

In Autumn.

By John Helston.

I see the sun grow old,
 Grow gray and old, and, full of quiet,
 creep
 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 extent, the forest of Fontainebleau is hardly 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

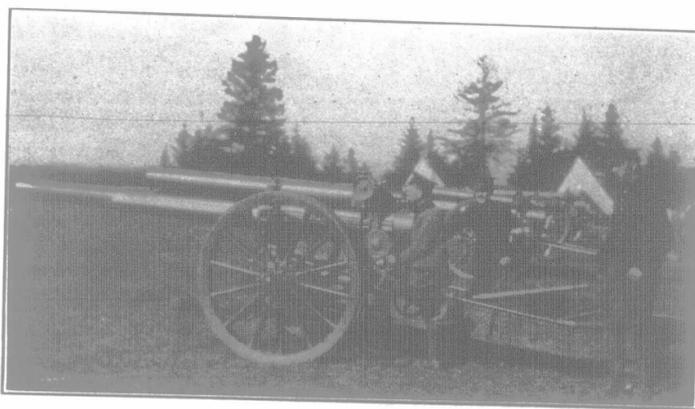
sun between cool groves, and only at intervals the vehicle of the cruising tourist is seen far away and faintly audible along its ample sweep. A little upon one side, and you find a district of sand and birch and boulder; a little upon the other lies the valley of Apremont, all juniper and heather; and 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 unrefulgent sea; nor that all day long the

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 wilderness; 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 historic 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 perhaps 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 interruption 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 committed 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 perfectly 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 celebrated 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 imagination vary; some can be alone in a back garden looked upon by windows; others, like the ostrich, are content with a solitude that meets the eye; and others, again, expand in fancy to the very borders of their desert, and are irritably conscious of a hunter's camp in an adjacent 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 Zollemschouskaffirnocknstiffgrowoff. Who is that speaking, "Seximochockrerbyak-smakischchokemoff. I moff. I want to know if Xliferomanekeffskillmajuwchsvastowsksweiberski is still stopping with Dvisastkivchsmartvoiczski."

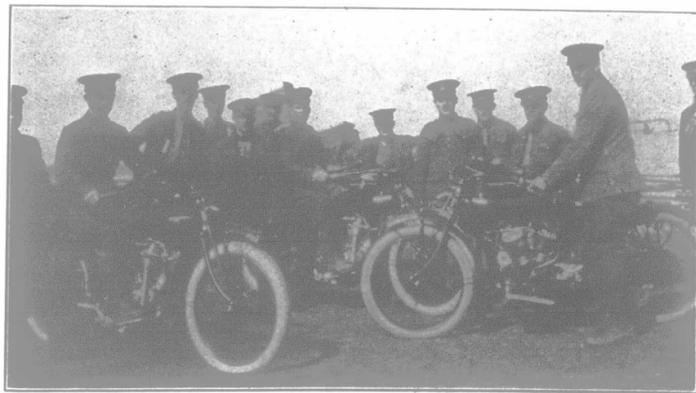


Type of 60-pounder Used by Canadian Heavy Artillery. By courtesy of the Canadian Northern Railway.

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 common 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 vicissitudes. 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 vigorously 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 ciper 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 remembers 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