

III.

Ever and ever onward a white procession goes:
 Youths with the strength of lions, maids with the breath of the rose —
 Toward her, but never from her, throned on her armored isles;
 They give her their lives for homage, but the City only smiles.

IV.

They know that her breasts are poison; they know that her lips are lies,
 And half revealed is the death concealed in the pools of her occult eyes;
 Yet still she is calling ever, and echo is never dumb:
 Follow us into Babylon! Mistress of Life, we come!

R. W. Kauffman, in Saturday Evening Post.

Moonmists.

From the German of Heine.

Heart's dearest,—we floated together
 In the drifting light canoe,
 Thro' the night and its mystic stillness,
 On the lake's broad moonlit blue.

Far out in the hazy moonmists
 The spirit islands lay;
 Whence strains of ghostly music
 Were wafted—Eerily gay.

Clearer and sweeter sounded
 The wild and entrancing strain,
 Then died. We floated in sadness
 And listened—but in vain.

H. A. C.

Christmas Proverbs.

Then Yule remember me.
 Celebration is the thief of time.
 One good gift deserves another.
 Presents speak louder than words.
 Presents make the heart grow fonder.
 Gifts show which way the wind blows.
 A friend in need is a friend at Christmas.
 The proof of the Christmas is in the eating.
 It is more expensive to give than to receive.
 One touch of Christmas makes the whole world kin.
 A little Christmas now and then is relished by the wisest men.