

Bay-crowned and goodlier than a king,
 With voice both strong and sweet
 The song of freedom he will sing,
 And I from out the crowd shall fling
 My rose-wreath at his feet."—JULIAN STURGIS.

"Life is not utterly amiss,
 'Twould be ungracious to despair,
 I fancy, on a day like this,
 One ceases to climb fast. Oh well!
 There's a spring-day before, my dear—
 I'll show you where the asphodel
 Grew on the moor last year.

We bear no proud victorious sheaf,
 We have no "Harvest Home" to raise—
 And yet, perhaps a withered leaf
 May sometimes give God praise,
 As through its falling being run
 Old thrills of earth and wind and rain,
 Before it passes to be one
 With wind and earth again.

And yet, not utterly in vain
 We bore the burden and the heat,
 We shared the sacrament of pain—
 Altar where all men meet!
 And now awhile have peace, nor grieve,
 Here in the woodland's joyous breath—
 Until our erring souls receive
 The Sacrament of Death!"—MAY KENFALL.

EDMUND SPENSER.

Edmund Spenser, the first great poet England had possessed since Chancer, and who, after Shakespeare, is worthy to rank with the father of English poetry and Milton, was born in East Smithfield about the year 1553. He was of a good old family, but his father must have been a cadet, for, when young Spenser went to Cambridge, he returned as a sizar, and never seems to have been possessed of much wealth. He early gave proof of his genius by contributing anonymously, at the age of sixteen, to a work called the Theatre of Worldlings, which presented a series of "Emblems" to its readers. That he was possessed of ability, and also application, is evidenced by the fact that he took