

of excellence in the poetic art. The November issue, which we noticed some time ago, contained a poem entitled "The Northmen's Song," which is strikingly illustrative of a pure Anglo-Saxon style. Its quick measure and dashing spirit bring vividly before the mind the daring lives of our roving forefathers. We almost see them now as,

" In the Northmen's crowded hall  
 Stood the grim faced vikings bold,  
 Clear against the oaken wall  
 Gleamed their yellow hair like gold."

And imagination seems almost real as it bears us back to the days of yore when,

" Then the vikings joined and sang  
 Till the war-hall roared anew ;  
 And the sound-struck rafters rang  
 As the thundering chorus grew.  
 Then their thoughts were dire and dark,  
 And their hearts were wild for blood.  
 ' Let the spear seek living mark,  
 Let blades drink the crimson flood.  
 Let the axe strike oft and deep,  
 Woe and death to those that sleep.' "

And again in the January issue, which is now before us, is much that attracts attention. A short poem entitled "A Dream" gives vent to a strong imagination as it wanders through the mystic past of "fabled Grecian lore:"

" There I heard Apollo sing  
 Breathing on his golden lyre  
 Songs of Eros' burning fire ;  
 Till in ecstasy I woke  
 In the city's din and smoke,  
 When above the rushing throng  
 In its tides which never cease,  
 Came the echoes of the song  
 Of the nymphs and gods of Greece."

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