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SETS

Two days ago, brought us very pleasing news. Materials and values in furnishings are enjoying such a boom.

- Green decor set .. \$7.50
- Wood, in moss rose set. Each \$8.50
- Let decoration, to .. \$7.00
- Ice set, for \$10.00
- anthemum decorative set. Each .. \$8.50
- of 12 pieces, for .. \$12.00
- shape in solid color. Each .. \$9.00
- ion, in 12-piece set, .. \$14.00
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- ion, in 12-piece sets, .. \$14.00

You

During many problems can be solved. We are always

cellent lues Comforters

We have in stock a lot of low-priced comforters. These new ones are excellent for a low and comfortable you to beat them. The materials are good, well-made, the colors are attractive, they're warm. The new arrivals are with an extra "special" protection, which is being light, as an unusually covering. The rings are of first material in case. You'll see these are excellent values if you investigate.

- COMFORTERS—Filled with cotton, covered with art muslin, at, each, \$2.25, \$5. and .. \$1.65
- COMFORTERS—Filled with cotton, covered with art satens, each, \$4.50, \$4.00, d, each .. \$3.00

n Materials

Excellent curtain material offers, pre-designed and complete curtains are and our stock of complete. Come in.



CRYSTALLIZATION

Water containing some saline matter, allowed to evaporate slowly, or water containing certain salts is allowed to cool slowly, in the first instance, the latter a portion of it will be deposited in the form of crystals. If, however, in a state of fusion are allowed to cool slowly they will also assume crystalline forms. These crystals occur in various forms, but they are always the same in the case of the same substance. We refer to perfect crystallization, but even in instances where it is imperfect it is always along the same lines. So invariably is this rule that the form which crystals take is one of the tests used to determine what substances are. Take for example, iron pyrites. This crystallizes in cubes. If you see a cubical crystal of yellowish color you may be certain that it is iron pyrites. But in nature crystallization rarely takes place under such conditions as to permit of perfect formation; hence, most crystalline substances are irregular. If in any instance a piece can be found where two plane faces meet in a straight line, it will be found on examination that they bear the same relation to each other as they would in a perfect crystal. Let us consider the process for a little while. We have a solution of common salt, and it is allowed to remain at rest and evaporate slowly. After a little time crystals begin to form, and the salt is deposited in layers regularly upon all sides of them, until all the salt has assumed the form of crystals. As a rule the slower the evaporation and the more perfect the state of rest the larger and more accurate are the crystals. This is one of the most mysterious processes of nature. These beautiful shapes can be seen in process of formation under the microscope, but so far no one has ever advanced any explanation of the phenomenon. All we know is that it goes on with inflexible regularity or the slightest possibility of error. Some years ago Sir David Brewster said: "Though the examination of these bodies has been pretty diligently pursued, we can at this moment form no adequate idea of the complex and beautiful organization of these apparently simple bodies." This is substantially what investigators say today. They can tell us how certain things will crystallize, but why they do so, and why one substance should assume a certain form and another, they are as much in the dark as ever.

The formation of rocks may be divided into three classes, those that are crystalline in their origin, those that are sedimentary and those that were originally sedimentary but have become crystalline. We are chiefly concerned in this article with the first named class, and let us take as example granite. This well known rock exists in several varieties, but its typical composition consists of three materials known as felspar, quartz and mica, the first named forming the principal ingredient. These three substances are held together without any retaining material, and without microscopic examination failing to disclose anything in the nature of a cement. The felspar and quartz occur in crystals invariably and the quartz fills up the interstices between them. It is crystalline in structure but only rarely is the peculiar character of quartz crystals sharply defined in granite. Originally it was supposed that granite was the fundamental rock basis of the earth, and that it was thrown to the surface by some eruptive process, but chemical investigation cast some doubt upon this origin and the suggestion has been advanced that it is of sedimentary origin and the crystals are the result of the application of heat afterwards. But this is not material in the present connection, for the point to which we wish to direct attention is the marvellous manner in which the constituent crystals are formed. We do not know that very much more can be said about this phase of the matter than has just been said, but it can hardly fail to be deeply interesting to the student of nature to follow the line of thought that is thus suggested.

Most of us take Nature for granted. In leaves, flowers, rocks, soil and life we see her many manifestations and as a rule regard them indifferently. Few of us have means or leisure to pursue inquiries into her secrets to any great extent, but we all have time to think a little about them, and if we sometimes ask the cause of what we see around us, that is of the small details of the great fabric which Nature has built up, we will find ourselves "encompassed about with a great cloud of witnesses" to the existence of wonderful and subtle laws. These of origin we will seek in vain. Geography is particularly interesting because it is so easily studied. The materials for investigation are at hand. It is of practical value, especially in a country where mineral deposits form so important a factor in the material prosperity. One has only to go around him to see what a vast store of knowledge we might acquire if we gave up a little time to it. And the study is not a matter of rote. It is a genuine pleasure. The study of Nature are infinitely more interesting than the study of art; the story of a crystal is

better worth knowing than that of the characters of fiction. But there is no necessity for making comparisons. It is sufficient to claim for crystallography as a popular subject for inquiry, that it is as a matter which one should have in mind and investigate as from time to time opportunity offers, that it broadens our ideas of things, that it is like opening a door to a chamber full of unsuspected wonders.

CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

Although Charlotte Corday can hardly be called one of the great women of history, she is such a conspicuous figure in a conspicuous age that we comply with the suggestion of an esteemed correspondent, and devote a little space to some references to her character and short career. We do this the more willingly because she was a typical woman in one sense of the word, being the incarnation of that spirit of sublime courage and heroic self-sacrifice which is exhibited by so many Russian women in our own age. Her full name was Marie Anne Charlotte Corday d'Armana, and she was born in 1768. Her family was noble, and her mother having died in her infancy, she was educated in a convent, her chief studies being the works of Plutarch and Seneca. She became a Stoic. Her beauty was great, her bearing noble, and it is said that all with whom she came in contact felt the charm of her presence. The historian Guizot says of her: "Her imagination had been fired by Rousseau and Raynal and the breadth of the eighteenth century philosophy had removed from her mind every one of those inflexible principles which alone resist allurement and ideals. In the annals of the ancient Jews she only retained the story of Judith. Her family were royalists, but her mind was attracted by the republican ideal; but she saw that unclean hands had degraded and stained with blood the institutions which absorbed all her thoughts." She accordingly resolved to rid France of either Robespierre or Marat, and the demand of the latter of two hundred thousand victims of the guillotine caused her choice to fall upon him. How she gained access to Marat is worth telling. She wrote to him, saying among other things "I shall give you an opportunity of rendering France a great service." Receiving no reply, she wrote again and in the letter she said: "I have to reveal to you some secrets of great importance to the republic." This letter gained her the desired interview, which took place while Marat was in his bath. He had been ill for some time. She sat down near him and he questioned her about the condition in Caen and received from her the names of all the leading people of that department. When this was completed, he said: "Very well, in eight days they will be in Paris and be guillotined." Instantly upon these words being spoken, Charlotte stabbed him in the breast. He exclaimed: "Here, my dear," and died instantly. Marat's wife, accompanied by a man, rushed into the chamber, but she remained almost impassive. "I fully expected to die in a moment," she wrote, "but some courageous men, who are really above all praise, preserved me from the excusable fury of the unhappy people I had injured. I felt touched by the cries of some of the women, but who saves his country takes no account of the cost." She was arrested, and when three days later, she was brought to trial, she made no pretence at denying the deed. (She avowed that she had killed Marat for his crimes, and when asked what she meant, answered: "The evils of which he has been the cause since the Revolution, I knew that he was perverting France; I killed one man to save a hundred thousand. I was a Republican long before the Revolution, and never lacked energy." The only excuse her counsel offered for her was that she was influenced by "the enthusiasm of political fanaticism." She was sentenced to death, and when asked if she had anything to say, simply thanked her counsel and told him that in proof of the esteem she had conceived for him "she would ask him to pay the small debt which she had contracted in prison." She went to her death absolutely unmoved, refusing to the last the offices of the church. About the perfect sincerity of her belief that she was doing a great work for France in removing Marat, there can be no doubt. When asked at the trial if she thought she had killed all the Marats, she replied: "Not but I thought the death of this one would make the others afraid." She failed in this object, but as matters were then in France, bloodshed had to run its course.

Carlyle tells the story of her execution in his own inimitable style. We quote: "On this same evening therefore, about half past seven o'clock, from the gates of the Conciergerie, to a city all on tiptoe, the fatal cart issued; seated on it a fair young creature, shaven in red smock of Murders; so beautiful, serene; so full of life; journeying towards death—alone amid the world. Many take off their hats, saluting reverently, for what heart would not be touched? Others howl and growl. Adam Lux, of Metz, declares that she is greater than Brutus; that it were beautiful to die with her; the head of this young man seems turned. At the Place de la Revolution, the countenance of

Charlotte wears the same still smile. The executioners proceed to bind her feet; she resists, thinking it meant as an insult; on a word of explanation she submits with cheerful apology. As the last act, all being now ready, they take the neckerchief from her neck; a blush of maidenly shame overspreads that fair face and neck; the cheeks being still tinged with it when the executioner lifted the severed head to show it to the people. "It is most true," says Forster, "that he struck the cheek insultingly; for I saw it with my own eyes; the Police imprisoned him for it."

"In this manner have the Beautiful and the Squalidest come in collision and extinguished each other. Jean Paul Marat and Marie Anne Charlotte Corday, both, suddenly are no more. 'Day of Preparation and of Peace.' Alas, how were peace possible, preparable while, for example, the hearts of lonely Maidens, in their convent stillness, are dreaming not of Love, Paradise, and the Light of Life, but of Corday's sacrifices and Death well earned? That 25,000,000 hearts have got to such a temper, this is Anarchy; the Soul of it lies in this: thereof Peace can be the embodiment. The death of Marat, whether old animosities tenfold, will be more than any life. O ye hapless Two, mutually extinctive, the Beautiful and the Sordid, sleep ye well in the Mother's bosom that bore ye both!"

SENECA

Seneca, who was born just before the beginning of the Christian era, taught through his works a philosophy and system of ethics that very closely resembles the gospel preached by Jesus of Nazareth. Jesus is not mentioned in any of Seneca's writings, though it is probable that the philosopher must have heard something of the Nazarene. Like the rest of the Romans of the day, Seneca classed the Christians with the other sects of the "despised Jews," and never mentions the new cult by name. It was his brother Lucius who refused to hear of Seneca in self-defence, but though Seneca's philosophy was beautiful and admirable in every way, he did not make any profession of following his own teaching. To the "dogs who yelped at philosophy and ask why we talk one way and act another," he thus replies, "I am not a wise man and I will not be one in order to feed your spite; so do not require me to be on a level with the best of men, but merely to be better than the worst; I am satisfied if every day I take away something from my vices and correct my faults. I have not arrived at perfect soundness of mind and I never shall arrive at it; I compound palliatives rather than remedies for my guilt, and am satisfied if it comes of rare intervals and does not shoot so painfully. Compared with your feet which are lame I am a racer, I speak of virtue, not of myself; and when I blame vice I blame my own first of all; when I have the power I shall live as I ought to do. What you say shall not hinder me from continuing to praise that life which I do not indeed lead, but which I know I ought to lead—from loving virtue and from following after her, albeit a long way behind her and with halting gait."

This is a fair introduction to a description of the life of the philosopher, who, to his credit be it said, in spite of the fact of Rome's utter degeneracy and the lack of all interest in ethical teaching, still had the courage of his convictions and endeavored to impress upon his fellow men the value of virtuous living. Born of illustrious parents, with his father, a scholar and rhetorician of great repute, his principal teacher, Seneca early evidenced his own superior intellectual ability. In his early youth he attained great success as an advocate, preaching to show high spirit, if really is contemptible, and mean; for a man must be inferior to one by whom he thinks he is despised. Seneca's "On the Great mind, which takes a true estimate of its own value, does not revenge an insult because it does not feel it. As weapons of offence, the hard surface, and solid substances hurt those who strike them, so also no insult can hurt a great mind; it is sensible of its presence, being weaker than that against which it is aimed. How far more glorious it is to throw back all wrongs and insults from oneself. Like one wearing armor proof against all weapons, for revenge is not his; he is not hurt by being hurt. That cannot be a great mind which is disturbed by an injury. He who vents you must be stronger or weaker than yourself. If he be weaker, spare him; if he be stronger, spare yourself."

"There is no land where man cannot dwell—no land where he cannot uplift his eyes to heaven; wherever we are the distance to the divine is the human remains the same. And while I may look upon the sun and the moon and fix my lingering gaze upon the other constellations, and consider their rising and setting and the spaces between them, and the causes of their less or greater speed—while I may contemplate the number of stars scattered throughout the heavens, some stationary, some revolving, slowly and steadily blazing forth, others dazzling the gaze with a flood of fire as though they fell, and others leaving over a long space their trail of light; while I am in the midst of such phenomena, and mingle myself as far as man may with things celestial—while my soul is ever occupied in contemplations so sublime as these, what matters it what ground I tread?"

Returning to Rome, at the command of the infamous Agrippina, he undertook the tutelage of her ungrateful son, the Emperor Nero, who, during the first five years of his reign, gave some promise of statesmanlike development of character. Probably the influence of his teacher had much to do with what few good deeds are attributable to this profligate ruler. But the madness inherent in his blood was bound to show itself sooner or later, and the crowning horror of this monstrous reign was made known to the world when Seneca, who had amassed a large fortune through the bounty of his pupil and the gifts of the many nobles and common friends, soon after this became the object of the tyrant's envy and dislike. In Seneca Nero no doubt saw a constant hindrance and a reproach to his increasing depravity and self-indulgence, and his teacher quite understanding his peril, and perhaps desiring to escape the late day to put to the test the efficacy of his own doctrines, offered the whole of his enormous wealth to the emperor, and begged permission to retire to his old home in Cordova. Nero, whose were beautiful to die with her, was torn by vice and indulgence in crime, accepted the generous gift of the philosopher, but accused him of treason, and continued to persecute him until the feature appeared. Nudging his companion, one of them said: "Come on, Bill, let's get out; this show is in the gutter."

"What's the matter?" queried the other one. "Why, that guy has thrown sixteen knives at those gals already and he hasn't hit either one yet."

When the Motor Passed
Old Coachman (exercising supererogatory carriage horses)—Well, all I can say is, when the ladies went out with me they used to take a pride in making themselves look nice; but when they go out in that bloomie thing they look like patients out of one of them eye and ear hospitals.—Funch.

For Harmony's Sake
Meddler who had eaten a hearty breakfast of ham and eggs, with the usual evidences of the meal on his face, and waistcoat—for Meddler was a bit careless in his feeding—leaned back in his chair with serene satisfaction. "Well," he said, "I feel better. I'll go now and order that suit of clothes I have been intending for the last month or more to add to my wardrobe."

If you will take my advice," suggested the feminine autocrat, "I will breakfast table, surveying him with marked displeasure, "you'll get a pepper in your suit."

"What for?"
"To go with all that egg!"—Chicago Tribune.

Looking For Trouble
Israel Ludlow, the aeronaut whose experiments with flying machines have so greatly inspired his countrymen, perseveres in his aeronautical researches, and one day he said: "I bet that I can get my accident patiently. It happened, no doubt, because it was to happen. I shall keep on with flying. I am something of a fatalist, I suppose." He mused a moment.

"You know how profoundly they believe in fate in the East?" he said. "There is a story that they tell about it. A certain sultan was giving audience one morning when the vizier came and prostrated himself at the foot of the dais. 'Rise, vizier,' said the sultan, graciously, 'and tell me why are you so pale, and why do you tremble so?' 'In that shadowy corner by the ivory screen the Angel of Death is standing. For a long while he has stood there, and continually he fixes on me an earnest and strange look.' 'The vizier wrung his hands. 'Lord, I would not die,' he said. 'Lord, grant thy slave permission to set out forthwith for Smyrna. Thus, may be, I will escape the dreadful visitant.' 'The sultan, with a nod, granted the vizier that wish and the poor man hastened forth with all speed to make ready for the journey. Then the sultan beckoned and called to him. 'Art thou,' he said, 'truly the Angel of Death?' 'Yes,' replied the other, indifferently.

"The Sultan nodded his head. Then he said gravely: 'Why hast thou looked with such strange earnestness at my vizier?' 'Because,' said the angel, 'I wondered why he was doing here; for I have orders to kill him in Smyrna.'—Washington Star.

THE STORY TELLER

Merchant (entering his office suddenly), to his clerk—Ah, caught you this morning. What do you mean, sir? I am working, am I not?
Merchant—Yes, that's just it. Strange to say, you are—Lustige Blaetter.

Apropos of vanity. Secretary Root told at Yale about a politician who the day before he was to make a certain speech, sent a 41-page report of it to all the papers. On page 20 appeared this paragraph: "But the hour grows late, and I must close. (No, no! Go on! Go on!)"—Argonaut.

Evelyn—Some of our proverbs are so ridiculous. For instance, "Where ignorance is bliss."
Ethel—What's the matter now?
Evelyn—Why, you know, Fred gave me an engagement ring last week and I simply can't find out how much it cost him.—Judge.

"You look worried. What's the matter?"
"Oh, we're all upset at our house. There's been another drop in copper."
"But I thought you never speculated in anything but the stock market."
"I don't. Our cook let the coffee pot fall on her foot, and she has had to go to the hospital."—Chicago Record-Herald.

It was at the Saturday night ball in the East End of London. They met at the second dance and sat out and danced alternately until, just after midnight, he resolved to unburden his bosom of a load of care. "It's funny, Ethel," he whispered, "tragedy, but that gum-looking chap over there by the conservatory door is a—follerin' us wherever we goes. Who's it?" "Is that little fellow?" "Who is he?" "Ethel looked in the direction indicated and answered nonchalantly. "Im? O, 'e's the bloke who bought me a ticket."—Cliff-Bits.

J. E. Clifton, general press representative of the big Sells-Floto shows, told us a good one on Senator El Cazor, who, with two handsome lady assistants, does a thrilling empanelment act with his circus.

In Wallace Ida, two rough looking cowboys sat quietly watching the show until the feature appeared. Nudging his companion, one of them said: "Come on, Bill, let's get out; this show is in the gutter."

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Whereupon the witness coolly continued: "I was saying, sir, that I don't know whether he is dead or not; but I do know this, they buried him about a month ago on suspicion."—Harper's Weekly.

Bathos
Prof. Brander Matthews, at a recent dinner talked of bathos with his usual wealth of apt illustration. "We find a deal of bathos in the law courts," he said. "An excellent example occurred in a Massachusetts judge's summing up of a larceny case. He said: 'For forty centuries the thunders of Sinai have echoed through the world: Thou shalt not steal. This is also, gentlemen, a principle of common law and a rule of equity.' 'In a murder trial (the accused had killed a soldier) another judge said: 'John Jones, not only have you committed murder, but you have also run a bayonet through the breeches of one of our august Republic's cavalry uniforms.'"

"A Sanjago justice of the peace rebuked a thief thus: 'Prisoner, a bountiful Providence has endowed you with health and strength, instead of which you are about stealing chickens.'—Washington Star.

Cool!
The coolness and presence of mind of General Bruce Hamilton are well illustrated by an incident which occurred during the South African War. The general was having a despatch read to him while they were in the firing line, and a bullet whizzed past, going right between two fingers of the A.D.C., who was reading, as well as over his head by the conservatory door. The A.D.C. stopped short and looked at the hole made by the bullet in disbelief. "General Hamilton," it can only have knocked out a word or two."

A "Disorder"
Representative Lorimer of Chicago, who is a great walker, was recently seen for a tramp along the conduit road leading from Washington, when, after going a few miles, he sat down to rest. "Want a lift, mister?" asked a natured Maryland farmer driving that way. "Thank you," responded Mr. Lorimer. "I will avail myself of your kind offer."

The two rode in silence for a while. Presently the teamster asked: "Professional man?" "Yes," answered Lorimer, who was thinking of a bill he had pending before the house. "After another long pause the farmer observed: 'Say, you ain't a lawyer or you'd be talkin'; you ain't a doctor 'cause you ain't got no sachel; and you ain't a preacher from the looks of you. What is your profession, anyhow?'"

"I am a politician," replied Lorimer. "The farmer gave a short burst of disgust. 'Politics ain't no profession; politics is a disorder.'—Success Magazine.

A Golf Story
There is a certain Western congressman, a golf enthusiast, who, when he came to Washington for the first time, was accustomed to get to the Chevy Chase club's links early in the morning, when there would be no one to witness his lack of skill. On one occasion a caddie had followed him to the tee and offered to go the course with him for the modest compensation of fifty cents. "I don't need you, my boy," said the representative. "I'll go it alone," and as he spoke the Westerner, making a tremendous swing of the ball, missed it by a foot.

"I'll go round with you for a quarter," said the caddie. "No, my boy," said the representative. "I'll go it alone," and as he spoke the Westerner, making a tremendous swing of the ball, missed it by a foot.

Again the amateur declined the caddie's attendance; and again he swung at the ball, with the same result. "I'll go with you for fifteen cents," said the boy. This so rattled the newcomer that he made three wild swings, and no one caddie, as he retreated a bit, called out: "Say, mister, won't you take me round for nothing? I'll go for the fun of it!"—Harper's Weekly.

No Chesterfield
A Christian Scientist of Boston was praising the late Earl of Dunmore. "I am a great admirer of him," said a good Christian Scientist and a good man. Tall and robust and supple. I can see him still with his short grey beard and his kind face. His one fault—a fault due to his aristocratic upbringing, no doubt—was the exaggerated value that he set upon correctness. He insisted on correctness in eating, in dress, in everything. "At a dinner in Beacon street last year," he said, "he told a story about an incorrect self-made man, or 'you veau-riole,' as he called him. 'This man was dressing one evening to go out. His wife bustled into the room before he started to look him over. 'But, George,' she said, reproachfully, 'aren't you going to wear your diamond studs to the banquet?' 'No. What's the use?' George growled. 'My napkin would hide 'em, anyway.'"

One of Them
A foreign tourist who had received permission to visit one of the large asylums for the insane in the United States, was surprised at the quietude and good order that prevailed within the walls of the institution. He asked if it was always like that, and the polite attendant who was showing him through the buildings said it was. "We have what we call 'the violent' ward of course, but I presume you would not care to see those." "I think not," he replied. "The 'violent' is really, however, of 30.38. we exercise the same care in providing for the welfare of the inmates that you see in this part of the institution. You see the institution where we see the 'incurables.'"

"These inmates, then, are considered curable?" "Their cases are at least hopeful," he replied. "I am greatly interested," said the visitor, "but I will not take up any more of your time. You have other duties to attend to, have you not?" "Yes, sir. This is merely one of my remarks. In one of the rooms in the main building I am engaged, during most of the time, in pursuing what may be called my life-work."

"Your life-work? May I ask what that is?" "I have heard," said the attendant in a tone of astonishment, "in compiling an index to Webster's Dictionary."

CURRENT VERSE

This Land of Mine
They sing of lands more beautiful, Away across the sea, Where the poets of the olden time Wooded at the Muse's knee. When they sang of gods and maidens In Parnassus' sunny clime But they never knew the beauty In this Canada of mine.

They never saw the mountains That the clouds of heaven kissed, Above the dreamy forests In the Autumn purple mist. Where the red man's shortened summer Now is cradled most sublime, On the arms of Mother Nature, In this Canada of mine.

Where the hills are shadow laden; And the winds are decked with gold; While they whisper dreams of beauty That to us are never old. For we hear the lutes of heaven, Softly trill about the pine; When the Autumn leaves are falling In this Canada of mine.

Golden, red, and yellow laden; Rich the Autumn's purple sheen, With a tint of heaven's halo, When the woods begin to green, And the wild sweet dream is painted With the hand we deem Divine. For it bears the brand of heaven In this Canada of mine.

When the smoky distant sunset Lifts the forests trees ablaze, Over crystal streams a-winding Through a sort of leafy maze; Then a dream of heaven's purple And the lands beyond the Rhine, But the hills we left Parnassus For this Canada of mine.

Every shrub we have about us Bears a rainbow in its leaves, And the vivid coat of Joseph Seems to hang upon the trees. While the rose may bloom in Britain, With her roses left Parnassus Here we grow the rose of Sharon In this Canada of mine.

Wild and wayward is the beauty In the land we love so well, And it covers hill and mountain, Every hidden nook and dell. Still they tell us of the beauteous! And they sing of Auld Lang Syne! In the tree of life is blooming In this Canada of mine.

—William Leonard.

The Temple of The Ages
These mountains sleep, white Winter's mantle round them, The thunder's roar no longer breaks their rest. From bluest heights the sun beholds with rapture of each gigantic crest. The noble pose of each gigantic crest.

The generations of clouds have vanished Which lingered idly here through time. The leaves have gone, the voices of the tempest No longer roll to heaven their hymn of praise.

Deep hid in snow, the streams with muffled murmurs Pour down dark caverns to the infinite sea. This awful peace has vexed their restless childhood. They hurry from its drear solemnity.

Even the climbing woods are mute and spell-bound, And halting midway on the steep ascent. The patient spruces hold their breath for wonder. Nor shake the snow with which their boughs are bent.

Now, as the sun goes down with all his shining, The shadows creep among these mighty walls, And on the haunting ghosts of bygone light falls. The dreamy splendour of the starry night falls.

Not Nineveh, not Babylon, nor Egypt, In all their treasures 'neath the hungry sand, Can show a sight so awful and majestic As this waste temple in this newer land.