

latitude from Lake Superior to the Gulf of Mexico. Iron was also brought from Missouri, mica from North Carolina, and obsidian from Mexico.

An examination of the skulls of those prehistoric people, scattered over a wide area, indicates, together with other evidences, that they were a mild, unwarlike race, contented to toil like the Egyptian serfs in the vast and profitless labours of mound-building.

Agriculture must have received among them a high degree of development in order to the maintenance of the populous communities by which the huge mounds were constructed. Their principal food was probably maize, the most prolific cereal in the world.

The question, "Who were the mound-builders?" only involves the inquirer in the mazes of conjecture. They seem to

have been of the same race with the ancient people of Mexico, Central America and Peru. They probably came, by way of Behring's Strait, from the great Central Asiatic plateau, which has been through the ages the fruitful birthplace of nations. As they advanced towards the tropical and equatorial regions of the continent, they seem to have developed the civilization which met the astonished eyes of Cortez and Pizarro. Successive waves of Asiatic emigration of a fierce and barbarous race apparently expelled them from the Mississippi Valley and drove them south of the Rio Grande. Probably little will ever be known of their history unless some new Champlion shall arise to decipher the strange hieroglyphics which cover the tablets of the ruined cities of Yucatan and Guatemala.

RECOMPENSE.

BY FRANK WALCOTT BUTT.

What is the price, the price of war,
That men give life's brave service for:
Fierce slaughter on the battle-field,
The dread Death Angel's sword revealed;
An army's rude and riotous haste;
The city and the farm laid waste;
Then, when the victor bids the battles cease,
Behold, the wide world's larger liberty and peace.

What are the hopes, the hopes of war,
That men despoil their foemen for?
To make a master's proud demands,
To win fair cities and broad lands;
At least for country's sake, to spend
One's life, and gain a glorious end.
But, best of all, when storms and battles cease,
To win the wide world's larger liberty and peace.

What is the end, the end of war,
That men have ever battled for?
The savage joy of lording o'er
Slaves, who were lords and kings of yore;
The exultation and delight
When nations crown their men of might.
But, at the last, when moil and battles cease,
Behold, the wide world's larger liberty and peace.*

—*The Independent.*

* This is not always true; and even when it is, the same result could in almost every case be secured at a tithe of the cost, and without stirring up all the hatreds of hell.—*Ed.*

THE GIFT OF THE POET.

Say, what is the gift of the Poet.
And what is the guerdon he brings?
And, say, will his music avail him,
If alone and unheeded he sings?
What glimpses of vanishing beauty
Are his, as the seasons go by?
What hint of unrealized sweetness,
What song, what melodious sigh?

Say, what is the gift of the Poet?
The light of the beautiful years;
The tumult of weariless passion,
That vibrates from laughter to tears;
The scorning, when genius is given;
The glow, when that gift is withdrawn,
Which throws o'er the brow of the future
A hue like the glory of dawn.

Say, what is the gift of the Poet?
A gift of the cloud and the air;
The soul's gifts of sadness and gladness,—
The gift to exult - to despair;
The gift of the pipe and the viol;
The nightingale's heart, the lark's wings.
And are these the gifts of the Poet?
And are these the guerdon he brings?

Say, what is the gift of the Poet?
The gift to discern, to admire;—
The insight, the rapture prophetic;
The gift to delight and inspire;
The beauty of Love that comes flowing
From secret, invisible springs;
Ay, these are the gifts of the Poet;
And good is the guerdon he brings.

—*Pastor Felix.*