to me it seemed great and high. We, in our full blood and unbroken life, have our work, our common work, but this high work is not for us—we are not good enough. This He keeps for those His love makes pure by pain. This would almost make one content to suffer.

Next morning we all went to the little log school, where the Communion service was to be held—all but the father and Katie.

"You have done me much good," I could not but say before I left; "and you are a blessing in your home."

The color rose in her pale cheek, but she only said:

"I am glad you were sent to us."

Then I came away, humbly and softly, feeling as if I had been in a holy place, where I was not worthy to stand. And a holy place it will ever be to me—the white room, the spotless white room, lit by the

glory of that bright, sweet, patient face. At the Table that day the mother's face had the same glory—the glory of those that overcome, the reflection of the glory to follow. Happy, blessed home! The snows may pile up into the bluff and the blizzards sweep over the whistling reeds of the Marshes, but nothing can chill the love or dim the hopes that warm and brighten the hearts in the little log house Beyond the Marshes, for they have their source from that high place where love never faileth and hopes never disappoint.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK BEYOND THE MARSHES ***

Updated editions will replace the previous one—the old editions will be renamed.

Creating the works from print editions not protected by U.S. copyright law means that no one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG™ concept and trademark. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for an eBook, except by following the terms of the trademark license, including paying royalties for use of the Project Gutenberg trademark. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the trademark license is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. Project Gutenberg eBooks may be modified and printed and given away—you may do practically ANYTHING in the United States with eBooks not protected by U.S. copyright law. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution.

START: FULL LICENSE
THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG LICENSE
PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase “Project Gutenberg”), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg™ License available with this file or online at www.gutenberg.org/license.

Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg™ electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. “Project Gutenberg” is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg™ electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg™ electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation (“the Foundation” or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is unprotected by copyright law in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg™ works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg™ name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg™ License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg™ work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country other than the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg™ License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg™ work (any work on which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” appears, or with which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is derived from texts not protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase “Project Gutenberg” associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg™ trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg™ License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg™ License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg™.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg™ License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg™ work in a format other than “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg™ website (www.gutenberg.org), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg™ License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg™ works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works provided that:

- You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg™ works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, “Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation.”
- You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg™ License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg™ works.
- You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.
- You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg™ works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the manager of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do

copyright research on, transcribe and proofread works not protected by U.S. copyright law in creating the Project Gutenberg™ collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain “Defects,” such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the “Right of Replacement or Refund” described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you ‘AS-IS’, WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg™ work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg™ work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg™

Project Gutenberg™ is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg™’s goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg™ collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg™ and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation information page at www.gutenberg.org.

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non-profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation’s EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state’s laws.

The Foundation’s business office is located at 809 North 1500 West, Salt Lake City, UT 84116, (801) 596-1887. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation’s website and official page at www.gutenberg.org/contact

Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without widespread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine-readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations (\$1 to \$5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit www.gutenberg.org/donate.

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: www.gutenberg.org/donate

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg™ concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For forty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg™ eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg™ eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our website which has the main PG search facility: www.gutenberg.org.

This website includes information about Project Gutenberg™, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.