

and tears the heroes leap to bless the future and avenge the past. I see a world at war, and in the storm and chaos of the deadly strife thrones crumble, altars fall, chains break, creeds change. The highest peaks are touched with holy light. The dawn has blossomed.

I look again. I see discoverers sailing across mysterious seas. I see inventors cunningly enslave the forces of the world. I see the houses being built for schools. Teachers, interpreters of nature, slowly take the place of priests. Philosophers arise, thinkers give the world their wealth of brain, and lips grow rich with words of truth. THIS IS.

I look again, but towards the future now. The popes, and priests, and kings are gone; the altars and the thrones have mingled with the dust, the aristocracy of land and cloud have perished from the earth and air, and all the gods are dead. A new religion sheds its glory on mankind. It is the Gospel of The World,—the religion of the body, of the heart and brain, the evangel of health and joy. I see a world at peace, where labor reaps its true reward; a world without prisons, without workhouses, without asylums for the insane; a world on which the gibbet's shadow does not fall; a world where the poor girl, trying to win bread with the needle—the needle, that has been called “the asp for the breast of the poor”—is not driven to the desperate choice of crime or death of suicide or shame.

I see a world without the beggar's outstretched palm, the miser's heartless stony stare, the piteous wail of want, the pallid face of crime, the livid lips of lies, the cruel eyes of scorn. I see a race without disease of flesh and brain, shapely and fair, the married harmony of form and use; and as I look, life lengthens, fear dies, joy deepens, love intensifies. The world is free! THE SHALL BE!



LIFE'S BATTLEFIELD.

BY WALT. A. RATCLIFFE, LISTOWEL, ONT.

I STOOD upon the wide, wide tented field,
I heard the clarion's clanging near and far,
I saw the blaze of banner, glare of shield,
I felt the plunging tide of ruthless war.

I saw the serried hosts that forth and back
Were march'd and counter-march'd across the plain,
I saw the wasting flame, the ruins black,
I saw the tears that fell above the slain.