

In Autumn.

By John Helston.

I see the sun grow old,
Grow gray and old, and, full of quiet,
From the still slopes and chasmed ways
Of clouds
That fill the frontiers of his place of
sleep:
Wan suns, that bleach the shadows
cast
On stubble-fields all day with mist of
gold,
Where evenings—each one earlier than
the last—
From golden mist prepare their paler
shrouds,
As nightfall gathers stars with viewless
hand,
So death goes wide and gathers in the
dusks:
The sharp white breath of morning on
the land
Gleams whiter for the empty chestnut
husks.

A Woman's Voice.

By Theodosia Garrison, in *The Delineator*
O heart! what is it you hear above the
noise of a nation,
Above the sound of clamor and shouting
And men making ready for war?
Only a single voice, little more than a
broken whisper,
Patient and unprotesting—only the voice
of a woman.
Yet I hear it above the sound of guns
And the turmoil of men embarking.

I.

There's no use praying any more; the
prayers are done and said;
But daytime going through the house, or
nighttime in my bed,
They trouble me, the old prayers, still
ringing in my head.

The young men from the papers, they
brought the word to me,
I'm thinking of their mothers, how glad
they ought to be,
Who never said "Good-bye" to them and
let them off to sea.

As strong as any man he was, and bold
to do and dare,
And why should I be hearing, then, all
night above the prayer,
A little lad that's calling me—and want-
ing me—somewhere?

II.

He said what he thought was right;
"Let you be proud," he said,
"That you have got a son to fight,
"Tis a glory over your head!"
'Tis never a good man's words I'd scorn,
And he said what he thought was best;
But I knew my pride when the lad was
born,
And his head was warm on my breast.

"Let you be proud," he said,
"Twas the word that stabbed me
through;
Proud—and my one son dead
In a land I never knew!"
'Tis the women know when glory's worn
(Though he meant the word for the
best);
I knew my pride when the lad was born,
And his head was warm on my breast.

Only a woman's voice—patient and un-
protesting,
But I hear it above the sound of guns
And the turmoil of men embarking.

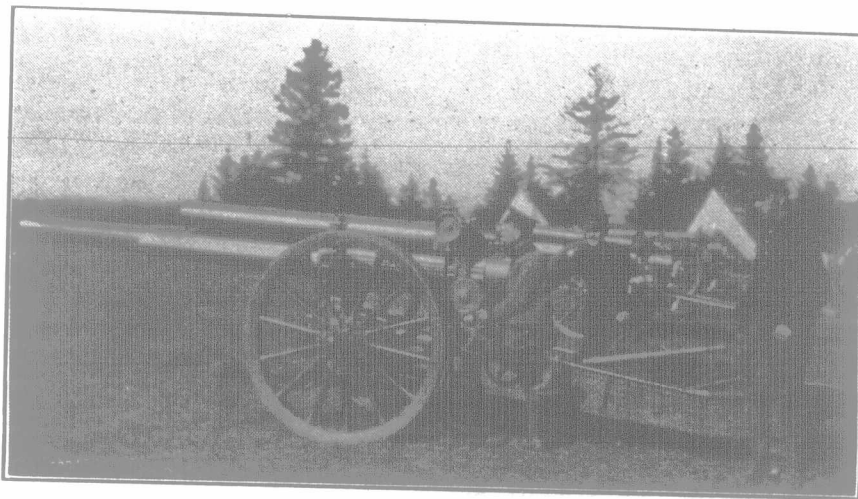
Browsings Among the Books.

FONTAINEBLEAU.

(From "Across the Plains, with Other
Memories and Essays," by Robert
Louis Stevenson.)

In spite of its really considerable ex-
tent, the forest of Fontainebleau is hard-
ly anywhere tedious. I know the whole
western side of it with what, I suppose,
I may call thoroughness; well enough at
least to testify that there is no square
mile without some special character and

sun between cool groves, and only at
intervals the vehicle of the cruising tour-
ist is seen far away and faintly audible
along its ample sweep. A little upon
one side, and you find a district of sand
and birch and boulder; a little upon the
other lies the valley of Apremont, all
juniper and heather; and close beyond
that you may walk into a zone of pine
trees. So artfully are the ingredients
mingled. Nor must it be forgotten that,
in all this part, you come continually forth
upon a hill-top, and behold the plain,
northward and westward, like an unre-
fulgent sea; nor that all day long the



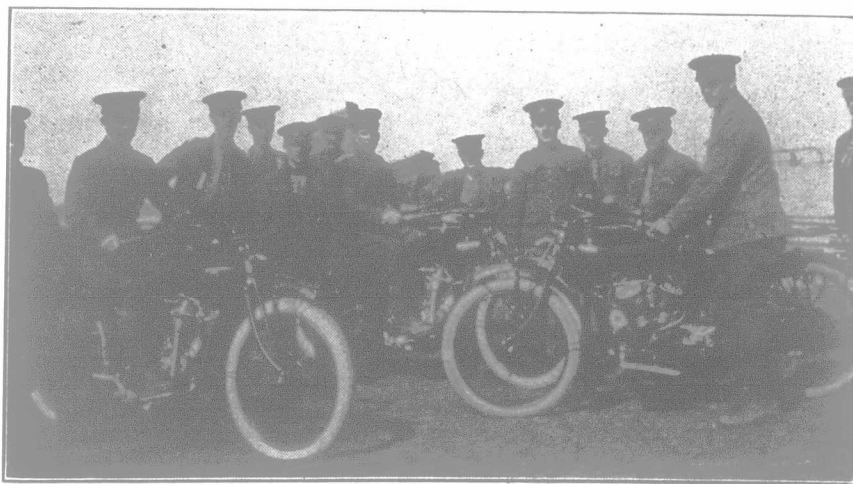
Type of 60-pounder Used by Canadian Heavy Artillery.

By courtesy of the Canadian Northern Railway.

charm. Such quarters, for instance, as
the Long Rocher, the Bas-Breau, and the
Reine Blanche, might be a hundred miles
apart; they have scarce a point in com-
mon beyond the silence of the birds. The
two last are really continuous; and in
both are tall and ancient trees that
have outlived a thousand political vicis-
situdes. But in the one the great oaks
prosper placidly upon an even floor; they
beshadow a great field; and the air and
the light are very free below their
stretching boughs. In the other the
trees find difficult footing; castles of
white rock lie tumbled one upon an-

shadows keep changing; and at last, to
the red fires of sunset, night succeeds,
and with the night a new forest, full of
whisper, gloom, and fragrance. There
are few things more renovating than to
leave Paris, the lamplit arches of the
Carrousel, and the long alignment of the
glittering streets, and to bathe the senses
in this fragrant darkness of the wood.

In this continual variety the mind is
kept vividly alive. It is a changeable
place to paint, a stirring place to live
in. As fast as your foot carries you,
you pass from scene to scene, each vigor-
ously painted in the colors of the sun,



Some of Our Boys Who Have Gone to the Front.

Section of motorcycle squad with Canadian Signal Corps. By courtesy of the
Canadian Northern Railway.

other, the foot slips, the crooked viper
slumbers, the moss clings in the crevice;
and above it all the great beech goes
spiring and casting forth her arms, and,
with a grace beyond church architecture,
canopies this rugged chaos. Meanwhile,
dividing the two cantons, the broad
white causeway of the Paris road runs
in an avenue: a road conceived for
pageantry and for triumphal marches, an
avenue for an army; but, its days of
glory over, it now lies grilling in the

each endeared by that hereditary spell of
forests on the mind of man who still re-
members and salutes the ancient refuse
of his race.

And yet the forest has been civilized
throughout. The most savage corners
bear a name, and have been cherished
like antiquities; in the most remote,
Nature has prepared and balanced her
effects as if with conscious art; and man,
with his guiding arrows of blue paint,
has countersigned the picture. After

your farthest wandering, you are never
surprised to come forth upon the vast
avenue of highway, to strike the center
point of branching alleys, or to find the
aqueduct trailing, thousand-footed,
through the brush. It is not a wilder-
ness; it is rather a preserve. And, fitly
enough, the center of the maze is not a
hermit's cavern. In the midst, a little
mirthful town lies sunlit, humming with
the business of pleasure; and the palace,
breathing distinction and peopled by his-
toric names, stands smokeless among
gardens.

Perhaps the last attempt at savage life
was that of the harmless humbug who
called himself the hermit. In the great
tree, close by the highroad, he had built
himself a little cabin after the manner of
Swiss Family Robinson; thither he
mounted at night, by the romantic aid
of a rope ladder; and if dirt be any
proof of sincerity, the man was savage
as a Sioux. I had the pleasure of his
acquaintance; he appeared grossly stupid,
not in his perfect wits, and interested in
nothing but small change; for that he
had a great avidity. In the course of
time he proved to be a chicken-stealer,
and vanished from his perch; and per-
haps from the first he was no true votary
of forest freedom, but an ingenious,
theatrically-minded beggar, and his cabin
in the tree was only stock-in-trade to
beg withal. The choice of his position
would seem to indicate as much; for if
in the forest there are no places still to
be discovered, there are many that have
been forgotten, and that lie unvisited.
There, to be sure, are the blue arrows
waiting to reconduct you, now blazed
upon a tree, now posted in the corner of
a rock. But your security from inter-
ruption is complete; you might camp for
weeks, if there were only water, and not
a soul suspect your presence; and if I
may suppose the reader to have com-
mitted some great crime and come to me
for aid, I think I could still find my way
to a small cavern, fitted with a hearth
and chimney, where he might lie perfect-
ly concealed. A confederate landscape-
painter might daily supply him with
food; for water, he would have to make
a nightly tramp as far as to the nearest
pond; and at last, when the hue and cry
began to blow over, he might get gently
on the train at some side station, work
round by series of junctions, and be
quietly captured at the frontier.

Thus Fontainebleau, although it is truly
but a pleasure-ground, and although in
favorable weather, and in the more celebrat-
ed quarters, it literally buzzes with the
tourist, yet has some of the immunities
and offers some of the repose of natural
forests. And the solitary, although he
must return at night to his frequented
inn, may yet pass the day with his own
thoughts in the companionable silence of
the trees. The demands of the imagina-
tion vary; some can be alone in a back
garden looked upon by windows; others,
like the ostrich, are content with a soli-
tude that meets the eye; and others,
again, expand in fancy to the very bor-
ders of their desert, and are irritably
conscious of a hunter's camp in an ad-
jacent country. To these last, of course,
Fontainebleau will seem but an extended
tea-garden; a Rosherville on a by-day.
But to the plain man it offers solitude;
an excellent thing in itself, and a good
whet for company.

The telephone, it is said, makes slow
progress in Russia; and small wonder.
Fancy a man going to an instrument
and shouting, "Hullo, is that you,
Dvisastkivchsmartvoiczski?" "No, it is
Zollenschouskaffirnocknstiffgrowoff. Who
is that speaking, "Seximochokrerbyak-
smakischchokemoff. I moff. I want
to know if Xliferomanekeffakillmajuwch-
vastowsksweiberski is still stopping with
Dvisastkivchsmartvoiczski."