

Do you ask what constitutes a state such as we have dimly pictured forth—

"Not high-raised battlement or laboured mound
Thick wall or moated gate:
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned,
Not bays and broad armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride:
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low browed baseness wafts perfume to pride
No ! Men, high minded men,
With power as far above dull brutes endued
In forest brake or den
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude
Men, who their duties know
And knowing dare maintain,

The House of the Trees.

(Selected.)

○PE your doors and take me in,
Spirit of the wood;
Wash me clean of dust and din,
Clothe me in your mood.

Take me from the noisy light
To the sunless peace,
Where at midday standeth Night,
Signing Toil's release.

All your dusky twilight stores
To my senses give;
Take me in and lock the doors,
Show me how to live.

Lift your leafy roof for me,
Part your yielding walls;
Let me wander lingeringly 'neath
Through your scented halls.

Ope your doors and take me in,
Spirit of the wood;
Take me—make me next of kin
To your leafy brood.

ETHELWYN WETHERALD.