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AN HOUR WITH THE EDITOR

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PRAYER

There are not many practical business men, who are ready to avow belief in the efficacy of prayer. and then one is met, but as a general proposion, so far as any one except the parties immediately ncerned know, the number of persons, who make practice of asking for divine guidance as to what ey shall do and for divine assistance to accomwhat they attempt, is small. Doubtless there are thousands of people who do so, but say nothing it; but as we cannot hope to learn anything of their practice or experience, we are without much guidance in forming an opinion as to the value of yer in connection with the everyday transactions This is unfortunate, because there is no bt that its value in this respect might be very great, if it were properly employed. We do not claim able to define just how prayer operates, but the ances are too numerous to allow any sensible man deny that it is an effective force, which is at the sal of mankind. It may be exceedingly difficult explain the problems presented by a belief in efficacy of prayer, as, for example, where two ersons pray for opposite results; but just as we not insist in relation to physical phenomena that erything shall be explained, but are content to deal with them as they are, so we need not refuse to avail ourselves of the power of prayer, just because there are some things in connection with it for which we have no tenable explanation to offer. The great question is as to the value of prayer itself, and on this point there seems to be sufficient evidence to show that this value is very real, and that the influence of prayer upon the ordinary affairs of mankind is very great and might be very much

A great many people, when they pray, are in uch the same frame of mind as the man was about his pig. He said it did not weigh as much as he expected, and he never thought it would. Some people ray without the slightest confidence that what they ask will be granted. Others pray without any very efinite idea of what they want. Too lazy, or too timid, or too something else to think out a plan for themselves, they, as they say, "cast their burden on the Lord," and let it go at that. They neither vacate their minds of all self-confidence and ask for divine guidance, nor decide specifically upon what is best for them and ask for that. The conspicuous modern instances where prayer led to desired results are like those in the case of Muller, who, when he wanted a hundred pounds for his hospital, asked specifically for a hundred pounds. He did not offer to compromise for a bushel of potatoes or a little spiritual comfort. Dr. Cullis, of Boston, Massachusetts, told his hearers one day that the morning's mail had brought him a bill for \$100 for work done in connection with his mission. "I had not a dollar in the house," he said, "but I prayed that I might be enabled to pay the bill that day, and before lunch a messenger brought in an envolepe in which there was a \$100 bill." A very prominent Canadian business man once said: "If I pray for guidance in business matters, and then act upon the first suggestion that comes into my mind, I am always successful."

There are persons, who, when confronted with statements of this kind, ask how they are to be explained, but it is not at all certain that we ought to have things explained to us before we make use of them. Thousands of Colonist readers will use the plain how it acts. But you will say that, while this is true, there are people who can explain it. No, there are not. There are people who can tell more about it than others, but the ultimate principle of the whole process is no more understood than the process by which things are accomplished by prayer. Prayer is the cornerstone of the Christian religion—we do not say of Christian doctrine, but of Christianity as a vital force. It is strongly inculcated by the Divine Founder of Christianity. It can, we think, be said with confidence that Jesus of and greater stress than any other religious teacher man can lay hold, and by virtue of which he can

Nazareth laid more stress upon prayer than upon any other act that man can perform, before or since His day. He taught that there is a power, external to the visible universe, upon which accomplish all things. The story of the Apostles, read as any other book is read, that is, as a simple narration of facts, and not as a mysterious thing into which all manner of ideas may be read, and out of which all manner of doctrines may be extracted, is the account of the transactions of men, who after the day of Penticost were conscious of a new power. They became veritable storage batteries of an active, efficient, working faith. This we all might become perhaps not to so great an extent as these men, for they lived simple lives, and were not handicapped as we are by generations of artificial existence; but we could attain to it measurably through simple, but

MAKERS OF HISTORY

XXIII.

In this series of papers, two principal objects have been aimed at: To say something of the men, who were responsible for epoch-making events, and to give a general idea of the great racial movements, which have brought thout the political, social and commercial conditions existing today. History, as taught in the schools, naturally deals chiefly with those branches of the human family with which we are more closely connected, for the time at the disposal of the pupils is not sufficient to enable them to study a wider field. But many of the most interesting events in history occurred among people, with whom we have no affinity by race or tradition, and also among them there have been worked out problems in government and sociology, the study of which would be of material assistance to us in the development of our own civilization. At the present/time the attention of the world has been concentrated upon what is taking place in Turkey, may be the beginning of a great movement that will have a very far-reaching effect. Therefore it seems essential that some attention should be given in these articles to the race from which the modern Turks sprung, and this is the most appropriate place to do so, because we have just completed our review

of the Byzantine Empire, which was overthrown in A.D. 1453, by the Turkish Emperor, Mohammed II. In one of the earlier articles in this series we spoke of the division of mankind into two great families, the Arvan and Turanian, pointing out that, while it is not to be taken as proved that this division is very accurate, and that it does not embrace all the peoples of the earth, yet for historical treatment remembered that we then pointed out that what we have grown accustomed to speak of as the Oriental everent is, in point of fact, an awakening of the ople of the Turanian stock, a fact which acquires additional interest when we mention that the Turks are of Turanian origin. Their traditions assert that they are descended from Japhet, son of Noah, They seem to belong to the same stock as the Finns, the Samoyeds of Northern Siberia, the Mongols and the Manchus. They do not appear in history at a very early date, although there are some reasons to sup-pose that they were developing their peculiar lingual characteristics as long ago as the time of Alexander the Great, for in the names of persons and places

words appear. About 177 B.C. a tribe, which seems

the last company to be company to the contract of

to have belonged to this race, invaded China and met with a very great deal of success, conquering extensive areas. Some confusion arises in connec-tion with this movement, and it is not very easy to determine whether these people were not identical with the Huns, of whose great triumphs we have already spoken. Turkish history begins about A.D. 550, when a people, living in Central Asia, south of the Altai mountains, and working as miners and iron smelters in a sort of semi-slavery, revolted against their masters, and overthrowing them, established so powerful an empire that a few years later the Byzantine emperor, Justin II., sent ambassadors to them to secure their friendship. The leader of this rebellion was Suljuk, and as the man, whose name is associated with the rise of the Turkish power to a height which seemed likely to dominate the whole world, he deserves a place among the Makers of History. We know very little indeed of Seljuk, although he lived such a comparatively short time ago. The dynasty founded by him continued for eight centuries, and its record is one of the most remarkable in history. The territory over which the Seljuk emperors ruled varied in extent. It embraced all of Central Asia, extended into Siberia, embraced Persia, Arabia and Asia Minor, but its boundaries were never persistent for any great length of time, the tide of conquest flowing forward and backward according as the military skill of the ruling sovereigns was great or insignificant. In A.D. 1300 a terrific onslaught of the Mongols shattered the empire, but that people were unequal to the task of rearing a great nation upon the ruins of the fabric, which they overthrew, and ten separate dynasties arose among the Turks, but their dominions were confined principally to Asia Minor, Arabia and Persia having long before thrown off the yoke of their conquerors, and Central Asia having passed into the hands of another branch of the same great family, who are known as Tatars—commonly, though erroneously, written Tartars. Of these we will have something to say, when

we come to speak of Timur or Tamelane. One of the ten principalities mentioned was that Osman, and its domain was Phrygia. It was the strongest and quickly absorbed all the others, and the new sultanate adopted the name Ottoman, to distinguish it from the other branches of the Turkish family. Osman was a leader of great ability. Attacked on one hand by the Byzantine emperor and on the other menaced by the Mongols, he refused to yield to either, but sent armies into the field against them and was signally successful. As under of the Ottoman Empire, he may be accorded a place among the Makers of History. We know much about him, and it is all to his credit. In battle he was courageous, in administration wise, in personal habits above reproach; his admirable appreciation of the claims of justice gained him a reputation far beyond the boundaries of his own do minions. He died at the age of seventy, honored by friend and foe alike. The simplicity of his personal habits may be judged from the fact that his personal belongings consisted, at the time of his death, of three suits of clothes, a few weapons, a

few horses and a flock of sheep. The Ottoman Empire was in dire straits when Timur launched his armies against it, a century after the death of Osman, but it was not wholly subdued, for on the withdrawal of the great Tatar soldier from Asia Minor the Osmanli dynasty was restored. Previous to this time the Ottoman ferces had invaded Europe and extended the sway of their Sultan as far west as the shores of the Adriatic and as far north as the valley of the Danube. They were gradually absorbing the whole of the Byzantine empire, the end of which was steadily approaching. ame in A.D. 1453. For many generations the house of Osman had cherished the ambition of making Constantinople their capital, and the attempts at its capture were frequent, but always unsuccessful. But in the year mentioned, Monammed II. determined to accomplish this great ambition. He discovered a pretext for declaring war against Constantine Paleologus, who was then Byzantine emperor, and led a vast army against the city. He encompassed it by land and sea. The seige was prolonged and characterized by acts of splendid skill and daring. The Greeks seemed for the time to have regained some of their old-time courage; the emperor appeared to be animated by the best traditions of Rome, but all in vain. On May 29, a breach was made in the walls, and Mohammed advanced at the head of the assaulting column. Constantine. with ial courage, led the defenders, and as the opposing forces met he fell dead in the very forefront of their ranks. With him fell the great empire of the East, and Mohammed, riding through the breach, that splendid edifice, consecrated to the worship of with the requirements of the worship of Islam. On the night previous Constantine, kneeling in the same place, had received the Holy Communion,

NEBULAE

No reference was made in the short series of papers on astronomical subjects, recently printed on this page, to nebulae, an omission which will now be supplied. Nebulae may be described as patches of luminous matter occurring in the sky. They differ from star groups, because they do not, under telescopic observation, resolve themselves into a great number of stars, but remain large surfaces of varying brilliancy. The Milky Way is a great luminous patch, but under a telescope it is found to consist of an infinite number of stars. It is therefore not a were similar to the Milky Way, and that the reason they could not be resolved into stars was because of their immense distance. There may be such patches of light visible in the heavens. Indeed, there is some reason to believe that there may be, but there are other patches which it is certain consist wholly of stars. Two of these are visible to the naked eye. One is in the constellation Andromeda and the other is in Orion. The Nebula of Andromeda is an oval mass, with a centre somewhat more luminous than the remainder, and surrounded with more or less perfect rings. That of Orion is irregular in shape, and seems to contain quite a number of stars. When examined with the that the whole group of stars known as Orion appear as though they were within this nebula. It is worth while to find Orion in the sky. It is the most beautiful of all the star groups, and its distinguishing feature consists of the three bright stars in a line, which are called Orion's Belt. Photography indicates that all the stars in this group, and they number several score, even when viewed with the unaided eye, may be a part of the great nebula, for surrounding them are zones of luminous matter. From this astronomers have been disposed to infer that in Orion we see a great series of stellar systems in process of formation, and rather more advanced than is the case with the nebula of Andromeda, for according to the nebular hypothesis, the broken rings in the latter may be stars in the early stage of their levelopment. In all something over 3,000 nebulae have been observed and catalogued. They are of various forms. Some of them are great whirlpools luminous matter, circling with inconceivabl rapidity and giving off great streamers of light. Not only do these masses have a revolving motion, but they are flying through space. We have before us a

picture showing the Orion nebula. It suggests a

fish in general outline, and the idea conveyed by it is

the second of th

that its head is directed towards the earth, its body trailing off for a great distance. The head is brightly luminous and is very sharply defined. A great ribben of light projects from it. It must not be supposed that the nebula always presents such an appearance, for in common with all others it is constantly changing its outline, so much so, indeed, that photographs taken on successive nights exhibit great variety of form. Speaking of the nebula of Orion, Sir John Herschell compared it to the breaking up of a mackerel sky. The nebula of Andromeda has been partially resolved into stars, but they are in a less advanced stage than those in Orion. During the last hundred and fifty years the changes in the Andromeda nebula have been very marked. The distance of these luminous masses from the earth is a matter of the vaguest conjecture. All we know is that they are immensely remote.

We have said that these great luminous objects seem to be great groups of stars in the process of formation, not simply in any case into a single star, like our Sun, with its attendant planets, but a great number of suns with their families of worlds. Let us very briefly attempt to read their story. First a formless void; then motion, which out of the formless emptiness evolves matter; then light; then a thickening of the matter at various points; then the formation of rings of matter; then the breaking up of the rings; then the solidification of the broken rings into denser masses; then the contraction of these masses into stars; then the repetition of the process in the stars, until in turn new and smaller rings are formed, revolving around each of them, as the rings revolve around Saturn; then the breaking up of these rings into planets, which in long ages cess which seems to be going on in the sky above us. It reads a good deal like the story told in the first

Famous Frenchmen of the Eighteenth Century

(N. de Bertrand Lugrin.)

LA FAYETTE

When war had begun between England and the United States in 1777, France was deeply interested in the struggle of the American colonies for independence. She had already suffered a great blow in the result of the famous battle on the Plains of Abraham, and every Frenchman's heart was full of bitterest enmity towards England. Lord Chatham, who realized the extent to which this feeling was leading France which supplied not only arms and ammunition, but against allowing this assistance to continue, "France has insulted us," he cried in his usual impetuous style in Parliament. "She has encouraged and supported America, and be America right or wrong the dignity of this nation requires that we should thrust aside with contempt the officious intervention of France; ministers and ambassadors from those whom we call rebals and enemies are received at Paris, there they treat of the mutual interests of France and America; their countrymen are aided; provided with military resources, and our ministers suffer it, they do not profest. Is this maintaining the honor of a great kingdom, of that England which but lately gave laws

to the House of Bourbon?" But in spite of the pleadings of Lord Chatham, spite of the intervention of Emperor Joseph, and of the refusal of the king of France to permit Frenchmen to enlist in the American army, many illustrious ntlemen sailed for the colonies, and cast in their lot with the rebels. The most famous of all among them was that man who was destined to prove his worth not only during his youth while abroad, but later when, years having crowned him with honor and the wisdom of experience, he was to become the guide and the support of the tottering government in his own country. This man was the Marquis de La Fayette. As a mere youth he left his native land, his young wife, many luxuries and a host of friends to take up arms in a foreign cause which he believed to be just from the knowledge of doing one's duty. He was the first of the French volunteers who managed to win Washington's regard we are told. But the general was at once surprised by the young man's courage a son. He was given the title of Major-general and thus began his first campaign. It is not the intention to follow La Fayette in his American adventures, but regard him rather in his later career when as the head of the National Guard, he worked with Mirabeau and others of the great revolutionary leaders to reform his country and to prevent the destruction which at first threatened and finally overwhelmed unhappy France. It is not too much to say, however, for this eminent soldier and politician that had it not been for his bravery, his skill and far-sightedness the rebellious colonies of the United States would have had a much harder struggle to gain their inde-

During the administration of Necker, La Fayette commanded the militia and to him belongs the credit of originating the tricolor cockade. La Fayette in presenting the colors to his men upon the memorable occasion of the king's return to Paris after the demolition of the Bastille, said to them, "I bring to you a cockade that will go round the world." But while the great soldier had every sympathy with the Revolutionary movement, he worked with Mirabeau to avoid all extremes, and to establish a new constitution Louis XVI, as its head. But even his great influence higher and higher after Mirabeau's death and finally engulfed the whole country in a flood of devastating

On the 28th of June, 1791, occurred the invasion of the Tuileries by the maddened people. The movement began at daybreak and by the time the Assembly had taken their seats eight thousand men and wo armed with various weapons had gathered at the doors of the hall demanding admittance. They were allowed to enter, and they came waving above their heads flags with the words "The Constitution or Death" upon them. One man displayed a calf's heart on the end of a stick with this motto, "The heart of an aris-He was forced to withdraw and hastened to the Tuileries where he later showed his horrible em blem to the king. When the vast throng had com-pelled the guards to admit them to the palace, Louis XVI, the queen, the royal children, the Princess Elizabeth and several ministers and officers had sought refuge in the king's apartment. And it was here that the inturiated people sought them, shouting taunts and insults. They forced the king and the dauphin to don the red cap. They treated the queen with rough discourtesy, and when she strove to appeal to the sympathy of the mothers among them, a few wept but their sobs were drowned by the shouts and je The palace everywhere bore marks of violence, win dows were broken, costly ornaments destroyed or

sembly. He believed in his popularity and trusted to lead the people by the force of his eloquence. He came, he said, as the mouthplece for his troops. "The of liberty and of the Constitution which they are defending. I beg of the National Assembly to give orders that the instigators of the crimes and violences committed in the Tuileries on the 20th of June should be prosecuted and punished as guilty of treason; to destroy the faction which attacks the sovereignty, and whose public discussions leave no-room for doubt as to the atrocious projects of the men who are directing them. I beg of the Assembly in my name and in the name of all honorable people in the kingdom to take efficacious measures to make the Constitutional authorities respected, especially your own and that of the king, and to give the army the assurance that the Constitution will receive no hurt from within whilst brave Frenchmen are freely spending their blood in defence of the frontiers."

His remarks met with an uproar, which at length quieting, votes were taken and La Fayette was grant-ed the honors of the sitting by a large majority. Later he sought the king and begged him to command a review of the troops on the morrow, to address the troops himself and to allow La Fayette to accompany him. The king consented, but the queen who seemed to have the unhappy suspicion of every minister and officer who worked honestly in the king's behalf countermanded the order for the review, and the general, baffled in his worthy effort to conciliate the people set out again for the army.

(To Be Continued)

THE STORY TELLER

Once Mr. Gladstone had been cutting down a tree in the presence of a large concourse of people, including a number of "cheap trippers." When the tree had fall-en, and the Prime Minister and some of his family who were with him were moving away there was a who were with him were moving away mere was a rush for the chips. One of the trippers secured a big piece, and exclaimed: "Hey, lads, when I dee, this shall go in my coffin." Then cried his wife, a shrewd, motherly old woman, with a merry twinkle in her eye: "Sam, my lad, if thou worship God as thou worships Gladstone, thou'd stand a better chance of going where

A German-American who had recently arrived at the estate of riches attended his first banquet. The wine was particularly vile, and so several gentle-men who were seated near the German were quite men who were seated near the German were quite satisfied to have him empty the bottles that had been set apart for their common use. Neither the quality nor the quantity of the wine in the least disturbed. The Teuton, and, after draining the last glass, he looked around jovially and said: "Shentlemen, I had now drunken all your wine, and safed you the trouble of trinking vat you did not like. I tink you ought to vote me a public tank," They did.

The other night when a Bryn Mawr man was put-ting his four-year-old daughter to bed the following dialogue took place: Can God hear what I say now?" from the daughter.

"Yes," replied the father. This time in a whisper: "Did he hear then?" in-This time apparently lower: "Did He hear me then?" asked the child.

"Why, yes, of course He does," said the father.

"Well, I did not say anything that time at all," declared the child in triumph.

Mr. Emil Menken, the well-known bookseller of Great Russell street, whose death has just occurred at the age of 62, counted Mr. Gladstone among his customers, and had an extensive collection of his catalogues marked with the orders of the statesman, who always insisted on discount cash.

Apropos of Mr. Gladstone's orders, it is stated, the Time says, that a headsallar who exhibited one of

Time says, that a bookseller who exhibited one of these catalogues in his window was once accosted by a

pronounced Tory with the remark:

"I see you've got a list marked by Gladstone's initials in the window." Then, lowering his voice, he fiercely demanded, "Does he pay you?"

An Important Question A young enthusiastic Revivalist had been exhort-ing a congregation in a small town for over two hours without perceptible effect. He was somewhat dis-couraged until a rough old miner interrupted him 'Say, brother, I'd like to ask a question."

The young Revivalist beamed. "Thank you, my man, for your interest," he replied. "I shall be more than glad to set you right on any question. Your desire for enlightenment is a good sign, which I am very very glad to see. Now, what is it you want to

"Can I smoke?" asked the miner

In a Dublin Cometery A pathetic story of a child's heroism is told by a Dublin gentleman. Recently he proposed to drive with his wife to the beautiful Glasnevin cemetery. Calling his son, a bright little boy, some four years old, he told him to get ready to accompany them. The child's countenance fell, and the father said:

"Don't you want to go, Willie?"

The little lip quivered, but the child answered,
"Yes, papa, if you wish."

The child was strangely silent during the drive,
and when the carriage drove up to the entrance he
cluing to his mother's side, and looked up in her face
with netheric wistfulness.

pathetic wistfulness, he party alighted and walked among the graves The party alighted and walked among the graves and along the tree-shadowed avenues, looking at the inscriptions on the last resting-places of the dwellers in the beautiful city of the dead. After an hour or so thus spent, they returned to the carriage, and the father lifted his little son to his seat. The child looked surprised, drew a breath of relief, and asked:

"Why, am I going back with you?"

"Of course you are; why not?"

"I thought when they took little boys to the cemetery they left them there," said the child.

Many a man does not show the heroism in the face

Many a man does not show the heroism in the face of death that this child evinced in what, to him, had evidently been a summons to leave the world.—London Telegraph.

The wealthy proprietor of a large commercial firm had noticed for some months the melancholy of his head cferk, a young man whom he held in high regard. The clerk's pallor and increasing leanness, his frequent sighs, and absent-mindedness worried the proprietor. He questioned the young man daily. And finally the clerk admitted to him that he was in love. "Well," said the head, "marry her. Your salary is big enough."

"Ah," said the clerk, sadly, "you don't understand. Her father is a millionaire."

"Ah," said the clerk, sadly, "you don't understand. Her father is a millionaire."

"Well, maybe he wasn't when he married. You have a good position and a good name. You are a fair match for any girl," said the other.

"It's no use," sighed the clerk. "Her parents would not listen to me for one moment."

"Then," said the head, "clope with her,"

"Do you advise that?" the clerk asked, excitedly.

"Certainly I do. Is she—do I know her?"

"Yes. She will be at your dance tomorrow night."

"Well, look here," said the head; "I'll have my coachman out in front of my gate. Rush the girl off into town and marry her. I'll arrange everything for you."

dows were broken, costly ornaments destroyed or stolen and from that day war was declared between the monarchy and the Revolution.

News of the terrible condition of things reached La Fayette and he hastened to Paris on the morning of the 28th, presenting himself at once at the As
would be forgiven.

WITH THE POETS

What Love Is.

Ah, love is strong as the lawless winds
That bear bold waves to the beaten shore;
And love is weak as a cobweb cloud That fades, and is no more.

Ah, love is bright as the burning sun, And love is pain past all retreaty And love is bitter to those who lose-But love is perilous sweet! -Marguerite Ogden Bigelow in Current Literature.

Life

The flush of youth—the blue sky flecked with gray; The odor of the grasses; far away
The locust's strident hymn—the dawn of day.

The strife of manhood—on the heavy air The vibrant hum of insects; everywhere Parched earth and blazing sky—the noonday's glare.

The flood of years-the shadowed earth; the flight Of home returning birds; the gorgeous light That glows upon the clouds—the fall of night. -Francis Lyman Windolph, from "Today and Other

The Song Maker

I made a hundred little songs That told the joy and pain of love, And sang them blithely, tho' I knew

I was a weaver deaf and blind: A miracle was wrought for me. But I have lost my skill to weave Since I can see.

For while I sang—ah, swift and strange' Love passed and smote me on the brow; And I who made so many songs, Am silent now.

-Sara Teasdale in Harper's Magazin-

A Dragoman

I still can see him, lean and languid-eyed,
Beneath his fez his clear-cut features dun
With the swart touch of the Egyptian sun. A trifle stooped, yet with a hint of pride; I still can hear his soft voice like the tide Of Nile at nightfall when the stars have won Their immemorial places, and begun Their march across the desert, waste and wide I still can feel about him the strange spell

That dominates his land, a kindredship
With all inscrutable and ancient things,
And fancy, if he would, that he might tell
The secrets of the Sphinx's sealed lips
And of the pyramids and mummied kings. -Clinton Scollard, from "Voices and Visions,"

Evensong

Beauty calls and gives no warning, Shadows rise and wander on the day. In the twilight, in the quiet evening We shall rise and smile and go away. Over the flaming leaves Freezes the sky.

It is the season grieves,
Not you, not I.
All our springtimes, all our summers,
We have kept the longing warm within.
Now we leave the after-comers
To attain the dreams we did not win.
Oh! we have wakened. Sweet and had o Oh! we have wakened. Sweet, and had our birth. And that's the end of earth; And we have toiled and smiled and kept the light, And that's the end of night.

-Ridgely Torrence from the July Atlantic Monthly

A Ballade of Today You ride where once we walked, my dear; One of the passing crowd, I view Your fur-decked chauffeur deftly steer His way adown the Avenue. Do you remember how we two Strolled here in winter twilights, when We envied none of Midas' crew?

Are you as happy now as then?

You yawn where once you wept, my dear; From that exalted atmosph From that exaited atmosphere
Where once our joy ecstatic grew.
And yet tonight I saw that you
Smiled listlessly, nor turned again
Where Mimi's death once thrilled us through; Are you as happy now as then?

You feast where we had fasted, dear; Yet when you dine the lofty few Do you remember still what cheer Came to those little feasts we knew When Francoise poured the wine, whose hue
Was like to nothing known of men?
And now we laughed above the brew!
Are you as happy now as then? L'ENVOI

The sceptre's mightier than the pen; Yet, answer for our old joy's due, Are you as happy now as then? -Theodosia Garrison, in Harper's Weekly.

Princess small right had I to sue-

"Now hath the summer reached her golden close, And, lost amid her corn-fields, bright of soul, Scarcely perceives from her divine repose
How near, how swift, the inevitable goal:
Still, still, stell, she smiles, though from her careless feet
The bounty and the fruitful strength are gone.
And through the soft long wondering days goes on
The silent sere decadence sad and sweet.

'Where the tilled earth, with all its fields set free, Where the thied earth, with all its helds set in Naked and yellow from the harvest lies, By many a loft and busy granary, The hum and tumult of the thrashers rise; There the tanned farmers labor without slack Till twilight deepens round the spouting mill, Feeding the loosened sheaves, or with fierce will Pitching walst deep upon the dusty stack.

"I see the broad, rough meadows stretched away Into the crystal aunshine, wastes of sod, Acres of withered vervain, purple-grey, Branches of aster, groves of golden-rod; And yonder, toward the sunlit summit, strewn With shadowy boulders, crowned and swathed with

weed,
Stand ranks of silken thistles blown to seed, Long silver fleeces shining like the noon.
"In far-off russet corn-fields, where the dry
Grey shocks stand peaked and withering, half con-

cealed
In the rough earth, the orange pumpkins lie,
Full-ribbed; and in the windless pasture field
The sleek red horses o'er the sun-warmed ground
Stand pensively about in companies.
While all around them from the motionless trees
The long clear shadows sleep without a sound.

e e ser e se destad entre a se la la latina "Thus without grief the golden days go by, So soft we scarcely notice how we wend,
And like a smile half happy, or a sigh,
The summer passes to her quiet end;
And soon, too soon, around the cumbered eaves
Siy frosts shall take the creepers by surprise,
And through the wind-touched reddening woods shall October, with the rain of ruined leaves.

-Archibald Lampman