

**BRECKIE, HIS FOUR  
YEARS, 1914-1918**

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Breckie, His Four Years, 1914-1918 by Mary Breckinridge Thompson

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**MARY BRECKINRIDGE THOMPSON**

**BRECKIE, HIS FOUR  
YEARS, 1914-1918**





**BRECKIE**  
Age Two Years and Nine Months

# B R E C K I E

HIS FOUR YEARS

1914-1918

By

Mary Breckinridge Thompson

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NEW YORK  
PRIVATELY PUBLISHED

1918

4.

*What alchemy is thine, O little child,  
Transmuting all our thoughts, thou that art dead,  
And making gold of all the dross of lead  
That leaves the soul's pure crucible defiled?*

—EUGENE LEE-HAMILTON

88 1281

## PREFACE

In presenting this brief record of Breckie's four years to his friends and mine and a few others whom I revere as friends of childhood, I would like to call attention to the fact that much more of his short life was spent outdoors than in — something unusual I think in the annals of civilized infancy. For at least seven or eight months out of each year he spent about twenty hours of the twenty-four in the open air, and this was a tremendous factor in making his body sturdy and his nature sweet. I reared him as carefully as I could by those scientific laws of child development whose discovery in recent years has revolutionized the care of little children in body and mind, and this partly explains his wholesomeness and the growing reasonableness of his third and fourth years. But Breckie was a creature of higher endowments than my own and I early recognized in our comradeship together that I led only in maturity, for his were the larger possibilities. He was not my little child only but my master as well, and the best friend I ever had.

It will help those who have so tenderly shared Breckie's loss with us, and to them this is especially addressed, to learn that recently I have had good news of him through a friend who is, unknown to all but a most limited circle, a psychic of unusual gifts. That I should have this news will be no surprise to those who have been following the work of the Society for Psychical Research and especially the astonishing progress of the last few years. It has been an inexpressible blessing to learn from old friends on the other side that Breckie is with his sister and impressing all who meet him over there, just as he did us, by the wonder of his expanding mind and the radiance reflected from his happy heart. In addition I know that I am often with



him when I sleep and that the passing months are not so much severing as uniting us.

Now to all who loved Breckie, and they were many, and to those who love childhood who will see its pages, I dedicate this book. To those who have, like me, relinquished a loved child—whether to death or to human maturity—I especially dedicate it with the hope that in reading of Breckie they

“ . . . may chance to hear once more  
The little feet along the floor.”

Washington, D. C.

August 1st, 1918.

## FIRST YEAR

Out of the Everywhere into the Here.

—GEORGE MACDONALD.

