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WINSLOW VICTORIA, B.C.

A LAND OF DESOLATION

Every one knows what Greenland looks like upon the map—a vast body of land, triangular in shape, lying between America and Europe, but much nearer the former than the latter. Geologically it is a part of Europe, but by which is meant that the channel separating it from Canada is much more ancient than the broader expanse of water separating it from Norway. There was a land connection between Greenland and the last named country, as is shown by the fact that what little animal life there is upon the former is similar to that of the latter, whereas it is different from that of Northern Canada. We are accustomed to think of Greenland as a region of the farthest north, but in point of fact its southern termination is slightly below the 60th parallel. That is to say, it is a little south of the northern boundary of British Columbia. The lower third of Greenland's area corresponds in latitude with the Yukon territory. It may be interesting to follow this 60th parallel around the world. So starting at Cape Farewell, at the south of the region herein considered, we find that north of it everything is substantially a desolate waste. In the eastern side of the Atlantic it passes just south of the Shetland Islands, which are the home of industrious communities. Nearly all the Kingdom of Norway lies north of it, and the parallel passes through Christiania, the capital. Three-quarters of Sweden lie north of it, and all Finland. St. Petersburg is on the parallel and a large and valuable part of European Russia is north of it, as also is more than half Siberia. In America nearly all Alaska, all of the Yukon, the greater-part of the Mackenzie basin and of the Barren Lands are all north of latitude 60. These facts show that nothing in latitude alone represents Greenland a region of desolation. There are other contributory causes. Capt. Symmes, who amused and interested the world about eighty years ago with his theory that the earth is a hollow sphere, advanced what is a more useful suggestion to the effect that there is a zone of irregular shape surrounding the globe towards the north and within which there is the lowest average temperature. This zone embraces Greenland and parts of Labrador, skirts the northern coast of America descends to the south so as to take in the northern half of Siberia, swings north again so as to leave most of Europe outside of its influence and thence passes across the northern prolongation of the Atlantic, thus completing its circuit of the earth. This zone he called "the verge," meaning thereby that it was the place where the earth curved over towards the interior. The existence of such a zone of low average temperature is supported by abundant testimony, and there is not much doubt that north of it the average temperature is higher than within it. Greenland is within this zone. But it is to be remembered that the expression "cold" is relative only. The highest temperature ever recorded in Greenland was 45 degrees Fahrenheit, which would hardly be called very warm here, but in Greenland anything above 50 degrees is regarded as uncomfortably so, while a temperature of 70 degrees is considered oppressive. The lowest temperature recorded was 65.5 degrees. The mean summer temperature at Upernavik is 38 Fahrenheit or somewhat cooler than what Victoria has been experiencing during the last week. Speaking generally, the winters of Greenland are not exceedingly cold, but the summers are arctic in their character. The observations of temperature have been confined to the coast; what story the higher elevations in the interior would have to tell is another matter. The cold summers explain the remarkable character of Greenland. Less than two hundred thousand square miles of the area consists of coast line and islands, which, though subject for the most part to a low mean temperature, are not ice-covered. The remainder of the great island, or 320,000 square miles, is covered by a perennial ice-sheet. At a few miles from the coast this remarkable covering begins. It is hard ice, of unknown age. In the winter it is covered with snow; in the summer the snow melts and forms small rivers, which flow into lakes and ponds formed in the depressions on the ice, or thunder down over precipices of ice into unfathomable chasms. Once out of sight of the sea, the whole land is one vast white mass, rising in a gradual slope to heights varying from 2,000 to 5,000 feet. The only known exception to this description is a mountain peak which towers about 3,000 feet above the ice. Its great black cone presents a striking contrast to the universal whiteness. Lieutenant Jensen, of the Danish navy, ascended it thirty years ago, and he reported that as far as the eye could reach there was nothing but an unbroken white covering. The opinion of the comparatively few observers who have investigated the subject is that the ice-cap of Greenland is steadily growing. The pressure of the vast mass in the interior forces the edges of the cap out into the sea, where it is broken off and forms icebergs, but century after century snow has fallen over the interior in the winter and, the summer heat not being sufficient to melt it, has by pressure been converted into ice, and the increment to the ice field is far greater than the loss by reason of the icebergs. At a few miles inland all animal life ceases, but there are patches of a low order of vegetable life here and there on the snow. Along the coast there is considerable vegetation, but none of it is of much value. European knowledge of Greenland extends back to A. D. 886, when Red Erik, who was banished from Iceland, settled there. The country seems at that time to have been more adapted for settlement than it is now, for there are accounts of a very considerable trade having been carried on both with the aboriginal inhabitants of America and the people of northern Europe. For nearly three hundred years the colonies were very prosperous and lived content under a republican form of government, but near the close of the thirteenth century they acknowledged the suzerainty of Norway. After that there came a decline in prosperity. The black death scourged the communities; pirates robbed them, and the Eskimos developed unexpected hostility and came down from the north in great force and killed many of the settlers. A long period of low temperature followed and it is said that for two centuries Greenland was practically lost to the world. Nevertheless, so great is the ability of mankind to withstand the most unfavorable conditions, a remnant of the colonists survived all the calamities. In the eighteenth century penal settlements were established there by Norway and Denmark, and the unwilling additions to the population did what they could to make the best of a bad bargain; but in 1733 a dreadful visitation of smallpox carried away the great majority of the people. Since then the population has been dwindling and it is only because of the fostering care of the Danish government that any are left alive. The whole population of the country does not exceed 10,000, of whom more than 9,000 are native Eskimos.

AN HOUR WITH THE EDITOR

PAUL

Few men have played a more influential part in the affairs of mankind than the Apostle Paul. We have been so much accustomed to regard Biblical characters as acting under some mysterious influences, so given to regarding them as different from ordinary men, that we fail to comprehend their relative greatness. Thus we lose not only much of the valuable lesson taught by their lives, but much of the benefit of their direct teachings. We forget that they were men of like passions with ourselves, to quote the Apostle's own language. Christianity as we have it today is very largely due to Paul's influence. If it had not been for him there is great doubt as to what the history of the new religion would have been. We know that the other Apostles were strongly inclined to the belief that the mission of Christ was intended expressly for the Jews, which was natural enough in view of the fact that they were men of like education and probably influenced by racial traditions and prejudices which were stronger among the Jews than among most people. The idea that a redeemer would come was an ancient Jewish belief. We do not know how it originated, but it was greatly strengthened by the events of the Babylonian Captivity. During the years in which the tribes of Judah and Benjamin were in captivity the ancient faith in a deliverer became very greatly strengthened and grew to be a part of the national life of the people. In Jesus of Nazareth a small circle of people believed they saw the promised Messiah who was to take his place at the head of the nation and restore all its vanished glories. The cry "Hosanna! Blessed is he who cometh in the name of the Lord" was not one of rejoicing over the event of a spiritual savior, but of welcome to a coming prince and king. That these aspirations were dashed to the ground by the Crucifixion we may easily understand, and we know that it was not until the famous gathering at which the gift of the Holy Spirit was imparted that the followers of Jesus recovered their lost courage and began to realize that they were to be the exponents of a spiritual, not a temporal kingdom. But even then they were racial in their expectations. Though they were commissioned to preach the gospel unto every creature, they were disposed to give their instructions a very limited construction. It remained for Paul to advance the idea that there was in the teachings, the life, death and resurrection of Jesus, a power that was for the benefit of all mankind. It was at Antioch that this broad conception was first proclaimed, and hence it is that city which we must regard historically as the birthplace of what we know today as Christianity. Here says the writer of the Acts of the Apostles "the disciples were first called Christians." They had cut themselves loose from Judaism, they had become people apart, no longer recognizing the peculiar Jewish rule of circumcision as essential to the enjoyment of the heritage of redemption. From that time forward the progress of Christianity was rapid, and Paul was the greatest missionary. Moreover he was its greatest exponent, and to him more than any one else are we indebted for those explanations, theories and arguments which form in one sense the basis of the Christian religion. In short what we have today is Christianity according to St. Paul. Everything relating to his career therefore becomes a matter of very much interest. Paul or Saul as he was originally called is generally understood to have been born in Tarsus, but there is a tradition extant that his birth place was in Giscala, a small walled town in Samaria. He later went by the name Paul, but just at what time and for what reason is uncertain. Some have suggested that he did so because he was little of stature; on the other hand it is thought that he may have had both names from his infancy, and chose to be known by the second after he had become a Christian. He was of the tribe of Benjamin. He received a part of his education in Tarsus, but was taught chiefly at Jerusalem, his teacher being Gamaliel, who was the head of what might be termed the Progressive Jewish party. He does not appear to have embodied much of the moderation of his teacher for he took an exceedingly vigorous part in the persecution of the Disciples of Christ. It is a very notable thing that, although Paul must have been living in Jerusalem at the time Jesus was in that city and was crucified—unless there is a gap in the narrative of his life, he never saw Jesus personally. The triumphant entry into Jerusalem, the stirring scenes around the temple and the crucifixion must socher as the story as told in the Acts warrants any conclusion on the subject have taken place at a time when Paul was close at hand, and as he does not appear to have paid any attention to them the conclusion is that to the zealous young student they were matters of supreme indifference. He seems to have lived in his youth a placid, uneventful, sinless life, and it was not until after he began to study the meaning of Jewish law that he realized the vast possibilities of sin. To what extent he yielded to temptations we do not know although we may be justified in thinking from some of his own statements that he sowed his wild oats with an unsparring hand, but not for long, because he became inspired with a frenzy for the maintenance of the Jewish faith and was a leader among the persecutors of the followers of the Nazarine, who it may be mentioned had formed themselves into a sect known as "The Way." He exhibited in this work the same energy and resolution which characterized him in later life, and he received a commission from the Synagogue to go throughout the country and bring in prisoners to Jerusalem all followers of the new cult. It was on his way to Damascus that his conversion to Christianity took place. There are three accounts of this incident in the Acts of the Apostles, which differ in details but agree in all important particulars. There seems to be no reason for questioning the accuracy of the story. There is no denying the fact that in a few hours this forceful, educated and zealous youth became converted from a merciless persecutor of those who accepted Christ to a devoted follower of Him, and that to his dying day he insisted that while on his way to Damascus he had seen Christ although three or four years had elapsed since the Crucifixion. Very shortly after this he returned to Jerusalem, where he consulted with the Apostles, and then went into Arabia, where he lived a solitary life of contemplation for some time. Here he seems to have adjusted his mind to his new view of things. Possibly it was here that the great thought which inspired all his life came to him. In his Epistle to the Ephesians he says: "For this cause I, Paul, the prisoner of Jesus Christ for you Gentiles. If ye have heard of the dispensation of the grace of God which is given to me to ward, how by this revelation he made known to me the mystery which in other ages was not made known unto the sons of men, as it is now revealed unto his holy apostles and prophets by the Spirit that the Gentiles should be fellowers and of the same body and partakers of his promise in Christ by the Gospel." This was the "mystery of Christ" which Paul believed himself to be in an especial man-

SOCIAL AND MORAL REFORMERS

THOMAS A KEMPS

(By N. de Bertrand Lugin.) At the time of the Lollard movement in England, and while Huss was engaged in religious work in Bohemia, that ended in his seizure and death at Holland, a gentle-spoken, brown-eyed monk, Thomas A Kempis by name, who was to accomplish more than all the other religious leaders of his time by the loving appeal voiced in his little book, an appeal to man's best and purest instincts. He was to establish no sudden and great moral reform; his teachings were simple, direct and eloquent. Laborious and plodding, he followed his religious studies, copying palms and singing them, gathering about him as his chief friends the works of the great masters, St. Bernard, St. Gregory the Great, St. Ambrose, St. Thomas, Aristotle, Ovid, Seneca and Dante, and by and by, after dint of much thought and loving, conscientious contemplation, producing that book, "The Imitation of Christ," of which it is said that it is the most widely-read work in the world with the exception of the Bible.

Thomas A Kempis was born in Kempin, a rustic village in Prussia. John and Gertrude Hammecken were his parents. They were humble people, the father a worker in metal, hence his name, and they brought Thomas up carefully, schooling him in virtue, patience and poverty, until at the age of thirteen he was sent away, according to the custom of that time, to try his way to the religious life. The lowly people of those days were distinguished by the hospitality they were always ready to extend to the "poor scholars," and as Thomas took up his long journey to the Zuyder Zee, he was the recipient of many kindnesses and gracious, helpful words. He was to meet his brother John at Deventer. John had already made the name of Kempis distinguished among the "Brothers of the Common Life," a monastic institution; but when Thomas arrived there he found his brother gone to Windesheim, many miles further along, and nothing daunted, the little boy resumed his journey. Arriving finally at his destination, the lad was taken under the wise direction of Florentius, and sent to the public school of which John Beheme was the rector.

John A Kempis was made prior of the new convent, or monastery, of St. Agnes, and thither, after few years, went Thomas to prepare for the life of a monk. "The Brothers of the Common Life" were famous book-makers. Priceless manuscripts that have come down to us show the perfection of their art, with the brush and the pen. The little Thomas, whose hands had learned their cunning at the humble smithy in his boyhood days, was an apt pupil of the monks, and soon became an expert calligrapher. He was invested with the habit of the order and admitted to the priesthood at the age of thirty-four. He took Thomas three years to write his first missal, which did not do things in a hurry," writes Malone, "those foregoers of our father Kluckerbocker." Thomas began the "Imitation" shortly before or shortly after his initiation into the priesthood. It took him ten years to complete.

There are no great events recorded in connection with the life of Thomas A Kempis. His time was all spent in study, in writing and in the labor involved in the following of his vocation. He was under the loving guidance of his brother until the latter died, when Thomas was appointed sub-prior. He lived to the good old age of ninety years, all of his faculties intact until the last, even his eyesight so keen that he wrote in his beautiful, fine penmanship without glasses until his death.

There is nothing more to tell of the history of Thomas A Kempis. Perhaps some of us may think that as far as his life is concerned, it is hardly worth recording. He was the hero of no stirring adventures, no hairbreadth escapes, no thrilling experiences. He lived the quiet, uneventful life of the earnest monk, in close communion with Nature, the kindly, gracious Nature that to those who care to seek shows wherein lies the limitless, eternal love of God, and Thomas A Kempis having this perfect knowledge has tried in his little book to teach us the great truths that he himself learned.

There is a portrait extant of this great man that shows him sitting on a rocky ledge in the midst of a Dutch landscape, a book in his hand and another at his feet. He is represented as being a broad-browed man of medium size, his features of a Flemish cast, and his eyes dark and lustrous and full of happy dreams. Underneath the picture is the little note with a little book. The inscription: "In een noken mit een boeken" (In a God old monk of the Holland lowlands) writes Malone. "How well you know the best delights of man! Your own little book surprises us, an imperishable witness of the truth and love that lived in your gentle heart."

From "The Imitation of Christ." Love is a great thing, a great good indeed, which alone makes light all that is burdensome, and bears with even mind all that is uneven. For it carries a burden without being burthened, and it makes all that which is bitter sweet and savory.

Nothing is sweeter than love; nothing stronger, nothing higher, nothing broader, nothing more pleasant, nothing fuller or better in heaven and in earth; for love is born in God and can rest only in God above all things created.

He who loves gives all for all and has all in all, because he rests in one supreme above all, from whom all good flows.

Love often knows no measure but warmly glows above all measure.

Love feels no burthen, regards not labors, would willingly do more than it is able, pleads not impossibility, because it feels sure that it can and may do all things.

It is therefore able to do all things, and it makes good many deficiencies and frees many things for being carried out, where he who loves not, faints and lies down.

Esteem not thyself better than others, lest perhaps in the sight of God, who knoweth what is in man, thou be accounted worse than they.

tancy of mind and small confidence in God. For a ship without a helm is tossed to and fro by the waves, so the man who is careless and forsaketh his purpose is many ways tempted.

Fire trieth iron and temptation a just man. We know not oftentimes what we are able to do, but temptation shows us what we are.

Endeavor to be patient in bearing with the defects and infirmities of others of what sort soever they be; for that our myself also has many failings which must be borne by others.

We would willingly have others perfect, yet we amend not our own faults. Occasions of adversity best discover how great virtue or strength each one hath.

THE STORY TELLER

"How far," asked the first automobilist, as they met at a turn in the road, "is it from here to the next town where there's a repair shop?" "Eleven hills, three bad bridges, one long stretch of deep sand and two arrests," answered the second automobilist.—Chicago Tribune.

A commercial traveller who makes frequent trips to the west from New York is on friendly terms with the porter of a sleeping-car who rejoices in the name of Lawrence Lee.

"Well, Lawrence," announced the salesman, gleefully, "I have good news for you. We've had a birth in our family—twins, by George."

"Dat am no birth, sir," said Lawrence, "dat's a section!"—Chicago Record.

The minister was addressing the Sunday school. "Children, I want to talk to you for a few moments about one of the most wonderful, one of the most important organs in the whole world," he said. "What is that? Thumbs away, beats away, never stopping, never ceasing, whether you wake or sleep, night or day, week in and week out, month in and month out, year in and year out, without any volition on your part, hidden away in the depths, as it were, unseen by you, throbbing, throbbing, throbbing rhythmically all your life long?"

"During this pause for oratorical effect a small voice was heard: 'I know; it's the gas meter!'"

Two women chanced to meet on a street car the other day.

"Why, how do you do, Mrs. Thompson?" exclaimed one of them. "I called at your house one day last week, and there was nobody at home."

"We've moved, Mrs. Gilles," said the other. "Didn't you know that?"

"No. When did you move?"

"About two weeks ago. We got tired of living in all the noise and bustle, and we went away out in the suburbs."

"What direction?"

"Northwest."

"And where are you located now?"

"It's a new neighborhood, Mrs. Gilles, and I can't describe it exactly, but if I had a map of the city here I could show you. We live just about half an inch outside of the city limits."

Restricting the Currency. There is a police court magistrate of St. Louis who frequently evinces a pretty wit in dealing with fresh or facetious offenders.

"One day he brought before him not long ago his Honor but the question, 'What occupation?'

"Nothin' much at present," flippantly responded the prisoner; "jest circuinlatin' round, judge."

"Restrictin' from circuinlatin' for thirty days," dryly observed his Honor to the clerk of the court.

Pointer for the Judge. Lord Justice Cockburn, after a long stroll, sat down on a hillside beside a shepherd and observed that the sheep selected the coldest situation for lying down.

"Mac," said he, "if I were a sheep I should certainly have preferred the other side of that hill."

The shepherd answered, "Aye, my lord; but if ye had been a sheep ye would have had mair sense," and Lord Cockburn was never tired of relating the story and turning the laugh on himself.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

Impressiveness of Numbers. Mrs. Cobden Sanderson, the English "suffragette," talked hopefully of woman suffrage the other day at the Colony club in New York. "There are so many of us women," she said, "why shouldn't we get the vote if we keep fighting for it? Think how many of us there are! There are more women than men, you know. We are as indispensable as New Year's resolutions. I said to a little girl on New Year's day: 'Jenny, I'm frightfully displeased with you. You have already broken three of your resolutions.' 'Yes, I know,' said Jenny, 'but I'll make a lot of other quite as good.'"—New York Tribune.

Explained. There is a certain stately spinster of Richmond who has lived alone for many years in a handsome mansion that is one of the city's sights. No childlike fingers have ever marred the brilliance of her mirrors and played havoc with the fine bronzes and vases in the dimly lit parlor for dining room.

On one occasion the spinster had a guest a niece, aged seven, in whose home, where many children romped from morning till night, the same exquisite perfection of housekeeping was, of course, impossible. When the little girl returned home she hastened to tell her mother of the wonders of the house wherein she was a guest, incidentally enlarging upon the delights of the "tea-party" there.

"Mamma," said she, in an awed tone, "I saw a fly in Aunt Sarah's house. But," she added, thoughtfully, "it was washing itself!"—Richmond Times.

A Kaffir in Boots. An English army officer in charge of a native district in South Africa presented to the Kaffir boy who acted as his particular servant a pair of strong, heavily nailed army boots.

The boy was delighted with the gift, and at once sat down and put the boots on. They were the very first pair he had ever had in his life, and for several days afterwards he strutted proudly about the camp with them.

But at the end of the week he appeared as usual with bare feet, and the boots tied round his neck.

"Hello!" said his master. "Why don't you wear your boots? Are they too small for you?"

"No, sah," replied the Kaffir, "they plenty big. Berry nice boots, sah, but no good for walking or running. Make um fellah too much slow, sah. Keep boots for wear in bed!"—Cape Times.

Couldn't Find Pen. Madame Sarah Grand, like many other literary people, is very absentminded, so much so, in fact, that the following story might be doubted were it not told by a friend of hers. This lady one day called on the popular authoress and found her greatly agitated, with a large book open before her.

"What is the matter?" asked the caller, anxiously.

"Oh, I've lost my pen," replied Madame Grand, "and I must find it in order to finish my story so I can catch the post."

Then she paused and began to laugh. "Why," she exclaimed apologetically, "I believe I was looking for it among the 'P's' in the dictionary."—M. A. P.

WITH THE POETS

The Christ of the Andes. How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of Him who bringeth glad tidings, who publisheth peace; Who saith unto the nations, "The Lord God reigneth; yea, the righteous God reigneth and cruel war shall cease."

Bow down ye warring nations and turn ye toward the hills. Yea, worship toward the high hills, From whence cometh strength. Lo, the chains of hate are broken, The words of peace are spoken; Chile and Argentine Look to the hills between, There have they placed their token. Even upon the high mountains from whence is their strength.

Over the pampas wide, telling they brought The statue of Christ that from cannon was wrought, Wrought in adoration of the Prince of Peace, To proclaim to all the nations that cruel war must cease. Men who had served the stern war-god before, O'er the weary mountain passes the massive statue bore.

Upward still and upward to the boundary of the lands, Where amongst the mighty mountain peaks forever more it stands: To all mankind a token That the war-god's chain is broken.

In its hand the cross uplifted O'er those mountains scarred and rifted, Where the pure white snow is drifted, When the raging tempests beat All around the sacred feet; Toward the heaven the face is lifted With expression wondrous sweet. Never more in all these southlands shall the war-god favor meet.

Chile and Argentine have met and kissed upon the boundary line: Now blest be Chile evermore and blest be Argentine. Etern of praise through hill tops ringing, Grateful prayer to Heaven winging. Then each mountain high and hoary Echoing back the blessed story: Never was such song as that!

How the cannon boomed and thundered, And the condor waked and wondered, On his high perch waked and listened, Where the ice like diamonds glistened Round the ancient habitat. Where for ages he had sat, Frightened were the birds in prey From the mountain tops away On that grand and glorious day.

Lo, Peace has set her sign upon the hills, And there begun her flight, auspicious day. War nevermore as arbiter of ills Shall in those southlands have imperial sway.

The statue of the loving Christ that stands Upon the boundary of those lands Speaks peace to all, and when the tempests blow And when the swirling snow, Shot through with light, Weaves aureoles about that sacred form, The cross uplifted still Shall speak His gracious will.

Who is the Prince of Peace through calm and storm, Whose gentleness is everlasting night.

Look then to the mountains, all ye people of the earth, List to the message given when the Prince of Peace had birth, Look to the high mountains, and unto you at length Shall come the everlasting day of beauty and of strength. When ye have learned the cross and not the rod Is the oriflamme of victory for the Son of God. —Laura A. Whitman in Advocate of Peace.

The Inglenook. Shut out the darkness and the rain, Pile the old beech-logs higher, And ye'll play children once again Beside the glowing fire.

Just so the flickers used to glance On the dresser's pawl or row, Just so the shadows used to dance In winter long ago.

The dog lay stretched at ease, the cat Blinked in her wisdom old, And here together, on the mat, We read the Book of Gold.

Hans Andersen our wizard was, Whose magic opened doors, For many a dainty waltz to pass Across our homely floors.

Our castle was the inglenook, Deep by the crackling hearth, And all its towering walls we shook With melody of mirth.

Alas! the dream! Our eyes are wet In that invasive shade Of memory. But children yet Shall play where once we played.

My Little Ship. It's I stand watching, watching, across the waters grey Where the old, old ships come slowly home and the young ships sail away. Where the old, old ships come slowly home, borne on the tireless sea; But when will the little ship I sent come sailing back to me?

Never you saw a ship so brave, with her colors flying far, And the shining swell of her wind-filled sails as white as the breakers are! Straight she rode in her gallant pride in the glow of the windy dawn, And I watched till my eyes were hot with tears the way that my ship had gone.

The days are long, and the nights are drear, but I've taken Hope for my friend, And we wait in the curve of the harbor bay till the morning stars appear, We wait in the curve of the harbor bay—never our hearts may tire; Better the sight of the eyes that see than the waning of desire.

Slowly the old, old ships come home, slowly they cross the line, But I give them never the second glance, for none of the ships is mine. It's the little ship that I'm longing for, and the joy that must yet begin. So Hope and I in the harbor watch and wait till my ship comes in. —Blanche Allyn Bane in Woman's Home Companion.

The Douglas Fir. Proud monarch of the West's green-fringed hills, Majestic pillar of the sunset sky, In grim, dark grandeur thou dost raise on high Thy tapering head to where the glory fills The firmament. The roseate radiance thrills My soul not more than that weird melody The ocean breeze awakes mysteriously. Along the boughs whenever that it wills, With gashes rude and deep; thy wounded heart Has shed great tears, and these, congealing, hide, Or strive to hide, the gashes rent in part; And centuries more thou still might'st stand in pride, But envious man now claims thee for his mart. —Donald A. Fraser, in the Canadian Magazine.