

bant their keen, minds to the examination of the Bible, upon which the faith of millions had for years been based without question. Doubts were thrown upon the nature and origin of the sacred books, and scientific men not only failed to find any God in nature, but suggested that there was neither any place nor necessity for Him. Most of the people of Christian den blace hor necessity for rim. Most of the people of Christendom had been brought up to believe that Heaven was somewhere up above, and that some-where below there was a place of torment. There-fore when astronomers with their telescopes proved that there was neither up nor down in stellar space, and no place for either a material Heaven or an actual Hell, when other men of science shock their heads doubtfully over the existence of a Creator, and students questioned the accuracy of the Scriptures, it was not surprising that there should have been a pronounced movement away from religious orthodoxy, a movement which produced an army of agnostics, sceptics and athiests, with a tremendous camp-following of people who were absolutely in-different to things religious. So marked was the tendency away from the Church and all that was therein implied, that Robert Ingersoll, about 1885, ventured to predict that there would not be a new church edifice erected in the United States after the year 1895. There grew up a strong conviction that the Christian religion was unnecessary. Said one of the leading New York newspapers, speaking in all seriousness about thirty year ago: "Jesus Christ and His Gospel will have to be greatly changed if they are to meet the advancing requirements of the Nincteenth Century." Among the reasons for this idea, which, sacrilegious as it may seem to many people, was not intended in any wrong sense, was the tremendous development of discovery and invention in connection with the arts and industries of eryday life. It was an intensely material world that saw the beginning of the last quarter of the last century. Just when everything seemed settled down as if for

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Just when everything seemed settled down as if for the dawning of a materialistic era, a spirit of un-rest began to seize upon the people, and a cry began to go up as to what mankind should do to be saved. The salvation sought no more related to the future' world than did the famous question of the gaoler of Philippi. He thought only of the earthquake that was shaking the prison. It was a present, material danger that iterrified him, and so with the masses of Christendom. They sought a salvation from pre-Christendom. They sought a salvation from pre-sent ills, and from the social dangers which seemed imminent. The unrest was a terrible thing. It was confined to no country. In Roman Catholic France it found awful 'expression in the horrors of the Commune at the time the country lay prostrate un-der the heel of Germany. In Russia, where the Greek Church holds sway, it expressed itself in the teachings of Anarchy. In Lutheran Germany, Protestant England, and in the United States, where all religions stand on the same footing, it found expression in Socialism. Almost everywhere in Christendom, as if by a common inspiration, it was seen that the triumphs of materialism were not sufficient for the needs of humanity. Then also arose various for the needs of numanity. Then also arose various cults. Christian Science came into vogue and gained thousands of adherents; hundreds of thoughtful men began to investigate the domain of psychology. The study of the occult became fashionable. Everywhere outside of the Church there was unrest, a striving for something that seemed unattainable. Meanwhile Science pursued the even tenor of her ways and was able to announce new discoveries, which raised doubts as to the wisdom of the conclusions of the great teachers of the Victorian Era, and suggested great teachers of the victorian hira, and suggested new explanations for mysteries, and antiquarians, delving into ancient ruins, showed that the apostles of the "higher criticism" had been in haste in jumping to some of their conclusions. Amid all this unrest one thing was very manifest. When the gaoler asked his famous question, the reply of Paul and Silas was: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved, thou and thy whole house." It is a remarkable thing that to whatever quarter we looked, we found a turning to-ward Jesus as the source of salvation. If a Christian minister had pointed out this way, no one would have been surprised. That is their business. They are taught this in their schools. The institutions which they are connected are established for this very purpose. It is eminently reasonable that the various branches of the Christian Church should point to Jesus Christ as the saviour of mankind. But the restless leaders of thought, who raised the cry, the restless leaders of thought, who raised the cry, were outside of the churches, and frequently in re-volt against them. They scorned creeds, but by the irresistible logic of facts they found themselves forced to look to the teachings of Jesus for the sal-vation which human institutions denied them. To-day men are more impatient of creeds than ever, but they are ten-fold more ready to listen to the Gospel of Christ. And what is this Gospel, as it is being understood today? It has a two-fold aspect. One aspect is ex-pressed in the Golden Rule, in the obligation to do unte others as we would that they should do unto us; the other in the recognition of the reality of the spiritual world and the efficacy of spiritual forces. It seems as if these two things must lie at the basis of the regeneration of humanity. This regeneration It seems as if these two things must lie at the basis of the regeneration of humanity. This regeneration, or new birth, must be spiritual—not spiritual in the sense in which the word is commonly used and as implying a sort of namby-pambiness, which shrinks from contact with the reak problems of existence, but as the effect of a vital and energizing force, of the faith which, figuratively speaking, "can remove mountains." Not that men are to go round trying to remove mountains, but only that they shall realize that there is an ompiotent spiritual force over at that there is an omnipotent spiritual force ever at their command. And it seems as if it is only through their command. And it seems as if it is only through the effect of this regeneration that we can hope to secure the full application of the Golden Rule. It seems as if no man can hope of himself to carry into effect in every aspect of his daily life the teach-ing of that all-comprehensive precept. Therefore to be saved the world must learn to believe on Christ as the exemplification of the wisdom and love of God, and of the spiritual power, which is potent above everything that is material, and sufficient to alter even the nature of man. There is a marked alter even the nature of man. There is a marked movement in this direction. What share has the Christian Church in it? The answer must be regretfully given that it has not such a share as it ought to have. It might lead the great movement, but it holds aloof. It is too respectable, too learned.

torical record of the life and deeds of Augustus, who was born in 63 B. C., but as he has left an account of his own career, what follows has been epitomized from it. In the year before his death, which occurred in A. D. 14, Augustas caused a number of brass pillars to be erected in Rome and elsewhere, on which was engraved his autobiography. The account begins with the statement that it is the record "of the deeds of Holy Augustus, by which he subjected the entire world to the Empire of the Roman people, and of the outlays made on the Roman Republic and people." Only one set of these pillars is known to have been preserved, and it is in some respects imperfect, but a consecutive story can be readily de-clphered. It begins as follows: "At nineteen years of age I equipped an army on my private judgment and at my private expense, by which I restored to liberty the public oppressed by the domination of faction. For this the Senate elected me one of their faction. For this the Senate elected me one of their order, assigning me consular rank. At the same time it gave me the imperium." The word "im-perium," from which comes our word "emperor," means simply chief military commander. In the same year Augustus was made consul, and the Second Triumvirate, consisting of Augustus, Antony and Lepidus was established, being given power for five years. The story of the defeat of Brutus and Cas-sins and of the quarrel between Augustus and on sius and of the quarrel between Augustus and Cas-tony is familiar to all and need not be repeated here. Augustus himself disposes of it in a single line. He tells us that he "sustained a civil and foreign war in every quarter of the world," and that he enlisted 500.000 men more they 200.000 men to the second 500,000 men, more than 200,000 of whom he settled buo,000 men, more than 200,000 of whom he settled in colonies or in their former homes, and gave them all farms out of his private means. He captured six hundred ships, not reckoning those with less than three banks of cars He conducted either personally or by his generals thirty-five successful campaigns. He tells us that never in the greatest scarcity did he omit his charitable gifts. "I have freed the whole people in a few days," he writes, "from fear and im-minent peril." He refused to be made dictator, nevertheless he was tribune for thirty-eight years, for ten years one of the triumvirate, for forty-one years chief of the senate, and consul for thirteen times. He tells us that he caused three censuses to the taken the last of which showed that there were 4,937,000 Roman citizens. The esteem in which Au-gustus was held, or possibly the subservience of the Senate, may be judged from the fact that his name was decreed to be sacred, that games were held in his honor, and public sacrifices were made in his name. The honors paid to him were little short of

divine His wealth must have been enormous. He says that he made a gift of 300 sesterces, about \$15, to each of the Roman populace, out of his father's legacy, later one of 400, and again one of 400 and yet again one of 400, and he says that on neither of these occasions did he give to less than 250 000 men. On occasions did he give to less than 250,000 men. On one occasion he gave 60 dinarii (\$5) to each of 330,000 men, and on another occasion a sum equal to \$50 to 120,000 men, and again one of 60 dinarii to 200,000 to 120,000 men, and again one of 60 dinari to 200,000 men. For the farms above referred to he expended 860,000,000 sestelices, and out of his private funds paid 320,000,000 sesterces into the public treasury. These gifts amounted to nearly \$100,000,000 of our money, and in addition to this he made twelve individual distributions of corn at his own expense to the populace. Nor did his public benefactions stop here. He built a senate-house, a temple to Minerva, one to Apollo, one to Holy Julius, one to Lupercu, two to Jupiter, and others in all numbering eightynine. He improved the city's water supply, and rebuilt scores of bridges which had been destroyed in the civil wars. He built theatres and edifices of all kinds on a scale of such magnificence that it was said of him that "he found Rome a city of brick and left it a city of marble." He gave thirty-eight great gladiatorial exhibitions and other games, and twenty-six hunts of African beasts in the circus. Ten thousand gladiators took part in his contests and thirty-five hundred African beasts were assembled for the hunts. He excavated a great tank, 1800 x 220 feet, in which he gave the citizens a representation of a naval battle in which over thirty vessels and 3,000 men took part. He freed the sea of pirates. He extend-ed the dominion of D dominion of Rome, and sent a fleet from the mouth of the Rhine "to the region of the rising sun,

which was particularly a subject of admiration to me —I observed that they not only did more—but in proportion to their doings got less than other people —nay, that the best of them were ever ready to govern for nothing, and let their followers divide any quantity of spoil and profit! Of late it has seemed to me that the idea of a king has become exactly the contrary to this, and that it has been supposed the contrary to this, and that it has been supposed to be the duty of superior persons generally to gov-ern less and get more than anybody else. To my great benefit as I grew older, I saw nearly all the noblemen's houses in England, in reverent and healthy delight of uncovetous admiration—perceiv-ing, as soon as I could perceive any political truth at all that it was probably much heaving the line in at all, that it was probably much happier to live in a small house and have Warwick castle to be as-tonished at, than to live in Warwick castle and have nothing to be astonished at, but that at all events it would not make Brunswick Square in the least more pleasantly habitable to pull Warwick castle

This long citation from Ruskin is given in its en-tirety because it furnishes the keynote to his whole character, and to many of the ideas embodied in his political economy, for though Ruskin was an artist and spent his youth in the study of architecture and painting, though he wrote many valuable books on things pertaining to both these arts, and gave his ence and support to rising geniuses, particularly among whom should be mentioned Turner, whom he brought out from the shadows of obscurity and unrecognition into the white light of appreciation and ame, he was first and foremost a reformer in every essential sense of the word.

Weak physically, the strength of Ruskin's peronality was so great and infused itself to such an extent in his writings, that when we open his books and begin to read, it is as though the man himself were speaking to us, sharply, authoritatively when necessary, and with the tenderest human sympathy, when sympathy is called for. Without doubt the greatest of his works are his last. In his four volumes of Fors Clavigera we find delineated for us the very soul of the man who wrote, in all its sublime the very soul of the man who wrote, in all its sublime simplicity, its tireless conscientionsness, its unfail-ing comprehension, its depth of kindly humor. These letters, addressed to the workingmen of England, volce an appeal to the very best of human instincts in whose very simplicity and directness lies its strength, and yet the rhetoric of which for beauty of simile and loyely illustration is quite unsurpassed by anything of the kind in the English language. Again and again other writers have found fault with Ruskin for writing, as they termed it "above the Ruskin for writing, as they termed it, "above the heads of the people he addressed," and they were answered: "They will strive to understand. What is not worth striving for is not worth attaining. I give of my best, and I appeal to their best, I could not do less." And his words were and are and shall be unfailingly true, as long as his works live. He com-pels understanding, and when understanding is ac-

mplished he almost invariably compels conviction. The foundation for the analytical exactness of all uskin's works was laid in the beginning, when he Russin's works was late in the beginning, when he undertook his criticism of Art, and he applied that same careful analysis of all that he studied or strove to accomplish. His words "The difference between great and mean Art lies wholly in the nobleness of the end to which the effort of the painter is ad-dressed," may be applied just as literally to any talent which man seeks to develop. Ruskin and Carlyle were of one mind on the point that "Art is not a cardball that "Art is not a teachable or gainable thing, but the expression of the mind of a God-made great man; that teach or preach or labor as you will, everlasting difference is set between one man's ca-pacity and another's, and this God-given supremacy in the suppless thing, always just as reas in the is the priceless thing, always just as rare in the world at one time as another." In the same manner, Mr. Hobson tells us, in which Mr. Ruskin looked upon Art, he regarded the aristocracy of those in the wider Art of Social Life. It is significant of the man and of his deep belief in himself and in his mission, that in spite of lack of public sympathy. In spite, in fact, of the refusal of editors to publish his lectures on Political Econ-omy, and the refusal of a public to read them, he omy, and the refusal of a public to feat them and nevertheless persisted in his newly adopted course, laying what he loved to study aside, to undertake a work purely from a motive of duty. "I cannot paint, nor read nor look at minerals," he writes pathetical-"nor do anything else I like, and the very light of ly, "nor do anything eise 1 like, and the very light of the morning sun has become hateful to me, because of the misery that I know of, and see signs of, when I know it not, which no imagination can interpret too bitterly. Therefor I will endure it no longer too bitteriy. 'Therefor I will endure it no longer quietly; but henceforward, with any few or many who will help, do my poor best to abate this misery." So Ruskin became the 'champion of the masses," giving his best efforts and his best thought to the amelioration of the miserable conditions existing in England in the latter half of the Nineteenth Century. And he wrote as one with authority, for he was no theoretical reformer. In his youth he had been hedged about and shielded from all possible contamination with the classes which later on he strove to aid. But as he grew to manhood he went among them, mingling with them in their work, learning to know them and understand them. He endeavored to make a thorough investigation of many of the arts of manufacture and of all handicrafts. He studied of manufacture in England and in Europe. He wished to familiarize himself with the pursuits of the people the familiarize himself with the part and simples and to try and ascertain the pursuits of the people means of arriving at the best results. Then when he wrote he laid down no half-truths. Unless he knew he had proved them beyond question, he made no assertions whatever He is converted with no assertions whatever. He is accused of holding too positive views, and in one of his letters he states that he writes authoritatively because he knows that what he says is true. Having given his life to the study and the dissecting of a thing he considered himself competent to write with authority. Most neonle Buskin declared helds himself competent to write with authority. Most people, Ruskin declared, held an altogether erroneous idea as to the real meaning of wealth. It originally meant well-being. "You cannot measure wealth," he declared, "by quantity of material forms. A horse is no wealth to us if we cannot ride, nor a picture if we cannot see, nor can any noble thing be wealth except to a noble person." In the affirma-tions, "There is no wealth but life," and "There is need of good work for all men," he embodies the fundamental truth of his economical teaching—and he distinguishes true Political Economy from that popularly so-called by designating the latter as opularly so-called by designating the latter as mercantile economy." Mercantile Economy conpopularly cerns itself not with the quality of the goods, whethey are pure or impure, or serve to satisfy

It was a wise young man who paused before he answered the widow who asked him to guess her age. "You must have some idea of it," she said, with what was intended for an arch sidewise glance. "I have several ideas," he admitted, with a smile. "The only trouble is that I hesitate whether to make you ten years younger on account of your looks or ten years older on account of your brains." Then, while the wi-dow smiled and blushed, he took a graceful but speedy leave. speedy leave.

"Sorry, sir," telephoned the butcher, "but we are out of sirloin. Why don't your wife order you a round?

"What's that?" exploded Harker at the other endof the line.

"I say, why don't your wife order you a round?" "Why don't my wife order me around?" Man, that is all she does from morning until night! 'If you were nearer Id----" But the startled butcher had hung up the receiver.--The Children's Visitor.

⁴ Little Johnnie, aged six, had been to church and had displayed more than usual interest in the ser-mon, in which the origin of Eve had been dwelt on at some length. On his return from the services, there being company to dinner, he had also displayed a good deal of interest in the eatables, especially the mince ple and cakes. Some time afterward, being missed, he was found sitting quietly in a corner with his hands pressed tightly over his ribs and an expression of awful anxiety on his face. "Why, what on earth is the matter?" asked his mother in alarm. "Mamma, I'm afraid I'm going to have a wife."

Why It Happened

He occupied the seat, she was swinging on a strap. She was trying to shame him into politeness; he wouldn't shame worth a farthing. A lurch of the car threw her against him and in the scramble she landed on his feet with both heels. 'You're on my feet,' he growled. 'If you had been on your feet, it never would have happened,' said she sweetly.

He Guessed Right

He Guessed Right A one-armed man entered a restaurant and seated himself next to a dapper little other-people's business man. The latter noticed his neighbor's left sleeve hanging loose and kept eying it in a how-did-it-hap-pen sort of way. Finally the inquisitive one could stand it no longer. He changed his position a little, cleared his throat and said: "I beg pardon, sir, but I see you have lost an arm." The one-armed man picked up his sleeve with his right hand and peered anxiously into it. "Bless my soul!" he exclaimed, looking up with great surprise. "I do believe you're right!"

Alphabetical Derangement

It was the panic of 1907. Two business men met each other one day when things were at their worst in New York city. -"Hello there, Hardy!" said one. "You look kind of sick. What's the matter with you?" "Oh, I'm all broke up!" "What seems to be the matter?" "Oh, I'm suffering from the disease of Alphabetical Derangement."

- Derangement?" "Alphabetical Derangement? What's that?"

To those Great Souls who dreamed the splendid dream! And in high thought achieved, where others turned And feared to tread; whose prophet sight discerned The orbed effulgence of the haloed beam That glimmered in dim distance, like the gleam Of some fair dawn, when orient flames have burned The slumbrous shadows where the silence yearned, Into the ambient day. They saw beyond the dream, Those loyal hearts, who suffered and went down Before the portals of their vast emprise; They still could smile, in spite of Fortune's frown, And live the hopes they might not realize, Now from their sacred dust for their renown, The flowers of fruition bloom and rise. —Blanche E. Holt Murison.

-Blanche E. Holt Murison.

To Shelley

night

To Shelley Swift as the mountain-leaps of some fierce hind That haunts the darkening Wood when nigh shades fall. Are thy tempestuous flights ethereal. O Human Spirit of the mad West wind! I've searched the Dawn, yet never could I find Such burning beauty as thou hast in thrall! Rich songs I've heard, but ne'er a Skylark's call Like that which found an echo in thy mind!

O Dreaming Boy, who ever deemed it strange That thou didst chafe in trammels of the Earth, And pierced by its thorns didst faint and bleed? When every note of thy pure-throated range Proclaims Parnassian thought, whose splendid birth Few mortal senses are atuned to heed!

-Lloyd Paul Stryker.

Optimism There was never a sunbeam lost, and never a drop (

- There was never a carol sweet, that was sung, and
 - sung in vain;
- There was never a noble thought, but through endless years it lives; And never a blacksmith's blow, but an endless use it
- There was never a child's full laugh, or a woman's cheerful word, That did not exalt the state where its tones were felt
- and heard, Know, then, that it still holds true from the skies to the humblest soil, That there is no wasted love and there is no wasted
 - -Marguerite Ogden Bigelow in "Munsey."

Fear and Love

Pale Fear-sat down with me the other day, He showed me visions sad and ill to know, A vague disquietude, depression deep, A dim presentment of a coming woe.

The day was very fair and warm and sweet; Well were all outward things to mine and me But yet remained that sickening sense of fear, A ghostly presence I could feel, not see.

"where no Roman had ever gone before or since." Embassies of kings came from India to do him homage, also from Parthia and from Britain. When we reflect upon the incidents of which the above is only an imperfect summary, we are able to form some idea of how Rome lost its freedom. The Age of Augustus was certainly brilliant, and in addition to the splendor of his personal achievements and the lavishness of his expenditures he was the greatest patron of literature the world ever saw. But these things only spelled the destruction of But these things only spelled the destruction of popular liberty. Pompey, by his conquests in Asia, made universal dominion possible for Rome, and un-locked storehouses of wealth, such as the city on the Tiber had never dreamed of; Julius Caesar brought the military prestige of the nation to the highest pitch and taught the people to look to one man for safety; Augustus completed the work of his predecessors. With the wealth wrung from the East he bought from the citizens of Rome their freedom. During his active public life, which ex-tended over fifty-eight years, during which all the power of the State was virtually in his hands, a

power of the State was virtually in his hands, a generation of Romans grew up which never learned the art of self-government, and the consequence was the loss of the old principle which made a republic possible, and the inauguration of a system in which might alone was right. Perhaps no man was more truly a king among his fellows than Augustus. His personality dominat-ed the Roman world. He dictated the fashions of the day, even as to personal conduct, endeavoring by ev-

ery means in his power to restore to the people some of the old time virility and virtue that they had lost. of the old time virility and virtue that they had lost. For a time he was able to stay the downward rush of his country, and if he had left a successor of a character at all similar to his own, the history of the world might have been very different, but Tiberius, although a soldier of skill and a ruler of no ordinary astuteness, was unequal to the task of administering the legacy of government left him by his step-father. He became fearful of the people, asserted greater power in the affairs of the state and finally degener-ated into a cruel and merciless tyrant. The Augustan power in the analysis of the state and finally degener-ated into a cruel and merciless tyrant. The Augustan Age hardly outlived the man, whose name it bore. Notwithstanding all his brilliant achievements, Augustus, in his declining years was a disappointed

"On, I've not enough X's and V's and too many L. O. U's."

The Soft Answer

Senator Tillman at a banquet, in Washington said, a humorous defence of outspoken and frank me-

in a humorous defence of outspoken and frank me-thods: "These people who always keep calm fill me with mistrust. Those that never lose their temper I sus-pect. He who wears under abuse an angelic smile is apt to be a hypotrite. "An old South Carolina deacon once said to me with a chuckle:

with a chuckle: "Keep yo' tempah, son. Don't yo' quarrel with no angry pusson. A soft answah am alus best. Hit's commanded an,' furthermo', hit makes 'em maddah'n anything else yo' could say.'"

A Chinese Yes.

Moy Soy, Chinese interpreter in a New England court, loves a good story. Here is one which he tells: Mr. Bartlett, cross-examining witness—'What is your name, Mr. Witness?' Interpreter Moy Soy—'Wa go la na chi gha cha,' Witness on the stand—'Oh Omoy, Isi chi wa.' Interpreter Moy Soy—'He says his name is Moy Omoy.'

Omoy.' Mr. Bartlett-'Were you present in Oxford place the night of the shooting in Oxford place?' Moy Soy puts the question. Witness on the stand-'Claun mon gnu gwa lsi lsi moy chol gewa lsi bon poi clue da ismo staw, lci guo bon lsi lsi isiyi gnu sha puma lsi.' Moy Soy-'He says 'Yes.''-World's Events Magazine.'

The Long Lost Brother While President Roosevelt was holding an open-air reception at Syracuse, a tall negro pushed his way forward through thecrowd and eagerly grasped his

forward through the crowd and eagerly grasped his hand. 'Yo''n me war bo'n on the same day, Mistah Roosevelt!" the darky enthusiastically said, his shin-ing black face almost cleft from ear to ear by a grin. "De-lighted, indeed, to hear ti!" warmly respond-ed the President, taking a fresh grip on the black hand and laughing heartily. 'So you and I were born on the same day? Well, well!" "Yo' am fo'ty-seven yeahs old, suh?" ''T am," was the quick answer. "An' you war bo'n on Octobah 17, 1858!" "Yes."

"Ya-as, suh," then exclaimed the darky, shaking all over with rapture; "ya-as suh, Mr. Roosevelt, yo' an' me is bofe twins!"

The Kind-Hearted Boy

The Kind-Hearted Boy Alfred H. Love, of Philadelphia, president of the Universal Peace Union, was talking on the topic, peculiarly congenial to him, of kindness. Said he: "I once knew a remarkably kind boy. He was a great angler. There was a trout stream in his neighborhood that ran through a rich man's estate. Pernits to fish the stream could now and then be ob-tained, and the boy was lucky enough to have a per-mit.

tained, and the boy was lucky enough to have a per-mit. "One day he was fishing with another boy when a gamekeeper suddenly darted forth from a thicket. The lad with the permit uttered a cry of fright, drop-ped his rod, and ran off at top speed. The game-keeper pursued. "For about a half-mile the gamekeeper was led a swift and difficult chase. Then, worn out, the boy haited. The man seized him by the arm and said between pants: "Have you a permit to fish on this estate?" "Yes, to be sure,' said the boy, quietly. "You have? Then show it to me.' "The boy drew the permit from his pocket. The man examined it and frowned in perplexity and an-ger.

"Why did you run when you had this permit?" he asked.

asked. "'To let the other boy get away,' was the reply. 'He didn't have none!'?"

the farthest god's flame-darkened habitat

Then suddenly about me shone a light, A gentle voice spoke softly to my heart, Fear not, for I am with thee, I am love! And Love and Fear are ever far apart.

So listening to that voice, my heart grew glad, Pale Fear withdrew himself and stole away, And took with him his visions sad and ill, Because that Love and Peace had come to stay.

-Gertrude D. Hughes.

Our Walk

A robin sang a wondrous strain With clear and glorious note, When we two walked 'neath the linden trees, Now silence fills its throat.

A south wind floated lily-scent. From yonder dily-bed; And all our world was lily-bloom, But lily-time is dead.

And scarlet were the poppy fields, That golden summer day, When we two walked through waving grain; But poppies blow away.

Another year's unfolding flowers Will make earth fair for weary feet, And fields turn gold in summer's way, But ne'er your step—yet life's more sweet, Because we walked that day.

-Kathryn Day Boyns.

Wander Hymn at Morning By William R. Benet

Wind blows from the world below. Wind sweeps from the sky that's o'er me; There's a rosy light o'er the world's far rim And a fair new day before me.

How far, how far through the mist-hung vale Wander highway and byway and barberry trail, By dewy lushgrass and nodding corn, O'er the good, glad world on this good, glad morn !

Sun laughs from the world below, Sun laughs from the sky above me; For cattle low in the homestead byres And my hymn's to the gods who love me.

And near-how near-sounds the busy din Df market and square, where the folk begin Their cheery tasks ere the day's full born-Dh, the good, glad world in this good, glad morn ! '-The Pacific Monthly (June)

Infinity By Florence Wilkinson

By Florence Wilkinson Earth's pangs and pains, they kiss or stab-A puny dwindling exaltation, But, oh, the spheral agony! To listen at night and understand The small steps of eternity! To smile and see At one's doom-hour, maybe, The star-sown Road Of a trans-spectral unity Curving across men's sleeping hands its wakeful arched illumination. To capture once The speechless language, Fhe haunting flash Df death's hushed fulmination! Once to have heard, once to have heard to have heard, once to have heard The first seed's arrogation The ultimate Challenge, The flying Word, And then to follow follow